



Circle of Interest Khalid Musa

I claim I'm not a poet but I can feel it in my bones
I say I don't carry pain but u can hear it in my tone
First they enslaved us, then when we fought for change
Our minimum wage was just change
I'm from a land of poetry, literary, literally so don't try to belittle me
Hundreds of years have passed, independence at last
But when they left, they made sure that our economic state had crashed
And here I thought I was *gonna* get severance before they passed
Here comes the World Bank *to make things fair*
With so much restriction, might as well give me the money and cut off my air
No oxygen, we're left in our own country like hostage-men
Now we are here in the modern day
Where you can C slavery in a modern way
Where the islands are *commodified* to cater to tourist's desires in every way
Where my counterpart N I are seen as *racialized* hypersexual objects
Where our job is to please and serve outsiders like royal subjects
Poverty is @ an all-time high, unemployment is @ an all-time high, and misery is
@ an all-time high
I'm left with my physical frame just to get by
The question I have left to ask is how long will it take
til it's all gone bye?
I never said that I'm a poet but I can feel it in my bones
I never said I carry pain but u can hear it in my tone