

Waking Up Black

Why is ferguson acceptable? Because I'm hungry and I'm gonna stay that way unless I figure a way out. The only way up is to get out the ghetto, escape the afternoon sun that falls east on dingy walls. Escape the boisterous sounds of curious youths running everywhere and bellowing as loud as the passing dump truck's engine. Escape the tears that fall from my eyes as I read yet another story of racial injustice in the states' united. Direct your fire extinguishing hose right here! Hit me in the chest and turn me into mush. My inside is an ocean crashing against New England shores. Broken & frenzied I dissipate to bubble & foam, wave crashed all to be release with the departing tide and yet the net comes and drags me in again. Kill me, please, it's easier than waking up and looking at you and knowing you don't know what black life is. "All my life I had to..." That phrase shouldn't exist but it does because all my life I been black! So for all my life I will always, alongside the morning sun even when risen at one in the noon hour, face the mirror of my existence, a color. I hate that we hate the difference in being different from then to now still no scholar or holy man has healed the divide. But we could try to see it and not be it. "But I like to wax & wane ignorant," shut up.

Autumn is beautiful again, as it is every year. Exhale heap of fallen leaf and fill my lungs with the last wakings of life you shall muster. Dew it and take me back to being a poor young boy on the long trek home through a precise root of back alleys I tumbled through. I'm going home, alone and I'm trying to feel safe. I'm hungry. But it's hard to cook in this kitchen in the autumn because I lose light

like-really fast and that candle's wax always burns me when I bend it slightly over the skillet to check the brown of my rue made w/ hamburger grease, flour, onions and hope. I'm hungry and I want change, I want to not be sad upon returning home from my Grandparent's house. They have luxuries I like; cars, clean carpets and three bathrooms, plus I get a snack before bed, an unsupervised snack of 3 bowls of strawberry ice cream if I want.

The saxophone player from the L train (10:54pm) scared away the two girls who are in the throes of detailing the life of college student visiting college academic adviser, the true tamer of the West come East. More like tamer of the Midwest. The education convents can be the worst kind of tourists. For their first 5-years at least. The problem, "an educated tourist with" an extended visa and a foreign identity complex ripe with an expiration date reeks havoc on what was once known.

I'm lost and looking for value that doesn't scorn because my wants are human and simple. Fear is a dangerous drug. & yet everyday I join you, the sea of you who hath displaced I. Bringing with you your lack of culture and a handy eraser to sweep any culture left in your wake. Your way. It is interesting that the culturally depressed suppress and then appropriate culture. It wouldn't be so bad if you assimilated for once. Lived amongst as opposed to moving in only to move me out. The plague of bad guests.



