

# "The Lesser"

\* Poetry  
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I'm so tired of all identities  
Why can't we just say man kind  
And be done with it  
Put all your energy to the good  
Lift up the Lesser  
If that's what you see him as  
Some are left to live life without others  
Such passings don't even rustle leaves  
Dry grave sites for Undesireables  
What do I know now -  
I'm just an undesirable Whiteman  
Rotting away in solitary confinement