



THE GRIEVOUS CLUTCHES OF RACISM

① All the blessings of nature above,
Up on the skies and over the hills;
Feels like it calls ~~it~~ it with an immense love.
But that makes no difference, it's in grills.

② I do sometimes compare myself
With my pet parrot I've caged in my yard;
It's easy to compare one's true self
With a fellow living being, it isn't much hard.

③ No rights, no rules and no laws for me,
Even though they say the court has it all;
Bound by the clutches of race, you see;
Daily, I'm forced to face a wretched wall.

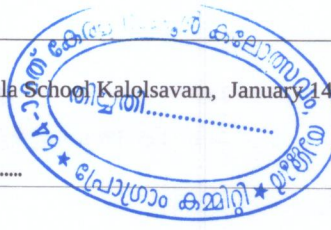
④ What have I refused my parrot from its life?
I ponder about it in my leisure time;
And yep, I've arrived at my answer, safe and sound;
It's a seven-lettered word, 'freedom' by name.

⑤ Every time I encounter a person with white skin,
Some sort of inferiority overcomes my mind;
I know not whether it's a weakness or a sin,
I know it's a cage of another kind.



Item Code: 692

Participant Code: 093



- ⑥ I'm truly aware it isn't fully a social fault,
It has to do with my mind and myself;
It's true I wish to rebel or revolt,
But against whom, it's myself versus myself.
- ⑦ Even when I scored the highest marks,
In Maths, a subject fierce to most,
My fellow white students would make ~~up~~ unpleasant remarks,
Leaving me with absolutely nothing to boast.
- ⑧ My friends used to yell at me whenever;
I failed to defend a pass in a football match;
But all I saw were words of empathy whenever,
The white kids shot a self goal to the wrong pitch.
- ⑨ The harshness of racism that I've had ~~to suffer~~
To suffer in the spring of my youth;
All those rough incidents that made me sad, ~~It's~~
It shaped me to be so silent and smooth:
- ⑩ I don't understand why chocolate in the flesh,
Means that one is different and should be set apart.
If there is no freedom without a clash, ~~it~~
Then that's something that I would actively take part in.



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Feels like it calls ~~me~~ us with an immense love;

But that makes no difference, we are in grills.

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