

Wound festering with beguiled treachery
Finding solace in the last places we ought to be
Seeking our salvation from a white-faced deity
Needing to jump and shout to feel our inherent electricity
Not realizing we'd stifled our power a long time ago
Flesh freshly opened every time we shut our mouths unwarrantedly
Mirroring flesh freshly flaunted in decades past on a poplar tree
Generations broken by braided cords
Holding on
Braided to our scalps
Our broken words
Our Heads put at our feet
We're trampling on our fantasies and fantastical feelings
Running in marathons with floating finish lines
We'll never reach.
Leaving lessons on our lips
We'll never teach
Finally establishing nice things
They're going to latch and leach.
Our blood must finally be good enough for them now
After generations of saturating the kale that grew in other's ground
Black blood must finally be sweet enough now.
How does anguish taste?
Did you ever consider what truly made your bitter greens so?
Or has hypocrisy bleached your pallet so
That you don't notice?