

... How I feel affects other people!!!



WHEN DO WE RECOGNIZE WHO?

The Account Reps for billboards in “the hood” are from *hood* ancestry,
Maybe the Creative Artist at the ad agency
who provided advice and suggested the images is too.
And it’s likely that the workers who put up the billboard
and those who continue to support the product,
look very much like me and you.
Yet, when do we recognize who?

Who wears the products for kids to see
...buys the products for kids to wear
... litters in our neighborhood and decides to piss in the stairs?

Who plays the role of the exploited or stereotyped
... puts drugs in our arms, nose and spirit?
Who’s in the gang that rivals the wrong cause -
“Cause I didn’t recognize his colors”
Or is it that we, too, don’t recognize (or respect) our color?
(You know) like we say nobody else does???

And “cause” nobody else does...
We show them a thing or two
By being what they say we are and who.
Think about it... doesn’t it seem like that’s what WE do?
Yet, I still wonder, when do we recognize who?

See, I love me some ME
I even like me.
And my mother dressed and clothed me, told me what to do...
where to go... how to act when and why, up to a certain point.
Once she reached that point
it became my choice to create the image standing before you today.

Now... I’m not finished with my creation
But I’m the billboard of a proud ancestry...
I’m the only man that can keep me down.
Don’t get me wrong, I know many will try
(In fact, that line forms to the right)
Those who have tried, stand frustrated to the left
And if you think I’ll ever give up
My advice - don’t hold your breath.

No, I won’t give up on rebuilding our pride
I’ll keep believing that the dream will one day come true
But it’ll only happen when we stop blaming other people
And decide to recognize who.