

La Capra Cornuta (The Horned Goat)

Sometimes my
mind
 contorts itself,
Carrying me

further than the roots my family planted for me.

Though roots don't always mean much from miles away,
More like branches they seem.

But I find stillness in my Brass Beauty
Hers is a maroon love.

In the dry heat
I hold her close and
She quiets my thoughts with her loud embrace.

Dolcemente, I say, and she listens.

Between Me and You

I tried to write about you today.

I tried to write about your voice.

The way it was the closest sound to a viola, apart from the real thing.

Your hair, which was ever in flux, but always a gentle, comforting shade of red.

I tried to write about your eyes, in which a single glance could reveal more about you than the years I've spent trying to put the pieces together.

Writing about you isn't comfortable.

Nor is it gentle.

There's no long,

winding

melody

that

resolves before silence.

There's only space and an attempt to fill it.

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Sat by the window,

Multicolored curiousness.

She left through the door.

Sarah

Though I use my bows for arrows, they also turn steel into vibrations
as familiar as red, yellow, or blue.

More familiar than seeing him sit on the floor, or watching her
eyes shift from the truth.

I forgot
to clean my room today and was reminded by the silence growing
wider with each year.

On paper we should be perfect,

But

one call a week has melted into the thick, New York air
along with my

distant

ambitions.

Maybe if she heard us things would be different.

Maybe hoping does no good.

I'd rather just aim for something.

Ode To America (A Spoken Word)

All Lives Matter. Isn't that true?
No, see, that's the difference between me and you.
I'm tired of hearing this 'cause I know it's all lies,
When I can't even put my hands in my pocket without seeing fear in your eyes.

What is it about me that you just can't stand?
Is it my nappy hair, my dark eyes, or my permanent tan?
I'll add chemicals, wear contacts, try hard to blend in,
But truth is, I'll never change the color of my skin.

Hands up, don't shoot- I'm just a kid.
But is this really a world I wanna be living in?
Sorry, Dr. King, I promise I did not forget the way you
Gave your life so I could be where you should have been.

But truth be told, I guess we didn't make it that far if
I can still get pulled over and questioned for driving my own car?
"Yes, officer, it's mine, you want the registration?"
"Oh, don't bother, I'll still follow you down the aisles of the gas station."

My heart's racin'.
But the only way to fight this is through
Peaceful Retaliation
I'm impatient.
400 years impatient.
Cause you say Change is Gonna Come but I'm still waiting.

I'm sorry, does it make you uneasy to hear the way that I'm livin'?
Well, this is what it means to be a Black American Citizen.
And I don't mean to be all bleak and bring up body bags
But man, I'm one bullet away from becoming a hashtag.

I'm comfortably uncomfortable, praying I'll see the light.
I'm too hot or too cold, but I'm never just right for you,
There's not enough white for you.
You say I'm two shades too dark to be light for you.

Now I'm not asking for your pity, I'm not asking for your tears.
I'm asking you to do your part and lighten these fears.
Cause I'm afraid to pull over, afraid to be stopped.
Sometimes I'm even afraid to even lock eyes with a cop-

With their loud sirens,
Red, white, and blue.

Funny how the colors of freedom are the same ones that put us behind bars, too.