

The Edge of Education

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At the edge of true education

Whose purpose has long since laid.

In contradiction for its part a casket is displayed.

The death of all its efforts

The told unequal bits.

Hypocritical the system where racist antics sit.

Look there within the pages.

A book of knowledge waits.

If education is to be discovered, then close the betting gates.

And follow through with truth.

On a reliable playing field.

A place where dreams do understand how every person feels.

How every author writes

Or mathematician adds.

The teacher at her desk sits with many thoughts she had.

The edge of education

is the failings of its start.

When culture is avoided by those who would not part

With history and science

that divides it with a fence—

Epicenter of disdain that subtracts all common sense.

The color race keeps going.

The hate in full affair

The killing bloodied elites who say they never tried to care.

To keep some folks from reaching

A life of mere subsistence

Shocked only to discover whence courted with the resistance.

Where from the back

The cornerstones of doubt

fans the flames of mind in deep injustice—GET OUT!

From the railroad station of life

A wearied train-track pledge

Is buried deep in caskets and slums at educations edge.