

Don't Cry Mama!

It's officially the last week of Black History month, and I felt that my duty as a black man still wasn't finished. I felt that there was still more for me to do. Thus is where this poem came from. Honestly, I think that our ancestors were speaking through me. This is what they had to say:

We as a people  
are quickly dying.  
Mothers  
and daughters  
at home crying.  
Pillars of the community  
can't you see they're lying.  
Kicking us down  
but we keep trying.  
Selling us nightmares,  
and we keep buying.  
People: Wake up  
F\*\*\* Keeping in silence  
The 'no snitching' memo  
is fueling the Violence.  
If you ain't helping  
why should I  
from the projects of Highland?  
Is it kill or be killed?  
If so back to the President,  
time to sign a new Bill.  
At the age of seventeen  
Kids are writing wills.  
Chains and shackles anyway,  
F\*\*\* it  
send me up on the hill.  
They want our souls  
out there: an easy steal.

Theirs for the taking:  
us signing that deal.  
Whether thru' contracts, hustling,  
or giving guns to kill.  
Not taking a second  
to think how mom's  
a FEEL!  
To her  
KKK all over again.  
US now carrying the torch.  
Setting everything ablaze  
including the porch.  
Lets break the cycle  
and come outta them caves.  
Because!  
From this day forwards,  
we are no longer  
CONTENTED SLAVES!  
So don't cry MAMA!

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Written By: Michael McThune

Thanks for reading. You're on "A DAY  
IN THE LIFE" with me,

Michael McThune

Peace and Love!