

Here are some poems in response to 'I, Too by Langston Hughes

I, too, talk Germany

When I walk along and see I am the only person with a yellow star.

The only rational answer is to round me up Tomorrow,

I do not have to worry about soldiers storming in.

No one can throw me into a camp .

My life can be something different to running away.

Anyway, I cannot waste time in a death camp my life is too important.

I, too, am part of Germany

Victor 6AC

I am a woman,

When I stride into the bank, Open my pay check, And see less digits than the man next to me,

I realize that I am worthless

Tomorrow, I will scroll my finger through the numbers, To see that 4 digits have become 5,

My gender will no longer be a part of my life problems,

Besides, I won't care about what other people think of me,

I am a woman.

Emma 6JF

I, too, am English,
I am the “different one” the “special one”,
The one everyone stares at in shopping centres
I am sent to play with the girls in the playground,
No one wants me,
Yet, at the lunch table, all alone,
I still stay strong,
Tomorrow, I stand up to the bullies and make friends every day,
I no longer fear the rude looks,
I no longer fear anything, I am strongest In the future,
Everyone will be happy,
No one will be judged,
There will not be any “differents” or “specials”
We are all equal.
I, too, am English.

Sofia 6AD

Votes For Woman - in the perspective of Emmeline Pankhurst

I too, want a voice

I will not eat until I can speak

They put me on a jail floor

Force fed me

silence

But I feed them war

The voting booths are open

Mothers, daughters, sisters, workers

step inside

I eat again

I am loud again

I too, have a voice

Ava 6AD

I TOO

I too, hear America
I am the singer.
They come and hear me sing,
But will not let me eat with them.
I sing away my tears,
They will not break me,
I am strong.
Tomorrow, I will choose where I sit,
I will choose where I dine.
I choose,
I sing,
They listen.
Besides, They'll admire my beauty
And hear my voice
I too, see America
Ellie 6AC

I Too

I too deserve a job
I may be darker and known as "black".
They do not hire me.
Or ask me back.
In the future
I will be hired and just known as "Jack".
Milo 6AD

I, too, count as a human being.

When I open my door to walk down the street,

A white man stops me right in my tracks.

He points to a sign saying, "WHITE ONLY."

He then pushes me to the other side of the road.

Rejected.

Tomorrow.

When I walk down the street,

I will be walking side by side with white people.

All black and white will be equal.

I, too, am a human being.

By Jesse Duffy

I too I, too, want to build

I am the curious sister

I am told to stop

My brother says "Stop playing with MY Lego,

Lego is for BOYS."

Tomorrow When he comes

I will simply continue creating

Connecting Brick to Brick

Besides I should be allowed to play too

I, too, am a creator

Isaac 6AC

Here are some poems in response to Telephone Conversations by Wole Soyinka

Wednesday like any other,

I'm in Magistrate's today.

Walking up to the court, "Name?"

But before I can answer, he looks down on the defendants' list. "

I'm a barrister," I say surprised.

"My apologies." I meet my client and go to the court room to discuss the case.

A voice behind shouts "GO OUTSIDE.

I'll be with you in a minute."

"I'm a barrister," I say again. Anger surging inside me.

"My apologies"

Crossing the court room with purpose, I hear a loud, booming voice.

I turn and it's a clerk this time.

"GET OUT OF THE COURTROOM AND WAIT YOUR TURN."

My anger turns to overwhelming sadness.

I'm on the verge on tears,

"I am a barrister."

Not once, not twice, but thrice

"I AM A BARRISTER."

Allegra 6JF

Here comes the bus.

Doors open wide.

I take my seat. The first seat I see.

I know what I am doing.

Milk white man asks me to "MOVE".

"NO," I stayed glued to my seat. Silence.

"STAND UP," demands the bus driver fire burning in his tummy.

"WHY SHOULD I STAND UP?"

"YOU'RE BLACK," he states with ease.

I look around, all eyes cast down to the dirty floor.

I am on my own.

"HE CAN STAND UP," a bead of sweat exposes my fear.

"MOVE OR THE POLICE CAN DEAL WITH YOU!"

Cold hard metal strapped around my wrists.

Sirens.

Locked up. "REGRETS?" said the uniformed man.

"NO."

Jesse 6AC

I'm running through the tunnel,

Pumped! From the pitch

I can hear the fans.

Booing! Not cheering, then I slip

Yellow ground makes me fall.

"I'm a man not a monkey" so why?

They're the bananas not me!

"Get off the pitch more than a thousand voices yell at me,

I can smell they're rancid breath from here.

But I won't.

I won't walk away because of their racial abuse.

I'm Raheem Sterling.

Maya 6AD

Conversation between Rosa Parks and Bus Driver

Day began normally, rushing Clearly.

Bus rider, hoping them a "lovely day" until,

he stopped,

"Move out of my way, I am trying to get through"

Silence, expecting me to move out of the way,

I stare, people behind me.

It stops again, above is the blue sky

"Is that a message for me?" "Are you asking me to move? or someone else?"

"Move out of my way!"

He starts to speak on the phone two white police man,

stand at the bus door

Handcuffs, disappointment on their faces.

It's not fair,

This girl is so arrested.

Darcie 6JF

Up. Dressed.

Car picked me up.

Drove to Downing Street.

Number ten. My new Home.

Heard " PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD WHERE I CAN SEE THEM."

Turned around.

Guns pointing at me.

Tried To explain I was the new Prime Minister.

They Laughed.

"THAT IS GOING TO GET YOU TEN YEARS IN PRISON WHAT YOU ARE DOING."

" SAME WITH YOU.

" Boris at the door.

Told Me to come in.

I laughed. Security guard red.

Heard him mutter " YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO MAKE IT.".....

..... "NEITHER ARE YOU."

James 6AC

An average day
walking through the courthouse
But this time with no wig
Or fancy suit.
Police officers walk up and down the hallway
glancing at me suspiciously
Then turned around saying directly to me.
“ Criminals on the left please,”
I turn now quite angry of what I had just heard
“Excuse me, what did you say,”
“ Now would be nice so move it,
” I carry on walking properly to show my power in court.
He’s now shouting at me property angry this time.
Knowing what to do now
I stand next to the officer
And discreetly show him my card that says
‘Alexandra Wilson. Barrister’.
The officer looks astonished and walks away.
‘That guy is soo fired’.
Elliot 6AD

A metaphor poems

The sea of genders.

The sea is wild and free,
Except it is split into two rivers, containing water from different
categories.

One river is fresh, and the other salt,
But what if there are more than two?

Well there are,

A much smaller river by far.

Sometimes that river is classified as featureless,

But that word seems rather senseless.

Other times, called 'the river with no use to anyone', thought as weird
and are often excluded from water systems everywhere, Would that
section be fresh, salt, free-alt?

Nevertheless, sections of this large sea are equal.

Caitlin 6AD

Stream of injustice

The stream is full of humble truths, slowly trickling down the hillside.

It begins a meaningful journey on its way to justice,

Though each tree put in its way, will only make it stronger,

Through vast landscapes it flows, every time more determined,

And as the vibrant water streaks down, the cliff's ignorance makes the
trip harder,

But of course, that won't stop the stream continue its treacherous
voyage,

However, when the stream comes to an end, it realises that the journey
isn't over yet, there are more battles to fight for justice!

Emma 6JF

The pearl of justice

by Allegra 6JF

From valleys, oceans, hills of cattle,
A life began from a small pearl,
It brought hope to all,
To all that passed,

But the greatest thought was its heart,
Bold, graceful but also loved,
The pearl would reach its time to go,
Softly glide through her ocean home.

Haiku and Tanka for Marcus Rashford by Lea 6JF

A plea to the state
social welfare was Rashford's take
no craving children

Going off from school
getting lousy from hunger
enough was enough
His mindset was clear
feeding kids all year round
was the goal from the start
famous footballer and campaigner
hero from the start to end

Picture a women staying put for forty years
Picture this women saying no to males
Picture this women saying yes to women's rights
Picture this female fighting
Picture this female winning
Picture this female failing
Picture her walking a path of freedom
Picture her trying to win the bet
Picture her determination
Picture this women, a female changing the world
Genevieve 6AD

Harriet Tubman

Harriet Tubman

Underground Rail roads

oh Running through the woods

Hiding from the slave catchers

Drinking from streams

Freeing millions

Helping people escape

oh Harriet Tubman

Nicholas 6AC

Martin Luther King

Surveyed and trailed all,

To discredit his merit,

To the outside world.

Fights for civil rights,

For the black community,

Opposed to the whites.

Death by a gunshot,

A community hero,

Gratitude and pride.

Vito 6AD

Haiku and Tanka for Rosa Parks

Think of her sat there,
pride breaking through barriers,
With her head held high,
She looks right on up,
Sees a man with white skin standing,
Asking her to move,
She still doesn't move,
The man getting angry now,
Calling the driver,
Think of her in the station,
Still with her head held high as the sun.

Stanley 6JF

Nelson Mandela,
apartheid hurt him badly,
races kept apart,
Imprisoned for protesting,
His important quest never ending,
Winnie Mandela,
his wife helped him out greatly,
Nelson's second wife she sang an important song,
which helped him out of prison,
Oliver Tambo,
a good friend of Mandela's along with Nelson,
also with another good friend,
started a league to help fight.

Sabrina 6AD

