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## If It Makes Me Cocky Then So Be It

Keith J. Alexander  
*St. John Fisher College*

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## **Cover Page Footnote**

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# KEITH J. ALEXANDER

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## IF IT MAKES ME COCKY THEN SO BE IT

One can never show too much love for his or her self  
The saying goes too much of a good thing can kill you  
Well I should have been dead already  
You see before cupid struck me in my heart to make me love my light skin Latina,  
He struck me in my mind to make me love myself  
I guess I love my self a little too much  
But if it makes me cocky then so be it

If it makes me cocky to strive for perfection in an imperfect society  
Filled with a mass variety of cultures who are attacked by capitalist vultures but  
embraced by communist ideas that take away my fears, then so be it

If it makes me cocky to speak up  
To those who make fun of my father for  
Having the ability to count my poems but not being able to read them, then so be it

If it makes me cocky to say that  
The lovers who love my love don't love me  
'Cause the color of my skin closer to O.J.'s glove  
Rather than a dove holding an olive branch, then so be it

If it makes me cocky when I tell you that  
I refuse to be misused by the radio stations and the news  
The crooked cops that hold their glocks and all they do is abuse, then so be it

If it makes me cocky when I say that Ima make it out the ghetto, Ima make it out the  
ghetto, I'm going to make it out of the ghetto not in cuffs or in a body bag and when I  
return, Ima give my community the one thing they never had which is love, then so be it.

But what does cockiness want with me?  
Cockiness wants me to tell the gangs to leave my community  
Cockiness wants me to tell the cops to stop harassing me  
Cockiness wants me to love my girl without getting dirty looks  
Cockiness wants me to help my father read chapter books  
Cockiness wants communism and capitalism to end and  
Cockiness wants me to brush my hair in the mirror for 5 hrs until my waves begin to  
spin.  
I tried running away from cockiness but it lives with in me after each footstep after each  
breath. I tried to escape. But escape is like sleep and when sleep is permanent it's death.  
So I say to you if death makes me cocky, then so be it.