

It is always Shark Week

The great White on unceasing patrol, searching the dark
For a black kid who “doesn’t belong” in his park
On its incessant, always alert quest for prey
To snap at the dark skinned kids in the pool too loud at play
Extraordinarily sensitive, in the sea a single drop of blood it can smell
An ability like finding the other alone and vulnerable and then give them Hell
True Live Bearer, but utterly without caring or mercy for other’s lives
Looking for weakness and differences to use its serrated teeth like knives
Millions of years unbothered or fazed, but rising temperatures throughout the home
range
May auger something new, something different - to survive a need to truly change