



"I'm for truth, no matter who tells it. I'm for justice, no matter who it is for or against. I'm a human being, first and foremost, and as such I'm for whoever and whatever benefits humanity as a whole."

— Malcolm X

we cannot be unrooted

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silence has power, perhaps more than speaking up
like the quiet growth of trees
roots reaching deep into the soil of our shared history
Black history is our history

as we drain mother earth's resources—
breathing her air, drinking her water, eating her fruits—
we must care for her, restore what we take
her resources are finite, her patience wearing thin
bursting into flames in the west,
hurricanes in the south,
disasters across the world
nature may not speak a language we understand
but it hums in not-so-mysterious ways

long before we learned to take, we were born from her soil
our ancestors were African
their bones the bedrock of humanity's cradle
their blood running through veins of all humans
the soil of Africa bear more gifts than any other with their remains

the land that birthed us is scarred by corporate greed
kept in distress while we reap its offerings
the rare minerals, shiny diamonds, elements for batteries in our phones
the land, once fertile enough to feed all of humanity
is stained by our lack of humanity

war is human-made, much like money, credit score, and climate change
bombs dropped in occupied Palestine hit us here at home,
fathers, mothers, children die in Congo mining coltan for our phones,
internal conflict weaponized by western powers keep fighting alive in Sudan,
celebrities ask us for donations for the disasters in Hawaii from their million dollar mansions,
forced Uyghur labor produces our clothes labeled "made in China",
corporations buy houses to inflate prices to keep it out of reach of the masses,
is this the world we imagined?

ecocide, scholasticide, geocide, domicide, epistemicide, genocide
these destructive actions to increase profits of the 1% cannot be normalized
while millions of our siblings scream from parts of the world far and wide
disputes over made up lines in the dirt to maintain a false hierarchy
classism, sexism, ableism, racism, xenophobia, homophobia, transphobia, cannot be
normalized
rest in power Trayvon Martin, born and killed this month,
rest in power Malcolm X,
rest in power all our martyrs
none of this can be normalized

the knees of the police, protectors of capital, the oppressors, the empire
press down on our necks, as we scream, "I cannot breathe."
our lives sold to the highest bidder,
we cannot be silent, we cannot be broken,
resistance is inevitable, it runs through our veins,

we must bind together, like our ancestral roots
free our minds from propaganda spewed by mainstream media
none of us are free, until we are all free
from the river to the sea
from the rind to the seed
and most importantly, because
contrary to popular belief,
empire will not televise the revolution