

Painting.

Honestly,  
I don't know where to start.  
I want to paint this picture from my heart  
Do I start back from the motherland?  
Souls removed, though that was never the plan.  
Do I start from the big ships,  
Heartaches and aching hips,  
Desire to once again see their beautiful home?  
Home? This became their new home.  
Pain became the landlord  
As owners devoured their souls.  
That's not where I want to start though,  
There's something I want to show you.  
In this painting,  
This painting of our people.  
Black is the color I want to use.  
Africa and its descendants are my muse.  
I'll put some red in there too,  
For the bloodshed.  
In this picture, I want to show you.  
Black? Yeah black.  
That's my main color.

One swipe of the brush,  
Hope you're not in a rush,  
Cause you're about to get schooled.  
This sentence can't be overruled.  
Why black you might ask?  
Cause we are all called black  
So my task,  
Is to demonstrate to y'all  
How we rise and we fall.

So quite a while back we had something called the Jim Crow Laws.  
These laws.  
Weren't even laws at all,  
Flawed.  
Separate but equal?  
Sounds good.  
Yup, a placebo.  
Specious.  
Pleasant sounding but evil.  
So we fought, and we sought,  
Change.  
After marches and speeches,  
We finally reached it.

Ding, Ding, Ding,  
Bells rung, we won.  
The game, so we thought.

There's always a level two,  
So this painting, I'm painting for you isn't done.  
Now I'm using the red.  
One stroke. Two. Nuff said.  
Voting. We couldn't.  
Our voice. They wouldn't  
Listen to us.  
Marches and speeches,  
The cycle, you peeped it?  
Long, hard, struggle  
We won.  
Level two completed.  
We never even cheated.  
But this is war.  
I say we've come pretty far.

Now my page only has black and red.  
I'll add a little yellow,  
To brighten up this dread.  
After dreams have been revealed.  
Blood has been spilled.  
People arrested.  
Unfair testing.  
Spraying with a hose.  
Endless prose,  
Of freedom.  
It seems we've made it?

It seems we've made it.  
There's always a battle, a race.  
Are we failing it?  
I'm not sure what it is, but it disturbs me.  
Now we are fighting lowkey in this "post-racial society"  
I'll put in a little blue.  
Cause I feel blue, you should feel it too  
Black youth, elders, all those who don't know it to be true  
I said I was here to take you to school.  
Unveil the truth.  
As I fill my painting with blue.  
We've come so far,  
Risen like the stars, working twice as hard,  
As the white man.  
But we are still relegated to stereotypes.  
Eating watermelon,

Drinking kool-aid and grape juice  
With nothing to do.  
No jobs, or education,  
Only good for twerking.  
They don't look at us for who we are.  
We struggle and have to work twice as hard,  
For less pay,  
Cause of our skin shade.  
One of the only black kids in the college classroom,  
On edge because tuition price aren't geared to you.  
But the struggle is supposedly over,  
All those complaining, are stuck in the past  
We're just scape-goating the white man.  
The man, whose image fills the tv  
The same ones who called our ancestors niggers,  
But get offended when we tell them it is not ok to say nigga  
The battle, unlike before, is hidden,  
This battle is implicit,  
No saying we can't go to school  
Or vote, or even rule.  
It's every time we get followed in a store  
It's being seen as dumb when in a classroom.  
It's not getting the job you deserve  
Or seeing black derided when you watch your TV shows.  
It's trying to explain to your son why he is the target of the cops,  
It's when people ask you what you want to be  
And are shocked when you say you want to be on Wall-Street,  
And not rapping on tv,  
Or taking care of your five bastard babies.  
This is the bitter truth.  
We've fought so hard.  
Battles of discrimination, and we went hard core.  
We will emerge out of level 3  
Into a new category.  
Cause our people are acute.  
We know what we want to do.  
There is a dream we shall fill,  
We will.  
But as before, we are at war.  
My painting hopefully revealed to you our struggles.  
As it is filled with black, red, yellow, and blue.  
Did it show you what we've been through,  
Still going through?  
Did I successfully take you to school?