

Name: Jordan R. Hewitt

Age: 15

Country: Jamaica

I See

I see a nation

Scarred by trials and tribulation

Teetering on the edge of complete and utter devastation.

Where runs crime and violence,

And victims suffer in silence,

And children hide away, deprived of guidance.

I see blood running in the streets,

And bullet-laced cadavers being buried six feet deep.

I see children's teardrops

Every time a body drops

Over some pointless skirmish at the bar at rooftop.

I see teens,

Walking with extra magazines

For the new pistol they got from "Big Don Bama T"

Graves fill up with fathers like guns fill up with bullets

And pedophiles preach from pulpits

And Jamaica lives off of tourists.

I hear gunshots punctuate the words of people's sentences

And that we don't have enough space to give people prison sentences.

Depraved criminals grown like that from a young age

Gang life gives belonging to the awkward teenaged.

Kids look up to dons

And don't rule them by fear,
The same fear caused by hundreds of murders each half a year.

I hear people tapping their pockets and feeling nothing
Unemployment's only down because we've got people making muffins.
And some youths are still in the streets being idle
Keeping a knife because they think it's necessary for survival.
And even in schools, things are turning homicidal
With mothers in denial when they hear about a trial.

I hear about how all these people smuggle, bribe, rape and kill
And even go set fires to massive landfills,
And I wonder, do you feel it?
The heartbeat of this country slowing?
As we go through this wicked motion with our limits overflowing?

This is my country.
I see it and I hear its words,
Not only the whir of the wings of the hummingbirds
I hear the prayer,
Of the old woman praying for her gun slinging grandson,
Because she wants someone to listen, and God's the only one

The prayer,
Of a little girl hiding under her bed,
Because she heard gunshots, and 'she nuh wah dead'*
The prayer,
Of a mother on a dark Friday evening,
Because her son's hospitalized for gunshot wounds and fatal bleeding.

Do you feel it?

That's the heartbeat of my country

The dedication of our people because we have to keep it pumping

That's our hope, our fire, our spirit, and our love.

The gold in our flag that is running in our blood.

That's why we need to educate to liberate our minds,

So we can advance ourselves and finally crush crime.

We've been suffering for way too long,

Give us vision, like it says in our song.

Sustaining development by building our minds,

It's only lack of education that can keep us confined.

What's right with Jamaica is our fight and our passion,

The fight that gives us the courage to take action.

Let's create a peaceful society free of crime,

And make a better Jamaica within our lifetimes.

*'she nuh wah dead' - Patois (Jamaican dialect) for

'She does not want to die'