

if we're being honest

there is no dualism

a split of day or night
only the myth of Light
if you see one, it's a trap

Go
Plunge head first
Into darkness
That's power
That the totality of all colors

That's where beginnings enter
Madness lays
Sickness rests
Death may reclaim
Inside the thick blanket

YOU NAMED IT

Negative
Fearful
Ominous

But that is of your own mind
and it too is DARK

Waiting for you to pull color from its center
All that Light which brings "hope"

how can you discriminate?

when YOU need the Contrast?

A collective binding binaries
Birthing lines that are too Dark

Give me the night
Give me the womb
the cavernous
the hollow,
emptiness
the midnight sky

which seems endless with potential

Those are Dark
Those are Black

and saturated with colors unseen and unfelt
by those that seek enlightenment.

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i don't know... not all my
words have profoundness...i
am not a god
i cannot breathe
consciousness into the dirt or
the chaos or the collected
compounds of confusion or
the nuances of
eternity...where i am is
where my truth lies...like a
blanket around my shoulders
or a noose around my
neck...the pressure can
contrive majestic conclusions
but for practical reasons i've
deem it my security and
comfort to establish a
home... for myself...when
others, when the universe,
when my own self turns on
me...making me a vengeful
victim a sole contributor to a
destructive defiance...which
become metaphorical in
meaning and corporeal in
understanding...forced to the
surface through acts much
like breaking layers of skin
interrupting an otherwise
smooth surface with cellulose
a protectant barrier made
raw...

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subtle

there's nothing subtle about it
the feeling leaves me wanting to peel my skin off
and attach it to your shadow
so, you can carry the burden
so, you may wonder
struggle
hold
close to yourself these thoughts that
eat at the very identity I am striving to shelter
from an external environment that
thinks I was born finished
by my skin
as if the color brown is synonymous with rot and
by de facto has seeped into my mind
surpassing all tissue
muscle
bone
like the most pernicious disease
declaring war on my body
but my hue was here
first
the assault, second

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Let me tell you who you are
undertones of their declaration

As if I haven't memorized myself

Though
standing next to one another
everyone may acknowledge your tongue
watering each syllable of truth
with heavy saliva
a mouth of no experience

Regurgitating my story
to savor its flavor

I listen as it passes through your lips
all the spices diluted
blandly murmured
lulling me into paralysis

When I awake

I'll remember what you said
how it felt to gain a compliment
like that—burdening
whereas the sun sets
so, too, the realization
a world darkens

And when sunlight breaks

Finally
we can see through those translucent verbs
each misplaced in their meanings.

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**i told my mama i
wanted to be a
writer**

And she laughed
reverberating through my morality
Her vocabulary rich in sanctimonious speech

Because “poor black girls don’t become writers”
They become written into eulogies
Hummed mournfully in overcrowded churches
Faces hazy to the dead – even if they rise
The smoke of a burning bush

With a pastor baptized in his own salty sweat
Oozing from his open pores
Matching his stance above His congregation
As an affirmation of God’s embodiment
Seen through reverse osmosis—metaphysical morphology

Yet another omen: Sacrifice Begets Serenity
As the salinity purifies the body
Encouraging artificial divinity
A new holy water
To drown the ambitious hearts

But I too died by creation
And existence in my corporal flesh
By hands pressed together
Too tightly in prayer
Compressing the vibrations of my verbal confessions
Before their heavenly arrival
Condemned as I
To the gravity of existence

When I rise again
Expelling my sins into fictitious worlds
Yielding the birth of myself in language. Sound. Sight
An immaculate conception
The original sacrilege
As dastardly as blessings are to the faithful
Eve’s narrative retold