Months of the Year

Chera Broadnax
In *February* you move out of my way on the sidewalk as an apology
As if to say “I’m sorry my male ancestor did “x, y, or z” to your male ancestor
Because in *February* I am the descendent of a Black man
A Black man who was *whipped, broken, and hung*
In March you remain in the middle of my path despite being on the *wrong* side of the sidewalk
As if to say “I am *not* sorry that my ancestors hypersexualized and raped your female ancestors”
Because in *March* I am the descendent of a Black woman
There is no *repentance* for Black women because do not matter
We only matter when you need us
So we might as well not exist at all
*But* we do
And we will *continue* to
So you all will simply have to find a way to live with it

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