

"little rocks"

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Dreams of happy endings fade away fast
Leaving me with the lasting realization that, deep down inside, I fear for these children
Dark days and nights lie ahead
For when the sounds of blackness become too loud, they will come and quiet them
They will come with their side-glances and sirens, attempting to silence what, to me, only sounded like organized joy
Those little black boys and girls will be hurled into the aftermath of Little Rock
Hurled into a life where even the little rocks at their feet could feel as if they were boulders
...but shoulders were never meant to carry the weight of the world
and I imagine that the hate of the world weighs twice as much
Especially once you realize that your good just aint good enough
And that your cries for help aint ready to be heard...

These children don't deserve to be outcasted and cast aside by society
A society in which a hidden caste system seems to be swept under the rug by the overseers of this great nation
This great nation that was built upon the backs of plantations and little rocks that sometimes look like boulders

In Palestine, 6 year-old boys throw little rocks at foreign soldiers
They extend their arms with the hope that those little rocks will land like boulders at the feet of the oppressor
No lesser, if you just close your eyes, the same pressure can be felt if you just take a trip and visit the Jena 6
Or ride the waves of the melodious rifts of the Mississippi River, whose banks still quiver with the cries of lost souls
and forgotten dreams
Mindless as it seems, how easy it is for us to forget how we once prided ourselves in our ability to overcome
Never once succumbing to the possibility of defeat
Footage of eighteen feet marching through the doors of a school in Little Rock lowers shoulders
Watching as 9 little black boys and girls stood as if boulders in the construction of hope

My shoulders do carry weight
And I'd hate to see the day when those children's eyes realize that maybe the light of optimism is not for them to see...

Some cry in the thought of what we once used to be, but my eyes dried of tears long ago
For it will take clear vision to direct the next throw of a wave of little rocks