

Josephine Sparks  
josephine\_sparks  
[jgymnastsparky@gmail.com](mailto:jgymnastsparky@gmail.com)  
Bloomington High School South

Link to post for video of reading:  
<https://twitter.com/josesparky61/status/1187566518474817542?s=21>

Link to youtube video upload of reading:  
<https://youtu.be/y-FPnFh40g4>

**Poem I wrote and read for post:**

It's the oxygen in the limited lungs  
Of a boy  
At midnight  
In a New York apartment  
Who lays with his face  
Turned toward the cracked window  
Begging to breathe  
Fresh air  
Yet we ask him  
"Why do you fall asleep in class?"  
"How can a child be so tired?"  
It's the dry, cracked tongue  
Of a girl  
At noon  
Sitting on a concrete step  
In Capetown  
That taps her foot  
Waiting  
For the freshwater to rise  
It's the soon-to-be mother  
That watches the tide come in  
Can't afford to escape the rising bayou  
And yet we ask her

"Why didn't you leave?"  
"Did you stay out of principle?"  
"Have you learned your lesson?"  
It's the girl with braids  
Who gets bullied because her clothes  
Smell like passive racism  
Who breathes heavy  
Because her mother can't afford  
To move into the city  
Or send her to the doctor  
And we ask her mother  
"How can you neglect a child like this?"  
"Do you really love her?"  
It's the girl with ribbons  
That walks past a white house every day  
Clutching her mother's hand  
Wondering why,  
As she grows taller,  
And the years grow longer,  
And she lets go of the hand she holds,  
Nothing changes but her perspective  
It's the girl who belongs  
And knows what others don't  
Knowledge passed down  
And dismissed  
On claims of indifference  
And intolerance  
Her hands hold  
Thousands of years  
Of answers  
We say  
We are still searching for  
She says  
We can't have it both ways,  
Can't ask for leadership,  
history,

and knowledge  
And then bulldoze over  
The very thing we asked for  
In class I was told  
That they were reimbursed  
Payed off so we could profit  
But that  
“They Agreed!”  
“They signed treaties”  
“They willingly.....”  
Gave up the land that sustained them  
so they would not be massacred



**JOSESPARKY** @JOSESPARKY61 · 1m

Day 24 of #PGC2019, I wrote a poem on climate injustices including passive racism, disproportionate risk, and indigenous struggles that are not being addressed. The importance? People are dying at disproportionate rates due to race, gender, and income levels.  
[@TurningGreenOrg](#)



0 views