

5 Patient Encounters

Alzheimer's Gift

My black skin contrasts sharply against my doctor's garb.
My stethoscope a knotted noose hanging loosely around
my neck. My white coat a sheet covering my limbs, hiding
prejudice. Pupils uncovered by the cloth. First eye is malice,
second is cruelty. My reflex hammer is a 12 gauge shotgun.
My pen light a flaming torch disturbing the night as I revel
in wickedness and misgivings. The hospital a black church
burning with souls trapped in pews, helpless to move, and
powerless to escape. Bodies burn releasing sterile aromas
and decaying fragrances. All for a faultless brotherhood to
offset a demented society. Our white intentions manifest as
order to cement our union and bond us in imprisoning her.

A.M. Sadness

No sadness exists nor madness resists

like seeing a trapped creature encaged and enraged.

Sprinting on a spinning wheel, sealed with no exit.

Feces infiltrating and contaminating a dirty water bowl with leakage
from bowl cracks as toll for teeth marks and incessant gnawing.

He runs and runs, scurries, hurries, sprints, slows, then burns out
attempting to avoid thoughts devoid of fawning
over his condition, his submission to white hands so stout
that shower down from the tannish-brown sky.

When it's a mouse we reassure ourselves of its happiness.

When it's a whale with blood and wounds on its tail, we ask ourselves why
such inhumane treatment is allowed, our resentment overwhelms sadness.

When it's a man barely able to stand against the pressures of a failing marriage,
what do you call it when alcohol, creates a clear hall, with no fighting
and no fussing, so he drinks to end discussion?

And his daughter started playing alone in her room, so he rarely has a friendly sighting.

And no matter how much he works or flatters life, he can't change debt.

When you ask him, what he does for himself, he masks tear
and with a mournful expression, incapable of flustered face suppression,
says he does nothing for himself and has felt like a failure for the past 5 years.

What do you call it? Because every word seems too small.

Sewing Life Alchemist

Chimera creation.

Step 1: Birth

We attempt to bypass our limits by creating flesh
and bonding a soul to it.

However, this approach is limited.

The life form is too simplistic.

Its language and motor function are underpowered.

It lacks empathy and the capacity for compassion.

It is by-and-large a parasite.

The best nurtured of these creatures
with support and patience evolve past their constraints
and become adults, with more or less functionality,
most making no real contributions to society.

Step 2: Transmutation

Our goal is to create beasts with human qualities,
a feat that is still years in development.

However, there is an alternative.

If we remove all nurture from these creatures
and make them rely on nature's survival programming.

If we remove attachment, we expose them to trauma,
to sex and violence and drugs,

and we assault them mentally and bury their spirits.

Then we can transform a human into a beast.

Avatar State

I have become the container for the Black collective conscious.

All their aspirations, pipe-dreams, and daydreams have been
synthesized and reimagined in my form.

I slouch like their cousins, I have the same innocent eyes as their sons,

I am what they hope their unborn children will be.

I am an onyx mirror without crack,
and without bend.

12 Steps

There is lasting freedom when we consent and accept our shortcomings.

Tinted glasses brighten and become a little rosier.

Pep enters and locks with your too-huge-for-comfort step.

Glob welcomes you to an eternity of serenity and peace.

We have limits and no control over weakness, but we do have life.

Holding mastery over breaths and beating hearts and muscle twitches.

Living is our super power.