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My Vote, My Voice, Does it Matter?

The Pain I Feel of judging eyes, follow African Americans.

The darker difference you see me brown-skinned,

I myself has received the stares as I went around.

I felt different; different, as in I should hide.

Even though we said I adhere, following the rules,

Yet looked at wrong, almost like a song, played on repeat.

Remembering we are all made the same, just a different version.

I didn't want people like me to feel my pain.

Equality and the same rights as others I cry,

Feeling like I want to die, venturing through life of discrimination.

See life through my vision, challenges, and difference,

As the violent punishments put on my race.

Slaved and ploughing across the waves,

I want my vote to be counted.

My voice to be heard,

To feel like I matter.

I do matter. We all matter.

No matter our complexion or past,

No judgements on race, nor culture

Striving towards socialism and equality.