

Until Then

Crisscrossed are the slashes on my back
There lays the path that people crossed to get their rights back
The smell of death in the air
Bittersweet
The words of peace and justice
To which we march and weep

On the crisscrossed paths carried through generations that have past
I learn to read what is not written
Teach refugees to reach their ambitions
Speak my native tongue to those who listen
Fight for the abolition of minorities in prison

Advocate for Blacks and Latinos and their health
That our zip code shouldn't determine our wealth
Tutor the youth about their history
Even though the future is a mystery

Oh how sweet would it be to take off the mask
To unbuckle our chains
To be free at last
To not be afraid of the white shadows that lurk in the dark
To be equal and to live in harmony
To sleep and be able to wake up

But there are crisscrossed slashes on our backs
There are knees on our necks
And chains surround all that is black
Weighing us down
The white shadows
The white shadows that silently attack

We submit ballots
But get bullets
We have dreams
But live in nightmares
When they go low said Michelle
We must go high
But no matter where we go
We must remain in disguise

From Selma to Montgomery
From the Constitution to the Capitol
From the borders of this land
The closed borders of their minds

"Slavery is over"
The white shadows whisper
As the bars close in front of
our brothers and sisters

From the systematic inequality
That holds us back
They've redlined our democracy
Like the stripes on our backs
True freedom is a vision
That I see
But until then I'll repeat his words
"I have a dream"