

Father, do you hear me?

I cannot disconnect  
From what you created me to be  
I was nothing,  
a metaphysical existence  
an idea on the tip of your tongue

But I fell  
Face forward into my prepared existence,  
You let me crash  
Into my skin,  
Caucasian become my definition.

I was chained the moment I was born  
Like a prisoner  
Who hadn't had the chance to sin.  
Predestined existence  
You put culture in my bones  
And taught me how to walk  
On the America dream

A melting pot  
Of confused values  
Born from oppression  
For oppression  
I was told to melt,  
Go along with the current  
Everyone has a voice,  
And yet no one is heard

The violence is a symptom  
The disease is culture  
We have different faces  
My skin tells stories  
Of failed natural selection  
Mutation  
That is to be human  
To be human is connection