

borders

i.

an old pile of man-made lines
will be washed away
tomorrow night

lines that aren't mine
aren't yours
& will never be

ii.

the thoughts arose in the morning
a new pile of concerns
i'll share for a hope of empathy:

must it be political oppression
to be exile?
must it be forced separation
to consume your self-awareness?

the ignored

i imagined dissent would be like a waterfall, a slow but powerful progression into the descent of ideas, an unavoidable force, demanding attention from all

but dissent was labeled an outcast deep within the wasteland, shunned as a dreamer, idealistic, & wild, breathing in the clouds, immersed in water & solitude, to posthumously be declared a natural wonder

literary self-portraits of an americanized migrant

i.

i am not in your country, but in the winds, i am not from this nation, but from the soil, i am not your citizen, but my own, i am not your property, but merely a wolf

ii.

i am the sparrow
taking over the skies & land
occupying space not originally mine
but whose *really*?
labeled an invasive species
for wanting to live
as your ancestors, all once did

iii.

recreating the bonds that tie us outside of us, with ink & a hand, tracing each inch, to decipher the very links, between the grass & I

free

i.

when are we free? she asked
we replied,
when the foot marks we leave on the snow
no longer fear the sun
when the names we trace on the bark
no longer fear the ax
when the foot marks we leave on the sand
no longer fear the incoming wave
until our body no longer feels the urge to impress

ii.

my one goal in my time on earth, if i choose to follow it, is to be as free as my frizz

iii.

freedom is
the ability
to act
& create
out of void
if you do
not fit
into a
category, you
are free
to roam
as you
please, candidly
amused by
the fabricated
boundaries

in search of man

I will fight
Until
Dignity

Is not avant-garde

I will fight
Until
Silence

Is not lost time

I will fight
Until
Desire

Is not excess

I will fight
Until
Idiosyncrasy

Is not censured

I will fight
Until
Opinion

Is not heresy

I will fight
Until
Complexity

Is not condensed

I will fight
Until
Drive

Is not liability

I will fight
Until
Revolution

Is tasted on his lips