

## Poetry Submission

### Trauma

My black body suffers suffering from mental breakdowns several times a day a black bulls-eye marks the spot where the surgeon had cut into my black body cutting out the cancer cutting into my black body implodes no one can see my implosions every day my mind shifts from several implosions a black body damaged every time every day. from one trauma to the next to the next to the next to the next to the next endless shifting my mind shifting my black body shifts my mind implodes imploding my black body breaks down breaking down

my mind into pieces my mind scattering across my skull carries shrapnel from my mind into my black body causing my implosions no one sees my black body's darkness becoming blacker a black body out of sync sinks my blackened mind dark thoughts out of control my dark mind controlling my shifting body imploding my mind traumatized

my black body traumatic cancer is traumatic my mind worries about cancer returning return my black body to me stop imploding from drugs to fight the cancer in my black body shifting from side effects my mind impacted on every side

effecting my black body reacts my mind is heat heating my black body boils from trauma of drugs boiling my black body sweats sweating out the drugs my mind racing with worries my black body worries about my mind causing more trauma internally externally eternally my black body is beautiful no one can see my implosions every day  
I break down

**All I know Is This**

A lone outpost stands in the distance  
A murky sun is a shadow against its worm exterior  
There is no life here, everything is dead  
No one knows what happened, except that it all came to an end  
An end that doesn't end, life finds a way to exist  
Under a soulless sun & dry, cracked earth  
The wind is till, the silence is terrifying  
Voices echo in my mind  
I try to shut them out  
My thoughts are streaks of light rushing across my brain  
I can't stop them  
The outpost is either my only hope or the end of me  
I don't have a choice in the matter  
This much I know is true

## **We Cry with Our Fists**

Society wants us wanting to see us humiliated we're viewed as slim slips of womanhood only desired for our dark flesh provided that we do not put up a struggle do not scream do not fight back that is not who Black women are We birthed history despite scars on our bodies mapping our pain we women of the continent did not bow willingly to the emotional & mental punishment we were not blind to abuse all our people suffered shackled like cattle joined by our resilience our past is the truth our present is the reality our future to be determined though too many of us have kept quiet about our shame their silence is a crime we were treated still treated as we witness white fears & white tears appeal to the society's consciousness & winning as we frown & shout to Heaven but continue to dream of other places other spaces who would see our worth our worthiness we have been so fucked by this world which continues to fuck over our black bodies viewed as disposable classifying & dividing us into high class low class ghetto bitches hood chicks assumed & known we are wrecked by dreams deferred dreams derailed dreams dragged through stereotypical mud a dirty reality we want to surrender but instead with our fists we cry