

One-Way Mirror

We, often, are caught stranded on the wrong side of a one-way mirror
Subject to inconspicuous observation
In true Trumanesque fashion,
Black bodies are mere prey to apex predators
Stalked at high peaks, our every movement is calculated
Overwritten by a master program to mimic false freedoms
We carry on daily
Laid vulnerable on a cold steel table underneath a magnifying glass and harsh white lights
If we were to ever break form outside of that which is written for us
If we were to color outside of the lines and refute a fate of cut-out stencils
We are embraced by a barrage of gunfire piercing already battered skin
For a black body,
Life goes round and round in a golden hamster wheel
Our sweat waters the lush greenery of those who worship the Dream,
Our bodies, the beds for the beasts that plunder and shoot rods into our hands,
Chained to the ground, legs spread apart, face tilted upwards for something...
Something that may not exist in this life,
A miracle...perhaps?
A heavenly storm to gust away all the pain and bitterness
Bitterness that has spread climatically across our hearts
Entrenched like deep roots mounting a cedar

Sometimes I feel that we work towards the attainment of a fake justice like rodents
Fool's gold
For the senseless crimson spill of our brothers whose blood speaks violently
But, no extent of education tuxedoed with wealth and status can shield
a black body
from our stencil-like fate,
Our already colored-in drawing,
Filled in by the nimble fingers of those who spun the thread,
Who set the loom,
And weaved the Dream-like quilt that brings warmth to our lighter counterparts
A black body is taught pain from childhood and refines their skills in averting confrontation
We excel in debate,
So as to plead dexterously,
The right to breathe God-given air,
God-given air... for even a second longer
“Keep your hands out of your pockets, don't move too fast baby”
These words, a lullaby to our young who never get a chance to live in ignorance
Our melanin is a red flag,
An exclamation mark that derived resentment
That allowed peace when Trumpers and white supremacists terrorized the Capitol openly
But rained down tear gas and batons during peaceful protests for black lives
They claim unity but deprive us of sanity
They pick our tunes without suffering our blues
They want our culture and style but reject our pain chains

There are no words,
No harmonious strings of phrases weaved dexterously,
That could ever portray even a glimmer of the
Terror it is to live in a society,
Wherein we come out of the womb with our hands tied behind our backs,
Our legs bound in cuffs,
At the mercy of privileged bastards

“God bless America”, they say
Well let me tell you,
He wants nothing to do with your disastrous affair,
Because,
When Chiamaka dies in front of her driveway
When Trevon gets stabbed in broad daylight
When Jada is beaten by the justice system
When Marquis is accused of battery and rape

The birds will still sing symphonies to awaken the sun
The buses and trains will still run
And the morning dew will roll down the chilled window pane graciously

Isn't that cruel?