Poetry collection – "Standing up for more rights"

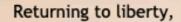




English classes -

3rd level

Collège Jean Félix Orabona



In the night, I don't see fight, I switch on the light, to look at the black misery, I really want to get the rights, They just wanted to feel what's liberty.

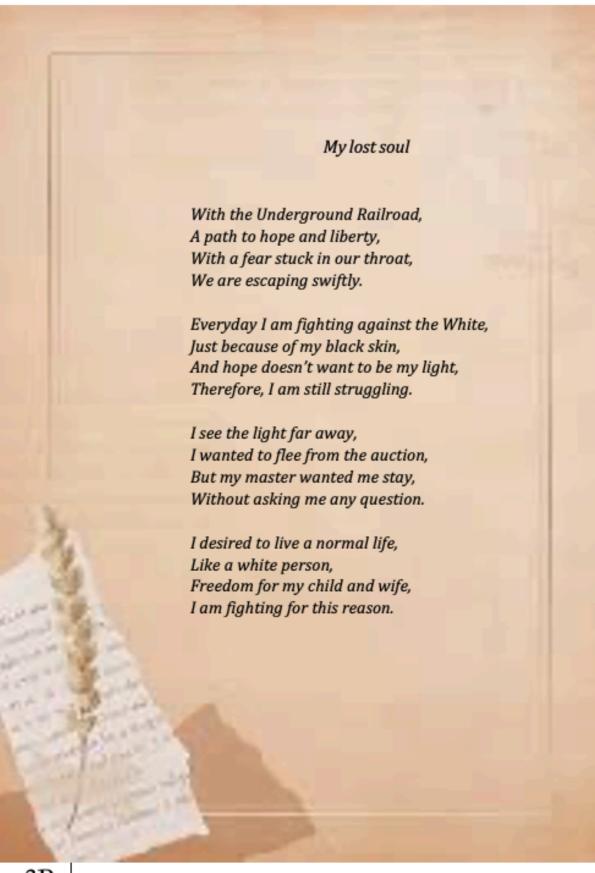
The moon is bright, the sky is clear, The gentle breeze, the world is still, The stars seem to be so near, A peaceful night, a silent Thrill.

Black slaves alone in the night, This period was a long fight, They established a new law, it's normal, But they continue, it's illegal.

He was angry, the whole night, They were forced to escape, It did not last for a fortnight, Through the underground railroad landscape.

I love white, Not the struggle against black, "open" the light, To look back.

In the dark night, I can't see the misery, Can you stop the fight? And return to liberty.



After rain comes sun

Dark-faced people had been victim of slavery, They were sold among products everyday, Masters didn't show humanity, They thought the wrong way.

They worked all day under the sun,
Families torn apart during auctions,
With no hope and nowhere to run,
Indeed, slavery and sorrow were their only options.

Slaves were mistreated, They were considered as losers, They were just haunted, By the shadows of their masters.

From morning to night, slaves were struggling, Day after day, they lived until they die, They had no choice, but fighting, Their souls only wanted to fly.

Bound with chains, they worked all day, The burning sun reflecting on their skin, Their hopes and dreams fade away, Yet, deep inside they fought within.

Children had suffered through the years, While they only wished for prosperity, They had lived slavery full of fears, With their peers dreaming of liberty.

"Standing up for more rights"

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