

# **“From the Ground Up”**

**As a child, instinct never quite gave me  
the understanding I needed to know the difference  
but as I grew, I flourished with the wisdom of my forefathers.  
Wisdom once branded, shoveled and burned alive, by ignorance  
now interred in plots once ploughed with the bones.**

**I want to feel that when you look at me,  
you will see deeper than the scars entrenched in my body.  
Those which after generations, have still managed to descend into my  
genealogy.**

**I want to feel that my potential will not be dwarfed  
for that of a little melanin,  
for the fact that I inherited the structure of my ancestors.  
I was clueless then, not realizing that along with the features  
encrypted in my DNA, came the blemishes of a bleeding past  
which would always seem to aggressively control me.**

**I want not to feel the remnants of pain’s years stinging through your  
eyes**

**To feel that you are not threatened by the knots of my kinky hair,  
nor the dirt caked and pounded into my flesh over time.**

**I want to feel it is okay to hang my head over the railing  
hair blowing in the wind  
to be able to open my eyes under the Caribbean waters  
without your whips suppression  
to run free forgetting years of shackles and bare-bottomed lashes**

**I want for you to know that man cannot take or repress  
the undaunted spirit rattling like a snake  
quiet, but coursing inside of me  
A movement which will continue to thrive  
to be celebrated.**