

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Rachel Stirling()

The Skin We Are In

Why is a person judged
For having coloured skin
They are people too
A colour is not a sin
We are all of earth
No matter what skin were in
Do not see a colour
See the soul residing within.

Rachel Stirling

Time

We are all martars of time
marching forth like soldiers through our lives.
Forward we must go in lifes non stop race
To get somewhere and find our place.
Time is not kind and Time is no friend
We keep marching forth til our lives duth end
Ageing and frail we gradually fall
Til our Time is but over
Once and for all.

Rachel Stirling