Paint Box

I had a box
Of brilliant colours, strong and lively
I had a box of colours
Some warm and some cold
I did not have red
For the blood of the wounded
I did not have black
For the weeping of the orphans
I don't have white
For the hands and the graves of the dead
I don't have yellow
For the burning sand
But I have orange
For the joy of life
And green
For the buds and the nests
And blue
Of the clear resplendent skies
I have pink
For sleep and dreams
I sat down
And I have painted **PEACE**

A poem by an Israeli child, translated from the Italian version