

Tones OF Toni

by Ackeeem

The world is yours

I dreamt from a cage
Yet, so isolated from
its markets

The United Kingdom, States:
"you are not rulers or royalty"

And the only Kings I knew
were pinned -

Nailed to walls and crosses

my scars I cannot face

In light however,

dark times
they spring from my wounds

bringing fruits of pain,
and shame

But perseverance is the color of strength

I am the color of strength

Though at times I wished...

I had the bluest eyes

My skin reflects the clay of creation
where half of my friends are buried

Pintz, Mainey, Jim...

liquor pours - songs are sung

Psalms of David - Songs of Solomon

Their deaths became anniversaries

The only time to care what day
it is

They were loved.

They were loved!

And they were loved...

Maybe if,

their faces resembled sheet rock

they could have evaded inner-city walls

Where blue skies are afraid
of the Ghetto Paradise.

Where dark clouds cry,
washing away blood stains
of Tar Babies

Nourishing seeds of violence
that sprout into funerals

Yes!

They were loved

They all were loved

The Afro women who are not angry
but Black and beautiful

The Afro men who are not ignorant
but dark and savvy

The roots of our Black magic,
a culture that can't be cast
a continued renewal of spelling

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Nigger
Negro
Coloured
Black!

From slave hymns
to hip-hop floetry

The tones of our voice is heard

Stay strong.

Stay Black.

You matter!

Be-loved

Beloved