The Mindspace

Black child
Your head ignited
Papers and fruits of your labor
Through hard work and dedication
Still reside in your mind
But your skin starts to peel away
Like dry wallpaper

To gain knowledge
Is to gain power
But at what cost?
Is it to lose yourself?
Is it to give up your identity?
Is it to spit out your heritage like tobacco?
So you can survive on your own?

Don’t let them burn you out
You are the future
Not the pitied
Your beauty
Your smarts
Your personality
You are
The new negro