

Time and Me and Punctuality

Every second ticks through my veins,
turning night into day,
a paradoxically timeless escape from the
monotonous pain of the
steady click of the clock,
all the ticks and the tocks that
stop

when time itself is CONCEPTUALLY ingrained into my lifeblood
like I was born wielding a weapon so powerful that I could only
appreciate it from an arm's length and

couldn't find the strength to carry the weight of the universe on my
weakening, kyphotic, osteoporotic backbone

and that is why I entered the Google Meet call thirty minutes late to
fifth period.

Me?

I'm Advil at late nights
almost-cut blue kites
a mixture in a solution
wanting to vaporize
I'm nonsense that makes sense
twenties and a few cents
dried-up contact lens
convergent divergence

And a circle
bound by ∞ tangent lines

“Go back to your country”

Really?

Did you think that you, who clearly have little substantial to contribute
to society

(besides to idle by strangers' houses to lazily harass them while
they're out)

could send me

and the rest of my race

back to our roots with those words?

Words might have power, but this type of might is unheard of.

That was a passionate try,
but abysmally pathetic.
You tried, though
(and that's all white supremacy requested).
I would say the attempt is what matters, but
It
 didn't
 matter.

You made an educated guess about what would appeal to me,
and your guess told me that
 you never took education seriously,
 never took learning as a *privilege*,
 just like your indifference to your skin color as a privilege,
 a visage that's concurrent with safety
 and not oblivion.

You'd think that'd change with the century that we're living in.

I get it,
 sort of.

You've grown up with this mindset enforced,
just as I have grown up with mine,
 but mine was unendorsed.

I hope,
 (someday)

you can look beyond what you've been raised with,
and see the world for what it really ruminates in,
for its oppression and discrimination,
but also for the hope and persistence of everyone of every nation,
ethnicity,
and religion.

That includes mine AND yours, ma'am.

But for now, get off my lawn.