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SO, THIS IS AMERICA?

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So, This is America?

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In this poem, the author sheds light on the struggles of police brutality, racism, and injustice that rampage through the Black community. The author's poem illustrates the feeling of devastation from the lack of equality and justice for Black individuals in America, who constantly live-in fear. The author is a Black woman, who witnesses and experiences discrimination and unfairness, and questions is this what America really is? She writes this poem in an effort to hold the disruptive systems in America, racist individuals, and brutal police accountable for their damage and destruction of Black people and Black communities. The poem was unfortunately inspired by the killings of innocent Black individuals such as Daunte Wright, Brandon Bernard, Breonna Taylor, George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, and the many other Black lives reduced to a hashtag.

So, this is America huh?

Home of the free

Land of the brave

But never the land built on the back of the slaves

Who paved the roads

You so freely commute on?

While we get traffic stopped

Picked and condemned

And only a given a minute

To live in this skin

Does justice have a skin color?

Because mine doesn't get much of it

This skin tone is condoned
And damn it America I am sick
And tired of this game
Of tag the Black one is always it
Wrapped around the jail cell
Is always the Black men's fist
Duck duck the Black woman
Always gets the hit
Dodgeball I mean bullet
To the Black men's chest
Hopscotch on the Black men's neck
Because somehow, we're always on the list
And you wonder why we're pissed
You silence and put us to death
Like the silencers on your guns
When shoot through our loved ones
But wait you don't even use the silencers
You do it loud and proud
Out in the open
In the midst of a crowd
And always get away with it
As you rip through our flesh but
Why not take the breath and put to death

A person who took many lives'
Instead of taking mine?
Because being Black in America
Is a death sentence in itself
And all I do is exist in this skin
And that's enough for an electric farewell
A lethality injected execution
When we should be executing
This system
Taking the innocent Black lives
Out of prison
Quit playing the victim
Letting the Black people live
And stop trying to kill them
Well, let me remind you
That one is innocent until proven guilty
And America you have been guilty
Since the slave trade and
Genocide of the indigenous peoples
And here we are still divided
Unequal and still being injected with needles
But I finally get it
You took off the shackles

Called it freedom
When in reality this is still
Four hundred years the sequel
To your cruelty and evil
In a country where we either get
The whip the chair the pistol
Or paralyzed from the waist down
Marked as a target
Because my shade is brown
And you are amused
Like I'm some sort of stage clown
As you continue to auction the
Black and Brown skin
As you ripple through our life's
And pluck at our heart strings
Like the waves of violin
When you commit the violent crimes
Of your dark sins
It's funny how
You couldn't live nor walk a day in my shoes
You couldn't take the pain of my bruise
Or bare to hear the sound of my blues
Living in a White washed and broken America

Where the White men is free
While the Blacks pay the dues
America our Freedom is long overdue
And no, you can't undo
The damage already done
So quit treating racism as taboo
And realize that you are the one
That has death sentence stamped
On the Black body like a tattoo
Yes, America that's you!