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Pressure

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Pressure

We came here in chains

You brought us

We came here as slaves

You brought us

We came here as servants

Dark as midnight

Ripped from the wonders of Home

To work in your fields

Cotton, tobacco, Rice

Now we work in your jails

Land of the free

Even though many of us are behind bars

Your bars

Working in the fields

The sun shines on them

But not on us

Picking up trash on the highway

Orange jumpsuit clad

Why do they look like me?

From the chain gang to the jail

The lights come on

Blue and white flashes by

A scream in the night

A baby cries

A man yells on the second floor

The school bell rings

Blue and white flashes by

Why is my neighborhood like this?

Gunshots going off at night

In the suburbs

A quiet place

No noise, no hubbub

Organic food stores

One each corner

Like they belong

Is this a dream?

That only some people are allowed to live

No insurance, no help

Bread and water

Swipe that card so the baby wont cry

Apply for jobs

Apply again and again

Stacks of paper on the table

Card declined

That's life

Flipping burgers at McDonalds won't pay these bills for long

Life in the suburbs

So rich and so sweet

A big backyard with a pool

And all the freedom you could want

The organic foods on every shelf

No more half rotten meat and produce

No more white lines and hazy nights

Going to school with shiny shoes

To see shiny white faces

A speck of brown in a sea of white

Laptops and books stacked so high the ceiling is gone

Learn more and more

Be the best there ever was

But how?

Why should I straighten my hair?

Burn it and comb it until it's a burnt mess

Why should I fix my nose

Make it small and dainty

Like yours

But I am not yours

'My face and body is not yours

Big hips to fit all this booty

While you sit there flat as a pancake

Spending thousands to look like us

But nobody wants to be us