

“The Need”

By Amenhotep Perry

I was born in the 80s
To a chocolate city adjacent to a city that preferred black boys contribute to the pipeline
To a mother soul connected to the knowledge of her ancestors' beginnings
To a father whose ghost haunts the corners of my mind never touched
To a future defined by a grave I'd visit more in my tears than in my present
To a past of pain that remains a question unasked

I was born out of need
The need to infect the world with continued promise
The need to leave the womb of love for her arms embrace
The need to grow with GOD's knowledge as a blueprint
The need of what my forefathers proclaimed...

I am the continued resistance
Against the word created to delete my faith in humanity
Against a time where statics for my people were prequels to grave markers
Against a society that couldn't see me as a worthy cause

I exist...
I was born...
I rebel...
Because I am the need.