Not All Mothers Love

The wind doesn't blow too well around

here. They haven't kept it neat in years. I know

you must wonder, why it's so hard to breathe

and find the sun. The Birds are afraid of following you

home. You brought your mother a flower home from school.

She gifted it to the garbage can. Still your heart muscled-up to love her.

Still, compassion told you,

"Hug her around the waist."

Still—still they can't see

all the sad songs you whisper in your sleep. You know in the night she'll leave you for

outside, where the air is too thick.

She'll find contentment in places where raccoons and cats find pitiful. She'll love the world more than your sleeping face.

Sleep, baby boy—
I promise she'll be back
to put back to sleep.

Don't Grow Up

I'll carry this bullet in my bones for you. Nephews hold tight to joy while the sky is green in your coloring book.

Soon

you'll hear the danger that's against you.

There's a funeral in my stomach.

You don't know your hair and skin

cartoon sketched you into suspect.

I pray

the Lord keeps your laugher cupped in his hands before they make a man out of you. Write you a life-sentence while the boy in you still believes he's Spiderman.

There's a fear in my throat.

You don't know there's warfare around you.

I pray
the Lord keeps your smile
shadowed in His Son
before you realize
their hearts are weapons.

I'll carry this bullet in my bones for you.

Don't Play Dead

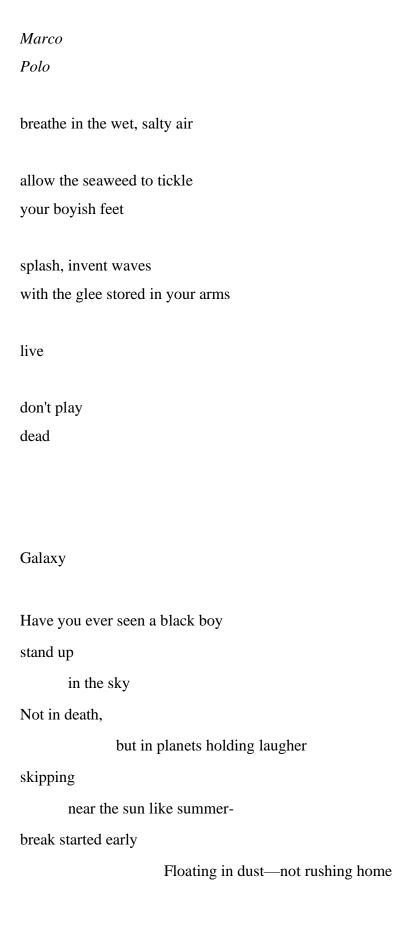
live

baptize your coffee skin into this blue marble

entertain the mustard colored sun

Marco

Polo



Mama and daddy knows he's safe in here. His skin, burning bronze, glitter like stars in the darkness Floating in space God made pollution free. Have you ever seen a black boy stand up in the sky No rushing home mama and daddy know Floating he's safe here between dust and gas For he has permission to be Have you ever seen a black boy be at home here in the sky Not in death but salvation

Black Boys on Mars

We come from a place,

where violence sits on the front porch

like a grandmother

with eyes of rebuke and disciple.

a city- where guns beat us into submission. We easily fall

in line one by one.

Black boys do run away from home.

We come from a neighborhood,

where the grass quickly burns before summer.

Black boys desire truth, too.

We come from a street, where gentrification manipulates us

into believing it's better

to sell our candy lady's home for a Fresh Market.

A block, where pastors dance to the devil's lies.

Black boys live here: Mars

On this planet, our water is a mirror full of blue Sapphire diamonds.

On this planet, our soil is obedient—We bear fruit sweet like nectar

And puffed up with wisdom.

Here, our churches echos God like empty houses.

Here, our air is tight-skin, cold and pleasant

Here, black boys live