

Greatness

by: Kishauna Thomas

I think nothing

I see nothing

I feel nothing

I know that I should see something Because in
this world we are nothing but a summation of
somethings

But what do I do

If I'm told that my somethings are nothings

In the eyes of the people who claim ownership of all things

I have followed the paths that they have laid

I have been to schools after schools

And have continued my education to this day

To gain their respect and adoration in some way

But it has all been written away

Because I am from a different social class they say

Or because I am too black for comforts sake

So, I look,

Into the looking glass

And I become who you need

To be seen and not heard

To follow rules and not disobey

To walk and not run

To struggle and not thrive

To be a criminal entangled in violent escapades

Because at the end of the day

You all say "they're black, it's what happens anyways"

Into the looking glass

I see a world that is not quite ready for people like me

They aren't ready to see black people thrive

And live crime free

But heed my warning

A day will come you see

Where the actions and words that society has breathed

Will not cause another little black soldier to lose a piece of the

Greatness they were made to hold