

American Dream

Oh the American Dream To pledge myself to the ideal of equal opportunity, Equity and The concept of

no matter what my background may be being able to get that white picket fence and grass as far I can see

Give my body to the land of the free but to me this dream turned nightmare the way it's haunting me and taunting me

My allegiance turned allegory, how I'm not seen past the statistics

This black boy turned growth chart

As I grow so does my sentence for existing in this country built against me

THIS IS NOT MY PARADISE

you can't have me look up to the eagles and neglect the shackles on my ankles

Like tying a weight to me in a river and trying to convince me if I buy your oxygen I'll eventually breathe

In the land of the confined

a mix of red white and blue small weary minds

like Nat Turner I fear the highest I'll get is when my head is on pike,

Be it as it may

If I have to die to be heard may my blood be the seed to fertile soils my ancestors worked on

A supposed country of Liberation and yet

We have women forced to harbor “life” even if it takes their own

Land of the “free” but in this country we have to throw our away 2 points opposing the USA , a country where I cant even go to the basketball court in fear of rounds and having my blood paint the floor

I want to break free, skin pressed against the concrete as hard as they made me

Face to the ground hands up head down as i refuse to make a sound in fear of hearing

his dash cam turn off

Or his walkie talkie go mute

Or him drawing his gun the click of him cocking back before the imminent boom of me being put in the cement

Or because of hearing his constant reminders

anything I do or say will be used against me in a courtroom

Oh how I wished I had stayed in my bedroom

Oh how I wished The officer was the same color as me

Oh how I wished I took a different route to avoid the pigs pursuit of a description I supposedly fit

It's crazy how I need to know my rights by heart to avoid Being made into the pavement, like the crack i walk on as it was lowered into my communities

Whats crazy is the dehumanization of my people

Seen as dangerous beast and if I were to die I'd be another black boy dead in the headlines, like a dog put down in a pound

I shouldn't be accustomed to seeing my people made into ground It's funny how we made this country and we're made into it as well