

The power of the tongue

Since the day I learned my 1st word
self expression has always been 2nd nature
a child prodigy of 3rd world parents
so, I have to tell my forefathers stories on paper.

Silenced for too long the strength of my tongue
sentenced me to a life of writing wrongs
my penmanship bridges gaps
of intergenerational dialogue
marginalized between the lines of lands my parents traveled
sacrificing the familiarity of home
to make ease for me, life's inevitable battles
so who am I not to be what I was destined?
Despite school systems labeling me
and sanctioning me to detention
despite the target on my back
and private funding to put melanin in prison,
correction!

I will not be your stereotype
I am made from the essence of stardust above aerial heights
it is not my fault, you cannot see the light in me
you cannot enlighten me on your capitalist commodities
I am the rose the adapted to blossom from concrete
capitalizing on conquered conquests
my predecessors paved
placing poetic politic on histories page
these pages cut from my family trees
that once hung our forefathers as slaves!

It is these pages I tell their stories
it is these lines they once hung from I celebrate their glory
Just to stay connected to my roots
These pages are sacred
It's how hip hop's essence began as pure truth
yet these days, I can't relate to what most rappers are saying in the booth

This spoken word, is a gift
We can emanate life or death by the mere intentions
coming out of our lips
We can speak dreams into existence
creating a world – united or divided

You can choose to be the change,
or remain silenced
by size, the tongue is the strongest muscle in our bodies for a reason
a tool to connect us to the divine
more than just speaking it keeps us believing
a portal between time and space mixed
the inspiration of ancient hieroglyphs
Our words can build dynasties and mend broken bonds
our words can create vitality
and give us the freedom of redemptive songs
they can heal us from wounds of the past
and live beyond us
like, MLK's dreams to see us free to at last
they can also carry us into other dimensions

So be mindful of the words and intentions
that depart from the sacredness of your tongue
we are powerful vessels
the creator etched presence into our lungs
so you have a gift within you
write your story
leave a legacy that will continue
etch your name in the dendrochronology of history's pages
do not allow the 'from' and 'to' on your tombstone to just be dated
let the dash in between
reveal the story you told
and of the magic that you created!