

## The People

by Vincent Folkes

I speak for my people  
Lord what is evil  
If we are but reflections of each other  
As a people  
Time makes us fearful  
We hate to hear that the people  
We dehumanize  
Are carrying the weight without a payroll  
Those with superficial power, they tend to label  
Those who really got the power  
They know we able  
And we capable to shake shit up  
So what they do  
They kill our spirits  
And divide us up  
Cis, het, black, white,  
Dead men, telling everybody how to live their lives  
That ain't right  
But still we rise  
From the valley of the white man's shadow  
Why you looking so surprised  
Our demise feeds our victory  
The struggle takes us higher  
Turned the hate to serendipity  
Finessing all the lies and deception  
Horror and the stress and  
Internalized isms and phobias that they made lessons  
Need you to listen  
Everything they say is fact is really fiction  
An Illusion meant to dim the light inside  
So in conclusion  
They can't tell us who is wrong and who is right  
It's all delusion  
It's a fairytale  
I pray you write yo story well  
Free yoself from limitation  
Dive deep into that wishing well  
I wish you well  
Create some stories only you can tell  
You'll never fail  
Your path in life is not written in brail  
That silver cell, that they taunt you with is more than jail  
You are the earth, the moon, the stars, the universe  
Inhale, Exhale  
Your spirit's waiting for you

Vincent Folkes is the Youth Poet Laureate of Allegheny County, 2020-2021.

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