

So & So

There's a problem with the way we raise our daughters
How easily upside down love takes hold of them
We don't warn them enough
We neglect to prepare them for what's bound to happen
We have the shit all fucked up

Men tell their sons the truth
"Be careful who cooks your food,"
"Some gyal ah accident, don't mek har happen pon your road today."
Spragga warned us of car crashes
They teach their boys the game
How to differentiate the piece worth keeping and the ones to be thrown away
Like jewel school
They school them on what mind games to use
Powerfully moving stories of conquest
Of how conniving they were to fuck So-and-So
The stories get so passed around and all the little boys know it
Boys with charm and swag
Cute boys
Boys who turn to teenagers who turn to men who have since sharpened their skill
Still tricking girls in womens' bodies
Poor So-and-So

And so,
So-and-So, still feeling foolish,
Behind the rubbish she did,
Doesn't tell her daughter and keeps baby girl naïve
Ill preparing her for the fight that she'll most certainly lose
Without knowledge
Of tricks
Of lies
Of the truth

We didn't tell her that he'll say he loves you and still go away
We'll leave out the part about begging him to stay
We will erase the part about how ---- it gets and how hard it gets
We keep blurring the lines between truth and fiction
Feeding her realism based on unrealistic reality shows
Shows that hide the grime and display the glitter

You keep telling her not to, but not why not to
Forgetting to describe how humiliated you were the first he held the back of your head

Pushing you towards the head
C'mon, mama, tell her the truth
Tell her you were conditioned to equate an ass slap with love
That you went from one daddy to the next
Only one being God given
We still leaving her in the dark
Because we'd rather cover up our grime
Our sexual crimes and indiscretions
So we continue being discreet
Until she no longer asks you to buy some Discreet pads
It's too late
The battle's been won and our baby girl lost
We forgot to tell her that she'll be smiling when she waits for him to smile back at the news that
she's pregnant
You left out the part that she might never see him again
And if that niggah is happy and sticks around,
There's another pile of shit to contend with.

The shame our daughters bear
But we all know who's to blame
We knew the maze
Been a part of the game
And, we, like savages, threw them to the beasts
All because
It makes you feel better

By Dayniah Manderson