The People
by Vincent Folkes

I speak for my people
Lord what is evil
If we are but reflections of each other
As a people
Time makes us fearful
We hate to hear that the people
We dehumanize
Are carrying the weight without a payroll
Those with superficial power, they tend to label
Those who really got the power
They know we able
And we capable to shake shit up
So what they do
They kill our spirits
And divide us up
Cis, het, black, white,
Dead men, telling everybody how to live their lives
That ain’t right
But still we rise
From the valley of the white man’s shadow
Why you looking so surprised
Our demise feeds our victory
The struggle takes us higher
Turned the hate to serendipity
Finessing all the lies and deception
Horror and the stress and
Internalized isms and phobias that they made lessons
Need you to listen
Everything they say is fact is really fiction
An Illusion meant to dim the light inside
So in conclusion
They can’t tell us who is wrong and who is right
It’s all delusion
It’s a fairytale
I pray you write yo story well
Free yoself from limitation
Dive deep into that wishing well
I wish you well
Create some stories only you can tell
You’ll never fail
Your path in life is not written in brail
That silver cell, that they taunt you with is more than jail
You are the earth, the moon, the stars, the universe
Inhale, Exhale
Your spirit’s waiting for you
Vincent Folkes is the Youth Poet Laureate of Allegheny County, 2020-2021.

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