

Amr Awwad
Seattle City Council Poetry Reading

Bio:

Amr Awwad, who goes by the stage name ZAG, is an 18 year old Rapper/Spoken Word Artist attending Roosevelt High School. His words often focus on the hardships him and his people go through. Whether it's Anti-Muslim rhetoric in America due to the rise of the 45th President, or seeing his people in the Middle East die from terrorism, ZAG is facing these issues head-on with direct criticism and articulate reasoning.

Poems:

Cîroc

Why is it that you want to ban us from your country?
And why do you think that good Muslims are a fallacy?
Is it that the media messed with your mind
And made you blind to ruthless and horrible crimes?
Severe attacks that leave families in distress
Confess that you did all that just for gains
Killing millions of people called Ahmed and Hussein
Only to find warlords sipping Cîroc with no messages
Claiming that they bombed us in a search for Terrorists

Pay attention to the facts and keep your mind open
Like Guantanamo bay, where the money's always flowing
Like the blood of poor kids gushing out of their mouth
While politicians mess around all day at the White House

Free X

Feeling the pressure between my peers rise up
With half of them telling me that I need to grow up
Leave my people, I can hear them call Prophet Mohammed evil
But deep inside of me I feel like he is still my people
See, it's messed up that I have to be enduring all of this
In a country where I'm treated like a second class citizen
With everyone stereotyping me as a terrorist
Because of my religion, seeing my melanin
I'm sick and tired of people asking if I pray five times a day
Don't give a damn if I'm okay or not
I just want to be like an American, free
Believe me, don't turn my life 360 degrees
That way nothing will change if you keep shutting your brain
To the pain that minorities feel, it's so surreal
Look into my eyes closely and then ask me how I feel

Reminiscing on my life a couple years back
I was living back in Egypt, where your defence was to attack
Where I was getting beat up and bullied, no freedom
While the people in power were lounging in their own Eden
So there you have it, a flashback from my life
I never got to take a breather, it was full a strife
Even coming into this country was a hassle
Being stopped by the TSA coming to Seattle
Asking me about how the hell I became an American
Thinking I'm a heathen by looking at my melanin
And then they claim that they're doing good for the people
That's not the case even though what they do is legal
Because the tables are leaned towards the white man
But when the table spills all over them, they would call a ban
So the only way is to revolt, topple the system
That's why Adam ate the forbidden fruit, taking its wisdom