

For Africa

By: Justin Andries

In what version of the story do black people win?
Is it when we are:
Artistically admired but socially despised
Or:
When there's more blacks in jail than jail itself
Nobody ever hears our desperate cries for help
But they read our deaths like a review on yelp
And it says
Unarmed but dangerous
"I thought that he was chasing us"
"It was his fault, don't blame us!"
I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired
The White man should pay for the shots he fired
If we were made in his image than call us by our names
And treat us like people stop killing for a game!
I can't breathe, I can't breathe
The suffocation is getting too hard to swallow
It grasps at your neck making your lungs uncontrollable
Rescue me! Rescue Them!
From Floyd to Taylor
Namibia to Nigeria
This is not mass hysteria we cry
SARS has raped more than they put behind bars
So what version of the story do black people win?
Their beating our women and our men
Silencing them!
Shooting rounds like they have no end
We are not contortionists meaning
We should not bend over backwards to obtain basic human rights
These people are literally running for dear life!
Do you get it now?!
There is no version where we win
Because there is no version where we should exist!
But let that 4C crown remain untamed and untilted
They prey on us because they know we are gifted
Always walk with your head high, lifted to the sky
Because we are God's greatest creation
Yes, we are God's greatest creation

Justin Andries is a sophomore who double majors in Biology and Sociology and minors in Black Studies. During his downtime, you can find him journaling in one of his notebooks or writing poetry. He aspires to combine both of his degrees for his career in the future and looks forward to traveling the world after school.