

## Humanity's Fragments

By Josch Angco

Through the open canvas,  
and the vile thorns of wrath.  
Humanity is set still,  
a fragment of the past.

From their growth and lesser comings,  
the inside feelings don't disperse.  
Relations of others are hard,  
especially through what they converse.

They say what they think,  
they say that they breathe.  
So what is so different about  
the roots of a seed.

As the corruption settles in.  
What they will do to their kind.  
They feel as if it's funny.  
To hurt, to bind.

You take your time to breathe,  
So don't waste it on filth.  
The words people say,  
will soon fill them with guilt.

A fragment from the past,  
may be hurtful in the present.