

KIPP Academy Lynn Collegiate Indigo Society Poets Perform at KIPP School Summit (KSS)

Destany: My family always told me I had a voice, a loud one. Im boricua

They said my tongue was a whip of Puerto Rican culture.

King: A prayer before jomou and the cheers during the Haitian Revolution

Hannah: A lasso that gripped the untold a"-stories of my ancestors.

Kristen:A Voice originating from the Chicano movements

Jeannelle: My voice thrums like dembow on concrete

Josh: cacophony of mis catrachos singing songs of revolution

Haja: softened voices to disguise anger

Akiel: Tongue tied tightly to trap truth.

Fernandes: One that speaks too loud after a history of silence. One I never used

Kristen: The fear of consequence silenced me

I noticed how classroom walls felt like shattered mirrors

My mom told me to value my voice

To sing our songs harmoniously

Instead I've been handed broken records

Mouth glued shut

Then put in a display case

Kippotism tamed my tongue

And compliance became survival

Haja: I grew up wildfire

equipped with the sparks

To ignite flames

But always get confused for being too angry

Being too explosive for the class

So I stay silent

My words whited out

And i wonder when they will believe that i'm burning

Josh: The teacher asks if it's acceptable to kill a mockingbird if it chirps too loud

Have you ever heard the song of a mockingbird? I grew up learning the melodies of another person's song

I grew up reading about the pain my people suffered in the 3rd person

Trapped between the branches of broken nests and strange fruit

King: I had my first flying lessons in the classroom

I learned to flap my wings with the same delicacy of my pencil strides.

Learned how to chirp out facts before emotion

The skies taught me history

Taught me to make story lines out of white clouds

Taught me that the ashes of our past only polluted the air

This was when i first learned about race

About what it truly means to kill a mockingbird

It's to glorify Boo Radley and not mention Tom Robinson

It to paint classrooms walls with white authors narrating black experience

MLK without Malcolm X

And we're still wondering why the caged bird sings.

Hannah: We're rooted in silence so one day we can have a voice

Heads hands feet lips into assembly lines

You can't mass produce progression.

These rules be made to maintain power

But don't you know my blood be laced in revolution?

That my people be civil disobedience?

Fernandes: I'm the child of an illegal

America never wanted me here in the first place

I've been taught to just work hard and be nice

That it will pay off in the end

Akiel: I work hard and i been nice but the nice guys finish last

revolutionaries ain't ever been nice

And this is a revolution.

Josh: knowledge be power, power be knowledge

but power been predetermined

And you are the power

King: You only read from the book,

While we live this life

Haja: You can't be superhero at school and white feminist at the bar

Fernandes: be part time activist

Akiel: Can't robin hood your way through the hood

Destany: Crochet our minds into thinking that suburbia be like inner city

You can't just work hard and be nice

Jeannelle: Be quiet

Be listening

Be solice

Be community

Be more than statistic

Be blueprints for revolution

And more than ever,

Be woke