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Prejudice

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Prejudice

Renee Goldman

Whenever she was spotted in town
Mothers rushed their babies out of her sight.
Born as innocent as their own sweet babes,
With but one small change – she was not their
shade.

They told their children to stay far away.
All the others laughed harshly in her face.
For just a moment 'til she turned to naught,
Just as water left to boil gives off steam.

Their young minds were taught so early to hate,
To see a face and judge a person thus:
Evil is not etched in each foreign face,
But thrives on the hatred of naïve youth.

And even if we see beyond one's race,
Can we learn to love rather than to hate?
Or is the seed of evils sown in so deep
That man must find one more kind to detest?