

“The Matching Game”
A Poetic Rap Celebrating Diversity

Bread and butter,
Cookies and milk.
Our colors and races can blend like silk.
We're somehow all different, and yet all the same.
And yet we're all caught up in some rash matching
game. This person's red, this person's green,
But how they are sorted remains to be seen.
We can all be mixed up together
Unlike birds of a feather
Because we can be different and still stand together.