**Amina Jama**

child i need you to understand that its gonna get easier  
child things are gonna get brighter  
  
When i think to conversations of ancient egyptians   
And masked men and tears   
I think about black boys   
My nephews and sons and first loves  
  
I think to taxes levied against us  
And prisons making money of black corpses   
Taking pride in our downfall  
I think of the nubian kings   
And navy liquor dripping off their temples  
  
I think of prayer   
Of conversations of safety   
and understanding your place  
And yes sir no sir   
Always carry id  
  
I think of love  
Emphasis on yung black love   
How black girls are inherent mothers and healers  
Overused, undervalued   
It is not your place to carry his pain dear girl  
  
  
Our lives are movies  
We always die at the start of a horror   
Or play the dark skin prostitute paving the way for the light skinned lead to follow her dreams  
  
How black women will never find a man to hold them down like she does him  
  
When i think of my nephews and sons and first loves   
There is no version where it doesn’t include a black women   
No version where she is not the beginning middle and overwhelming end   
No version where she does not hold him down   
Carry his trauma on her back and sacrifice her life to fight his battles  
  
One day my nephews and sons are going to be black men  
And they might even have black boys of their own   
And have to teach them to be black men  
Whilst still learning to be better black men themselves   
And Somewhere in there society lands  
And insecurities and tears and pain and movements  
And breaking free and success and happiness and love and love and love   
  
And i wish them well