

# BLACK MAN'S WORK

it's 5:30 a.m.

got my father's name to better,  
got recession's storm to weather,  
got my black women to queen,  
got affirmative's actions to clean,

got ignorance to un-label,  
got calamities to un-table,  
got my families to un-break,  
got confirmations to un-make,

why must I have to prove, all I said I can do?  
why must I fight to be, all I said I can be?

got athletics to un-typecast,  
got spiritual gardens to un-fast,  
got inferiority's terms to un-instill,  
got prison's cells to un-fill,

got video cameras on observe,  
got statistics fighting to un-curve,  
got inequalities to un-endure,  
got predictions of failure to un-secure,

why must I confirm, all I said I could learn?  
why must I show to be, all I said I could be?

as a black man--- that's the reality  
before my workday  
even begins

it's 6 a.m.

**BY MARK ANTHONY THOMAS**

From The Poetic Repercussion

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