

Starling

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“Control” (Spoken Word Piece)

Fake it ‘til you make
That’s what they will tell you
But the minute that you turn your back
America will play you
Feeding people fake news
Trollin’ for the K views
Fuck up all that surface shit
Pave the way like Jesus
Black as a “Hey, Die!”
White out them grey shoes Bring
the Force to a Jedi
Craving brighter day views
Track the man down
Remind him that the pay’s due
Face blue, hey dude, follow all the way through
Support from day one,
Then we wouldn’t break loose
It’s easy to convict, but then they never say who
Never ever say: why? Only like what they choose
We cry at their door, feds always scared to state who’s Really
at fault
They love to lock my niggas in a vault
Send them away, as the better al-ternative
Same old shit, always repetitive

“A Tale of no roots” (Poem)

My identity —
Think it’s all been a success
Listen to the verses in my head
when I address
Failure at its best
Told me I’m a mess
Feel the melanin out of control
inside the chess

When can I confess?
No longer hold this heft
Claim that they’re the greatest
on the pavement or the nest
Settling for less
Never did they bless
The fear inside my cheers
Man, how could they possibly forget?

Columbus at his quest
Never took a rest
Enslaving all his children,
Carry gold to reach the crest

Blend colors like a vest
More
Conquer to the West
Lord
Save me from this misery
Human body picaresque

Injecting me with fear
Near
They all disappear
Dear
White men on the road
told me not to persevere
Hear
My men, they complain

Grain
Feeding us the same
Name
White is who to blame
When the Blacks all die in vain

Picking coffee sugar beans
Tell me what you really mean
Say our breath brings out the drought
Struggle, that's what we about
Still we're building up a plan
can you all just understand?
Find a way to see our soul
Never have we reached our goal

Come ahead to feel our tears
Bloody skin screaming with cheers
Our hands are cuffed with braces
While these angels hate our races
You crumble out skin like tree trunks
Spill our blood on your streets, son
We do so much for you now
But you all should fear when it's time
See us guiding all our troops
Fear my people when they're free

Seek to reach salvation
And liberate our nation
From the poison of the West
Protecting at their best.

Photoshoot of Black Lives Matter protests in Lawrence, MA (June 2020), by Estarlyn Hiraldo





