Good Morning

Robert Glasper

Let me tell you who I am I'm not dead, yet So, the sum total has not yet been added up So let me tell you who I think I am I'm one of the ones of color who got over I'm one of the ones your bullet missed I didn't graduate high school; not to boast about, but to puzzle over After all, I've been awarded thirty-four PhD's Honorary, they are called, because I defied the rules I'm a dropout Not by choice, but by fate's sense of humor By nature's design I'm dyslexic I'm the son of immigrants of color The island of slaves were dropouts also They found their way to America's Harlem ghetto They found no work inside the law, but with cunning they survived outside the law They made the rules, and endured I'm one of the ones of color who got over

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