

-Confessions of a black boy who was left outside too long and froze into a cold man

Cold black bodies fall and die, like they expect to.
See them crash to the ground.
Black man in white man world, pick me out from the crowd.
Loud, noisy streets filled with blank hopeless faces litter outside my front door.
Never thought I would be nothing more, than another number
Another nigga with altitude, being shot down from the sky in mid-flight.
Tragedy strikes, here so often that we don't even blink when we read the news.
That another black boy was taken from us too soon.
But we know,
Funerals are beautiful.
Mothers cry and daddies die, and we try, to keep it together.
Now uncle sleeps with a berretta.
Now he doesn't go out at night
Now he don't breathe right
Numbing his mind with drugs and drank.
Sometimes I do the same.
But I pray.

Curtains close, lights fade
Exit stage left, climax, no catharsis
Sit in darkness, on lonely couches of paralysis.
He sits there so long numbing the pain and wishing it could change.
I feel the same.

Will I grow too cold?