Race- by Cang Dao

People don’t know how I feel

“You can’t talk like us”

The words hurt me more than

It hurts them to say.

I’m getting an attitude.

Too many jokes,

I can’t accept it.

What’s wrong about me?

That may not be accepted by them?

Is it the way I look or

The way I talk?

How many languages can you speak?

I speak four.

Is there something from

Me that you want?

My beautiful brown eyes or

My lovely skin?

Don’t get jealous.

This is for... by Sophie Farrier

This is for the people who believed I was nothing, that I would never be special in anyone’s mind. This is for the people who said they were my friends, but always put me down... This is for the people who took my self-esteem away, for those who never cared, who ignored me because I wasn’t “fashionable”

This is for me because I didn’t believe in myself. For me because I tried too hard to be who I wasn’t and couldn’t be... And this is for my blood that rushes thick and thin that sometimes stands tall, but sometimes cowers awar