

A Black Man's World

By Kennedy Mullen

A blind man's world is
The forgetting of the fires
Burning a cross in a black man's yard.

The realness of rights,
And an openness of equality.

A man sitting at a bar
Between the black man,
And the white man.

I see no color, no race,
Feel no fear. Hear no hate.

Understand no Evil.

The hate for a person,
Simply because of their skin,
Is evil.

Understand no evil.

Why? Because I am the blind man.

I am the hope of the black man
And the worry of the white.

Equality.

I am the peace

Of a blind man's world.

A black man's world
Was a blind man's world.

Blind to acceptance,
To freedom and liberty,
To respect and right.
A man from Harlem.
Skin, dark brown.
With his hair braided.
Dribble, shoot, swish, score.
The reality of the Ren's;
Overlooked, and underrated.
A black man's game, being played
In the back alley of a store.
Top team of their time.
In the blind man's world,
The Ren's were respected
Black men weren't all thought of
as "bad". There was no color.
Ancestors weren't taken
From their homes to work
For the white man. There was
No torching of crosses
Or the killing of the innocent.
Freedom Was not escaping
The white man's world.

A white man's world,
Is a blind man's world.
Blind to the hate, to the

Discrimination, and death
Of the innocent.
A man from the city.
Born and bred to take over
His father's empire.
The building,
built by the black man
with the braided hair.
Managed,
by the white men
Who are sitting at a desk,
Getting paid by the hour,
Driving their nice cars.
Waiting to go home to their wives
Thinking about how the Celtics
Would be playing tonight.
A white man's game,
In a white man's world.
There was no place
For the black man,
Other than to clean the floors
When they were done.

A blind man's world is
Not thinking based on
races, and colors.
Its making choices based

On everything but that.

Yet still, something that seems

So very simple, falls apart

In one word,

Four syllables,

Seven letters;

Reality