

I can't breathe

Hey you!  
Yes,  
You!  
Can you see me?  
Can you hear my rage?

Can you feel  
HOW  
It feels  
Under my head  
Under my skin  
Inside my eyes  
Inside my nose

Can you feel how I breathe  
Inside this chest of mine?

Can you feel  
HOW  
It tastes in my mouth

Do you remember  
HOW  
Like a drop of water  
I was pulled from the heart  
Of my land

Could you hear me drifting  
Far away  
Far away  
from the teary cheeks  
Of my mother

Could you follow my steps  
As I cry  
for my children  
for my brothers  
for my sisters  
In the streets  
of Selma  
and Baltimore  
and Ferguson  
and Milwaukee  
and... and...

Hey you!  
Yes,  
YOU!  
Have you learned my story?

I have fed this land  
With my black milk  
I have wet its sands  
With my black sweat  
And my black calves  
And my triceps  
And my glutes  
And my twerks  
...And my blues  
... And my blues

I was playing in my village  
When they made me sit  
(in their boats)  
When I wanted to sit  
Tired of carrying  
Their cotton and my pain  
They made me stand  
(in their buses)  
When I wanted to stand  
[for myself]  
With my fist defying the clouds of Death  
They made me walk  
As I wanted to walk on the bridge,  
With their dogs  
With their yelling cops  
They made me kneel  
When I decided to kneel  
[for myself]  
With their screams, and their lackeys  
They made me stand and hit  
and shut up  
and dribble  
and run ...

As I was running for my life  
They made me  
stop!

With a hole  
in my back

Hey you!

Yes,  
You!  
Can you see me?  
Can you feel me?

Can you feel how it feels  
Under my head  
Under my skin

Can you see who I look like  
Inside my eyes  
Inside my nose

Can you feel how I respire  
Inside this chest of mine

Can you hear my rage

I am so tired,  
I am so sad,  
I am so blue  
I am so furious that

.....

I can't breathe  
I can't breathe  
I can't breathe !

## **Bring me (back to) your sky**

Bring me your sky  
I will pick its rainy pearls  
I will close my eyes  
and watch them bloom  
like flowers do when  
they want to grow up.

Bring me your butterflies  
and button by button  
I will peel them off  
their wings  
I will draw two rainbows that  
mix colors  
in the humming night

With my elbows,  
I will redraw their circles  
and their lines  
and watch them flee  
through the window.

Bring me your blood  
I will drink its pure salt  
with my red tongue  
I will re-paint  
the dry walls of your cave  
And dig new sources  
That will amaze all the Angels

Bring me your clouds  
right here  
at the tip of my tongue  
I will wander in our secret  
I will cling to your head  
with my dangling arms, free  
and fluid  
and wordless  
like moons do  
when they want to shine.

Bring me your smell  
I will let it run

from my nostrils to the deepest  
savannah  
of my dreams  
I will be a grasshopper  
I will be a dragonfly  
I will twinkle in the darkness  
while you smoothen my wooden dream  
with the juice of your ripe pineapple.

Then

Bring me your mountains  
Bring me your valley  
I will hold them in my arms  
While we hip and we hop  
and we go and we come  
like waves do  
when they feel like  
growing up.

Bring me the name of God  
and I will strip it of its vanities  
that I give it to the serpent  
as the wage of our ride back to the sky.