

Spectrum

Melanin Mentality

You have no cross.
You're imagining it.
The blood that fills your mind
As it collides with the addictive wine
You're imagining it.

Let me breathe
My brown skin inhales, not exhales
They tell me mental illness is a sin.
They tell me mental illness is a sin.

You have no cross
The alcohol is hot enough to burn wood, to burn you.
Black man must not speak.
Black man has been spoken for.

But let me breathe !
The melanin souls that have been damned to a society's hell tell me that mental illness is a sin .
Yet my weary bones only have the energy to off what is already off.
My sins are merely directed at the sinner,
And as my color fades to transparent
My brothers and sisters will tell me that colors are just an illusion and sins disrupt society.
And so I sit at the edge of the world
As the lighter tells me that they are colorblind,
As the darker are blinded by their brightness,
Then the illnesses that we are both now blind to become my invisible cross.
Mental illness is a sin in their eyes.
The hell they have created is a silent one.
Past the fire, Past the sky,
In a world where black boys weep in their gang signs
And black girls weep in their promiscuous suicides
You have no cross.

Honors Kids

The gymnasium's ceiling opened up in vulnerability, and God's selective hearing chose my eyes to pour his rain under "89.999"

When honors kids

are hoarded into a small space in between two walking lonely walls waiting to meet each other, and the only way to escape the fish and the bait's union is by climbing up the rules and regulations of the game,

therefore you can't be at the top of the bottom,

because the weight of a trillion suns are going to use your shoulders as a pit stop on their way to their own skies -

"89.999"

" You were so close, man !

You were so close to close to perfection!"

Honors kids

You are committing assisted suicide within your own community,

and you are unaware that your hierarchy

has made your accomplishments

the dream of the drowning second place citizen,

and so she sleeps to get a taste.

Her emotions are burned at the stake as witchcraft and demonic setbacks, see

the key to happiness is to not feel happiness at all

and let the knowledge that you think you are

obtaining be your buffer from the things

that you don't know yet because

They tell us exactly what

to learn and how to learn it

and where to learn it but

they don't tell us why; and

they jam trivia questions and

answers down my throat but

I still don't really know much

about myself

Except "89.999".

The loss of identity is the loss of a soul

Mystery Man

The man that eats fires on weekends spoke to me today.

It's Monday.

He told me that he spent the majority of Sunday setting the abandoned mental hospitals in his head in flames.

I asked him where he lives now.

He said that he was homeless, that he'd rather die labeled abandoned than insane. He said he roams the streets with nothing else to blame but the

Fires.

The fires.

I asked him "What happened when you were younger?"

He said that his mother and father were fire starters,

and that when he screamed for fire fighters

his parents would never answer.

I said, "Well you're a big boy now. You know how to stop drop and roll now."

He screamed, "It burned my brain!"

He said, "Nothing was ever the same when I had adopted their traits."

When I furrowed my brow he knew I didn't quite understand,

He held my hand and said

"Daughter of pain,

When you become me as the world fades

And I disappear into the ocean,

You will be the one I

Pass the flaming torch to.

Don't run.

2:31 a.m.

It's 2:31 a.m. and my mind is almost as calm as your body;
the breathing is a soothing monotony that lays two hours away.

Dreamland.

In a bed all your own, in a world all your own,

Where the menacing giants roam, and the fiery dragons fly, cutting out the air from around you.

Breathless.

I wonder if you're drowning in your sleep right now.

I wonder if the blood wounds you show me in your smile

Reappear under the quiet pajamas,

In the awkward silences of your corridors.

I wonder how you feel the pain

When you're asleep.

I wonder if you feel unconscious chest pains

or if you shudder in your dreams.

I wonder how you feel the pain

When you're asleep, when I'm awake.

You're seemingly alone in your state.

If your temporary absence met my restless writings would we be

The sun and the moon as you suggested?

It's 2:50 and I am drunken from sleepiness.

I wanted to write of you, to write of us together as a warm unified body breathing,

But you and I, we're on different time zones at this very moment,

And as the demons are dragging you to the grave in your dreams,

The angels promise to hold me hostage until the morning, sinners don't deserve to sleep..

Sinners don't deserve to dream..

But I need to find you.

It's 3:00 a.m.

I think of how I feel

I don't feel anything accept the fact that I need to find you, find our future,

The demons hold you hostage in your dreams,

The angels rightfully try to keep me from the heaven I don't deserve,

You.

I don't deserve you.

But I wait until the morning rises,

For the one split second in which

the moon goes down as the sun is going up

And I lock eyes with the Sun

You lock eyes with the Moon,

And I lay my head to sleep,
Leaving you to wonder how I feel the pain.
Moves Us All

What moves us all is
The gold heavy in our hollow souls.
What moves us all is
Placed gently on our chest, and it sinks into the quicksand like
When my father told me to nibble on empty plates.
Like when they would sit in the abyss of my tummy grumbling.
What moves us all is the hunger that grabs us.
While we grab the coins falling out of the dark night sky;
Like when I became seventeen and my father's voice wouldn't leave my system
To nibble on empty plates in a growing body, and the thirst wouldn't leave my spirited tongue.
So I would speak to my audience
Try to grab from their attention something that could feed my soul more securely
Than the nickels and dimes they threw in the sewer making home in my stomach.
What moves us all...
My art was growing my soul twice the size of my body
What moves us all...
When the cameras click went off I felt time stop, I felt the crown descend on to my poverty
Like when my father made me nibble on empty china plates.
Like when I felt my soul grow too mature for my shrinking flesh.

What moves us all is when art becomes a safe haven that can't pay the bills
When music and sound fills you up in a way that you need, but can't survive with
When photography stops time but refuses to stop the problems
When poetry heals hearts but can't tame a growling stomach

There are times where
I go to bed at night
Hungry.
Nibbling on the pure gold I mustered up
In my journal.
Letting the world move me the way it
Moves us all.