

Memory

A girl slings her monogrammed backpack over her shoulder,
“I wish black people didn’t have to make everything about race.”
A pause,
“Yes,” I reply,
“Me too.”

The Forgetting

Black people bodies hidden away like America's younger cousin.
They sleep in the Mississippi and hide in the forest, in trees.
You hear trees whistlin' at night,
Ain't the crow or the lark.
It be the girls who can't sleep
For fear a white man use her bones as a necklace,
Her teeth like crowning jewels.

Migration

The water rusts the iron that breaks the backs
The blacks
The backs of barrels
Of rum and of guns
That kick and moan on the bow of the ship
Treading water
Swallowing water
Lungs, black backs and barrels
Black backs and scars that pass
Through family lines,
My blood line breathes water.
Swimming, is the body's way of expelling
And by that I mean a body
Remains untouched only when it is valuable.
In the market,
A girl my age is worth a hundred.
In another
She's worth 2.
Women learnt priding themselves
On how much money it takes
To spread their legs wide,
Same girl passed around
Till she forgets who owns the spaces
Grown men call "home,"
They
Go home to their wives
Covered in blood
Shame rocks his body at night
A witch, a black magic bitch
With candy between her thighs
The ship that never turns around
Like the sharks that devour,
Always swimming towards
A horizon that glimmers
Ready to swallow a body whole
As it sinks to the ocean
Floor.