

ROPE

In the threads of rope and the realm of rights,
A narrative unfolds in days and nights.
Simple strands, yet laden with might,
Shape our journey, our path to light.

A rope, a cord, a tool of might,
Can aid our climb or bind us tight.
In helping hands, it lends its grace,
Yet in the wrong, it's a menacing face.

Our rights, like ropes, a guiding force,
Grant us freedoms, chart our course.
To speak, to love, to seek our truth,
They form the fabric of our youth.

But when these rights are cast astray,
When some are silenced, kept at bay,
Injustice festers, wounds endure,
And hopes are dashed, dreams unsure.

So let us weave a tapestry bright,
With ropes of rights, in wisdom's light.
In unity, let's take a stand,
And honor the dignity of every hand.

For in the threads of rope and rights we find,
The power to uplift all humankind.
With compassion as our guiding star,
Together, we'll journey near and far.