

Poetry by Chloe Battilana 5MF

Title: Voice

I have lost my voice.

No one can hear me.

I try so hard to be heard.

Shout

Cry

Whisper

Shriek

But still, they won't listen to what I have to say

I can hear something faint and small.

It is coming from the distance.

It is the sound of

Encouragement

Pride

Desire

Joy

I have been heard and understood.

I have found my voice.

It is strong and powerful.

It sounds like this.

Determined

Passionate

Courageous

Happy

I have found my voice.

It is not always the same.

It can change.

High to low

Shout to a whisper

Happy to sad

Strong to weak

I have found my voice.

And I will make a difference.