

TRUTH & LOVE

A Collection of Poetry

Alissa Tofuri

DWC 202 | C06

Definition

I spent countless hours
Mulling over my thoughts.
Maybe even a lifetime,
And I still haven't reached a conclusion.

That's the problem with trying to fit everything
Into a box.
You eventually run out of space.
Or time
Or care
Or patience.

I wanted to feel the satisfaction you get
When you finally solve a puzzle.
The wholeness that comes with
A new discovery.
A sense of self.

Because if I don't know who I am
What do I have?
And who I am, has nothing to do with
Who you are.

And sometimes you lose meaning
With definition.
You lose purpose with direction.

And I have already lost enough.

Rooted

I have always felt connected to the trees.
The strong, towering trunks.
The thick, expanding leaves.
The roots buried deep in the ground that signify
“I am not going anywhere.”

Years of history buried within the cracks of the bark.
The storms they have weathered
Not nearly enough to tear down the structure
They have become.

A source of life.
Breathing out the oxygen that we are taking in.
The blinding beauty enough to distract us
From their impending danger.

Similar to the system of America that tells us to
“Buy Now!”
Roots planted firmly in a structure built for the people.
The danger of this clouded by a dreamy overcast.
The more the merrier.

Some have tried to overcome the confines of this system.
Occupied streets.
Strikes.
Nothing seems to be enough.

How do you uproot something you watered yourself?
Buying, spending, buying, spending.
How do you destroy something that provided you with shade
From the blistering sun?

I have always felt connected to the trees
Because I was told that I could not live without them.
Just like I have been told that I can't live without an abundance of green.
And they say:
“money doesn't grow on trees.”

Last Days

These are the last days.
Where violence rears its head.
Death is your neighbor
And tragedy is your alarm clock.

These are the last days.
I before you.
Hands up, don't shoot.

These are the last days.
Where greed is supported
And women are not.

These are the last days.

But I have hope that during my life,
I will be able to look back and say:
"these are the last days."

August 28

August 28th, 1963.

Martin Luther King tells the world
He has a dream.

My father is only a few months old.
Swaddled in the comfort of his innocence.
Outside, “whites only” signs crowd the windows of stores.
Protesters fill the street, hoping to be seen.

He does not have to worry about these things.
Not because he is too young, but because
This country was designed for men like him.

My mother is born a couple years later.
She grows up in the sweltering heat of Haiti.
Avoiding the tensions raging in America,
But she will never be able to avoid the tensions of her dark skin.

August 28th, 1999.

36 years after MLK stood on the
Steps of the Lincoln Memorial.
I am brought into the world.
Physical proof that love conquers hate.

It's a heavy weight,
Love.
It's crushing and liberating all at the same time.
Universal yet personal, all at the same time.
The one factor that runs through all our lives.
The driving force of all our actions.

August 28th, 1963.

Martin had a dream.

August 28th, 1999.

I've got dreams too.

Synopsis

Definition

This poem deals with the struggles that I have faced with my identity due to my biracial background. It touches on the need to choose one side or the other and the emphasis that is put on race as a part of our identities.

Rooted

This poem was meant to spark a conversation on the hold that capitalism has on American society. It compares the structure of a tree to the structure of capitalism in order to illustrate the deep-rooted nature of the system of capitalism.

Last Days

This poem is referencing to the “Last Days” included in St. Paul’s letters. We will be living in the last days until the second coming of Jesus. Until then, the world will be filled with greed, violence, destruction, and other harmful things. This poem involves some of the harmful things induced by the imperialist white supremacist capitalist patriarchy. It also speaks on the hope that one day we will be able to move past those things.

August 28

This poem revolves around Martin Luther King Jr’s “I Have a Dream” Speech. It focuses on King’s emphasis of love and how I have experienced that in my life. It also looks at the difference between my parent’s childhoods with each other and with my own. Lastly, it points to the progress that has been made in terms of race since the deliverance of MLK’s speech.