

## "Letter to my 10 year old self"

Hello little ten year old,

As a kid I know you are feeling broke poor and embarrassed, dysfunctional family, two torn apart parents. You will never know your father and have an addict for a mother. You won't have an emotional outlet so your rage will grow further. Kids will pick on you and you will often get teased, but it's ok to use the food stamp funny money, and eat government cheese. In fact, the same kids who pick and tease, are eating the same government cheese, and please...pay no attention to the rumors you hear of your mother doing lord knows what in the streets.

She still is young too not much older than you and doing the best she can to make ends meet. You will develop resentment for your mom and a deep hatred for your dad. Just know it's not your fault you are not living a normal life like most other kids have. You will be exposed to the streets and it will force you to grow up too fast. Take it from me don't get discouraged because you are built to last. Two years from now you will get your first job delivering drug packages for cash.

**DON'T TAKE THE JOB!!** It will only further your pain and probably become part of the reason our mom falls deeper into using crack cocaine. The more you hustle the deeper you will fall into the criminal abyss. Right now it feels like the weight of the world is on your shoulders but keep holding on I promise you won't lose grip. Keep God as the captain of your ship and I promise you'll escape tragedy every time and walk away without a limp.

There is no easy way to say, our mom sells heroin to an undercover cop and gets sent upstate. You suddenly runaway and end up a child of the ward in the custody of the state, and placed, in a place called The Virginia Home for Boys, where for six years you will stay. Three sports you will play, and excel in all three. You will walk on to Hampton University, earn a football scholarship and then eventually, a college degree. I know right now it may be too much for you to believe or maybe even too far off for you to see however I know all these things to be true because you are the younger me.

P.s. I know me telling you the future more than likely will significantly mess up the time line. But for me to allow you to go through what we go through blind would be a damn crime!

I love you.

## I Am Somebody PT. 1

I am somebody  
Yet my voice is drowned out by your biases  
My life matters and my feelings are relevant  
History is his story  
Benefiting the one telling it  
It would seem that in his story  
People like you and I are irrelevant  
In fact in some cases  
It's as if we did not exist  
Evil, angry, and devilish  
Propaganda strategically dispensed  
Painting us minorities  
As subhuman pieces of shit  
So much so that now you are ok  
With seeing me shot by a cop  
When I did not even resist  
Centuries of programming  
Has trained us to be passive  
Sometimes lack of action  
Is related to compliance  
How many more of us have to die  
All because of your silence?  
I am somebody I could be your kid  
My life is precious, like you,  
Don't I deserve to live?

Does it really matter that everyday  
I feel un-o.k. just to make you feel o.k.?  
Be a little bit more docile and announce the words I say  
Does it matter that I excelled in school and athletics  
Graduated with good grades  
Followed all the rules  
Did things the right way  
Then BANG!  
The right place on the wrong day  
Shot by a cop because my dark  
Shade and long braids  
Rubbed him the wrong way  
Then the media turns around  
Paints me a thug all because  
I was suspended from school  
In the third grade for one day  
ORDER IN THE COURT!  
ORDER IN THE COURT!  
Cops just shot a man and  
Got away with it closed case  
Is this the justice system  
In which we hold faith?  
I say NO WAY!  
Because I am somebody  
I am a person just like you  
Look me in my face  
And tell me I am not!

## I Am Somebody PT 2

My hands are up officer  
And still you shoot?  
Please can you loosen up this noose?  
It's tight around my neck  
I promise you I'm not a threat  
The nigga in me  
You haven't seen him yet  
No disrespect but  
Respect is earned!  
I don't want to end up in an urn  
Life cut short by your hand  
Like Mr. Philando Castell  
Or Ms. Sandra Bland  
Way too many to name  
I am somebody with a name  
We are more the same  
Than we are different  
So please don't get too caught up  
In my skin pigment so much so  
To the point that my point you are missing  
You'd rather distract the masses  
Then tamper with the witnesses  
Then to admit to your indifferences  
But it is o.k. because I am somebody

And today I have something to say  
Even though the media has  
Portrayed me in the worse way  
I beg you officer please  
Do not take my life away  
Don't shoot!  
I have my hands up  
Besides killing me is not the answer  
To the problems you have in your life  
I overheard you talking to your partner  
It's not my fault you have a cheating wife  
Mines has cheated too but it is what it is  
That does not give you the reason to shoot  
It only proves that we both are going through  
The same shit but just different points of views  
So put the gun down and let's talk  
This over a few cold brews.

Shut the hell up NIGGER!  
Keep your hands where I can see them  
Dispatch I've got the suspect  
He is black non-European  
Yeah NIGGER you think you know my life  
And anything that I have been through?  
So what I got a cheating wife  
It is probably with a nigger too  
For all I'm concerned tonight  
That nigger is you.....POW!

## Self-Hate

I wish I had curly hair because mine is so called “nappy”

I wish I had lighter skin.

I wish I was white, I’d be treated right, life would be happy

But, alas, I am cursed with melanin.

Why must black have negative associations attached?

Why must white get all the glory?

Why does it appear one set of people always get attacked?

Why does white get to tell his story?

You see how just stating white and black together in a sentence led you to your own conclusion?

“The arthur is racist” “he’s being divisive” probably were your thoughts, but you miss the point I’m proving.

The same propaganda gets portrayed in a thousand different ways on a daily basis.

Institutions have been constructed around it, jobs and wages created. The best of the best at perpetrating the lie get bonuses and raises. Mislead the sheep while we are half sleep or grazing.

So isn’t it amazing how the first 8 lines seemingly pushes your mind toward hatred?

Imagine it being perpetrated over centuries of generations aimed at particular races effortlessly creating self-hatred and division amongst the middle and lower class populations while the true perpetrators remain faceless.

We bicker and hate amongst each other projecting the self-hate within.

When in all actuality she wants to be her and he wants to be him.

Obsessed with societal trends, so to fit in, she blondes her hair and he tans his skin trying to cover up blemishes we all see deep within each time we look into the mirror.

I love myself, I’m in love with myself. The world works best when I better myself and then share my wealth with everyone else. Words spoken but not always felt.

There was a time I hated myself I felt as if I didn’t fit in.

I used to wish I had curly hair and was light skinned.

Society quickly let me know my place, at a young age,  
Getting called “nigger” and having loogies spit upon my face  
Such an awkward feeling caught between, kill him, or handle it with grace?  
We often chose the latter in most cases.  
Bottle up the emotions until it turns into rage or in the worst case self-hate  
And we end up turning into the same monsters from which we try to escape.

## Anti-Social: “A P.S.A. About Social Media”

S.A.T scores are down across the nation.  
They are dumbing us down at a rapid pace.  
I call it over social media population.  
No offense to Facebook, but we would rather be on Facebook, than have books in our faces.  
A.D.D. is at an all-time high; dropouts are rising at a rampant rate.  
We have replaced parenting with Xbox, iPad, iPhones and all types of electronics.  
It's kind of ironic, how we've replaced “Hooked on Phonics,” with social media Ebonics.  
LOL, SMH, TTYL, # HASHTAG all made iconic;  
By a billion little twitter fingers forming a relationship that's symbiotic.  
Every day you see a post or a tweet that tugs at your heart.  
It is kind of hard to decipher the real from those seeking to be social media stars.  
I'm guilty of it too if I am telling you the truth.  
Just the other day I was walking down the street and sending a tweet.  
I walked past three people and I didn't even bother to speak.  
I got annoyed by the same bum holding the same sign that reads:  
"I'm just trying to eat."  
I had a pocket full of money and do you think into my pocket reached?  
I acted busy and looked the other way as I hurried to cross the street.  
Suddenly, I felt a big shove from the back, and went flying as I heard a piercing screech.  
“Skerrrrrt BOOM!”  
I turned to see, the very "bum" I had avoided, just risked his own life to save me!



I stood there dumbfounded at a loss for speech.  
As I watched his body lay motionless on the hot summer's concrete.  
I ran to his aid, and just before I reached, like a gazelle he sprung to his feet.  
Grabbed both my shoulders and Italian mob kissed both my cheeks.  
Whispering in my ears...."My son, you never know when it's me.\*"  
He whispered "My son you never know when it's me.\*"  
That's when it all hit me like a bag of bricks, everything clicked, a message divinely sent.  
Spend less time on social media and more time bettering our social environment!  
We repost and retweet overseas calamities, animal cruelty, conspiracies, and sabotage.  
We even send money to kids in Africa.  
We are quick to create causes for other countries who've got it hard.  
Yet, turn up our noise to those starving in our own country, our own backyards!  
We are turning into an idle nation so disconnected that it's noteworthy!  
The sad truth is most of us would rather send a tweet than go out and get our hands dirty!  
That is Anti-Social!