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When I Say Black Lives Matter...

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When I Say Black Lives Matter...

By Marissa Mann

I scream black lives matter,
They call me a racist.
I scream black lives matter, they shut me down with statistics
I scream black lives matter,
Then suddenly people chant from the rooftops
“All Lives Matter,” as if it ever mattered to them before.

Yet suddenly all lives do matter to them.
The sp*cs, the immigrants “stealing their jobs,”
The homeless,
The poor, starving kids in Africa,
The Jews,
Those asians they decide to just call Chinese because
“Hey, they all look the same, am I right?”
Those terrorists *ahem* I mean Muslims
The fags.
They all suddenly matter to you right?
Or do all those lives seem to matter to you
When you don't want the black ones to?

Now, I'm not going to stand here and preach
How the black life is superior to others,
Because Lord knows that's not even half a truth
And I'm not going to stand here and call every white person a racist
Because that's far from the truth too.

But when I stand here and say black lives matter,
There's an automatic disconnect.
I saw half of your faces from the sh*t I just said
So imagine 80% of America laughing at a black man
With a gun to his head.

I mean that's how I imagine people's reaction
When they say another Eric Garner is dead.
You sit and watch the news and thank God
It's not you,
Because you know that deep down that could never be you
That could never be your father.
That could never be your uncle.
That could never be your cousin.
That could never be your brother.

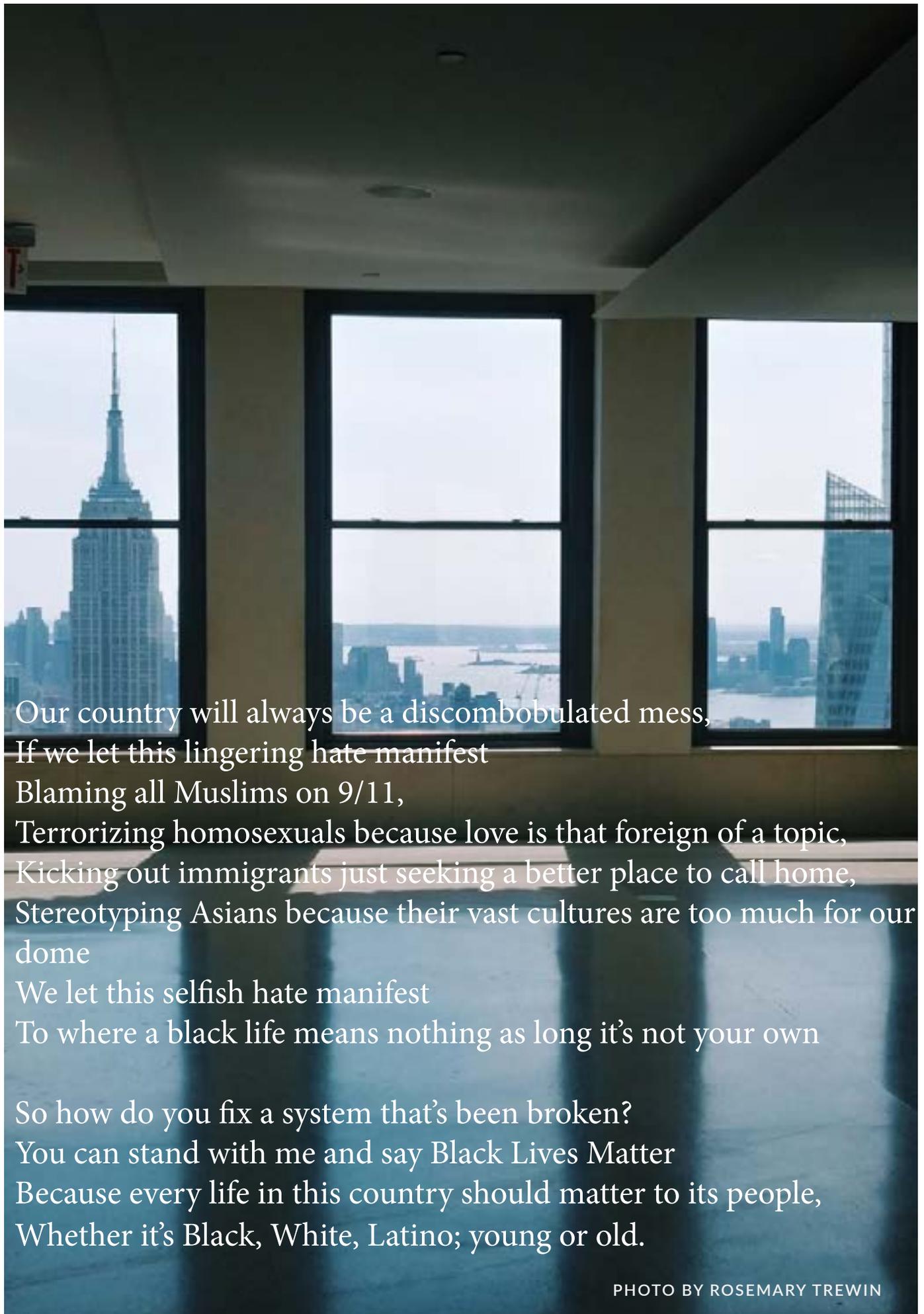
Yet, I know that could be mine.
So, when I stand here and say Black Lives Matter,
I'm not preaching for some radical movement.
I'm not thinking my race is better than yours.
When I stand here and say Black Lives Matter,
I say it because I know I could be the next Sandra Bland
I say it because I know my mother could be the next Sandra Bland
I say it because I know all my brothers and sisters who share the same
complexion as me
Could be the next Sandra Bland
Yet all my brothers and sisters who bleed the same color blood as me
Could seem to care less
Because “thank God it's not them”

So when I stand here and say Black Lives Matter,
It's more of a plea of “please show that we matter to you.”
That black boy with his pants hanging low rapping
N*gga this and n*gga that,
Please show that he matters.
That only black girl in Harvard Law's graduating class of 2018,
Please show that she matters.
That black woman with two baby daddies,
one in the penn. and one who's M.I.A, basically dead,
Please show that she matters.
Because when they get stopped by the police,
They all share the unshakeable grief,
That **this** may be their last time ever breathing in this world again.

Now I'm not going to sit here and front,
That I'm not one of those nappy headed n*ggas
Singing “F*CK THE POLICE”
“She preaching about equality but can't respect her authority?”
Well I'm going to be honest with you,
I can't find the respect for the authority who lays their eyes on a mi-
nority
And automatically see them as a “threat”

Again, it's that disconnect.
But how do you fix a system that's been broken
Long before it was even a system,
A country built on genocide and the later generations' regret?

PHOTOS BY ROSEMARY TREWIN



Our country will always be a discombobulated mess,
If we let this lingering hate manifest
Blaming all Muslims on 9/11,
Terrorizing homosexuals because love is that foreign of a topic,
Kicking out immigrants just seeking a better place to call home,
Stereotyping Asians because their vast cultures are too much for our
dome
We let this selfish hate manifest
To where a black life means nothing as long it's not your own

So how do you fix a system that's been broken?
You can stand with me and say Black Lives Matter
Because every life in this country should matter to its people,
Whether it's Black, White, Latino; young or old.

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