

I, Annabelle

by Roma Steiner

(Middle School Honorable Mention)

My name is Annabelle
A slave I am and will ever be
Never, ever will I be free;
Keep working I will
Until I die.

Bread and rice
Was all I got;
And in an old pot
Some horrible meat
Discarded for bad.

I work all day
Harvesting tobacco
The overseer says, "Hurry ho!"
He whips us if we are too slow

All I had was
Dresses of rags
Out of old flour bags;
Mistress' gowns
Dirty and old.

I hated my master
With all of my might
I was in such a plight
With God and man,
I wished to run away.

I knew that if I ran away,
Flogged at the stake I'd be
He'd hurt and maybe ruin me
I am worth nothing
To anyone but God.

I did not know soon
I would be free
To look and see
Anything I wished
And make my own living.

Abraham Lincoln in his speech
Let all the slaves be free
(I couldn't believe that meant me!)
To work to get payed
Although we weren't treated well.

I was elated
And happy, and pleased
For that meant all slaves (even me!)
Could live on our own,
And die as we willed.

The End