

Inherent Injustice: a tribute to Trayvon Martin (February 5, 1995-February 26, 2012)

The injustice inherent in the killing of Trayvon Martin by George Zimmerman was not authored by a jury given a weak case. The jury's performance may be the least disturbing aspect of this entire affair. The injustice was authored by a country which has taken as its policy, for the lion's share of its history, to erect a pariah class. The killing of Trayvon Martin by George Zimmerman is not an error in programming. It is the correct result of forces we set in motion years ago and have done very little to arrest.

Coates, Ta-Nehisi. "Trayvon Martin and the Irony of American Justice." The Atlantic, Atlantic Media Company, 15 July 2013.

With a plastic syringe,
I dispense three beads
of water to the hushed

beak. He is dying-
quiet and ethereal
in my hand. Meager efforts

evolve too late and fail to
assuage the institutionalized
condition from which it

suffers. A murder of crows
shriek in violation and barrage
the airways with outrage.

Apathy settles on alabaster
masses. Eyes reflect the distortions
of a whitewashed mind.

But I can't erase a youthful
flight. Innocence unaware, the predator's
proclivity – ruin.

The embodiment of ignorance
breeds a "perceived threat".
A coward's bullet explodes

your heart. I am left to consider
unwavering racism
amidst the velvety feathers.

My Mid-Life Crisis Rap

Why dontcha wake up and see my face?
It's a shame for my all my change to go to waste.
Why dontcha wake up and stop my lies?
It's a shame for all my love to slowly die,
love to slowly die,
love to slowly die.

I'm not certain when it settled in.
But somehow one day I was broke and bent.
Deep inside I underwent a subtle discontent.
Lyin' still, all my energy spent, fatigue's intense.
Even though the heart repents, my brain invents
Excuses for lies, flight unrestrained,
No matter how it's ascertained, hara-kiri, I'm causin' pain, attention gained.
And when it's time to pay the price, he blames me.
He restrains me, and I hate it.
"Stop! What are you doing?"
"I'm living life!"
"Shit. Can't you abstain?"
"I can't keep you chained."
It makes me crazy, cuz we had it all, beyond a doubt.
I fucking loved him and proud of him, day in, day out.
Then I drown in the madness, and I freak out; I choke.
Who are you?
Keep that crazy self-contained!
I eat his trust and leave him stranded bare and drained.
The story of my marriage stained.

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In the beginning when we dated, 'twas a perfect fit.
Every day we were together it was better, bit by bit,

Two magnets that could not be split,
Our marriage was so tightly knit.
Years go by, close your eyes, forget the benefit.
Life impedes and steals a hit; values cloud lickedy-split.
Begin to nit-pick, permit; submit; you quit,
Throw a fit, and split.
Not even tryin' in the least bit.
Love and hate is interlaced.
Promises erased.
Any chance of hope is chased, replaced with scorn.
Waiting vacant, silent, stillborn, another death to mourn,
Cuts like thorns, distaste,
Fall from grace, wrongs retraced, judged me in haste, but can I blame you.
I had already sworn,
This time you can trust me and
I'm hearing that I am forewarned.
Left me unadorned,
Words never spoken from your lips leave me dyin'
Now I'm hollowed out defeated, mentally worn.

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Antiquated Chamber

Mailboxes, a quiet passing
nostalgic anchor of home...
somehow romantic, anticipating
secrets of the womb...
tugging trap-door, caressing
bottom grooves...
creamy envelope, heart fluttering
sealed and stamped.

Illusion

First snow

streaks the portrait of a home
dusting a renovated roof
an exposed structure suffers the weight
beneath expectations.

First snow

blankets the lawnmower
quieting proven capabilities
a newfound resource endures the restraint
within a confined space.

First snow

alights on grass and tree
murmuring, "Time is up."
one scarlet leaf committed to evolve
amidst a tangle of habit.

Scarlet

I am the girl you think of last
when A-listers have heard your proposal and passed,
and B-listers' refusals have left you outclassed.
I'm the one who'll respond in eager contrast-
fed-up with a history of being bypassed,
assuming the role for which I've been cast.

A movie, a Coke, the ice-cream store-
picnic in the shade of the old Sycamore?
A flash of my skin to even the score,
your hand at my chest; trace every contour.
Tonight, will not close with a kiss at my door,
and dates of such nature present no encore.

And now you'll pass along my name
with lusty scenes of sin and shame.
Excuse yourself from any blame-
the male player in an age-old game.
And, I, once nameless embrace the fame,
burning with a scarlet flame.