

'MIRROR-MIRROR'

"Get that nigga. Kill that Nigga. Stomp his bict~~h~~ ass out," is what I hear as blow after blow of hard fist connects with the guy on the grounds head. He's not blocking or fighting back and yet the assault continues. I'm looking on hearbroken as each whack of his fist shatters my heart a little more. He's helpless and no one's doing a thing. Not ~~even~~ me! Then i began to wonder where the police are when you need them. They always seem to be around when there's no need, but now they're nowhere to be found. The gate opens to the chow hall and finally they hit the scene and drag off both perps. One dazed and bleeding, the other holds his head high on a flase sense of pride from beating down another ~~nigga~~ brother.

Both of their skin is the same color of mine. I see my brothers in them. My uncles, my newp~~h~~ew. But worst of all, I see myself. Not only who I was, but who I could become. The one who gave the beating is someone who has a reckless disregard for human life. He could care less about race, gender, or sex, they all can get it. He sees nothing but enemies. Why would he care for them when i'm sure he thinks no one gives a damn about him.

Since the day he was born, he was bred for this. To hate and hurt people. To him, life is worthless, and black life is ~~even~~ less then that is what his indoctrination has told him. Mama told him, "If somebody hit you, you hit they ass back. And if they too big, pick up something and bust they heads." So when he's watching ~~the~~ T.V. and see bar brawls, shootings, robberies, and video Mixens popping it until it hurts, there's no emotion. Bitch ass nigga and hoe is what he's referred by on a daily bases.

Yep, that about sums him up. So as he struts by me, his head held high, his chin up, his chest poked out, I look on in disgust. WHY? Because that once was me. I was ready to put a whipping on anyone who tested my manhood. A manhood which, too, stood on false pride. Because, in reality, Patricia stole my manhood when at a young age, she made me go down on her. Dude stole my manhood when he forced my young head down onto his crotch. In fifth grade, Tay-Tay stole my manhood when she broke my heart. On ninth and Center, that gun stuffed into my face, not only robbed me of my possessions, but also my dignity. On that conner, T.Y. stole my manhood when he clapped me up and kept me off the block for a week until the swelling went down.

So for years, I tried ~~inve~~nting a manhood by robbing, raping, and fighting to prove I had one. But was I really gaining a manhood, or just being ignorant?

Me putting a gun into another human beings face and forcing them to perpetrate some of the same acts I was forced to do was just plain wrong! And for what? It appeased my senses for the moment, But in the end, I still ended up with that hole deep in the pit of my stomach and dozens of lives destroyed. I too was repeating a cycle that I had been bred for as well.

To see him walking pass as if he'd done something by hurting another person was like hold^{ing} a mirror up to my face. That could be me if I lose my morals, my love, and my compassion for the things I stand for, But most importantly, If I lose my heart and caring. If I stop feeling empathy. If I stop feeling sympathy. I could be that manchild screaming, "Get that nigga. Kill that nigga. Stop his bitch ass ~~out~~ out!"

It because of my loyal bloggers for allowing me to share my struggles with you. It's because of Allah for saving me and sending people into my ~~life~~^{life} when I needed them most. I think what affected me the most about the fight was that it was the talk of the town inside this ~~prison~~ prison. People spoke about it as if it was a sight to see. From the inmates walking pass to the brothers I found myself sitting with. I hated being there. And for a moment, I hated them. It pained me to see how our PEOPLE were living. To know that every eight out of ten prisoners were black. Some masked their pain by brutalizing others. Some were laughing while others gossiped and carried on as if they couldn't see that the man on the ground was hurting. That he was in need of assistance. Instead of reaching out a hand, his beating was cheered on.

I wonder if we took a stroll down the streets of time, would similar scenes be taking place. I'm talking about the 60's during the sit-ins, the boycotts, and the marches. Ones where violence was egged on against defenseless people. while bystanders looked on silently. It truly baffles me to see how far off the paths we've strayed from Huey, Martin, Malcolm, and the sister Rosa. Or any of the other Great African Community people who fought for our freedom. I lay on my hard bunk and wonder if the sister Harriet knew what we would become would she still risk it all, day and night, trudging the long path back and forth on trecherous roads to free out people? I could only wonder.....

Well, I decided to put this piece I had inside of my head for a while now on paper for your viewing because even though this is Black History Month, I have yet to see it celebrated by any Stations, from NBC, to Abc, and the many others. There's more about the assassination of Kennedy then there is about King or Mya Angelou. So here is ~~me~~^{me} doing my part.

Respectfully with love,

Michael McThune