

*The Race Code:* by Sandra Osei-Boasiako, Class of 2019

No justice, No peace.

Shoot him, shoot me.

The death of a mother, a father, a sister, and a brother.

Claim to treat us equal, but you treat us worse than spiders.

Any time a bullet goes off, a person falls.

Claim self defense when they're not so bold

To tell the truth about how they started the flow of blood running cold.

We walk into stores only to be followed around,

Accused of shoplifting and put face down on the ground.

They need a scapegoat so they use us,

Call us drug addicts, thieves and make a big fuss.

This stereotype started back in the day

But to fight this stereotype it will take time to discuss

The problem is not just from the outside it comes from within

Try to act different, you're not staying true to your skin.

What skin are you talking about you may say,

The color of my skin that had defined my everyday.

"Say please and thank you," Mom would say,

But others just grab it and look the other way.

Walk around with your head held high and don't conform

While others say remain in uniform.

In order to break the chains binding us to the ground,

Must fly like a bird from the dirt that has us bound.

MLK fought for us in '64.

Not so that we ignore what's happened before.

He was right when he said violence wasn't the answer.

Reply with violence, it's like a wave of cancer.

Starts with you and comes to me

And then .....we will never be free.