

SUCH
A
FUCKING
PROBLEM

By: pomk

Don't rob me of, nor give me undue credit

Don't give me excuses, nor minimize the circumstances

Don't label me as something I'm not, nor forget to include who I am

Don't underestimate me, nor think that I am super human

Better yet, just do what you want- I'll follow these rules

I'll define myself for me, you define me for you!!!!

Assimilation Role Call

Hey you, yeah you with the big ass earrings. Take them shits out and have a seat.

And you with your pants saggin', pull them up now.

And girl, if you don't take that rag off of the top of your head. I don't care if you're trinna save your hairstyle, you look like a fool.

And what the hell is this? No you don't have on no bright ass, neon nail polish. Think-clear, color is bad-work with me.

And what is with the name plate? Does anyone have to know that you have a long-ass, ghetto-ass name?

And why are you speaking so loudly? She is sitting right next to you, SHE CAN HEAR YOU!

Why do you have to be so ghetto, so damn niggerish? Have some respect for yourself, not by doing what you want to do but by taking special precautions not to inconvenience anyone else.

Don't Get Raped Girl
Cause it'll be all your fault
How dare you visit his room
You know what he wants
How could you trust him
So what if you've known him for so long
How dare you be sexy
Put some damn clothes on
Dressed like that
You know you're askin' for it
How could you walk like that
Otherwise he would ignore it
You just wanna ruin his life
You spiteful lil bitch
Going through hell for money
Yeah, that story makes more sense
When you're on his territory
Your body no longer belongs to you
How dare you change your mind
And what makes you think
That he would want you
He could have anyone he wants
You aint special
And even if you did say no
If it seems like you fought like hell
In "reality", you coulda been having rough sex
With you freaks, no one can tell

Stop Treating Yourself Like Shit

DAMN! What the hell is wrong with you?

You act as if you know no better.

You spit out all of those theories and ideas

Yet you believe nor follow none

Stop confusing yourself and do what you know is right

What truly is best for you

Refuse to follow the world

For we sin at our own peril

And you continue to hurt yourself

But you are not beyond repair

Get to know your worth

Bask in it

Being humble and being ridiculously stupid are not the same thing

Chameleon

Who's to say which is right and which is wrong?

Where is the balance between being true, being yourself, being professional, and being smart?

How can I accomplish all?

Hood clothes? Preppy clothes? Professional clothes?

Nappy hair? Ghetto hair? Acceptable hair?

Should I be one person on the weekend, another during the week, and myself over breaks?

When do I say you all and when can I say ain't?

Who decides what is proper, fitting, and right?

Do I have to choose between being called a hoe, rebellious, stuck up

Unprofessional, a slob, high maintenance, afro-centric, and white?

All I did was get up and get dressed this morning

And because of that, I am one thing today,

Something else tomorrow, and was something

Completely different yesterday.

Who are you to say some are wrong, some are right, and some are okay.

I see why God intended us to be naked!!!

Creating Space

In the period of time that I have been in this class, I have learned the true value of space, of being free to move, speak, and create. I have also learned that the best way to help a community is to ask the community members their opinion of what they need. In order to bring my vision into reality, I have incorporated both of these ideas in my final project by creating a blog that gives people space as well as allows me to listen to people from all over. My blog, entitled Such A Fucking Problem, also lets me exercise my views and organize my own thoughts. Gone are the days when I feel passionate about an issue, but have nowhere to direct my energy. Now I have a database to store all of this passion and refer back to it when needed. As others contribute their own passions, I feel that my blog will grow to serve its purpose. You can deposit passion and come back later to draw from the database when you feel burned out or discouraged.

My blog is a place for me to post poetry, short stories, and rants. Each piece is the result of different emotions, readings, listenings, and events that occur in my own life or that I have learned about from the lives of others. To me, the definition of a literary production is a piece of art that uses words and results from many different circumstances. My process is ongoing, and dates back to long before my birth, since my inspiration comes from events and writings that happen now, happened before, and will happen. It will forever grow and evolve with me.

To be constricted is unnatural. As humans, we have somehow managed to limit ourselves in multiple ways, and now we strive to regain that freedom that is a basic human right and necessity. When confine each other by labeling deviations from the norm as weird, unusual, and incorrect. Therefore any person that has a small sense or hold on this true freedom may feel

insane, or crazy, until they are able to fully realize that wrong and different are too very different things. I have experienced these feelings in so many ways throughout my life. Being, in my opinion, radical in thought has earned me the label as someone who “thinks too much.” People often tell me that I look too deeply into things and as I express my views about things that I am passionate about, they pass my off as menstruating!

I want a place to rebel against the boundaries laid before me by society. I want the opportunity to rant using ebonics, a place to write without worrying about grammar. I’m tired of the swiggly lines that take over my paper and yell at me to conform. I want to let the words flow out, unrestricted and without a second thought. I have become heavily aware of limits, to the point that they frustrate me. I find it hard to operate within boundaries. This helps me to understand a lot of forms of disobedience. I feel my own urge to break out and therefore I see my blog as an outlet. I want it to be an available outlet for others as well, until the days that these boundaries do not exist.

For my community, I have views on what I think would solve a lot of our problems, but I still need to know what my people want. They stand with a different perspective than I. My blog will be a great way for me to learn from them, especially the ones that I do not know personally, while helping me to never forget where I come from. I hope to slowly eradicate complacency. Making people anger and rejoice at my zines that I distribute for advertisement. Having their mouths drop at t-shirts with outrageous quotes on the front and my url on the back. Discussing the blog with my old high school teachers and encouraging them to share it with their current students. Inviting opinionated friends to share in this experience with me. Each of these things is a part of my process.

Coming to the decision to create a blog was a process in itself. A few months back I decide to create a book of poems that addressed my take on black issues, whether the black community viewed them as such or not. I felt that this would be a good way to eradicate misconceptions about such issues.

After viewing the zines in the library, I decided to morph my book of poems into a zine. This way I could include short stories and passages. I would not have to limit myself to just poetry, rather I could express myself in any way I wanted. Sadly, this was also the point where I temporarily lost sight of my vision for the class. Instead of creating a way to better my people, I wanted to create this zine for myself. In doing this, I would have been able to write without taking what other people thought into consideration. I would not try to write what people wanted to read. Though writing freely like this is a good idea, no true benefit would come from this zine. I already know how I feel about these issues, therefore who am I educating, who am I helping? Had I forgotten who my people were and restricted my desire to help to solely myself?

It was then that I decided to create a zine to distribute to a few of my high school teachers. This teachers kept me awake in those boring, often un-stimulating days of high school with literature such as Black Boy, The Great Gatsby, and most of all Invisible Man. I felt that if I expressed views that were usually unheard of or unusual to their students, it would increase the students' comfort level in expressing their own views while creating dialog about these issues, most of which were never discussed in high school.

It was not until the Monday before I was supposed to present my zine that I decided to create a blog and use the zine as advertisement. The idea of an ever-changing final project that

would never be final excited me. With a blog I could speak my mind and receive feedback. I could become both teacher and student.

I managed to come up with a final project that mirrors everything that I take away from the class. I know that I have done a great job because I'm really excited about seeing how it turns out.

Have A Response?

Whatever you have to say, bring it to

<http://suchafuckingproblem.blogspot.com>

Signed

POMK