

Fine, Fine, Finally.
(For the Class of 2025 — Howard Made)

We pulled up in 2021,
masked up, logged in,
barely knowing where our next class was,
but already knowing we belonged.

Came in during a pandemic—
where the Wi-Fi dropped more than our names did.
Zoom squares instead of Yard days,
DMs instead of dorm meetups.
Still—we connected.
Still—we built.

Over 100 of us deep,
navigating lectures and lockdowns,
unmuting chaos outside just to mute in class.
We survived Canvas, Bison Web, the new new BisonHub,
COVID and many hills and valleys,
and we kept it pushin’.

We protested when it mattered.
We stood when others sat down.
We chose purpose over comfort,
even when the system told us to be silent.

Then the world shifted—again.
Elections shook the air,
truths bent in front of us,
but we?
We knew how to hold steady.
Because we are Howard born.
Howard bred. Blackburn fed.
And when we lead, we’ll know we were once Howard led.

Now look at us—
Grown.
Graduating.
Equipt with adult jobs, adult bills, and adult dreams
big enough to scare the system.
And we ready.
Ready to take on this world—
Not just because of where we’re going,
but because of *where we came from*.

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We went from “Can I borrow \$20 ‘til Friday?”
to money in our pockets—
not just paper,
but purpose.

We went from **broke** to booked,
from asking for extensions
to signing contracts with our own names on the line.

And every time I think about this transition—
this leap from surviving to *thriving*—
I hear AD in the back of my head like a soundtrack:

**“If you charge what you’re worth, you won’t be poor.
If they can’t afford it, they just can’t afford it.”**

Whew.
That part stuck.
That part *healed*.
That part made me say:
I’m not shrinking no more.
Not for clients, not for comfort, not for crumbs.
Because we’ve earned this.

And now we step into the world not asking for space—
but *taking it*.
Howard made us loud like that.
Bold like that.
Priced like that.

Ready to take on this world—
Not just because of where we’re going,
but because of *where we came from*.

From the Yard, to the studio,
from Blackburn, to the black box,
where Black brilliance was sharpened.

To *you*,
The Chadwick A. Boseman College of Fine, Fine, Fine Arts—
you gave us the space to create,
to mess up,
to try again,
and to find power in our own voices.

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So we say **farewell**,
never goodbye,
to this undergrad chapter.
And with heads high,
hearts full,
and a little dust in our eyes—
we say hello to the best chapter yet.

We are 1 of 1.
Howard Made.
Forever fine,
Forever bold,
Forever us.

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MY BROTHERS KEEPER 🕊️❤️

SC ✈️ DC ✈️ MD ✈️