

Tired

By Jamila "JAM Poet" Wimberly

I am so damn tired
I'm tired like an old pair of shoes
Like an arthritic wrist
Like the hinges in a fat man's chair
like a single mama carrying 6 kids and 8 bags of groceries up two flights of stairs

I'm tired like a stripper's lace front
Tired like a tree in a windstorm
Tired like a sprinter outrunning the cops, his drunk step daddy, the rottweiler down the street,
his ancestral curses that try to rob him of his destiny

I'm Tired like the massa's whip
Tired like an Alabama electric chair
I'm tired like the lie you done told too many damn times
Tired like an alley cat on its last life
Tired like a dog in his last fight
Tired like a man doing wrong trying to do right

I'm tired like a strung out junky
Like a circus clown monkey...
I'm tired like the bunions on your uncle Leroy's feet
I'm tired, tired, tired like a drummer that fell off beat

Like hooker on 4th street
Like a liquor store on the East
Like a CPS worker on her 13th case this week...

Man, I am so damn tired
I'm tired of you, him, and her
I'm tired of the nuns, the pastor and the church
I'm tired of broken promises and friendships tossed into the dirt

I'm tired of fearing the worst
I'm tired of politicians never living up to their word
even though they've never lived up to their word

I'm tired of rappers pushing pills, powder and lean
I'm tired of schools getting shot up every week

I'm tired of Black children going missing with no one missing a beat

I'm tired of damn near everything

I'm tired of haters, fakes, and snobs

I'm tired of greed, deceit, bad cops

I'm tired of mother's dying after routine traffic stops

I'm so damn tired

Tired of the bickering the blaming the crucifying

The accusations, the condemnation, the vilifying

The disgust and the distrust that keeps us all fighting each other...

When we should be LOVING one another...

Come on, I am so DAMN TIRED....

But I can't give up hope...

Cause even tho' we get weary

There's so much further we must go

You see, when you're fighting for your freedom

You always have to stay on your toes

Your mission you only know

Because to you it was only bestowed

So, you must know your truth

You must know

Who you really are...

You must understand that even though you get weary

You must keep your feet moving

Until you truly cannot bear to go on

Which is exactly where I found the

Words to this psalm

Because...

I really am that tired

I'm tired of the beating, the breaking, the burning

I'm tired of living my life so uncertain

I'm tired of forgiving others before forgiving myself

I'm tired of not knowing or owning my truth wealth

I'm tired of doing the same stuff again and again

Shoot, I'm even tired of hiding behind the pen...

I think it's time to wield it and defend

I think it's time to let this rage up out of its cage
And use it to bring about this necessary change
Because
Change is what I'm ready for
And change is what I need
And change is what's inevitable
Just like the waves and the sea

And I won't try to stop this change
I'll let it fall down on me like rain
Cleanse me of all my sorrow and pain
Give myself a chance to love myself again

Because I'm tired like a horse in the 19th century
Tired like a woman fighting for equality
Tired like an overused trope in poetry
Tired like marooned sailors lost at sea
Tired like a broken record stuck on repeat
I'm just so tired, so damn tired
Of not being free

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