

Freedom

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What is freedom? Is it the right to call one's self their own? The right to be who you choose to be, what is freedom to you, what is freedom to me? As a young Black man in this world, I know not of hardship nor of the sweat of which my father's father endured. The blood he spilled the shame he bared, as a Young Black man, I know not of the sins we carry or the blights we bear. I know little, I only know what is shared. I have not lived through hate, nor have I watched as my kin despaired, no I have been spared. Still, I don't feel free. No, I don't feel saved nor safe. As Jay-Z said, "Still Nigga," what does this mean. Should I hate who I am? The story my skin may tell. Should I fear who I am, should I hate that me as well. Break down who I am to conform with them as well. I ask again, what is freedom? What is it for me? What is it to you?