

Everyone had once felt this imbalance,
Quizzed all who felt some sort of difference,
Utterly bothered by all that seems odd
And not consider them as a comrade.
Let us call it segregation, the symbolized fence

Reconsider this small boundary that we choose
Imagine how you would feel, being in their shoes
Granted, it's worse to be at their end!
How about treating others as if you treat a friend?
To perceive deeper and deeper within them and I,
Seeing with the heart rather than with the eye?

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