

Spoken Word from a Child
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A child, so small, yet with a voice
I see the suffering, it's not a choice
My mother should be here, but she's gone

Because a system so flawed, and we have to move on

But I'll speak out, and I'll be heard
For Black mothers, my message is clear
Access to care should be a right

No more barriers, no more fight

We need more providers that look like us
To understand and to truly trust
We need education and support

For Black mothers, every step of the sort

We need policies that give us a fair chance
To have healthy pregnancies and advance
We need a system that's truly just

For Black mothers, this is a must

I may be young, but I know what's right
My mother's memory guides my fight
For Black maternal health, we must strive

It's not too late, let's stay alive

Background: This poem speaks to the reality that the solutions to the Black maternal healthcare crisis will require systemic change and advocacy. The child's voice in the poem representing that children and future generations will be the ones to inherit the consequences of this crisis and that they will be the one to advocate for change. It highlights the importance of cultural competency in healthcare, education, and support for expectant Black mothers, and the need for policy changes that address the structural inequalities that contribute to the maternal health crisis in the Black community.