

The Unheard Verses

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In the silent nights of a small town, there sat a young woman, wide awake with a dim lamp on, shining over a piece of paper displaying lyrics to a song titled "Unheard Verses". The young woman quietly sang in her modest home, careful not to wake her mother and two sisters deep in sleep in their rooms. Her voice, although quiet, was soft and clear. It sounded as if an angel blessed her with the voice of the gods. She was hitting notes perfectly, high and low as she followed the lyrics seamlessly.

As she continued to sing, a tear had fallen from her eye, falling on the page. A song she had never dared performed for the town. A song that she was sure would be met with outrage and anger because of the meaning hidden behind the beauty of her words.

Her song was about the struggles of her people and the perspective of her life as a black woman wanting to become an artist. She sung about inequality amongst race and the treatment she received because of her ethnicity. She wanted to reach out to millions of people living the same struggle. Millions bound by the wall of struggle and desperation for a better life. She knew these people just wanted a better life for themselves and their families.

Her voice was desperate to sing her songs of truth again. But the thought of the crowds seemed too much to handle. All the boos and comments had gotten to her head again, right as her mother said, "Manaia, there's no need to worry." But she couldn't help it, Manaia took on the worries.

The more she thought of performing, the louder the voices became. They weren't stopping. Her body, clenched into a ball and her eyes shut tight to block out the noise, but the voices grew louder and louder until all of a sudden ... silence.

Not another lyric was sung, not another noise was made. She opened her eyes to see the same empty room she had been sitting in, she took a breath of relief, but a tear visible as she stood from her chair and crept to her bed and tucked the covers to her chin, shaking with nerves. She lay there, staring at the ceiling with tears still falling down her cheeks. A wave of anxiety flooded over her as she wondered how she will ever be able to perform.

Soon enough, it was the morning, the sun was beaming through the window, lighting up the room. Manaia headed down to the kitchen, she saw her mother and sister, her mother was over the stove making a mouthwatering breakfast of eggs and bacon.

Manaia sat down at the kitchen table, her mother smiled and set a plate in front of her.

"What was that song you were singing Manaia, it was beautiful!" her mother said lovingly, "I must say, you have a great voice!"

As Manaia began to smile at her mother's encouraging words, she thought about the struggle of the night before. She thought about how her mother believes in her. Has always believed in her.

She thinks that maybe she should believe in herself too.