



original poem by:
JADA HARRIS-COLEMAN



Unity Still Matters

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Because if they did
Another's persons boomerang would've been seen being sent my way
But I can't say I don't want unity
I want to be able to feel the security of it
It'll let me know that
I can create unity from within

So,
Can oneself have unity with others
When they're not united within themselves?
The answer is yes.
Because the process may be out of order
But having people who've worked hard
To become united with you
Can help unite your missing and broken pieces

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Can oneself have unity with others
When they're not united within themselves?
The answer is yes.
Because the process may be out of order
But having people who've worked hard
To become united with you
Can help unite your missing and broken pieces

Unity is a myth
Because we've seen glimpses of it
But how are we to know
When we've divided ourselves for so long
It's alright for it to be a myth
Because the greatest myths
Comes from facts

All you can do is believe
Take a chance to throw the boomerang
Because someone else's might come your way
And without having to catch it
You've already created a portion of unity

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Take a chance to throw the boomerang
Because someone else's might come your way
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You've already created a portion of unity

I can't say unity still matters
Because I can't remember a time when it did for everyone
But I can say unity will matter
Many people carry the same dream of unity
But don't speak up about it
And as the saying goes "Closed mouths don't get fed"
It doesn't matter
Because "Actions speak louder than words"

Can oneself have unity with others
When they're not united within themselves?
Because unity starts from within
And many people skip that step to unity
If their mental doesn't match their spiritual
How can unity be in their vocabulary?
Especially talking generally
With everyone around the world
Which makes it hard to believe
That unity still matters

And it's not the part about unity
It's the emphasis on "still"
That makes it unbelievable
Because I can't remember a time
When unity existed
Unity is like a myth
That parents read to their children
And it keeps them up all night
Perceiving it to be their reality
This can't be our reality

At least not now
We're divided by much more than
Ages and interest
We have the self hate of our own
And hatred of other cultures
Who find ways to bring others down

How can unity be realistic
When there are superiors and inferiors
And no matter how much I want to point my faith
In the direction of unity
It's like putting your all into a boomerang
Because although the ideal of a boomerang
Is for it to come back
It coming back means
Nobody cares for my faith in unity

Meet the Poet

JADA HARRIS-COLEMAN



My name is Jada Harris-Coleman and I'm in the 11th grade. My hobbies are to read and write. I plan to make those hobbies my future. As much as I love writing I would want to minor in it for college while psychology is my major. I have dreams of becoming a psychiatrist. Also later down the line open up a practice to both psychiatrist and therapist because I have an interest in both and I know people who share the same dream.