**Untitled spoken word piece**

**By Amelia Rodriques-Dawkins (Former** Writhlington school pupil)

**Judging panels comments:**

The panel were really impressed with this piece of poetry/spoken word. They were very moved by the intensity, the rhythm and the power of language. It was particularly poignant to understand that this is based upon the personal experience of the writer. The panel felt that this piece aimed to highlight the impact of racism – and how it can break people physically and emotionally.

Amelia writes: *I would like to enter my spoken word piece below. It sums up how I have been feeling after 3 years of racial abuse, while living in Bath. It is inspired by the journey the slaves took on the ships.*

Sinking, deep,

deep down-my lifeless body a float in a society that will watch me sink to the bottom. With the intention of keeping me there

IN MY PLACE!

My place, even though I have claimed no ownership over the rough seas I have been thrown into.

I wasn't born bruised, crushed and broken and this body did not just fall asleep overnight.

If I were to peel away the dark beauty in which my maker clothed me

it would reveal the invisible daggers that were first thrown to shape me

and when I was shaped

to shake me

and when I was shaken to break me.

TO PUT ME IN MY PLACE!

For they saw in me power and turned my power into weakness.

I started to see these weaknesses as differences

and differences as abnormalities.

I too gave up swimming,

I gave up hoping,

I gave up believing.

And even at times when the seas would calm, and the warmth of the sun would echo through my body and the urge to swim was heavy,

I’d see them toss another of my kind overboard.

As the seas became a continent of bodies

The reality dawned on me that I better get comfortable because cause I'M IN MY PLACE!

But this is not a cry to say I'm angry and I'm drowning,

It is a cry to say I'm drowning cause you've thrown me overboard.