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I
We shall live
here
in this densed land
people are born
and die
living here.

And they, like chameleons,
change colours:
colour of joy
and colour of agony.

Life is to be lived
for life is what
we experience.

II
Our heads, dear!
are shaped to carry
the loads of life.

Our hands, love!
Are porters
of the world.

Our feet, darling!
Are stamps
of humanity.
Where we step
the land quivers.

Our skin, honey!
Is the skin
of turmoil and toil

But our eyes
are torches of peace
and our voice
is the song of hope.