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## Lessons; Our Dream

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## Lessons; Our Dream

### **Cover Page Footnote**

This poem is in honor of the life of Eric Garner and others who have died due to police brutality.

## Lessons and Our Dream

*Chelsie B. Wilson, Stephen F. Austin State University*

### Lessons

Young Black girl looking at a society where she feels she doesn't fit.  
Her first lesson is to learn how to speak like them, so they see she's equipped.  
Class full of them and there's a few of brown descent.  
Well not a few just one or... maybe two.  
She must up her game, without shame. Because the odds are never in her favor.  
It's like how do I even compete?  
Who truly understands me?  
Dear white people, listen while I speak.  
We only want one minute you see,  
We don't want your sympathy, pity, or hand out!!  
We DEMAND it's UNDERSTANDING that you seek!!  
Hello, hello, do you HEAR ME?!  
HEELO! HELLO! HELLO! WE CAN'T BREATHE, WE CAN'T BREATHE, our hands are up!  
CAN'T YOU SEE?  
I'm so sick and tired of fighting for some damn peace.  
WE WANT PEACE!!  
HELL, WE WANT A PIECE!  
We want equality, opportunity same as yours! We are just as educated, hardworking, and  
deserving as you all!  
WE CAN'T BREATHE!  
In a society that doesn't see our quality. We were born without equal rights. All we know is how  
to fight!  
Not with our fists but with our heart.  
Hear me out, I'm not trying to start a race war.  
  
"There she goes, GET HER!"  
Officer wait... It's dark... Can you wait to approach me in the light... WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING MY HANDS ARE UP!!  
Damn not again this just AIN'T RIGHT!  
  
I CAN'T BREATHE, I CAN'T BREATHE!  
Somebody please! PLEASE!  
Hear me, I'm just a young black woman trying to speak for her community.  
This is our truth. OUR REALITY.  
Remember the year.  
\*\*\*\*...  
We can't breathe.

## **Our Dream**

I have a dream.

I have a dream... that one day we will live cohesively amongst one another in society without rioting.

I have a dream... that we won't have a target on our backs due to the pigmentation of our skin.

I have a dream... that they won't assume I am fatherless or that my mother is a crackhead.

I have a dream... that our cell phones won't be mistaken for a glock and cause us to get shot-twenty times.

I have a dream.

I have a dream... that once I turn sixteen I won't be your average ho, that sits around at tha corna sto.

I have a dream... that I won't be perceived as mean... or as many say an angry Black woman.

I have a dream... that our reality will change, and we will no longer be ashamed to stand up and say HE AIN'T MY PRESIDENT, not tomorrow and damn sure not today.

I have a dream... that society will no longer shun me.

I have a dream.