

## Present Silence, Privileged Voice

By: Baylee Lowe

When she wakes, she wakes afraid  
She looks around with a sigh  
Engulfed in a tight zipped jacket bathed in modest silence  
She takes a step through a door into her oppressed world

When I wake, I wake happily  
I look around with extravagance  
Freely colorfully dressed in vibrating waves of sound  
Striding into an unrecognized privileged world

She walks in silence through busy streets  
Immersed in crowds of kids engaging with one another  
In run down homes in criminal corners  
I drive in song through clean streets  
Isolated kids engaged in newly released personalized technology  
In modernized mansions distilled in gated communities

They sit and learn in class learning about social justice and diversity  
Her real-world application displayed on an educational screen  
The educational screen molding my emotions into perspective  
Eyes wide eyed with baffled emotions as we comprehend  
Our unrecognized realities and privileges

We live in different lands  
Wealth gap dividing our two lands  
Privilege disperses inadequate resources to cross  
A shaky ladder extended from her land to mine

A secure bridge rooting from my land to hers

Walking on a newly constructed path binding the two lands together

We come face to face

Hands joined in unity standing side to side in protest

Her present silence is no longer silent

My privileged voice is no longer being heard

We speak against injustice

Without our indifferences we could never have gotten

To this moment