

Inheritance.

It's cold, gray suffocating in perfect silence
In a prison of race masked within the cracks of society
Closing in on those living in their own reality.
The feeling of wanting to break free
To Open the door
Except you can't
Except you're more of a hinge thats stuck, swinging back and forth.
In this construct of oppression
Stipped of sight, sound, a voice
Leaning towards any sign of hope to give you back 'choice'.

Somewhere a child asked their mother
'Why can't we go there?'
Stuck in a cage another longs to play.
But caught he was with that __ skinned boy
Lines being drawn
Kids don't understand
They say you will when you are older
But then you become a middle-aged man
And he still can't understand
Why seperation
Pulled apart
Two friends lives were changed that day
A barrier of bricks and sand
Laws built from the ground up
No consideration for the other hand.

And when walls don't work for those who are free spirited
In a split seconds shots were fired
It was too late
They only knew when he walked out the rubble with the body of the child
A mother's tears
A father's pride
Heartache and burdened sighs
Bloodshot teary eyes
Fostering a rage inside

Concrete isn't natural
As it eats its way through these lives
Unfathomable.

Glass being shattered, barriers being torn down
The fight for the future that is the present , the now
A prison cell can hold a man only for a period of time
Struggles of an era.
The power in breaking the silence
And a desire for living to get better.

I cannot say I know struggle
When privilege is signed beside my name
But the foundation
so strong
still remains the same.
stories passed down from his father to mine
And from my father to my mind
Standing at greater heights, a new building, a new roof
This life my own
A past of black and white
In this day is a lit up rainbow
But how difficult the march
The fight your ancestors fought
For what we have today
The key to Doors now rests in your hands
So Walk out to seize the day.

Topic chosen: The impact of apartheid on a born free generation.

I would like to begin by saying that I understand that racism may may live and that is truly unfortunate however as a post-colonial writing on the topic of racism I think it's important to remember where we came from and appreciate the steps that have been taken towards progress. Inheritance refers to the act of receiving by hereditary succession. I titled the poem Inheritance because the foundation was built before I stepped foot onto the earth, but still affects who I am and those around me. The poem highlights the constraining nature of apartheid through the

construction of a prison-like structure surrounding the lives of those living in that time and how we have benefitted in equality, freedom the returning of choice and power to every individual. We all hold potential in the tips of our fingers but it is the born-free generation that has the full advantage to pursue that potential. As a young individual who will soon be entering the job market and participate in society I have been made aware of the racial dynamics of the country. It doesn't hurt to be welcoming to those different from yourself, to interact and respect different people, races and culture because regardless of the past you can do more, you can do better and in my opinion it just makes life more fulfilling with a diverse group of people in your life.

Thank you.