

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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