

The Diamond by Byron Dickens

Poem; 'The diamond'

one day ima make it ima be the one to see,
That the world is bigger than they told me it would be.
Come in from the bottom
You know all we did was dream
Dreamed I had a dad and dreamed my momma wasn't mean
Wasn't always that when she was young she was a queen
Yeah she used to fly until our
Cousin clipped her wing.
Thought he was the man
He called my momma billy jean
Fuckin sucka raped a girl, you know what's worse?
she had his jeans.
Never had a baby, but no one could hear the screams
She was Ostracized
The new Medusa yeah it seemed.
That's why she Didn't really hug, or let me know I was a king.
And so I played the role of thug or if not that I joined a team.
Motivated hustler fuck a hug i need the bling.
AND So I'd rather find my crown before I give a girl a ring.

Reflection

My name is Byron Dickens, I am enrolled in the History program (Major) and Criminology program (Minor). I am a former football player for CCSU, along with participation in various clubs like BSU, The CJ club, The History Club, and The Brotherhood.

A little bit about me; I was born & raised in Raleigh North Carolina before moving to CT to live with my grandmother where I received various awards for athletic accomplishments and In the end, a scholarship To assist me on my path of becoming a first generation college graduate.

My inspiration for this poem, my accomplishments, and all the poems I write is what I observed/felt while growing up in low income Public housing neighborhoods during the time with my mother, who also grew up in the same environment, as well as my grandmother.

I feel like This poem; 'Diamond' scratches the surface of what Black Lives Matter means to me because it captures some of what the people close to me have over come for me to be here submitting these words to you today and its effect on their psychs/the way they viewed life and how that played a role on effecting my psych/ambitions as well.

For example; My grandmother made it through slave culture which contains patterns of abuse and social injustices deeply rooted in public housing units in the south during her upbringing, My mother did that + rape and suffering from trauma related to rape from family members and the U.S Military in which she is finally being compensated for today after a long case with the U.S Army. And here I am, a product of their abuses and abuse towards me that resulted from their psychological damage. But I never let that stop me. No matter what, I kept going. Because they never let what they went through stop them from living. They kept going.

I feel like me being able

To see the pattern in those close to me helps me relate to Black Lives Matter movement.

What I mean is that connecting my experiences/ancestors' experiences to the Black Lives Matter movement on a broader perspective, if you are African American and you are alive today, chances are your ancestors went through similar experiences as my mother and my grandmother. Chances are your ancestors before them went through the experience of being plucked out of their environment and transported on a stinky/hot/cry filled boat filled with disease, urine, and bacteria but they made a choice to survive and live so you could be here today reading these words, So I could be here making the choice to write them.

To sum it up;

If you are able to breath, you are special because your ancestors survived. But if you are Black and you are able to breath, there's a gigantic chance that a little more is tagged alongside that.

Given the patterns embedded in our history, I want you to know your life matters no matter how many incidents you see that may say otherwise.

And to me,

Black lives matter represents this fight to keep us reminded of that as a whole.