

Racism

By Maxine Tynes

Racism:
the alphabet of that word
a metallic absurdity on the tongue
the cell of its imprisonment
slamming down all of your days
on all of your life.

The cage of racism
allowing no life-to-life cross-over
to the other side
no people to people
mind to mind
heart to heart.

The bite of racism
is deep and deep
and relentless in its pursuit
incising Black and Native and language and
gender cultures
excising the heart of all that we are.

We bleed generations of pain.
We heal to hope.
We rise to challenge.
We shout the imperative.
We stride the future.

The language of the Black and Native future
has no alphabet for racism,
has no agenda for it

no taste
no time
no reality.

And in some future Black and Native time
the rain of racism falls
and finds no waiting hearts,
finds no ground wanting.

Points to process and discuss:

1. What type of poem is this?
2. Can you find some poetic devices? (write on the poem)
3. What is the author's purpose in writing this poem?
4. What is the meaning of this poem?