**I’m From**

**Slavery Poem**

**By: Emily Johannan**

**I’m From my original home, West Africa where I could live peacefully without having to work for the Europeans.**

**I’m From being sold to unfair people who made me work sixteen hours a day.**

**I’m From not knowing how old I am or when my birthday is.**

**I’m From “Never learning to read or write.”**

**I’m From I’m from the tight, crammed boat full of the other West Africans taken to be slaves, that were sailed across the Atlantic Ocean during the Middle passage.**

**I’m From being sold for things like guns, salt, and cloth.**

**I’m From not being treated like a human being.**

**I’m From “Only knowing how to work hard.”**

**I’m From having my family being broken up and never seeing them again.**

**I’m From trying to buy my freedom with the money I saved up.**

**I’m From day after day of working and being treated unfairly.**

**I’m From finally being fee from the treacherous work the Europeans made me do.**