



Photograph by Jeff Widener/AP

STANDING MY GROUND

by Muslim Mansa Lutalo Iyapo a/k/a Rufus West #225213 – January 14, 2014

I would rather die on my feet than live on my knees.
No longer brainwashed, I've washed my brain of all those submissive decrees.
You know, the ones like, "Turn the other cheek" and "Never disobey your [slave] master,"
Knowing you are headed for disaster,
They still give you wheels to get there faster.
On the shoulders of giants defiantly is where I stand,
with the Law of God as my foundation—not the law of man.
In my hands are skittles and iced tea—my black hoodie covers my head;
racial profiling is the only reason why Trayvon Benjamin Martin is dead.
That's right, you heard what I said:
I said racial profiling is the only reason why Trayvon Benjamin Martin is dead.
And while you're standing your ground,
I will be standing my ground too,
and since convicted felons can't carry a gun then I guess I'll carry two,
three, four, or more on my person and be the first
to let one burst
when you get to looking upside my dome.
Because my wise dome relies on the laws of self preservation,
even if that means being sentenced to life in penitentiary slave plantations
where administrations
advocate for the proliferation
of supermaxes for the isolation
of convicts who dare to speak Truth to power with no reservations.
And with no public support it's clear society doesn't care.
I feel like that Chinese man standing in front of four tanks in Tiananmen Square.
But I didn't come to jail to be scared even though I've seen a lot unfold,
you may have killed Kelvin Jackson but you'll never kill his soul.
I don't expect to be paroled
because I know that whole process is kangaroo
after 20 years with 8 more to go, you telling me "no" ain't nothing new.
One thing I do know is whether I'm alone or standing in a crowd,
You'll know me when you see me because I'll be that one—
Standing my ground.