

# IN CREASE PEACE

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As Einstein and his pals foretold  
The Universe is pretty old  
It bends and twists a cosmic crease  
An origami masterpiece

When space is warped to make a fold  
It often forms a small wormhole  
Where one might travel if they please  
To parallel realities

Where people do not fight for gold  
Or feel hatred uncontrolled  
And no one is brought to their knees  
By greed and isms unappeased

But space is scary and it's cold  
To go there is a step quite bold  
Plus it costs some hefty fees  
Not just cents, serious cheese

So I suggest we break the mold  
Let's get along without chokeholds  
Of hate and fear desist and cease  
Love on Earth to In Crease Peace

