

White people keep getting angry *for* me,
telling me I should be angrier

but fam, my anger isn't anger
it's full-blooded rage
and you're not ready for that

hell, *I'm* not
ready for that

I was raised on a diet of five loaves and two fish

We ain't in the plantations no more,
This ish exists but it's underlying.

I only just discovered anger and you want me

to
unleash
it

My anger will burn you,
burn me
burn the ones who need saving the most

Because if you burn stuff, you're a killer with an attitude problem
And if I burn stuff, I'm doing what they want.

Did you know

I straddle two worlds,
Two languages,
Two modes of being?

(My anger is allowed in neither)

I was told to work hard,
Always work hard,
Work *real* hard, then all those people

With all those prejudices

Can't say a word to me.

Grammar school, undergrad, postgrad,

they can't touch you.

Seemed like a pretty good idea to me,

Until I paused and BREATHED

For a second

And dared question why exactly I have to work so hard?

My education was no different:

A blink of an eye on Malcolm X,

About five blinks on Luther King.

My forgiving childlike nature dismissed one

As a terrorist, and the other as a hero

(This was allowed).

But mother, turning the other cheek isn't the same as turning a blind eye.

I'm losing my childlike nature

I'm losing my childlike nature

You shouldn't let the world harden your heart

I forgave the man and the woman who treated me like dirt

But if I'm real, I considered taking a spray can and graffiti'ing over his business.

So yeah, I get choosing X over King now,

Choosing X 'cause your family have been X'd makes sense,

Choosing X because your family overseas have been X'd makes sense

And we have no right to judge.

You see, two roads are diverging in a black wood,

And either road will get you killed,

So you might as well smash some stuff and scream along the way,