Nelson Mandela

My first week in the prison cells, my first time seeing these parallels, anytime I opened my eyes, I saw these big muscly guys, who looked like they could punch you in a blink of an eye.

Anger flooded my veins, but I had to push through the pains, maybe I'm not the right race, I want to leave this prison cell without a trace.

Stuck behind bars for 27 years 9855 nights, over 9855 fights, but black people still want their rights. Jail cells are old and dusty, metal bars mean and rusty.

Meals were based on the color of my skin, food came in an old dirty tin

27 years, 9855 days, 236520 hours, wasted in jail.....

By Aria, P7B