

## Colorblind

By George Rosa

It's not like if you strain your eye you'll find some mastermind behind the unkind binds  
that lock us in, a culture that sanctions a sin,  
facts are facts, this isn't just some ghetto syntax,  
America and her police are not colorblind.  
The equality barrier is hard to define, hard to confine, hard to resign.  
It's been maligned, and it's been consigned.  
But the color divide makes the defenders of justice nothing short of guilty to the crime.  
And so it goes.

There's another young one with another black gun  
he could be a father or a son, nobody knows, he's just havin' fun  
poppin' off a few shots, got his friend in a headlock,  
they just had a little argument, let loose to reckless abandonment,  
let them argue argue in their Brooklyn accents  
anything happens it'll be set down as a typical accident  
not much discussion and definitely no monument.

There will be outcries,  
people sad a young man had to die,  
but no surprise, the police see this every day with their very own eyes:  
"lemme get some fried chicken and fries,"  
I'm just a black man headed to my own demise  
I look to the skies and still I'm unwise  
how many brothers you see win the Nobel Prize  
such a high rise would be difficult to devise  
for a people held down by the media that shapes the minds of the masses  
The news that tells us lies, the crimes they oversize,  
but it's kinda hard to revise a mechanism this size  
I mean, I don't surmise you can reverse all the lies, or disguise all the cries,  
or spontaneously give rise to equality, the coveted prize.  
But whoops, no time for goodbyes there goes another brother to the depths of hell,  
possibly to further comprise a legion of the lost lives that the television sells  
images of jail cells again compromise our self-esteem  
low expectations, no expectations, these outcomes dominate our dreams  
It hurts much more than it seems.

And so the below will be typical woes, as equality's foe always deems:  
Mug shot, from head to thighs but dirty inside,  
he had a few kids but no bride, looks like he just couldn't provide,  
let damnation be his guide, watch this brother stride,  
that walk is gangsta bona fide,  
now everyone can tell he's on the wrong side of America's divide,  
how can he feel pride, when his life's been brushed aside,

he just needs to fit in besides,  
he unconsciously wants to be part of the cycle.  
so he resorts to following his consorts in their behaviors,  
their scaring of strangers, their government-funded fee waivers,  
their customs, among them the division of streets as kingdoms,  
the worship of rappers as icons, the verses of gangstas his axioms,  
and what you're lookin' at is doom in full bloom

The cops whisper to themselves

"We'll get that one soon."

Outsiders not pretentious to assume he consumes and he fumes and he's takin' up room.

that's what they think anyway.

"Colored I presume".

Might as well be from Mars or the Moon.