

Jewels

Please don't take my jewels away...

These jewels, they make me who I am.
These chains, these diamonds, these bracelets and these necklaces
They hold a stable meaning, both near and far
Don't take my gold without first seeing it's meaning
My gold connects me to a distant past not long forgotten
A past in which my forefathers ran the land as kings and queens
A past in which little black boys and girls bled with overflowing hopes and ambition
A past long before my grand daddy took up arms with those panthers,
Or before my grandmother migrated from Mississippi to Chicago in search of a better life

Please don't take my jewels
Those same chains used to emasculate my forefathers
The chains used to bound them to ships of sorrow and torment
Now those same chains have been flipped, because they shine with a golden allure
What once was attributed to BEASTS now has become property of the upper class
And it seems the only consistency was in these chains relation to my perceived value
But long behold my necklaces and chains still glimmer with the sweet juices of a long oppressed culture
My jewelry cultivates sweet fruits in long fields of an inheritance that was long stolen from us
What was once used to hold now used to uplift
What once seemed a curse, now has proven to be a gift
Please don't take my jewels away

Don't take my crown, for you know not what it took to get it
The years of bloodshed, the shaky clutches of turmoil
The generations of people that crawled through miles of bloodied rhinestone and broken glass
So that I may one day have a chance to walk, run and skip with joy and pride for my people
Don't mistake my regality for ignorance, these jewels leak the remnants of afrocentricity so far gone
Connecting me to the forgotten dry bones of my fathers and the caring womb of distant mothers
And it is in these jewels that my past will never be forgotten
This gold, these chains, this ice, it makes me what I am
So Please don't take these jewels away...