Transforming EducaSHUN to EducaSUN: Replacing Iron Bars with Sunbeams

Rajni Shankar-Brown

Stetson University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/nyar

Recommended Citation

This art corner is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons@Georgia Southern. It has been accepted for inclusion in National Youth-At-Risk Journal by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@Georgia Southern. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@georgiasouthern.edu.
Transforming EducaSHUN to EducaSUN: Replacing Iron Bars with Sunbeams

Abstract
Rajni Shankar-Brown, an internationally recognized scholar in the areas of poverty and homelessness, diversity and inclusion, and social justice education, is featured in our Art Corner. She is an associate professor and the Jessie Ball DuPont chair of social justice education at Stetson University. Through her research, scholarship and service, Shankar-Brown is committed to transforming education and positively impacting the lives of marginalized students, particularly children experiencing poverty and homelessness in the United States. She is also an accomplished multi-media artist, and, in this issue, she shares her spoken word poem that depicts her concern and anguish regarding schooling today as well as the small “morsels of light” that inspire hope for her children's educational future.

Keywords
testing, poverty, youth, teaching, justice

This art corner is available in National Youth-At-Risk Journal: https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/nyar/vol2/iss1/8
Transforming EducaSHUN to EducaSUN: 
Replacing Iron Bars with Sunbeams

Spoken Word Poetry by Rajni Shankar-Brown
Stetson University

Education

You mean EducaSHUN

They say in multitudes
Shunned and confined to tiny desks like chickens in crippling cages
Pecking desperately
Becoming parables of cannibals
Eating their own decomposing brains.

There is nothing equal about the schooling system
Minority students
Majority shunned
Illiteracy feeding incarceration.

Eyes rolling to the back of heads.
Factories of yawns and drool.
Relentless. Spreading like a virus.
Tormenting uninspired ruler.
And constant replays of Ferris Bueller.
Anyone? Anyone?

EducaSHUN.
My son. 6th grade.
Naturally curious
Creatively yearning
Passionate about learning
Despises school.
Age 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 now 12
Already a truant of sorts
Pleading to stay home
Because of imaginary physical strife
Affecting his daily life.
“Ma, my toes are frozen and I can’t move”
Ten tiny toes covered in permanent blue Sharpie.
EducaSHUN.
My son. Pleading.
Eyes flooding with tears because of school
Which my baby boy describes as worse than prison
Because in school “the test” never-ever-ever ends
“Ma, even in jail they get to go outside and talk with friends.”
My son casually mentions at dinner
And my heart shatters
Breaks into a million pieces
Like a magnitude 9 earthquake striking thousands of glass cases filled with porcelain.

My heart shatters.

EducaSHUN
My son
Creativity squashed
His radiant soul hunched over in pain
And I pray he will somehow stay sane
Each day I find myself searching for air and light in enclosing walls
Trapped under layers of never-ending bowling balls
A perfect ad for: Prozac dispensers in public schools
Disappearing stars
The death of constellations
To stop educa-S-H-U-N-shun
Each day I find myself searching for air and light in enclosing walls.

Yet, I am hopeful
Teaching a cosmic magnitude of amazing teachers
Educational leaders
Cardiac healers and mind reachers
I find morsels of light
Shining like nuggets of gold
Nourishing souls both young and old
Working alongside educators bold enough to ensure
“THE TEST” takes a fucking rest
Letting children glow like the beautiful stars that they are
Feeling the pulse of jubilation
Relentless. Spreading like a virus.
EducaSUN.
Igniting my inner fire
Singing locomotive choo-choos
I dance like a tribe of drunk cockatoos
Embracing hope
I ask all of you to join me in my daily rowing
For our children
My son. My baby girl. Five years and growing.
We must remain firm in this horrendous battle
Because our children are more than groups of cattle
Please. Make my poem more than words spilling out
Let these words stick in your heart like permanent bleeding grout.

Let us love our children.
Enough to stand up against this shunning system
This poem is for anyone who spent most of school staring at the clock
For my son, Valen Siddhartha
My daughter Romila Sitara
And the amazing teachers in my classes
Who march in solid masses
Breathing hope back into education
Hope
Almost extinguished
Hope
She now stands tall and gleams
Replacing iron bars with sunbeams.

You Tube videos of Rajni Shankar-Brown’s spoken word performance:

https://youtu.be/OONBAbTNaRc (background images/visual transitions)

https://youtu.be/kbPVsrX5-Sc (plain background)