Funding the Future

Is that too much to hope for?

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I am tired.

Tired of war.

Tired of anger.

Tired of death.

Tired of lives lost.

Tired of hope destroyed.

Tired of unnecessary grief.

Tired of the destruction of well-being.

Tired of forced migration.

Tired of tears.

Tired of children living in tents, denied the childhood they deserve.

I am tired of the political excuses offered for war

I am tired of racial hatred.

I am tired of human lust for power wrapped up in theocracy.

I am tired of talk of defence that excuses aggression.

I am tired of biased reporting

I am tired of being told that people who have died on one side of a dispute are lives lost and that on the other, they are just killed.

I am tired of a failure to recognise that any life lost unnecessarily is just that: it is a life lost unnecessarily.

I am tired of the belief that war will ever solve anything.

I am tired of the assumption that after war everything will go back to normal.

I am tired of the cost of conflict always being borne by anyone but those who started it.

I am tired of those who think we don’t have a duty of care to everyone, whoever they are, wherever they come from, whatever they believe, whatever their skin colour, whatever their gender, whatever their age.

I am tired of those who think that others don’t matter.

Most of all, I am tired of those who destroy hope,

I live in hope.

Hope of a better day.

Hope of a better life for everyone.

Hope that I might live to see that.

Hope that everyone might then share hope.

Is that too much to hope for?