



WHEN LAWS FORGET THEIR PROMISE

by: ZAIJAN M. MORAL

I

A nation was built on hope and dreams,
Where laws were meant for all, it seemed.
To guard the weak, to make things right,
To lead the people toward the light.
Not made to serve the rich or strong,
But to protect us from all wrong.

II

But as the years went passing by,
The truth was hidden by a lie.
The powerful twisted every rule,
Using the law as just a tool.
What once gave hope and peace to all
Became a chain that made hearts fall.

III

They spoke of order, spoke of peace,
Yet pain and fear would never cease.

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The people watched their trust grow thin,

As silence covered every sin.

The law remained, but changed its face,

Leaving justice without a place.

IV

Still, in the darkness, lights appeared.

The silent voices disappeared.

One heart spoke up, then many more,

Until hope knocked on every door.

Not joined by power, wealth, or fame,

But by the dream of needed change.

V

Their alliance was not built through hate,

Nor to decide another's fate.

They stood as one with open eyes,

Believing truth would always rise.

They fought for laws both fair and true,

That served the many, not the few.

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VI

For rivers start with drops of rain,
And tiny seeds grow through the pain.
A whisper grows when others hear,
Replacing silence born of fear.
Even the smallest voice can be
The start of great unity.

VII

The law should never serve the throne
Of those who claim the land their own.
Its greatest strength is not in power,
But helping every life to flower.
A nation stands when justice grows,
Not where the strongest voice still rules.

VIII

So let us stand with hope, not hate,
Before it is too late to change our fate.
For every voice deserves its place,
No matter status, name, or face.
When hearts unite for what is right,

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INSTABRIGHT e-GAZETTE

ISSN: 2704-3010

Volume VIII, Issue I

August 2026

Available online at <https://www.instabrightgazette.com>



Even the smallest spark gives light—

And together, those quiet voices can become

The thunder that awakens a nation.



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