

no, you didn't.

(both): if you saw someone stealing, no, you didn't.

(person a): 31% of Black single mothers are living at or below the poverty line and y'all still expect tips and tricks and attention. There's an inherent expectation for her to caress you like you're a starving child, sucking on the teat of womanhood like a ravenous animal. we'll scratch and burn and curse our Black mothers as if they didn't cover us in safety, as if they didn't hold us to their chest in comfort and care, and

(both): if you saw someone stealing, no, you didn't.

(person b): one in five Black men born in 2001 is likely to be imprisoned at some point in their lifetime. odds have never quite seemed to be in our favor. there's a 100% chance that he will die a slow, rotting death should his body sprout tumors and cysts without health insurance. he puts on his hood rat doctor's coat and treats himself with the substances of the street because no one is hiring felons, and

(both): if you saw someone stealing, no, you didn't.

(person a): if you saw that skeleton of a little boy slither around the corners of the grocery aisle like a damned serpent with his pockets full of snacks and treats-

(person b): if you see that young woman who has hung up her soul to dry, who's turned her body into a machine that is cranked by male lust and greed-

(both): no, you didn't.

(person b): patience is not a virtue we can afford. it has become an expensive transaction between Black bodies and Uncle Sam. pick a card, any card! maybe one day you'll realize that the game was rigged from the start, and there's a reason we keep getting all jokers. consider this a misdeal in spades, and there is no winner.

(person a): black boy, black girl, open your mouths like a baby bird does to mother, government assistance has finally entered your graces! your savior has come in the form of a rich white man and he will fill the gaps in between your teeth with liquid gold. uncle sam will make it so you can breathe again, so you can live again!

(person b): just don't mention the 1.4 million people that are stuck in a coverage gap, land of the free, home of the uninsured.

(person a): when we're 1.5x more likely to be without insurance than white folks, resistance is most powerful in the form of cough drops and vicks vapor rub, and

(person b): mother's gentle touch, ginger ale, the price is right and saltine crackers, what can be considered the beginning of kitchen witchcraft, turning the mundane into a healing spell

(person a): so when you see somebody's mama scan half the cart, remind yourself that

(both): no, you didn't.

(person a): so tuck the criminality of stealing tylenol under your shirt and secure it under your waistband like a deadly weapon, you know you're packing heat when youre healing the community.

(person b): share your antibiotics with the sick like a dealer who's got nothing left to lose. keep Narcan in your pocket while standing on the corner of bitter and sweet, devour the idea of the independent capitalist, crush the concept of 'every man for himself' and help, and help, and help, and for God's sake,

(both): if you saw someone stealing, no, you didn't.