

AN ODE TO GRIEF

No. No. Please. Not again.
For the first few hours, I do not watch.
I can't. Then I do. It's everywhere.
His death becomes a record
Spinning in my mind, dizzying
Even when I try to close my eyes
The darkness holds his body
His blood bleeds into the earth like Abel
I am the earth and all I see is red
This heavy body of mine heaves
While anchors grace my ankles
The deep crevices of my skin hides bodies
I try to bring them to my chest
But they turn to dust in my arms
How can I mourn what I cannot touch?

In the beginning, I nuance myself blue
I shake everything but their boat
Until it's clear that it doesn't matter to them
For them, this is politics, this is a conversation
An endless sea of forgettable black bodies and names
This is an ocean away and nothing to do with us
Yet they interrogate each of my tear drops
They try to debate me out of my mourning
Argue against their American reflections
Like this land isn't stolen and looted all the same
White noise in my sorrowful symphony
Spirit pierced by a white supremacist Cupid
They can not begin to comprehend
This weight is not a choice
I was born with it on my chest
I feel it with every breath

Dawn greets me with chalk outlines
With the emptiness in another mother's eyes
I try to pray for every black body gifted to Heaven
But after days of trying, I finally choked on my tears
Crying, trying to claw out my own sullied throat
To make space for all of these names
Each name sparks a flame in my spirit
Letting me scream amongst the dead

If the fire finally burns me inside out,
Remember I died how I lived

Black.
Exhausted.