**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