



Black future

As the past cradles my hopelessness in it's warm embrace
The air of despair juxtaposes against the breathlessness
Evoked by an 'I can't breathe' sign
Held up by a young black boy I wanna believe is older than 13years old
But the baby hairs and missing teeth suggest otherwise.
For a moment I'm lost in his eyes
As I begin to see the world through it
Rose tinted glares from his favourite Black panther sunglasses
Help bring a filtered optimism that defies reality,

Reality as I know it
Reality as you know it

His uncalloused soft palms
Hold onto hope like grudges of families past
Or better yet rollercoaster handle bars
From a now distant summer trip to Alton towers
Where pandemics didn't alter his innocence and youthful bliss

I too want to hold onto this hope
But my calloused hands from gripping tightly
Onto ideas of equality
That always seem to slip through -
Make it an impossible task

But he looks down onto the strong shoulders of his grandma
On which he is firmly placed
He feels the wind-rush through her hair, her skin and her DNA
He feels her pain, her strength and her held restraint
Knowing her actions however justified
Determine how high his head is raised
I too imagine for a brief moment
How many shoulders I sat on
How many held restraints enabled me to see further ahead
Than my friend Femi who was never told (his)tory

Who was never shown (his)tory
The true history

Seeing through these rose-tinted sunglasses
Indulges me in a vision of the future
The Black future that's sat firmly on the shoulders of (his)tory

Black History

The true Black history that excavates truths
And holds you accountable for your lies and misinformation
The true Black history that unearths pains
As much as it unearths the gold many of our ancestors were slain for
The true Black history that recounts our footprints
And handiwork in the very grounds you take the credit for
The true Black history that uncloaks the façade
We are clothed in as a devious tapestry of lies

So we can continue to stand on strong shoulders,
Past and present
And only then can we clearly and brightly see the Black future
He deserves to see
Even when the rose-tinted sunglasses come off