



### Artist Statement- Brandon Alexander

What inspired me to create my masterpiece was the idea of confinement. When I was asked to create an illustration for poverty, I wanted to brainstorm the perfect word to represent what poverty meant to me. After accumulating numerous words, I chose the right one. Now, I had to create a drawing that was full of emotion and that showcased the departure, agony, and restriction that I had intended. This is how the phase of my illustration began and finished.

In my masterpiece, a chained down arm is supposed to be the aspect of confinement. While the hand is chained down, clouds with rain pouring are tears, lightening is the raging emotions from the individual facing poverty. It shows my true intentions. As for the other section, it's supposed to show the pursuit of happiness. People are shown having potent freedom, rages of lights portray the voluminous rays of happiness from the people, and the stars in the clouds show how they are allowed to dream big.



### Illustrious Poverty

Poverty is a lingering form of agony that only builds as its outcries are ignored. Agony is an implication of how much money has established its own independent loyalty throne with puppets to dispense the essentials.

Poverty is a result of the disjunctive people who were once conjoined but were oppressed by the ultimate greed king: Money.

Poverty is a lingering uproar from a society that cries for change

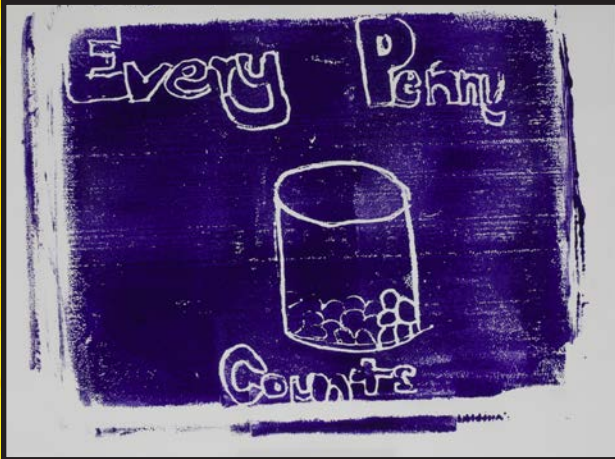
Poverty will be our epidemic downfall.



## Artist Statement - Jamie Reggs

One of the things that inspire me is my Mom. She works so hard and goes to school trying to finish what she started. To me, she is a person who knows what she wants and doesn't stop moving just because of little problems she encounters.

My first piece is a cup with change in it. This is based on a man I saw while taking the bus to school. He was homeless, and he was begging for money. All I saw was people walking past him like he wasn't even there. That broke my heart, and that made me upset because these people don't know if they're going to be like this man. He could be five cents away from being able to put food on his table.



### How Much One Woman Can Do

What I see is a woman.

A woman who knows what she wants for the Black community. She wants to make high expectations of the Black community.

She wants to make homes for people who don't have one  
She wants children to have an education that will help them in life.

"If we can't care for ourselves, how can we expect others to?"  
She is right. How can we make a better community for us if we don't better ourselves?

The race needs a leader and we have one. She's a gem in a broken rock.

### The Man

I walk down the street and I see a man,  
a man with a cup in his hand  
with very little change.

This man reminds me of a deer,  
one of the world's most majestic animals,  
slowly fading away  
and I feel like crying.

I see this person begging for money  
to buy his next meal  
and I feel ungrateful  
that I have a house and a loving family

and this man has nothing  
and I know this man feels as if no one loves him  
or there is no God,  
but I hope for this man.

I hope that one day he has a house, food,  
and shoes on his feet,  
but right now I give this man all my change  
and I hear a voice say, "Thank you."

And a tear runs down my face as I think,  
"Are we going to be gasoline on an open flame?"







### Artist Statement - Joshua Morgan

I'm trying to talk about poverty; how it can be worldwide and how "being broke is no joke." Lots of people talk about being broke until they get broke. Then, it isn't as funny. Some people experience that life.

The thing that I like about art is you can express how feel and express how you think. My work was once 5th place in an art show. I go to spoken word events, but I've never performed.



#### Poverty

If you look around the world right now, you will see the struggle and the money hungry people and the shelter needed and the food is scarce and to sum it all up, poverty is happening.

The homeless everyday begging aint got not even a dime.

Living once a happy life,  
but now a life to survive  
without dying from a cold or any disease.

They are at risk with brash.

They are too lazy to do something for themselves.

They just are left there to die.



### Thank You.

Jourdan, the road you chose to take and  
men you're striving to make  
Jourdan, oh you're amazing  
So fierce and bright the sun you could  
replace  
Our young black boys are no longer  
ashamed to walk with their golden bronze  
grace  
Your mission helped hundreds of black  
boys find their righteous place  
Thank you ,Mr. Sorrell, for ending this  
everlasting race RACE!

### No Way Out

Prying through the cold winter night  
Rivals up and down the street  
Suppressed by the powers that be  
I'm picked, the black man dressed in black  
Evidently my life is not as important as I  
thought  
Running because I'm scared for my life, or  
guilty?  
Trapped in this ghetto with no way out

### Artist Statement- Kayla Smith

The Legacy program has helped me open up my artistic mindset. I've created two prints one called, "Label" and the other, "Making a Difference". The first print symbolizes poverty and the other shows the characteristics of Jourdan H. Sorrell, the president of 100 Black Men. My inspiration came from positive criticism that I've received from my instructor during the printing process.

My print about poverty uses symbols to show change and poverty. The mask with no defined characteristics symbolizes how Americans see people in poverty. The unidentified person has the symbol of "times change" meaning change and life dynamics. The mask is stamped as poverty without any second thought because that's the label placed upon impoverished people by the wealthy.

My last print is about Jourdan H. Sorrell and his role as the president of 100 Black Men. I got inspiration from the 100 Black Men background story. Jourdan H. Sorrell is presented as a leader who has befriended a black man in my print. I'm trying to convey to people that Jourdan H. Sorrell was a man of great talents and continues to take care of our black male youth.





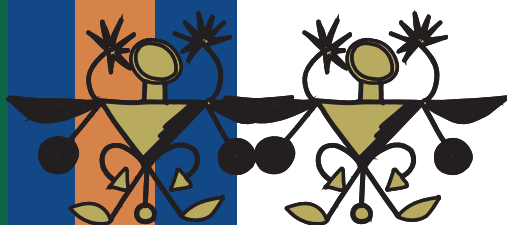
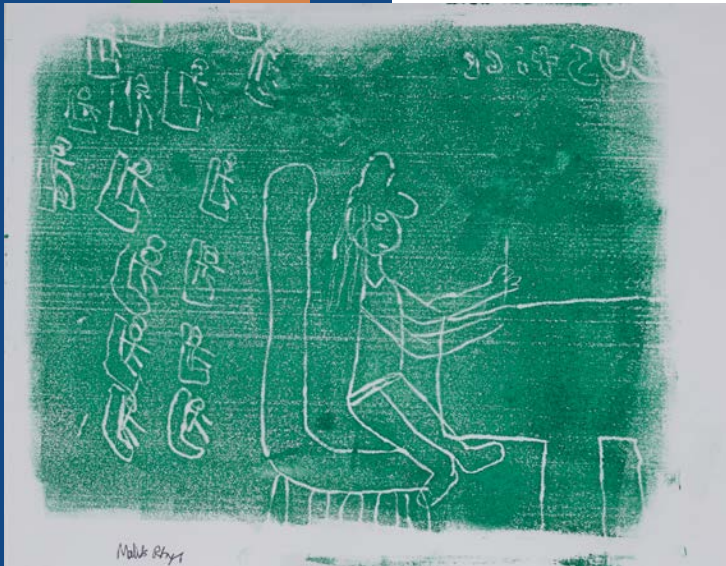


### Artist Statement - Malik Rhys

This art is about this lady named Fredericka Wilson. She was fighting for the right thing. She fought for the closing of the nuclear plant across the street from the school she was principle at.

This picture shows her followers behind her as she is demanding the people to close the power plant across the street. As you can see in the picture, she is slamming her hand on the desk yelling at the people she is debating with.

My second art work is of Ms. Wilson's hats. She has over 100 hats. I think it's cool that she has a lot of hats to collect.



### Poverty

Poverty. What an ugly word.  
It makes me want to yell and scream  
There should be no such thing as poverty.

Why have no hope or belief?  
That's the only way you shall see.  
There should be no homeless  
With all the opportunities here

It's a sad thing, but it is alive and well.  
Only we can change poverty.

### Fredericka Wilson

Fredericka Wilson, the Lady with the cool hats.  
She fights for what she wants

She doesn't sit back  
She fights for what's right.  
She will always be on top.

She has over a hundred hats.  
Different hat every day.  
Reminds me of my Grandmama's closet  
OMG hats don't compare to inner thoughts of  
what she fights for.

She is a voice for the voiceless.  
She talks for the people that can't be heard  
She stands up for the kids whose health was on  
the line  
She grew like a lily and developed into a  
community activist.

### Untitled

Can anyone please spare some change?  
Please? I'll take anything  
If you have a leftover sandwich, I'll take it.  
Please! I haven't eaten for two days.  
Please can anyone help me?

Poverty starts in the mind, but most feel it  
in their stomachs.  
No food, no money, no clothing, not even  
75 cents for today's only meal.  
Bag of chips out of a local vending machine,  
and I'm gon' be alright  
I get ignored every day, but from my own  
people  
Whatever either way.  
No matter the color of the person, I'm being  
rejected.  
I just want to eat.  
Just a meal and a warm place to sleep in this  
cold hearted city.  
Don't matter where I go for the day, the least  
I'll get is small fry.  
If I get lucky, I can get a happy meal.

### Artist Statement - Mateo Payne

I'm not exactly sure of what I'm creating; I've just been drawing the art as it comes to my mind. My art expresses how I feel about the art or subject. My art is unique because it comes straight from my mind onto my paper.

My first art piece is me expressing myself about poverty. I drew a plant with the word "poverty" in the dirt. Then, I drew a leaf growing from it with the word "hope" on it.

My second art piece is on the C.E.O. of the National Urban League. Andrea L. Zopp. She's a brilliant speaker. She reminds me a lot of powerful women. So, I drew a face with the words "freedom" on her bottom and top lip.



### When She Speaks

When she speaks, we get motivated.  
When she speaks, we feel proud to be people  
of color.  
When she speaks, she makes us want to help  
our communities.  
When she speaks, she makes us want to come  
together as one.  
When she speaks, she makes us think deeply  
into the spirit of ourselves and recover our  
identity.  
When she speaks, I feel, You feel, We feel  
freedom.  
When she speaks

freedom



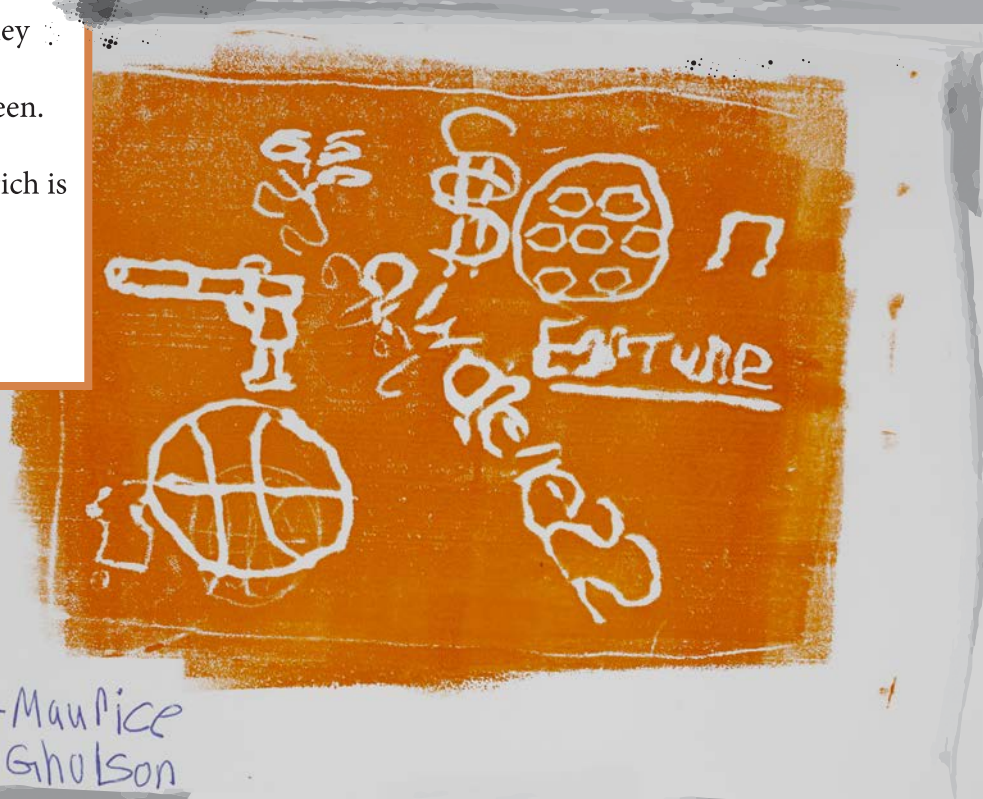
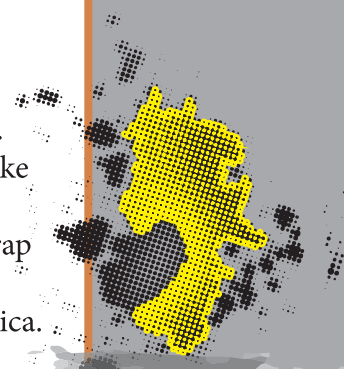
**Involved - by Maurice Gholson**

If it wasn't for the dimes,  
there wouldn't be too many crimes.  
People like to use weapons like guns  
When we need things, we use runs.

They pretend like jobs aren't at stake.  
In the meantime, they plot like a snake  
Society makes it their goal to trap.  
The only way we escape, is through rap

We live in the United States of America.  
We allow poverty, abuse, etcetera.  
Musicians even try to reach the money  
team.  
All I say, the current ways make us feen.

The process of separating poor and rich is  
wrong.  
Still, as a nation, we must be strong.



### Donna Edwards of Maryland Congress

A bold woman, broad, and beyond  
Outspoken as a wind in a December storm  
She halts the violence  
She educates and rewards our youth  
The growth of her is beneficial to the  
growth of all jobs.  
President Obama applauds her.  
“Bring our noble men back”, she says.  
“Fight domestic violence”, she says.  
Educate our people youth and all  
I educate you  
I make you aware  
I introduce to you  
Democrat, Maryland 47th District  
Donna Edwards.

### The Marble Begging Statues

Unable and unwillingly asking  
The change in your pocket clinking like victory  
They don't choose to wash windows for change  
To collect below what you have in between you  
couch cushions  
To walk around with a sign on their chest  
To be unmoving, eyes open, offering basket out  
Their surface? Not marble, but surprisingly soft

### Artist Statement- Naijeavah Jarrett

In my artwork, all picturing a woman, I see someone strong and embracing what they are due to being able to change into another person. The art pieces all show an African American woman that can either change how society sees her or reflect on the terms that define her. My inspiration is those types of woman; the changers and the reflectors.

I may not have many influences in my life, but I was able to take away lessons that motivate me. Now that I am educated enough to know about poverty and people who try and fight its primary causes, I am truly inspired by everyone's effort in helping to make decisions about the future of others. I now know that the future of others impacts mine.

What I would like for someone to take away from my art is a clear message; poverty is us! The changer I learned about, Donna Edwards, is just an exceptional person. She changed me and made me a believer.



FREE  
TO  
BE

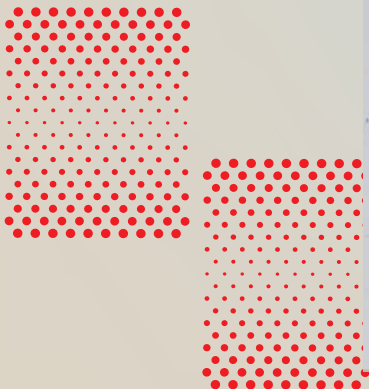


**Artist Statement- Portia Ford**

My Print on 100 Black Men's president, Jourdan H. Sorrell, expresses the restriction and helplessness that impoverished people face. Those living in poverty are not helped by the poor because the poor are incapable of helping. They are not helped by the rich because they are greedy and don't want to help. The poor can't and the rich won't. The poor are being pushed through life, but are also restricted and stuck. My print shows someone in poverty stuck but Sorrell is pushing them forward and actually helping them. My motivation for this print was the help I receive when I am hopeless, and feel there is no way out.

My print on poverty expresses society's perspective on poverty and the people in it. It sees Blacks as being on welfare and uneducated. Society thinks, "Only whites can be rich, wealthy, and successful." My motivation behind this was simply living life as a poor Black person, and noticing things on TV shows and movies.

In final analysis, the Legacy Program has taught me the origins of poverty, and what it actually means to be impoverished. Also, that poverty is a big issue that affects everyone. It's an issue for "us" not "them" or "me." I also want people to understand that we can be the answer and we can and help change society's perspective. We must help each other get through life and leave poverty in the past.



**Collecting More**

Mr. Sorrell!  
 Rose up from  
 Underneath the ground  
 Turned Down  
 Not one brother  
 The engine in this company  
 100 Black Men is his anatomy  
 Works hard, Never stops  
 Trying to save the brothers on the block  
 Making sure you ain't gonna end up with the cops  
**Get smart, Get a job, Never Stop!**  
 He carries a company on his back  
**Never lacks**  
**Never talks smack**  
**Never turns his back**  
 See, he  
 Trying to save the brothers on the block  
 Save em' so they won't get shot  
 100 Black Men march together  
 Mr. Sorrell leading  
**Collecting more**



**LOOK DOWN**

**WARNING: POVERTY HAS STRUCK THIS AREA. PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE VICTIMS. THEY ARE CONTAMINATED PIECES OF DIRT.**

Keep walking or you will join them.  
 Struggling, crying, screaming, reaching  
 For what they CANNOT have  
 Or  
 Blind, dumb, and bliss in their  
 Bank account abyss  
 But they wish...  
 FOR YOU!  
 For you to look down  
*They reach for you*  
*They scream for you*  
*Cry for you*  
 But  
 You don't hear them  
 In your bubble  
 Eating caviar, sitting on your Versace sofa  
 With your hand on your cold cola  
 You.  
 You hear about the poor and think  
 "It's their fault" or "I'm just glad it's not me."  
 JUST. YOU. WATCH.  
 You'll see  
 In that hole  
 it could be you or me  
 Unless  
 you keep walking  
 keep walking or join them  
 keep walking cause it's easy  
 keep walking and join the weak  
 but don't you DARE look down!!!  
 Read my frown  
 I'll put you in the ground  
 KEEP WALKING  
 You gets to  
 Have your fun  
 Until it's your turn  
 And remember  
 The games have begun...

**WARNING: POVERTY HAS STRUCK THIS AREA. PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE VICTIMS. THEY ARE CONTAMINATED PIECES OF DIRT.**



### Artist Statement- Qiama Williams

My first print expresses what you need to unlock wealth. The key represents education, support and willpower. The lock represents wealth which to unlock you need the keys. This shows even though these are the main tools needed to unlock wealth, many people don't have access to these things. Many people in the world don't have access to basic necessities food, water and shelter because of the advantages and disadvantages of certain people. With such mass amounts of millionaires and even billionaires no one should be in poverty and struggling the way many people are now.

I get most of my inspiration from poetry and motivational speeches. These things give me a deeper understanding by the way they are delivered. They use imagery, reality, and irony to say deliver their meanings. I feel like it's a greater connection than just general lectures and information. It educates people on a more personal and realistic level.

### Untitled

Poverty is a reality for millions of people around the world.

It is a barrier for success and a reason for people to look the other way.

Poverty is a mindset that takes way more than a couple of dollars and a donation box to break.

Poverty is more than a reason for you to brag and look good because you donated \$100

Your money won't help if they don't know how to use it.

Your 20% charity offering won't make a change if I have no access to education, a home, a family, or a place to lay my head.

Educate, motivate and strive to make a change.







### State Yourself - by Raven McDonald

Who are you?

What is your reason for being here?

I am an African American leader.

I am one of six brothers.

My mother was a teacher

And my father was a doctor

My ears are like Dog horns.

They hear the ones who cry.

I served in the US Army to protect my fellow man, to fight the challenge of racism

I remained a leader in History

My name lives on through the National Urban League which teaches my African American males to become better.

I may be dead but my name lives on.

Who are you?

I am Lester Granger.

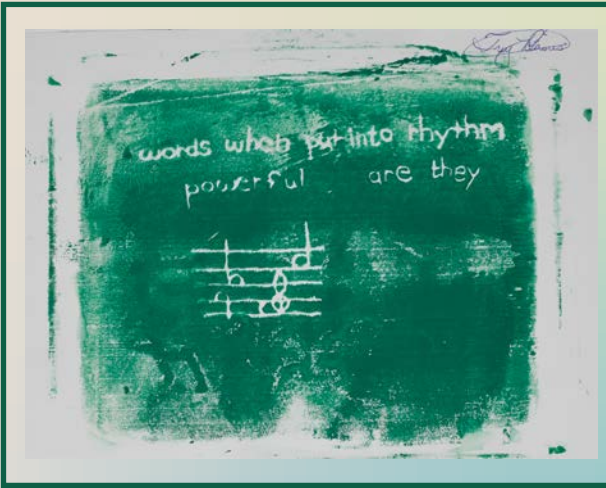
STRIVE



Raven McDonald



Raven McDonald



### Artist Statement - Trey Raines

My first work of art states that words are powerful when put into rhythm. I wrote this saying and included art with the intent of pointing out the fact that words often stick to people's heads when there is a constant beat and/or rhythm. People hear words all around them, but they don't always understand what is being said.

My second work of art is about determined people who are fixed on goals and unfaithful people who aren't fixed on the goal and are stuck. The words are, "The determined look toward goals, and the unfaithful look down on themselves." I wrote this because it tells people that no matter what situation you're in, your mind tells you where you're going in the future.

### Wealthy Mind

I'm about to tell a story metaphorically  
 Openin' doors, you see, I'm morally  
 Soarin' gee, but this is about more than me.

So Jessica's ballin' gee  
 she's fallin' in dollars  
 and can't nothing stop her  
 from buying dresses with gold collars  
 With no apologies

So I can understand she's rich  
 And the feds can't stop her  
 And the fans/ paparazzi too proper  
 She's a balloon so high, and they can't pop her.  
 A showstopper she is.

I can't even imagine that much in my tiny mind  
 That this girl owns the hotel on I-95  
 And as she goes in, I'm followin'

Different types of wealthiness  
 Like, she wears the green clothes  
 the shirt that's green glows  
 the fight she's never had is comin'

And she knows as time goes she –  
 She gets old, and she prunes up like  
 raisins. She sleeps  
 like little Bo Peep, like a Days Inn.

And then she wakes up and she prays to her  
 Franklins  
 that she's not dead  
 but she's still broke, 14, female, homeless  
 The wealth was in her head.



### The Woman of our Time Andrea L. Zopp

Understand here, that right now, young man  
 Representing the CUL, cuz you can tell she  
 Binds them together, our brothers and sisters  
 And a different view she has of what people are called to  
 be

Never gives up on those who were left behind but that's  
 not all, you see.

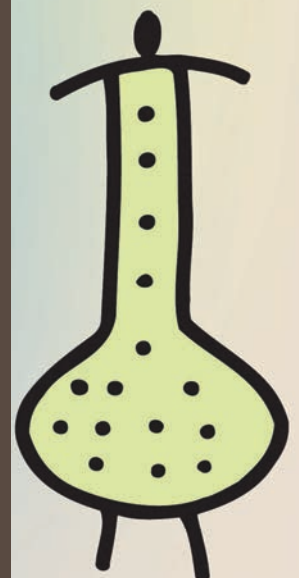
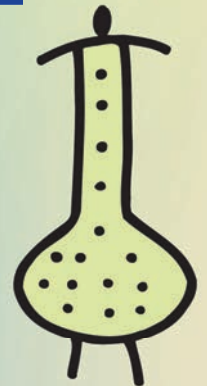
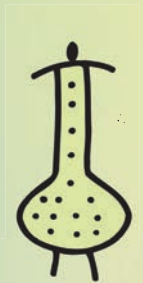
Linguistically assembling words of nurturing and care  
 Carefully and comfortably caring slowly but surely  
 bringing  
 immunity to our community.

Everlastingly able to relate,  
 motivates our "now" people.  
 All of it started with,  
 "Those people are our people."

Getting together, they are.  
 like black on charcoal  
 Understand, the goal is to be greater.  
 Not famous, the aim is not be famous.

The greatest can't make us  
 Don't let the money change us.  
 Entertainment is just so heinous.  
 We're together to be amazing.

I guess it helps to be honest.  
 It helps me like antihistamine.  
 But the friend of me, of my history  
 isn't in the means of my enemy, is it?





## The Victim

Poverty is being hungry and homeless

Unable to get what you need

The essentials

All because of little or no money

Really?

He's out on the street

Because of green paper he can't even eat?

That's the reason they walked past him.

Judged him

Criticized every detail

From his cold head to no shoes on his feet

Never caring or wondering how he felt or failed

Never realizing that they could be victimized like him

Two years later, they're right where he is

Sitting just a half block away

On the ground

Homeless and Hungry and Scared

Never knowing what will happen next

"What happened in my life?"

I was rich, fun

Everyone loved me

Now, I'm next to a bum in an alley

That I walked past two years ago."

"Bum?"

Have you looked at yourself, Brother?

You don't have anything to eat

Nowhere to live and you gonna call him the bum?

Drowning in tears every night before you sleep

On that hard concrete

And when you wake,

Don't expect help

Now you will know how he's been feeling for years

Look at those eyes up there

Those cold, dark, criticizing eyes

You're torn apart and victimized."

## Artist Statement- Yo'Quan Williams

My inspiration comes from going downtown with my grandma. When we walked down a street, we saw people who are impoverished with signs saying how they need food, a place to sleep, and saying how they still have hope. However, most are losing hope. To me, that's just sad. Then, I see how people who are wearing washed clothes and have briefcases look down and just keep walking like they don't care about the lives of the homeless and the struggles they go through each day. The wealthy don't even bother to read the signs begging for help.

My artwork will, hopefully, make an impact on poverty. It gives people just an idea of what goes on in lives of the poor; what goes through their heads, their worries, and their fears. They're human too. They're just unable to get what they need. They need help getting it. "A picture is worth a thousand words", so conveying this story through art might have a better impact than just words.

My other artwork expresses how One Hundred Black Men of Chicago helps increase the number of impoverished people who succeed in life; not by the hundreds but slowly and steadily.

## At The End of the Tunnel

How many people would help you see the light in that cold dark tunnel of life?

Able to help you solve problems when you think you might go insane from the problems faced.

Thinking you've raced at the fastest pace that you could.

That you did everything that you should

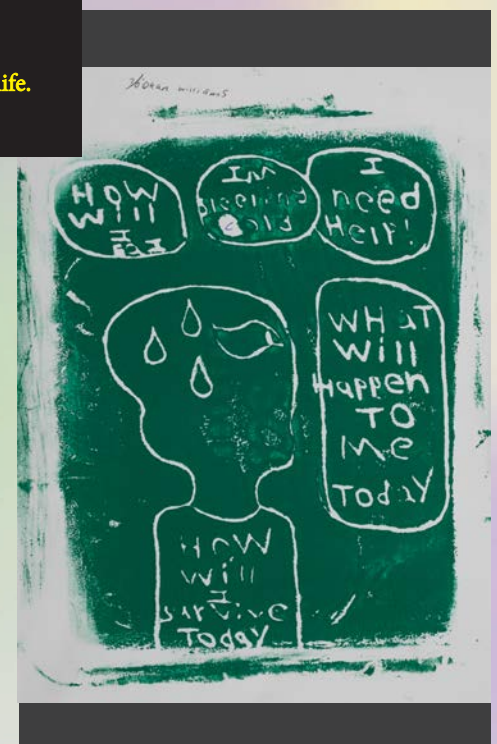
Losing hope

But there he is in that tunnel of darkness,

Jordan Sorrel and his One Hundred Black of Chicago leading the way.

He'll take you to that light with jobs and education

And now that you've reached that light, you no longer worry about having a better life.



## My Brother's Keeper

The stench, the filth, the lack

Wiggled black words across dilapidated cardboard.

People shaking cups, begging for change

Not quarters, nickels, dimes, real change.

Change from our politicians and world leaders

Change from this systematic design, red lines

Separation, heartbreaks

Crash like broken glass

The poorest always coming in last

It's not about race but class,

not even that,

the war is spiritual.

They keep us hypnotized with their lies,

the materials of this physical,

it's critical.

Wealth is not tangible

It's in your mind.

The freedom of vision,

it's sublime.

Forcing black brothas into committing crimes

Cuz they can't get a nine to five

I'm telling you this system was designed for us to fail.

Yet we have deliverance!

A man, one man faces all of his fears,

faces all the prospects of failure,

faces the jeers of his peers.

Taking our young men, our brothers, our sons,

our uncles, our cousins, our fathers, our leaders  
off the streets and out the jails.

Protecting them from a world where their faces are  
Staring down gun barrels

Protecting them from the powers that be

Who don't wanna see them succeed.

Who with a foot on their backs push them to their  
knees.

A world that don't want them to be free

But bondage is in your mind

He's pushing our brothers to realize a

world full of equality

Gratitude to Jourdan for delivering

My people to Jordan and keeping us in mental  
liberty.



## Artist Statement- Zaria Evans

I am inspired mostly by music. The artists I listen to write about self empowerment and having pride in African American Heritage. I'm also inspired by my parents. They give me an amazing example of what NOT to do. My father is hard, aggressive, and mean. My mother is the polar opposite. She's quiet and timid, but she leans toward apathy. I know it's because she's tired. She's tired of dealing with people and their idiocy. My poetry and my paintings are a direct reflection on how to have pride in myself and others because others are an extension of myself.

The first painting with the quote from Nelson Mandela is my definition of poverty. Poverty is a man made socio- economic affliction that transcends boundaries and affects people as a whole. If humans as a collective would hold themselves and each other accountable, this societal disease would diminish on its own.

The heart means patience and tolerance. The diamonds mean slavery and injustice.

The second print was about what I have learned during my time at Legacy. I knew what poverty was, and I knew it was done by design to specific demographics. However, the whole of humanity can be likened to a hand and each human, a separate finger. We are all human beings sharing one planet and going for the same resources. It would be more conducive to our survival as a species if we upheld the ideals of life, loyalty, pride, courage, peace, and love.

## Outcast Alien

I'm in the place where the eye does not see

I'm in the place from which God does not deliver

I'm stuck, fresh out of luck

When people see me, they walk past turning their  
nose up...

This could be you

This could be me

We all have a job to change the injustices in our  
society.

Think of those you call "dirty" for wearing the same  
shirt twice in one week.

Or those hovering over your tray at lunch because  
they have no food to eat.

Are we better than them?

Are we above them?

Are we more superior?

NO!

We. Are. Not.

No matter who we are

Physically

Racially

Socially

Economically

Our souls inside are all LIGHT.

