

BLACK LIVES MATTER (BLM)Poetry:

By : Janaya Cooper

Dr.Saundra Collins, Independent Studies Advisor, Black Psychology and Black Sociology

Research Project for Black Psychology and Black Sociology of Black Lives Matter

Dr.Zoe Burkholder, Internship Coordinator, MSU Human Rights Education Internship

MSU Human Rights Education Internship, Black Lives Matter Movement

December 20,2016

Dear Emmett Till

I hear it was the whistling towards a white woman,
that got you killed, face beaten in like a castrated mummy.
They stopped you because they did not want to take the blame.
Oh! how they killed you because they hated themselves,
used a lie to send you to your grave in the most horrible way.
Blood stains the Coliseum doors.

Now history repeats, everyone getting killed like Till.
Dead Black bodies dropping down on the streets.
Shout all of their names 3 times!
They were innocent Black people, but 5-0 thought otherwise.
Police took away precious black lives of men, women, and children.
I know I'm guilty of it too, but not like them.

Stop the killing! Stop the racism! Freeze!
Black people are no longer enslaved,
We no longer wear those chains just to be painted gold.
*Now once upon a time not too long ago,
A nigga like myself had to strong arm a hoe.*

Hold your golden-black crown high

Black woman

Black woman

What do you see when you look in the mirror?

Do you see the strength
and heart of the warrior Afrekete?

Is your head held up high,
for a crown to rest?
And be dubbed black queen,
mother of life, educator of black intelligence

Do you see your dark skin as it dances
and befriends the night,
kisses the sun and
absorbs black power day in and day out?

Do you see those wide hips, big bust,
big butt and big lips?
Never will you say that those precious gifts
from descendant Saartjie Baartman are a curse.

Black woman

Black woman

what do you see when you look at you
Lookup!

Lookup I say.
See that melanin on fleek,
that no one would dare to compete with.
Black woman do you see us?

Ancestors who stand before you,
behind you and beside you.

Give birth to a Black nation
Do you see that within the mirror?
The blood and shadows of a warrior queen.
Black Lives Matter, I cried
(To:Tariq Toure)

Pull up your pants
They would say
And WE won't shoot

Black men in 1920's suits
Left dead or in jail
Black mothers cried, I cried

M.L.K has arisen and died

I am, Too, Human
(Featuring Dr. Saundra Collins)

I can't breathe, I repeat

I can not breathe, I said

while the police was

choking the life Out

of me .

I was accused of being,

JUST BLACK. Like was it

Really past my curfew?

I'm NOT sorry but my

Blackness Is Alive 24/7 !

It cannot be paused.My

Blackness lives in this world

Called Amerikkka, the KKK

Wonderland. I am NOT sorry.

My Shade enlightens me, empowers me,

And exposes you to suffocate .

Your myth of superiority misdirects

You. You hunt me down

Like I'm a runaway slave .

You Steal MY GREATNESS!

You seized people of

Color then blamed Them?

I don't understand, shaking

my head. Amerikkkan psychology

is Ignorant. Erasing, murdering

Mentally destroying Black people.

But here I am. My Blackness is

ALIVE 24/7! Hear my Cry !

I can't breathe, I cannot breathe.

You hear me?! I said, I can not

Breathe! I Am! human too. Isn't

that Enough . To you I'm worst

Than an animal locked up in

A cage, that has no purpose

No voice, no life, no

Freedom . If you can hear

My cry.

Don't ...

Push...

mute !

cUrVeOuS BLAcK WOMAN

Thick Thighs,

phat culo and wide hips,

big busted,

full lips,

unshapely tummy,

Melanin on fleek.

My hair standing in front of me, It's personal. Alright!

I look in this mirror and I see me .

But sometimes I forget about me
and doing for me . I put everything
and everyone else before me .

But not anymore, it's time for a
change. I'm taking a stand. I
decided to put myself first and
to better my voice.

Because who else is going to
love me other than myself .
I see this curly hair in the mirror.
It maybe thick, it maybe kinky

sometimes after not combing it
for a week or two . My hair can be a
somewhat struggle to comb and

sometimes knotty. I change its color

from sandy brown to intense red.

In the shower I can run my fingers
through my hair. It's silky straight

but yet curly, no frizz, like how

Dominican hair "is supposed to feel".

But what can I say other than it's mine .

When it dries, my blackness is definitely

shown. My curly Afro goes Pow! I'm Black,

Unique and Beautiful ! Yet I'm often
judged by other Black Dominicans like
my father and my Afro-Cuban mother

who is much lighter than I am, to
comb my nappy hair and or go to
the Dominican hair salon to get it
straightened. Because we don't live

in the same time when Afros were

still popular anymore. The time when
Blackness was celebrated and appreciated
in the Afro- Latin community rather

than to be torn down. I get it straightened
and get complimented by Dominican stylists,
who are the same complexion as me just
with straightened hair, on how beautiful I am.

Because when my hair is straightened the texture
of it is so straight and silky but thick. It's unimaginable
that my hair could ever do that, by looking at it in its
curly state. And I say what??? My curly hair is really

curly, but it's a beautiful gift that my African ancestors
who remain forgotten gave to me . That's what makes
me beautiful. Why should I try to hide and succumb
to white supremacy?

I'm such a rebel that I defy what
anyone else tells me. And I
wear my afro creatively,

Appreciated, and very distinctly.

Mother Africa, May I return ?

(To: Dr. Sandra Collins)

Mother Africa, can you hear my calls ?
I'm shouting out to you as my universe falls.
These chains on my neck and hands are hurting.
Left without any keys.

I see other people chained just like me.
Heading for boats on the forbidden sea.
Mother Africa, can you hear my call?
I am being stolen

Forced far away from home. I am
Lost. In the dark. I can not see.
Vomit, blood, and dead bodies cover me .
Mother Africa where are you ?

Please come save me from this misery.
For yet, I will be sold as a slave .
Over 500 years past, I still call for you.
Why have you stopped looking for me?

Mother Africa, Are you still waiting for
Me to return to your beloved homeland?!
Will you welcome me with open arms ?