

99 WRITING

My Black were slaves to the white race,

My Black

Brutally killed, if we had a word,

Forced to assimilate,

by Keyshana

And economically taken advantage of.

TYPE POETRY

My Black is classified as the "n" word,

Let alone everyone believin' what they have heard,

Saying they're irrelevant or their skin is too dark.

My Black has been gunned down,

Kicked to the ground,

Having constant thoughts of being nonexistent,

Nobody even caring if we're offended.

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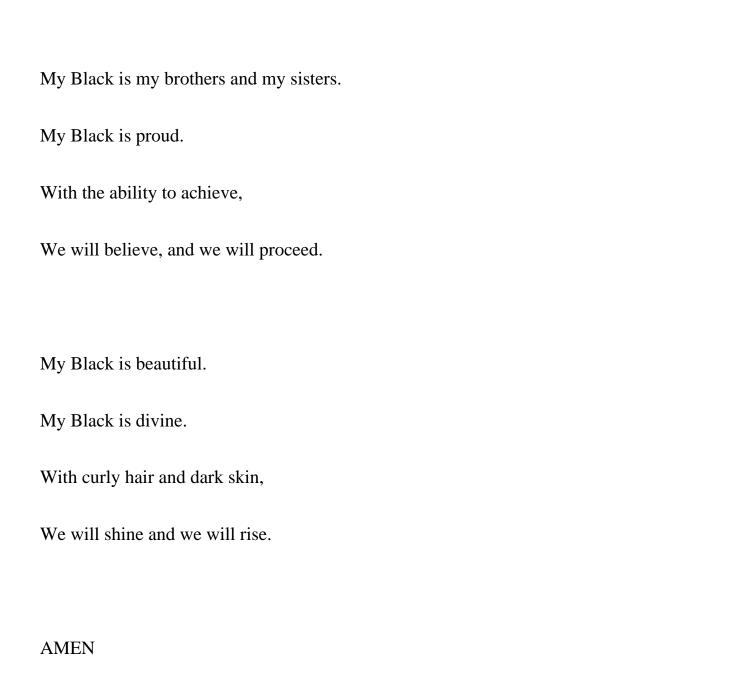


NOW YOU TELL ME WHETHER OR NOT THAT'S HARDSHIP?

My Black is not afraid anymore.
My Black is stronger than before.
My Black are leaders, believers, and dreamers.
My Black will take no more,
And for that, we will soar.
My Black is prideful.
My Black rocks.
With strong heads and big lips,
We have a word and we will be heard.

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