

Black History Month

In high school I hated black history month,
It always felt like a quick fix to the problem that history doesn't support our history
That the "History" that we subscribe to doesn't bind black pages
There's no renaissance in the spine and not enough reconstruction in its structure
Though Slaves built the infrastructure.
What history do you subscribe to?
When I picture black history month all I see is how hard it was to get here and how tired we are
now that we've made it
Minds raped,
Culture stolen,
The first born slave's birth certificates are written copies of death wishes
Someone explain to me the difference between death and not knowing.

When we were young in this nation, Master kept us from written words afraid we'd understand
our own story
Afraid that if we read the bible and felt like Moses he'd have to part the seas of black on our
body to separate the of passion from this skin.
When you separate the cause from the effect all you project is broken
In Texas they use 4th grade reading scores to project the number of prison cells their going to
need. Someone needs to ask the master can we read yet.
The crime is not the crime. It's the society that created the mind
The cause sounds like freedom that doesn't ring 3 5ths of the time
Sounds like African wind chimes on a Virginia road
Like Willy lynch was Hitler's ghost writer
If you want to kill the spirit separate it from its body
Take the Kuntas from the Tobys
Take the men, from the women
Take the women from the children
Take the children from their culture

Put them in school. Celebrate what their people have done but make it harder for them to do it
again. I heard someone say racism doesn't exist because black people are going to college
I told them racism exist because our schools aren't designed for us to succeed once we make it
there.

They asked me why I'm so mad
And I speak with salt on my voice
If I hold my tongue my throat will be the same middle passage that kept slavery alive like a
teenage girl's secret
Our people have learned to tell our story in a cadence that matches our off shore heart beat
As long as we're broken you will hear this breathing

Our streets are paved with blood stains and dirty faces
Dried tears and chalk lines hop scotch for bullet cases

Some never knew what love was but realize what pain is,
Choked by dope don't give ---- what hope is
The young and the restless is the broke arrested giving blacks a hundred years for crimes
confess-ted
Black on black crime just coded genocide
The taking of black lives the lost of black pride
We lost the dark side, recovery there's no time
Bullets shaking bodies shaking towns we wasting time and young lives preaching lies and hating
Lyrics are like liquor for the fallen soldier, I feed my people rum by the case like corona
This is a declaration
The crime is not the crime it's the society that created the mind, blind to the ways of man kind
Open your eyes
The blind lead the blind so we fall into ditches
Common sense blew you off with farewell kisses
For my people, birth certificates are written copies of death wishes
Fallen bodies are forming an SOS spelling double entendre on the side walk,
Looks like low income
Looks like my brother
Homonyms shouldn't look so familiar
How long will you people create doors for my people without making the keys to open them?
How long will you separate the cause from the effect and project us as broken
Open the doors
One month
Blacks won't have to be History

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