

## **Darriel McBride - Self Actualization**

### **Indigo Child**

I cannot be contained.  
I am a star on my own planet.  
I am the strange fruit  
that grew too ripe  
for the popular tree.  
Brown skin  
Beautiful skin  
Born free.  
Born in the trenches  
but I've learned  
to see beauty  
in the struggle.  
Our stories  
are the ladders  
that make it easier  
to touch the stars.  
I live in world  
where all I know  
is that I truly know nothing.  
Except that knowing  
where you come from  
will pave the way  
for knowing where  
you are going.

### **Revelation**

Who, during his Presidency,  
has denounced white supremacy?  
No one.  
So, it's hard to be humble.  
Hard to forgive.  
Hard to forget.  
Hard to trust others.  
Hard to keep pushing back  
against double standards

Hard to be heard  
amongst the chaos.  
Hard to keep taking this shit  
blow after blow.  
We say "progress"  
but we've got so much more  
to go.

You took everything  
from us.  
You took our land.  
Our family.  
Our children.  
Our dignity.  
Our language.  
Our education.  
Our freedom.

You took everything.  
You have so much  
to give back that you have yet  
to acknowledge.

Feels like a fucking dagger.  
Feels like there's no place for me in this society.  
Feels like we can't even co-exist.  
I guess this is as good as it gets.  
I guess I have a lot to be thankful for  
but I refuse to convince people of my humanity.  
Either you see it or you don't.

I am not obligated to inherit  
the trauma of my ancestors.  
I am not obligated to fight  
against something I did not create.  
The load is too heavy for me to carry  
so I'm leaving over 400+ plus years  
of oppression and guilt at America's doorstep.  
Have fun sorting shit out.  
Have fun cooking up new lies to feed to the American people  
and neighborhoods abroad who still blindly admire you.  
What a shame.

I'm done being that friendly neighborhood  
while you've always been allowed  
to terrorize yours.  
Done lending a helping hand.  
Done being "respectable"  
when you still don't respect me.  
Done being your slave. I'm not running,  
I'm flying to the promise land and this time  
I'm taking my freedom with me.

### **An Anomalous Gift**

When I've struggled to say how I feel  
writing was always there  
for me.  
Growing up, entrapped by darkness  
and fear,  
writing was there for me.  
As my first lover and friend  
it would walk me through desolate times.  
Since the age of twelve, I have found no greater companion.  
No greater source of expression or clarity.  
Writing has birthed me.  
Writing has empowered me.  
Writing has aroused me.  
Writing has become my sanctuary  
where I erupt words  
that spill out heavy  
flows of affliction,  
my ceaselessly obscure thoughts,  
and the unrelenting commitment  
of my overzealous heart.  
I bleed the blood of my ancestors  
of all the things they carried.  
But before they parted the earth,  
they passed down this anomalous gift  
with love and grace  
allowing me to place my spirit on paper.  
Engulfing me with ability  
to leave an indelible legacy behind  
Like an angelic troublemaker should.

## **Beyond This Body**

When we die  
our souls live on.  
But sometimes  
we only remember  
people for what they look like  
rather than the core of their being.

Life is in a ceaseless  
state of change.  
Forever becoming.

If everything is always changing,  
then that includes us too.  
So I must be more  
than this hair.  
I must be more  
than this face  
these lips  
these hands  
and this body.

I am merely a spirit.  
A force that can move swiftly  
through the soaring winds,  
burning cold winters,  
and musty air  
like the end of August--  
living vicariously through this  
being named, Darriel,  
who thinks they've got it  
all figured out.

I love the silence.  
Her mind  
and her body  
are my playroom.

I am fragmented sentences.  
I am 10 dimensional spectacle.

I am an obscure puzzle  
that cannot be fully understood  
Nor have I fully understood  
myself.

I am not this human body.  
I am a free-loving spirit  
with no fixed identity.  
You cannot label me.  
I am free.  
I am focused.

I, like the universe,  
am evolving.

## **Anti-Humanity**

The United States is so anti black  
that anyone who is pro black is a "reverse racist."

The United States is so sexist  
that anyone who supports gender equality  
is misandrist.

The United States is so anti poor  
that anyone who supports economic  
and education equity is too idealistic.

The United States is so anti-immigrant  
that anyone who supports equal opportunity  
is a free loader.

The United States is so anti Muslim  
that anyone who supports freedom of belief  
is a terrorist.

The United States is so anti LGBT  
that anyone who believes in gay rights is a sinner.

The United States is so anti transparency  
that anyone who points out  
dishonest health and food practices  
is a disruption to the social order.

The United States is so anti democracy  
that anyone who speaks out is an agitator.

The United States is so anti humanity

that anyone who points out these flaws  
is a menace to society.