

## Poem

Does racism have no context?  
Complexion shouldn't been seen as a contest  
Yet they seem to be obsessed.  
Sirens of red and blue all we want is silence  
They torture you they torture me  
Surely the government can't agree  
Everytime I move they bring me closer to my destiny  
Every breath I breathe brings me closer to the death of me  
When I just want to be the creator my own legacy.  
We live in a world  
Poisoned with skulls and ravens.  
When will the killing end?  
This genocide  
The deaths of our brothers and sisters  
Our own blood  
Our sons and daughters.

**Mya Reid**