

Forever Bound

It's been on my mind
to visit Lake Lanier
to see for myself
the storm left behind
after a man-made river
buried remnants of another Black town
Oscarville burned down in 1912
All living Negroes long gone in 1957
Could be the dead never left
Their deaths as unforgiving as their lives
Forever bound
Boats park and idle above them
It's no wonder so many drown
Ground overrun with water
daughters, sons, mothers, fathers,
grandmothers, grandfathers,
markers washed away
Their families could no longer visit
to pour libations or sprinkle a little sugar
an offering of sweetness for the afterlife

If we ever meant (For Anita Hill)

First, I'd tell you how much I loved
Believing – Our Thirty-Year Journey to Ending Gender Violence
Then I'd ask what you're reading
And if you read; the forward, the preface and acknowledgements (I do)
I'd woo with engaging discourse
Reading, Writing and Research three of my favorite things
Speaking of favorite things, I really like Julia Andrews
If you're not in the mood to talk about policy and politics
We could talk about movies
If we ever meant we could talk about whatever you want
I'd happily follow the conversational lead
of a scholar and a fighter whose work I respect
A scholar and a fighter who deserves a lot of
R-E-S-P-E-C-T

The air between us wouldn't be
heavy with unwelcomed questions
I wouldn't ask about that hearing
Respectful of your time and eardrums

If we ever meant I do hope we could find
a conversational rhythm

If Oklahoma comes up
I'd ask if you've ever meant Alfre Woodard
Maybe at an Oklahoma airport
Or somewhere Black women from Oklahoma go

I know we will probably never meet
If we were ever in the same room, I probably wouldn't say hi
You have enough people vying for your time

This poem an excuse to show a little
R-E-S-P-E-C-T
To a scholar and a fighter whose work I respect.

Dead or Alive

Safety apps don't scream

FUCK YOU

to scare attackers away

They track, presuming an abduction

She will be found

dead or alive with a safety app

as long as the assailant

doesn't toss her; cell, watch, necklace, ring, shoe, choker

or wherever the tracker stealthily placed

Beautifully disguised monitoring devices

hide what they are, not what they do

No one will know

Though the wearer will know

she has lost another freedom

Delusional Wealth Power Share Dreams

White male adjacent prosperity
a trickle-down illusion
Falsifies hope of commonality inclusion
Conformist suppress differences
Chase acceptance
Forsake outlier interest
Assist a weighted systems exclusionary practice
History dispels close proximity acceptance

White Women merely vessels to bear forefathers
Denied voting rights
Black men denied human rights
All rights secured with fights
Even now nothings given
Conformist self-interest sacrificed
to appease and please selfish men

Coddled from Birth

You're use to
a strife free
Do what I please
Consequence free
White male life

Sacrifices
Made for you
Not by you

Coddled from birth
Grandiose self-worth
Your selfishness predictable

Grown and stunted
Empathy eludes you