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UNTITLED  
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I've ask for equality / Instead I found clarity,  
understanding that I reside in a nation where  
prejudice is a serverity.

Equality has two faces, where one side can be  
pleasant while the other abrasive / Some of us are  
chained to the dungeon of ignorance remaining  
complacent / We all know that equality an inequality  
in this nation will remain adjacent . . .

My dear brethren and sister take the word from  
your eyes / Stop killing each other mentally and  
physically while consoling our painful cries.

The world is waiting for that same carbone that  
creaked life to stand together / Vibrate on high frequencies  
showing and proving to future generations that were  
much better.

The ghettos are the prophecies of prominence /  
let's showcase our dominance. Because, were a gift  
not a curse, for it is written in an ancient verse /  
that the first shall be last, and the last shall be  
first . . .

Please, let us produce cohesion / looking at our  
environments around the world should give us this  
reason. Only then can we truly hold our heads  
up proud / I love you, I love you, I love you;  
Black woman, man, and child . . .

By: Curbit McCullough

Pen Name: Jerusalem