826 DIGITAL

WRITING

Off The Dribble

by Chidi A., Age 12,
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TYPE

POETRY

GENRE

GRADES 8–9

Light-headed

Heavy-Heart

A syncopated pulse

Lost for words

Inherently mute

My palms feel cold…

With ebony hands gripping the vermilion ball

My body sways like a windy tree

I shoot the ball hoping that it swooshes like the wind

I played Basketball,

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Under the luminous light

Idle in the street

Hearing a Raggedy Tune

with a pain so deep…

I can no longer feel

With a melanin tune

I heard that Negro’s empty hearted voice

I heard that Negro sing,

The piano moans…

Howls like a desperate crone

I heard that uninhabited crowd

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Like a ghost in an abandoned town

Ain’t nobody

…but ma self

Put ma troubles

…on a shelf

Like history was built

…for myself…

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This piece was originally published in 826 Valencia’s *Breathing Between the Future and the Past.*

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