

99 WRITING

A Glitch in the System

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TYPE
POETRY

My waterlogged ears have been cleared
And the duct tape that once silenced me
Has been removed.

I am tired of our society and its corrupt “ideals.”

Why are the societal standards created by the
majority,

Over the minority,

When the minority is really the majority?

When the next census is taken,

Millions of undocumented immigrants will flood our
system

From all over the world.

Yet only the Mexicans and Asians and Africans

Will come up in the news.

With how much the media puts out about us people
of color

You’d think there weren’t any whites left in America.

But all the news is negative.

The generation of hatred, that’s who we’ve become.

All of our innovations and positivity put to shame
By our destructive nature towards our own.
And not because they did anything wrong.
No, no.
Because they can simply get a tan
Without getting sunburned or carrot orange.
Because their hair is dark and thick with lavish curls and waves.
Because they're finally tired of living under
"White oppression" and
White privilege and
White power.

We are not white.

From a young age we are told,
"Brown is the ugliest crayon out of the whole box,"
Then we look down at our skin and see
Brown.
Self-hatred has been rooted in our brains, and the weed grows.
Living as a brown crayon in a white crayon box
We tried to blend in, paint ourselves over,

But the system was wrong.

If all the colors together make brown,

Why is the box white?

The glitch was formed;

We learned to accept and embrace the brown

And made our own brown crayon box.

If you never got the memo

#BLACKLIVESMATTER is not to be portrayed as

#yourrace doesn't matter

But more like #Icanbringmyraceupwithoutputtingyoursdown

Like #myracecanstrikefearinyourheart like the guns

You fire at us for simply following your orders,

Like #youcan'tsuppressmeanylonger

Because of my #eyes or #culture or #life

Because #Ican'tbreathe, will breathe again.

We are the caged bird released,

We soar across the sky singing,

We are one,

The time has come

Yet they still try to shoot us down.

does color really matter

nothing's getting better

it's just getting sadder

stop being a thief

keeping people from their

happiness

putting them

in grief

having to choose

between race