

Hey! Hey! You don't know who I am.
I'm strong.
Strong inside and out
Strong through and through.
Been strong for as long as I can remember.
My momma quit on me years ago to make me strong.
In an alley, up against a dumpster,
just like on tv, only it was real.
Head bent down. Black roots.
Dead she gave me a gift,
Strength.

Black roots.

I remember the good days, the old days.
In the bathroom radio playing WGCI.

I miss the old GCI.

Tom Joyner in the morning every morning like an old friend.

Laughing at somebody playing the fool. All the old school music steppin'

Momma standing in front of the mirror, singin' along, covering those black roots.

Still some caring left in her still some love, maybe some hope for her, for me.

My old man grumbling out of bed pushing her aside
demanding attention a hulking spoiled baby littleman gross and foul
toothpaste, brushes, glass, Clairol flying crashing everywhere

“God damn it I need to pee. Get the fuck outta here”

dick in one hand phone in the other

always making deals

always smoking something

always never seeing me.

My bad. There were never any good times. Just not terrible times.

I found her and I cried

touched her head looked into her eyes they were blue like mine or mine like hers.

How I got all her whiteness, I don't know.

My old man he's a darkskinned fucker so kinky haired so black eyed black hearted.

I look at him and I think they should have named me Jesus.

It was like she had me all by herself. No man needed.

I know I was a part of her. She was part of me. We were each other.
Had each other's backs. Cried together. Lied together. Survived together.
I survived
sharp and painful full of rough edges that snagged at my brain,
each day black like him like me
pulled me away to a dark place to a black place
no light no music.

Course I was never totally alone. I had anger.
There was always anger. There was always anger.
Covering everything I touched everything I thought everything anybody ever said to me.
Smothered by anger
coated in hate
it all built up around me.
I couldn't escape, didn't really want to.
Anger, my gift from my father.

But that damn old man that sneaky blackhearted prick,
he nurtured his gift. He fed my anger, fed my hate.
Beat me. *you retarded worthless piece of whiteshit.*
Starved me. *you retarded worthless piece of whiteshit.*
Entered my brain *you retarded worthless piece of whiteshit*
can't you do anything right? what are you? fucking retarded?
Yeah maybe I am.

Fear confusion hate and anger. These were my friends, my gang, my crew
everywhere I went, I became a magnet for bad things.

Magnets.

Back in the day I loved magnets.

I loved science.

Science and Math.

Hypothesis and Equations

Everything so clean and simple.

If you followed directions (I couldn't).

If you were careful and did the right things (I wanted to).

If you measured and paid attention (I tried).

Everything turned out right (it didn't).

