

Charles G. Brooks, Sr.
Subjugation

If educAtion is the pinnacle, what, pray tell, is the base?
If it all starts at the bottom, racinG up on gossamer wings,
Then who officiates and by whose rules is the contest had?
My first wordly steps were feiNts, as I studied the mirage of choice—
Failed communities, leadership, dreams, sOciety
Looking for a hand; not up or down, just a stabilizing forCe,
Facing schemes plotted generatIons ago, just realizing fruition,
Conscientiousness setting in like fresh concrete on a midsummer's Day.
There is no escApe, no parallel universe; just us and no justice—
Not in a criminaL sense, but in a human sense—all lives matter.
Though it's stranGe that black lives are squandered mercilessly and
No retribution is justified, no restitution pAid, just harsh admonitions.
Indians have reservations and society gripes about that bequeathMent,
We lose schools in favor of sociEtal punishment.
Penal institutions, ne, correctional facilities, that don't correct;
They prevent the resurrection of sLavery, though slavery still lives,
Calculating my steps, running my race, lest I lose A foot on a mine
Or aN overseer's razor wire, forced to call myself anything but "Charles,"
A number instead oF a man.
Started from the bottom, and I'm still here, like mOst of us,
Useless, unless there's some menial task to be peRformed.
If education iS the pinnacle, racing Up gossamer wings,
Then who officiates and by whose Rules is the contest had?
Most importantly, who chooses the contEstants?