



FINAL DRAFT

Silence is A Sound

by

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We are not here to make you
Feel comfortable, we need you
To feel humanity.

We are the butterfly and the black elk
The blood of our stories on every corner
We are the continuum, a tradition,
A passed down pride.
The future heartbeat
Of our children's children.

We continue with ancestors wind
We exist on possibility, the passion
Of a people never taught their divinity

We are the tribal smoke from necessary fires
Ojibwe, Odawa and Bodéwadmi

We are the Eagle's
Early morning commute.
We are a body of work
Called humans. We are a collective
Of black excellence wrapped
Around our grandmother's dreams.

We are a living metaphor for the art of survival
The colors of resistance and the proof of existence.

We are every little brown girl who dreamt
Of a life without fear. A black boy who
Grows into manhood without pain.

We are black joy personified.

We are not here for your entertainment
We are not here to make you comfortable

Still, Here We Stand.
Millions of emancipated lights
Showing us the way.

Our bodies revolting against
oppression daily.

We, bones of *beads*, push
Out the hopes of our parents

Balancing the wind

We are the roots of Sugar Maples & Pines
Our history is not easy to climb.
See us, in the glassy reflection of great lakes
We fought for freedom, it was never
A gift, a prize.

We imagined peace.
We have names.

This is our city block
This is our home

too.

Her light can never dim
Our collective light takes over the night sky

This is a poem for protection
This is a poem that reminds us all

As sure as the world is round.

Silence

is a sound.