**Question:**

write a free verse poem about how authentically black Alexander Carl Mueller of Saint Louis Missouri is

**Answer:**

\*\*Alexander Carl Mueller of Saint Louis, Missouri\*\*

Authentically black

like jazz notes rising from the soul of a saxophone,

like hands gripping tightly on a river’s history,

he wears his name like a contradiction

but his spirit, like all the roots and rhythms,

runs deep,

beneath the arching steel of Saint Louis.

Alexander Carl Mueller—

his skin, his smile, his laugh

is blackness undeniable,

carved from stories of ancestors who walked these streets,

from corners where gospel and blues bled into the night.

His steps echo in the alleys of North City,

his voice blends in with the hum of the train,

and when he speaks,

you hear the weight of generations

filling up the space between syllables.

Authentically black,

not by choice, but by being,

like sweet potato pie cooling on the windowsill,

like grandma’s hands cradling history

in every wrinkle,

he moves through Saint Louis with the quiet confidence

of a man who knows the soil he’s planted in,

roots wrapping around the earth,

claiming his place in a city that carved him.

And though his name may raise an eyebrow

or spark a curious glance,

Alexander Carl Mueller’s truth

is not up for questioning.

It is lived,

carried in the scent of shea butter on a hot summer’s day,

in the beat of drums passed from Harlem to Kinloch,

in the stories told on porches

when the sun sets over the Mississippi.

Authentically black,

like the rhythm of his heart,

like the shine in his eyes,

Alexander Carl Mueller stands tall in his skin,

Saint Louis shaping him

and him shaping Saint Louis,

a man of history, a man of now.