



“What is So Different About Us?” by  
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3<sup>rd</sup> Place, Poetry 10-12

In this world

I

am always first suspect

to be the murderer.

Because my skin is

different, my family

Was

different.

But

They're gone now,

Because

of their skin, so here

I

am left

Alone

to take care of my brother and sister.

The police stand here accusing

me

of these things, when all I did was lay at home.

I cannot

go to school anymore, for they separated me from everyone else.

I learned

nothing

but the law.

If

the tables had turned,

There

would be no doubt

that we would make the world

Right.

We would not consider ourselves

superior

over those who are more pale,

we are no different, when it comes to humanity.

Support is what the world needs, why

can't people realize that.

Must I say please?

The world is being stereotyped, we were supposed to have peace.

Why must the world grow apart into such a hateful place?

Sometimes I wish I could just fly to space.

I feel the metal at my temple.

I feel the ground underneath me,

but

I may

just let myself

fade

into this concrete ground.

Everyone will watch me die if I try to walk away, what can I even do?

Lay here and act like I'm not on the verge of

Death?

My sister and brother are watching, they have seen too much for their age.

My brother he's 5.

He watched our dad get arrested for crimes he had never done.

My sister she's 3

and she saw mom get shot.

I will never forget the way they stand looking at me now,

like they are somewhat proud even if I am about to die.

Forever  
my heart lies  
with my family,  
no matter now though.  
They're all gonna fade away because of  
this abominable world.