

September 2023

The Lesson for the Teacher

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Recommended Citation

Emenaha, Ugochi (2023) "The Lesson for the Teacher," *Journal of Multicultural Affairs*: Vol. 9: Iss. 2, Article 3.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.sfasu.edu/jma/vol9/iss2/3>

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The Lesson for the Teacher

Ugochi Emenaha, Baylor University

Sitting at the front of the class, I am ridiculously ashamed of the person I've become. So much that I run from simple rhetoric set up to support me. Because in my eyes, I missed the mark.

I should have been this and shouldn't have been that, but I snapped and fell into the trap. Walking inside a door that I knew was closed, I forced it open and shot the lock. Pop the top and laid down to a system that was set up to mislead me, and mislead I was.

And filled up I had been with a life that was yet the size of ball like Madden and I was saddened because I created a causality of immorality-- yet convinced myself, that although it was not a legal soul it was known before it was formed by the greatest of Souls. And from an it, -- it became a him, and from a him --to dream and now the joy of my world is in Zion—Looking up to the Hill towards Orion asking where does my help come from?

For on that same hill I cry I plead and beg and repeat the cycle that I fought with a masterful degree to obtain my master's degree to become a leader in a system that I joined to fight against little boys becoming impotent men that shoot blanks at the world that they feel is against them and with injustice in the news and a bland taste in my mouth I watch as I pray that my young black man doesn't become the little boy in my classroom who walks away from a cyclical system and pumps his fist at me because I am the only antagonist he sees in his story.

Walking out the door he continues to feel his glory against the pavement as his beats fill the headphones and the street hit his feet Wondering if it's a wrap on his career because he can't read and turned his back on the walls that were there to help him succeed.

But he keeps walking and hears his name being called so rhythmically that it sounds like the bouncing of a ball repetitively hitting the court to which he contemplates can his skills reign and can he be the next King James and maintain the Black and White Queens throwing themselves at his dynasty for a chance to become fleeting royalty or a duke and duchess of a rich roughness and a soft wind blows the rock past his feet like people passing an overthrown regime.

And he hears the shots ring, not at him but for him—calling to him to come join the king pin d boy drug Lord have mercy, this isn't his design all of this is driving him so crazy. His mind is a wreck, and he feels a thump on his neck. Unsure of what the balance holds, he touches his head overwhelmed, and looks up, and it's him, my own Zion, redeeming him from his tragic dream. Helping him up and out of the class and tells him, "Man, this ain't the last.

Pain will come, and pain will pass. Whether you find yourself selling cigarettes on the street or in a white house followed with security by the fleet—we can rise above society and achieve what He has ordained because those that wait upon Him will renew their strength and those that pray before him overcome their shame and mount like eagles and soar. Above what I should have been, soar above what I could have been, and into the destiny that I never could have walked away from because I didn't create in the first place and a joyous taste fills my spirit as I hear it. My boy has become a man and is loving those who need it. Leading those who can no longer hear the bell ringing and sharing a piece of the peace that I taught him. And as they walk out the class my own looks at me and says, "Mama, I made it, and you raised it—the bar, and I clung to it and moved to the top. So stop your worries and fear and walk with a boldness and sound mind because it's my time."