

A Poem by Shahaddah Jack, Youth Poet Laureate

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to the daughters of intersectionality
uprooting the chains of assimilation from their family trees

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to the little Black boys whose DNAs are the manifestations of their
ancestors
wildest dreams

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to the little Black girls who are the testimonies of their mother's legacies

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to forgotten heroes whose names should be written down in our
histories
Ingrained in our memories
Cemented in our streets

Scarborough
Jane and Finch
Regent Park

Too many of our communities sharing the same stories

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to too many fathers' who have outlived their sons
Too many mothers' who have outlived their daughters

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to children named
Pain
Joy
Justice
Resilience
The foundations that fuel our purpose for generations

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to youth who deserve to know
that they deserve so much more than to just "survive"
Who deserve to thrive in every opportunity presented to them
Who deserve to rise despite every probability the world has forced upon them

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home to endless possibilities

The birthplace of diversity
Where culture illuminates every aspect of our reality

I wrote this poem for **our** city
A home like no other
A birthplace of revolutionaries who have opened doors for young women like me

I wrote this poem for our city
For **MY** city