

A Life That Mattered

Sienna Wong

2nd Place Poetry 7th Grade

How can you live with yourself,
with the knowledge of what you have done?
With the feel of his hot, and ragged gasps,
his head digging into the ground.
And that pulse, his pulse, that you smothered and stopped,
brutally, without a thought.

You assumed, him fading into an oblivion.
You were the one to cut that cord,
his life now seized and wrung away.
You felt he was insignificant, a flaw to our society,
how dreadfully wrong you were.

That man, he lurks in your shadow,
do you care, do you even know?
His voice- his hoarse, half-whispered voice,
pleading for you to let go.
But your knee stayed firm upon his neck,
even after he lay, limp and still.
Only when the sirens and stretchers came,
did you finally let go.
But you, you were much too slow.

His skin was dark and yours was light.
Was this the cause of his sudden goodnight?
Your wife is yellow, not your white.
Would you ever harm her, your love, your life?
Or previous wife, if I must say,
she has signed the papers, she is changing her name.

That navy uniform, glinting badge,
has all been stripped away.
Leaving only a man, a racist one,
amounting to much less than nothing.