

# G-E-L-Y-K-H-E-I-D

(EQUALITY IN AFRIKAANS)

There is something

boiling

Boiling within us.

Our youth's nation.

AND

they continue to tell us to...

Turn off the kettle.

The whistle is too loud.

AND

the more they tell us to turn off the kettle,

The more fire they add,

AND

The kettle gets,

**Louder**

AND

**LOUDER...**

You know what glass does

when the fire gets real hot?

IT BREAKS

But

I'm not glass and my words are not fragile.

Consider this,

RAW

Pure, Flawed, Tainted, Innocent souls

We become victims of

Our history

Our struggles

Our fight

Our achievements

Our goals.

How does this sound?

Kids are getting shot in Brownsville

**WHILE**

*Artisanal horseradish is selling for \$74 in Williamsburg*

**AND**

*Dinner at a high end restaurant in Downtown Brooklyn cost \$225 per person*

**YET**

25 percent,

And climbing,

of Brooklyn's population receives food stamps.

Brooklyn has become "The Tale of Two Boroughs"

With wine and guns in parallel worlds.

We whistle equality

while the wind blows and our whistle fades

We whistle equality

Once A-gain...

Because we are young.

We are thrown into the box of,

“I don’t know what I want”

“It’s a phase”

“We are young”,

But this is OUR reality

So I’ll press the keys on this board and

Unlock a world of

E Q U A L I T Y

A world where

Pocketbooks are made the same size because we are all capable of holding

A greater capacity.

A world where my education isn’t a mirage a deferred dream

or just a wish

But it is continuously MY reality.

A world where at MY school,

Whether it is in

In Bedstuy or Manhattan,

I can open any text book and on page 6 find the word *auspicious*

And still be held responsible to know what it means.

A world where my skin color is not an excuse, for me to say

I CAN’T

Because I expect to get a 1600 on my SAT's  
And that is all that my skin says should be considered  
for me to be classified as smart  
cause I'm of a minority

The Affirmative Action

TUH!

You tryna' to say I can't retain as much?

I don't hold enough?

You got it wrong.

I hold TOO much.

So I'll turn on the kettle and let it boil,

and boil,

and boil,

Until the whistle gets SO loud

Only a revolution can silence it.

Love is a revolutionary act

And so is

EQUALity.