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 joumou 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 airs
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