

# We Already Had Our Own

By Evvaleen Robinson - Montgomery Blair High School

Our cries, our polaroid tears, unto the world which has  
Triumphed in war and prides itself on singing the people,  
Because of the melanin on our skin which they believe to be unrighteous-  
Because of the melanin on children's skin, which they believe to be impure whilst we do nothing  
but coat our fingertips in paint and let our canvas reflect the blunt end of the scrutiny we face in  
this new land,  
This new land which has existed infinitely shorter than dreams have  
And purposefully burning into the skin of our people a warning to conform,  
To become an erasure of the museum that is us, our history, a mutation of our own voices;  
They called it "art" - We already had our own

I must retreat to my own dreams to remember a world in which I might speak,  
And if I so choose, the world would not cave in on itself and create an inferno beneath our very  
museums  
The dream is simple, as much as laying down to rest and tearing through the nebula of my eyelids  
We view everything as celestial, beautiful, an act of preservation, so that in our heads we may at  
least dream of that world in which we were not burned when we came to this country,  
Which, and we hold each others hearts with rusted nails as we say this-  
Will have shamed us for desiring the treatment of our neighbor whose ancestors despised our  
foreign land, and scorned us for mastering their language if our skin did not allow it in their minds  
I found myself chasing after the dream with a camera, in the middle of a desert plain carved to fit  
circuses bearing strange fruits, that don't jest but be truthful, that I am meant to archive by this  
modern device  
The ringmaster juggles bottles of wine sealed with cork, threatening to spill and intoxicate the  
world with revolution; The world where video evidence of our dream will shatter the dreams of our  
oppressors