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Joe Louis Poems HP
Trimester 3
Calvin Walds

Poem 1: Famous

ZwebackHD, AA9skillz,
Castro1021, KSI0lajidebtHD,
My Boys,
Lots of people won't know these names
They will even think I am talking gibberish,
But in my mind,
They are famous.

The Brown Bomber
The Detroit Destroyer
The Dark Angel
The Shufflin' Shadow
The African Avenger

Joe Louis,
Heavyweight Champ for over 11 years,
Defended his title 20 times,
Grew up hungry in Detroit
Gave the whole black race a sense of pride
And hope
4 months ago I had never heard the name,
Now,
I see him as one of the most influential boxers of all time

It's all about perspective, and knowledge
If you don't know someone,
You won't think they are famous.

Being notorious comes and goes

Especially now with Youtube, Instagram, and Snapchat,
In a few years, I won't even remember My Boys.

Poem 2: Times Gotta Change

Trayvon Martin,
Tamir Rice,
Laquan McDonald,
Michael Brown,
Eric Garner,
The list,
Goes on, and on,
And on
And on.

Eric Garner was choked to death.
If you choke someone and you can hear them say,
“I can’t breathe,” “I can’t breathe,”
Yet you keep going?
You are choking to kill,
There’s no way around that.

Laquan McDonald was shot 16 times,
You shoot that many times, you shoot to kill,
There’s no way around that.

Joe Louis was considered a “killer” in the ring
Yet if he had the chance to uppercut his opponent 16 times
With his competitor standing still,
Joe wouldn’t throw a punch.

We say times have changed.

We say the human race is moving forward.

But if Joe walked down the street in the 1930’s,
He would be afraid of getting whipped and hanged.

Now,
He would be afraid of getting shot and killed,
90 years later, what’s the difference?

If I,
As a white male,
Try to stand up for black rights,
People say,

“Oh, he's just trying to get rid of the white guilt that he has, he doesn't really care.”

People have become so divided that there are only two ideas,
Racism, and Reverse Racism

Certain people have become so focused on Black rights,
Or Gender rights,
Or Gay rights,

That it isn't about equality anymore.

It's about choosing a side and bashing the other.

How,
As kids do we grow up in this society?

Will it be like the Civil War?
When I'm forced to choose a side, and my best friend
Chooses the other?

What do I do then?
Do I kill?
Or be killed?

Poem 3: Tupac and the Brown Bomber

“My child is out there somewhere
under the skies above
waiting anxiously 4 u and me
2 bless it with our love
A part of me a part of u
and a part of this love we share
will protect my unborn child
who lives dormant out there somewhere
Sometimes in my dreams
I imagine what it would be like
How could I properly guide him
when even I don’t know what’s right
Whether he is born in wealth or poverty
there will be no deficiency in love
I welcome this gift of life
Given from GOD under the skies above”

My child is out there somewhere
waiting for his father
who will never show
Because he was too busy
partying, sleeping around, and fighting
Sometimes in my dreams
I think of the father I could have been
I grew up with a father who wasn’t mine
and I turned out fine
So I thought my son could
do the same
I cared so much for everyone else
paid their bills,
got them out of trouble
But I was never there for the one person
That mattered most
I wish that I had welcomed that gift of life
and cherished it for all my time

Poem 4: Greatness

“You win some you lose some”
“You can’t win em all”
“Better luck next time”
“You’ll get the next one”
“Don’t worry bout it, it’s just a game”

I hear this so often.
I ask myself, why not?

Why can’t I win em all?
Why do I have to wait till next time?
Why couldn’t I win THIS time?
Why can’t I win ALL the time?
Why is it all about luck?

Joe Louis didn’t hear this.
69 fights
66 wins
In his pro career,
He heard those phrases a maximum of 3 times.
He fought for 17 years

How does such a man be so great, for so long?

Poem 6:

What is stress?
Why do humans get it?
When does it become too much
That we can't control it?
Taking over our mind
Our heart
Our chest
Our legs
Our hands
Our decisions

Is it the same feeling as being nervous?
Did Joe get nervous
Before every fight?
Or did he control it?
Or did he not feel it at all?
Does it have to do with confidence?

Are we stressed most for the things we care about most?
Why do teenagers feel so much stress?
Is it because we are feeling it for the first time?
For a test
A game
A date
A grade

Why can't we explain to our parents why we're stressed?
Why is it so hard to talk about it?

Poem 7: Lost

I feel lost
But why?
I feel I don't belong
But why?
I feel that I'm part of the wrong generation
But why?
I feel like an outsider
But why?

Why am I not upset by it?

I feel that no one gets me
Or understands me
But why?

I feel that the friends
I've known
For over 10 years,
Don't know a thing about me
But why?

I want a change
in my life
But why?

What would that change be?
Moving cities?
Moving soccer clubs?
Stop playing basketball,
Or tennis,
Or even soccer altogether?
Dying my hair?
But I'm not depressed
I'm just thinking
Too much

Did Joe ever think about quitting?
Did he ever want change?
Did he find
"His purpose?"
His "why?"

Poem 8:

In a world where you can have so many connections with people and talk to them 24/7, how can someone feel so alone?

Why is it that the word “friend” means something different than it did 10 years ago?

Kids growing up with this technology can't form real relationships, they can't feel their own feelings.

Even when it isn't Halloween, these kids wear masks and cover up their whole bodies with a different persona.

If two 16 year olds were walking down the street, actually making a conversation, and caring about how the other person is feeling, they would be considered weird.

If one of these kids was a boy, and the other was a girl, their friend group would think that they are dating. They would jump to conclusions without even thinking that those two kids have known each other since they were 4.

We have so many distractions, we have the option to never face our fears, or face our feelings.

Our world as we know it has changed, and will continue to change.

What do you do when everyone tells you that you are wrong, or that your thinking about something completely differently than “everybody” else?

If a teenage boy was to call, not text, not snapchat, not DM, actually call a girl in his grade and just ask how she was doing, how would he be portrayed? He would be too weird, too clingy, and he wouldn't belong in this society or this generation.

If it was hard for teenagers to grow up without this type of technology, it is practically impossible to grow up now.

What's going to happen in the next 5-10 years?

Will kids not know what real joy feels like?

What do you do when you feel like you don't belong in a certain generation?

What do you do when you don't know who you are?

What do you do when your brain changes its mind so frequently you don't know right from wrong?

What do you do when you feel the friends you have known since you were 3 years old aren't actually your friends?

What do you do when you realize that no one is there behind you, and it is never like the Disney movies or TV shows?

What do you do when you know your brain and body are changing, but you have no idea how to control it?

What do you do when you think you can't make a real connection with anyone your age?

What do you do when you feel like you don't have a normal childhood?

What if this technology that we are building will forever ruin our species?