

• Untitled •

Listen

I grew up fast

But my brain slowed

Stuck.

On a one track road

Bombed.

By an unseen force

More cultural than foe

Not an enemy

But still damaging

How can a rosary be a curse?

Ask the officer

Who snatched it off my neck after the war.

The same rosary

That once graced my grandfathers neck.

While sitting in a hospital bed

Only memory I had left of him

Snatched away.

For throwing gang signs.

For having drawn names

on my skin with a pen

I remember hiding in the back

of a homies van.

Scared.

Heart racing
Mind filled with visions of the pen
Not the one spillin' ink over paper
But the one sucking life and breath
out of underprivileged women and men

That box
Which desecrates human nature
Four walls
That make you feel more animal
than intellectual.

Destiny,
For a man cursed by color
To encounter only the stench of horror
Atrocities committed in darkness

Like a pillow pressed over sick eyes

Or pulling the IV from a dying arm

Leaving a heaving chest

Failing to conceive breath

Life.

Like artificial lungs

Surrounding your entire physical

Leaving you physically dead

Like C.P.R.

only giving you life for a couple of days

My life

Encased by metal bars and concrete walls

Feeding me artificial air through a tube

Disguised as ventilation

So even if I scream

My words will go nowhere

They will bounce back into my ears

To wrap themselves around dreams

Dreams which get lost

Inside every piece

Every piece

that chips off my skin

Denying me the freedom to exist