

Racism's Prisoner

Louder than bombs, I hear.

Your ugly racist views.

Louder than bombs, I feel.

That I'm drowning deep down in the blues

Louder than my yells, you scream.

"Go back to your own country!"

Louder than my cries, I scream,

why are they more privileged than me?

Louder than Hell's roaring flames you continue.

Your damaging racial slurs and slanders.

Louder than my deadly silence, you assume.

That we are prisoners of your nation.

Louder than a storm, you dehumanise,

degrade, devalue and diminish me.

Louder than a storm, I dream...

When can I be free?

Louder than my thoughts, I fall,

deeper into my nightmare of reality.

Louder than my thoughts, I fade away...

Quickly, losing my sanity.

Louder than your slanders, your labels imprint.

Damaging and tearing apart my mind

louder than your slanders, you laugh.

Seeing me manacled to my stereotype, confined.

Then I fall again...

When will I be able to leave nightmare?

But yet, I remain stuck in this everlasting migraine.

I wish to be somewhere else.

I want my dreams to come true.

As cliché as it sounds,

but I always lose,

the battle to leave this terrifying town.

To never be judged by my skin colour,

but by my personality.

You just always holler,

your destructive brutalities.

Just stop...

I scream and shout at you to stop.

But you carry on merciless,

playing your explosive game of chess.

I am a racism's prisoner...

Trapped by your chains...

Chains of injustice and prejudices...

Stuck in a constant cycle of pain...

To be free is all I want,

liberty and justice

But you continue to taunt

and continue to be destructive.

"Let me go!" is all I beg

For you are putting me at death's edge.

There's no way out for you and me...

But I'll choose to spread my arms and be free...

-By Noorjahan