



“Out of Focus”

Watched the news, another setback. Read articles, more inflammatory statements,
Eyes window to the soul, and my soul sees egregious attempts of replacement.

And I’m trying to stay strong, keep faith alive,
Trying to stock up on hope for the winter to survive.

But can I thrive in a society that’s not really for all people?
The real coming of age is when you are black, brown, gay, non-Christian, or other, and you discover you’re
not really created equal.

Like teaching a young black boy to keep his hands on the wheel,
And if you’re defending our innocence, why are we discussing a plea deal?

Who are the defenders of the public, supposedly re-,
While tyrants rise in rank with subliminal language of a king.

We have communities of Spikes trying to *Do the Right Thing*,
In *School Dazed* when we finished first in our class, though they tried to clip our wings.

Work our way to the top, educated, well qualified – spaces we deserve to be,
To be met with accusations that we are sitting at the head of the table in a DEI seat!

And what we bring to the table, the world won’t eat,
But when we turn the table over, black and angry is what they see.

Frustrated with the system,
Conditioned to just listen,
Blonde hair gets ahead,
Afros stuck in position.

Courts with supreme power striking down affirmative action,
While minorities climb on the tractor of hard work, but still trail, with no traction.

Telling black and brown youth to get all A’s in school to get into a good college seems an illusion,
While the wealthy pay someone off for their failing kids to get into prestigious institutions.

I have a *Vision of Love*, not just Mariah Carey,
Where we see each other's perspective without hate, but I guess for some that's too scary.

I thought the King prepared the world for His coming, through prophets like Dr. Martin,
But my GPS of discernment says the road to freedom has been departed.

My conclusion is not founded in envy or resentment,
I am just underscoring that equity and equal justice aren't the same for all in the laws as they are presented.

And I am not afraid to say that ALL LIVES MATTER!
But I also need us to acknowledge that the focus should be on the people in society, whose blood in these
streets has been senselessly splattered.

Moral of the story is that the "other" categories don't want to fight,
We just want to know that the constitution also enforces our rights.

Right now, things are out of focus; we must adjust the lens,
Contact is what we lack; eyes on a new plan.

No exam is needed. I can tell you clearly what I see,
Now readjust your big machine of thought, so that it clearly sees me.

*written by Michael of Lē
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