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LEGACY

COLOR- ROYAL GOLD



ABSTRACT ART
EXPRESSIONS

PAPA-1832

BABY GIRL, 2025—

*YOU ARE THE FUTURE,
BUT YOU MUST PREPARE NOW*



*REMEMBER
WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD IS AGAINST YOU,
A THOUSAND NATIONS
ARE BEHIND YOU*

PAPA — 1832

JAKWANI'S CRY



JAKWANI'S CRY

*Gold, copper, iron, and uranium
flow out my pores
fall from the tears of my pupils
as I watch my people bleed for them.*

*I am the last survivor of the Mother
Jakwani.*

*Death culture is as common
as the drill music in Chicago
but there is no beat here
just tragedy, savagery
genocide*

Who will protect the tribe?

*My faint cries will never reach the news stations.
One million views on TikTok
won't allow you to feel this
and I need you to feel it*

*There is no army of Black men
to come save us
like what the Mother needed
when her children were stripped
by the slave master*

*Jakwani is at full risk
Help*

*Gold, copper, iron, uranium
flow out my pores
fall from the tears of my pupils
as I watch my people bleed*

*God save Sudan
let us save ourselves*

JAKWANI

The sacred duty to carry, protect, and
preserve the Black Bloodline through
voice, womb, and warriorhood.

A principle born from our ancestors,
honoring the women who carry the word
and the men who defend it.

GRANDPA'S NOOSE



GRANDPA'S NOOSE

Grandpas noose still lies in the closet

*As a reminder to achieve everything the
ancestors dreamed of*

*I am the fail safe of those who intended for my
bloodline not to exist*

Grandpas noose still lies in the closet

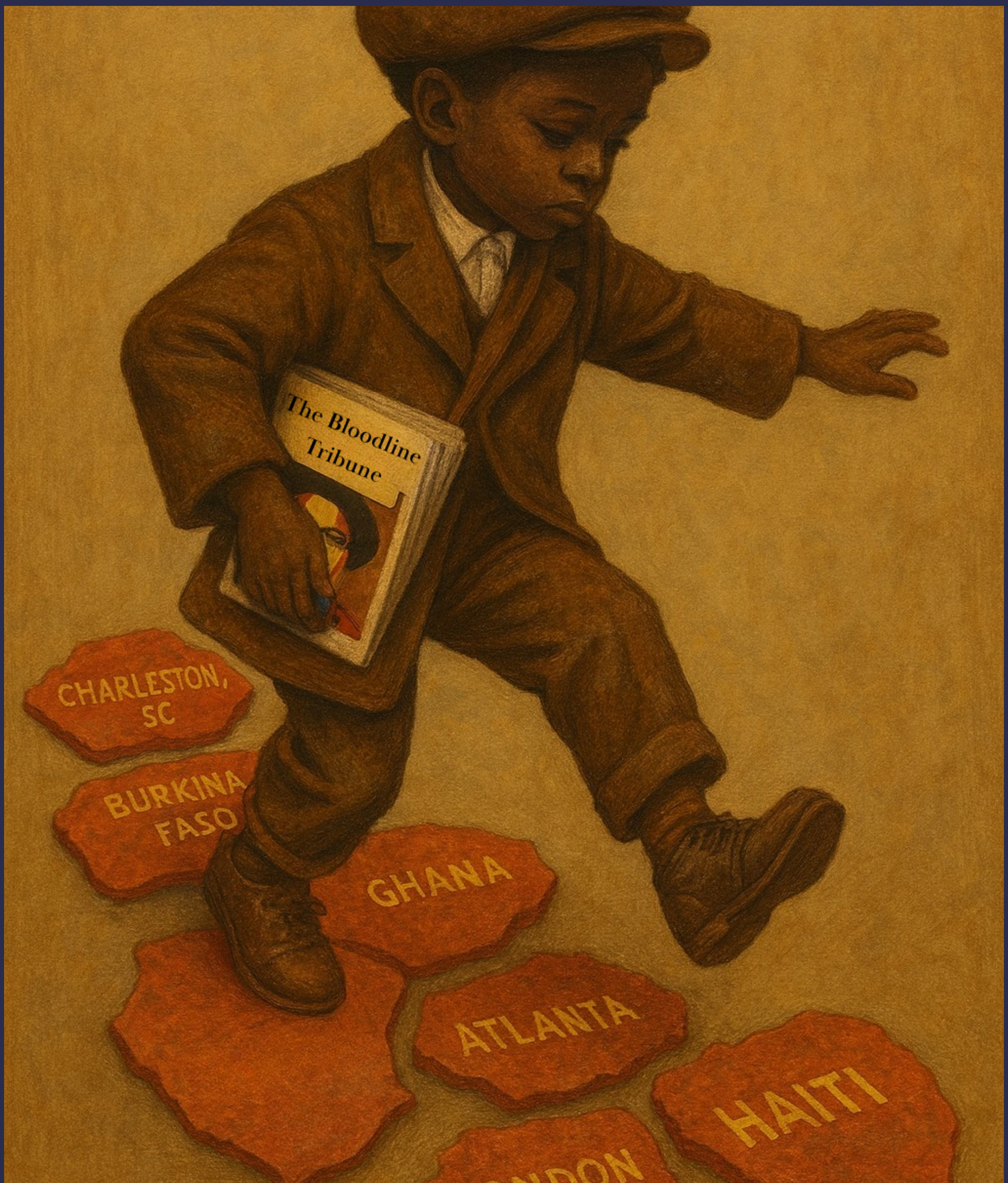
*But grandpa had a son, his son had me and
here i stand*

With grandpas noose in my hand

EXTRA, EXTRA — READ ALL ABOUT IT

DIGITAL PRINT OR WORD OF MOUTH

*FROM THE GULLAH COAST OF CHARLESTON
TO THE ALLEYWAYS OF LONDON...*



*IN THE OLD BATTLEFIELDS OF HAITI
WHERE OUR ANCESTORS EARNED FREEDOM...*

*TO BURKINA FASO,
A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM NOW*

WE'VE GOT PAPERS

GRANDMA'S CHARM



GRANDMA'S CHARM

*I have a necklace
that holds a charm
with a portrait of my great-grandmother*

*I clench it when I'm mad
it sings me lullabies
when I rest*

*Buck-broken slaves
created a tribe
that shall never be broken again*

*As the cattle go to the slaughter
the herd of our people
shall wake and arise*

*Through pain comes legacy
through truth comes understanding*

*They broke our mind,
they broke our spirits
even our hearts*

But you can't break DNA

Grandma's charm

EDUCATION

*TEACH THEM OUR WAY
AS LONG AS THEY ARE LEARNING.*



SUBMISSIONS



GENERATIONAL CURSES

Trauma Letters from Our Time to Yours



12/07/25

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