

POEMS AGAINST SEGREGATION BY the STUDENTS OF THE TERMINALE -L-



"I Wonder Sometimes"

As time passes by, I wonder sometimes, what are those lullabies ?
Burning people singing and dead silent people hanging.
I wander sometimes, next to those singers covered in flies,
Why those monsters, killers who are ganging,
Decided that they did no want them,
They did not want gems.

I wonder, sometimes, what will happen when all will be white,
It would not have been the blacks, it would have been the jews,
and even then, nothing could stop their abuse.
Because when all will be white, all will be "right",
They will turn to themselves, and eat each other like dogs,
Blinding themselves in the ignorance that is their fog.
Because it is not the race or any religion,
It is the intricate human nature that is our damnation.

Louwan WOLFS

Going outside for a walk with my kids,
The eyes staring at us,
It's like we're a disease
But they don't care about us.

"They're useless" they said,
But we work more than them
And sometimes we're almost dead,
They're maybe cruel, or just dumb.

Every night I dream
About living in a world
Where we don't care about the color of your skin,
But it will not happen, it's just a dreamworld.

Celia CORDEIRO

The sky is blue
Birds sing
The weather is nice in South Carolina
Black people pass and whites move away
But why ? What's happening ?
Are they sick, contaminated ?
There are never circuses or events here
But the circus beasts in this country are us
Black men and women
Why these evil looks? What did we do?
From the youngest to the oldest, words are the same
"Look at these negroes, even school should be forbidden to them"
The words are hard
Segregation and exclusion are your only friends
We are everytime with a rope in the neck
But the sky is blue in South Carolina
Doriane BIAGOU

Today I woke up as a new man
My pain ended, no more endless fields.
Now I can run up to Manhattan
In this damn barn I leave my ills.

Today I leave Texas, I walk to the east
And in every city on my path, I'll make a feast.
I've freed myself from my persecutor
Me and my friends finally eared his last roar.

Today I struck him with a wooden stick, behind the head
I've stolen all of his precious stuff, and left his body in his bed
I'm writing this from my bed made of chaff
It's my last night in Texas, I've had enough.

I know what's hardship, I was up at five, chopping logs
While I was on the death tip, he was eating like a hog.
Now I do what I promised to my dead love
I bring up her soul with me, up to New York cove.

Cy DUGAS

Monster.. Oh! Monster
All that you do is murder
You kill innocent people due to their color
But it's only in your mind that you're better
Pure souls perished in the middle of nowhere
While they released their last breath of air
You established the Jim Crow laws
But among us we had heroes
Heroes to spread their word
Heroes hoping to be heard
Heroes urging us to react
Heroes saving us from the dark

Juliana SANTOS AVIDAGO

Dear beautiful Stranger.

Dear beautiful Stranger,
My color changes their haven.
For them we need to cave in,
Our color looks like a huge danger.

In this haven,
I'm that man who handles the pain.
I am that man who is insulted,
And I'm the one who's disgusted.

I'm ashamed of being atypical,
They managed to make me hate my color.
They took my brothers as example,
In their deal to sell them for a dollar.

If you want to understand my anger,
Come but please don't be concerned.
With my brothers you'll find me burned,
My dear beautiful Stranger.

Sonia SALEM

The Deplorable Jungle

Welcome to the jungle,
Where the king makes his law.
Obviously, he's not acting alone,
He has his clones.

A whole herd
With the same ideals.
Here, the law of the strongest is always the best.
Woe betide those who do not enter the codes,
A different coat
And they will be demoted.
No more gathering with the lions,
No more freedom in the vast jungle.
And the lions are not kind to those outside the clan,
The law of the jungle is in their favor,
Then the crimes seem forgotten.

Welcome to the jungle,
The one where hatred is strength.
Welcome to the jungle,
Where difference is frightening.
Welcome to the jungle,
Where ignorance is like coming.

Ceryne ATOUSSI

This color

These persons, were excluded from any right of freedom,
These persons were treated like slaves,

This fate was normally for this other persons,
This torture suffered only on one color,

This color represents everybody,
This color represents freedom

Yousra LAIEB