

Newman Catholic College: Black Boys Book Club

Students worked with poet: **Nick Makoha**

Jad

Time changes

These times are wrong. But what can I say?
Even a broken clock is right two times a day.
Time changes but can you change my mind.
I've been through a lot and then
there is the past. My past. The past,
from which I have to move on.
I am so involved with this idea
I forget to unlock the door,
12 o'clock and I am out with my family, people
on their phones look up randomly
asking me weird questions as if I live in
this neighbourhood. I feel like ice on a hot day
filled with rage. I stop time and breath.
At 3 o'clock mum turns on the news
Another stabbing. The world is a window
in a frame. I would I prefer to be out here,
but the times have not changed.
Mum is speaking a language that is only made for me

Deniro

Identity

I am 657684653 another boy
Born in this world with no identity.
awkward, too big for the passageway,
To be stereotyped is inhumane and antagonizing.
White people can season chicken too it's not surprising.
Black people can turn vegan it is not petrifying.
Am I not the face that you see?
Am I not the height you admire?
It's all about heart. It's all about desire.
There is uncertainty as to how to proceed.
Give me a plate of cous-cous or Banana and rice
I can appreciate your food but can you appreciate me.
You treat the depth of my wallet like the colour of my skin
Even though I am Black British you make me feel like
I need a passport in my hand.

Cameron

Checkmate

Realise a lot of these people tell real lies
They aint about it in real life-
And that's something I had to realise
I had to really recognise it
They say they love me but hate me in private
I had to really recognise it
I had to really recognise it

Ayo, cussing my skin colour that joke ended about a century ago
If I went and got the skin lightening injection would you still have an injection?
But no I wouldn't do it 'cuz I like what I see in my reflection
Let me teach you a lesson
See this is chess not checkers
You have to take it slow to know what your next move is going to be
It's not about what colour pieces you get it's about how you play it
They use the pawns as sacrifice pieces that's what they took my people for
but now we're rising up
I rep for my queens up in the castles
That's what I call a mega sparkle

Checkmate!

Jonah

My Dream

Me playing two-on-two at 3am.
Streetlights become mini suns.
At the park the Ball creates life,
a special kind of Eden. I stay as late as I can.
My body gives its all, my hands are spirit and soul.
A pull UPPPPPPPPPP 3, just like Kyrie
has saved me from being and IC3 body on the street.
It is were I can express my ego without being a threat.
With the ball in my hand it makes my life an easier one.

Jamie

Country

Where I come from, the Caribbean, I could be almost anyone.
In London the Caribbean starts in my Nan's kitchen where there
is always plantain for everyone. Scattered around me at this
kitchen table are the souls I love. From a silver kettle mum
pours herself a cup of tea. The flowers she picked sit at the middle of the table.
At the end of the day we leave what mess we created. Tradition states
what we sweep at night causes bad luck. Dad will fall asleep before
we get past the half way point of the movie. But look at the love that we share?
I give myself to this gravity. It can never be compared our unity, family, identity.