Part IV

RACIAL JUSTICE PRAXIS
This Is Just to Say

Colonizer
You will not wake up
Tomorrow morning
Forgive me
I can’t promise that
Your transition will be painless
Ours will not be either
More importantly
The people have been watching
For a very long time
Soon they will be looking
At themselves

Facebook Message I
You are
a tired contradiction.
You say things will get better
“like they always do”

I hand you the bones
Of my ancestor.
“well, that’s in the past”
ANTIRACISM INC.

I pick up my weapon:
“Sir. Remember Dr. King!”

OK.

Dr. King would have wanted
Me
To live.

November 22, 2014
When I was 12-years-old,
I played cops and robbers
With my toy gun see!
He didn’t think twice before he shot me

POS(T)US
The worst part about all of this
Is not that he is orange
Or a white supremacist
Or a sexual predator
A raving misogynist
Or yuge ass-wipe bastard.

The worst part is
You will never admit
He is you.

Look at you.
When millions of voters
Baptized their hands in whiteness
Were you not sitting in a chair
Made of skulls in the living room
whispering “I have never seen anything more American”?

August 9, 2014
I was 18-years-old
There were 7 or 8 bullets
This Is Just to Say

Bled for 3 to 4 hours
They haven’t put the fire out yet

Odu
The time table for revolution
Bends in on itself
It is very simple:

The bird turning back in on itself
Is the revolution

It is very simple:
The face looking into its reflection
In the water
Is the revolution

It is very simple:
The slave turning into dust
Is the revolution.

Who remembers the meaning of this oracle?

Another Day in KKKourt
Your honor,
What are the stuff
Judges are made out of?

Room of silicon. White studio audience.
Laugh track.

“We find officer Daren Wilson…” <laughs>
<laughs>
Cue lights.

Cut.
Here
It is here where it happened.
Where black boys
Became the roses laid on the curb
And the people
Became the straw that broke the nation’s back.
Babylon aint got much long left.
And
if you think we came here to protest
you aint seen shit yet.

They pretend as though
They don’t hear the people coming
They see us speaking to each other
That’s when they start running
This collective recognition
We hold like ammunition
Communication with the people
Who will listen.

When our blood spilled
Onto the concrete
This became our street
Where our feet buckled at
Failed police indictments
And winced at state-sanctioned bombs
Dropped on Palestine
43 students murdered in Mexico
And a twelve-year-old slain
In Ohio

Yet, it is here where it happened
Right here
In this spot
Where the First Nations fled
From the scorched earth
And America was birthed in
A miscarriage.

It is here where it happened.

July 13, 2015
My ears are still ringing
After he told me “I will light you up”
Now alone on the cold wet floor
I can hear the prison guards talkin

Forgetting
Aint nothin surprise us
down here no mo'.
The other day
I seen white men
Come down the street
With torches
yelling: “blood and soil”
They weren’t skinheads.
Or white-hooded shadow
Paper tigers blowing down the street.
Na.
They were the white men
Who drive sports cars
And say things like “well, actually.”
And everyday Merica gasps
Like it was suddenly born again.
Na.
Nothing surprise us down here
No mo’.

Charleston
In South Carolina
When a white man
Walks into a church
And asks you if this seat
Is taken
You will look down to pick at your cuticles
And say “no”
Knowing he don’t look right
But with a warmness
Like southern cookin
In the summer.
Because Jesus lives in the heart
And everybody have to meet him
Sometime.

In KKourt Again
“Case number 2342 step forward”
<laughs>
Defendant staring as Black slave
In leg and arm shackles.
Behind wax dolls with assault rifles.
“and eh… how do you plead”
<laughs>
Not guilty your honor
<laughs>
Defendant taken out of kourt room

End credits.

April 12, 2015
Throw me into the back of a police van
Using my spine as an air freshener hanging
from the windshield, my life a bumper sticker.
Hoping that I will die before you parallel park

Facebook Message II
Yes, all cops.
All of them.
I did not stutter.

The state
Pays all the pensions.
This Is Just to Say

August 1, 2016
My son says they are trying to kill us
But they wont get through this door
Baby I promise. History is made of
Women like me who say “enuf is enuf”

Egun Speak Through
The ancestors
Live out their
Vengeance
Through me
My eye red from their blood
If they could see me now
They would say
“Boy! We aint gots no tim fi waste”