

Kayla Vernon

### **When I Was a Slave**

I received no education

I was beaten and I couldn't take a stand

I counted as three fifths of a person

I was beaten for being scared of my master

I never saw my mammy again

I never thought we'd gain our freedom

I ran away

They dragged by back and beat me bloody

I told my story, even though it was sixty years later

My story educates and empowers

I wasn't properly educated

My body bears the marks.

But I was still a person.

Both were children.

Families were torn apart.

How we were treated wasn't right.

Both weren't going to take it anymore.

My blood is the same color as yours.  
Even if my skin isn't.

My voice would be heard.

My story matters.

### **Voices of Freedom**

My education was separate, but not equal

I wouldn't let them beat me and so I took a stand

I was a second class person

Emmett was beaten for talking to a white woman

Emmett's mother wept in the witness's stand

I never believed we'd fail

Rosa Parks sat down

They called it Bloody Sunday

I told my story, even as it was happening

My story opens minds and empowers

