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Sex, Love, and Black Lives

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SEX, LOVE, AND BLACK LIVES

by

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B.A. May 2013, Hampton University

A Thesis Submitted to the Faculty of
Old Dominion University in Partial Fulfillment of the
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ABSTRACT

SEX, LOVE, AND BLACK LIVES

Mack Curry IV
Old Dominion University, 2016
Director: Professor Timothy Seibles

The title of my thesis is *Sex, Love, and Black Lives*. This title embodies the three prominent aspects of my life: intimacy, relationships, and being black in America. These subjects are important to me because they influence a lot of my writing. They have also made played a key role in shaping me into the person I am today. Section one will focus on my sexual experiences, section two will focus on romantic and platonic relationships I've had, and section three will focus on my perspective of being black in America.

Writing about my various thoughts and opinions allowed me to express myself in a way that I did not do with my parents. Writing about my sexual experiences also allows me to reflect on how each respective encounter has impacted emotionally. I like to write about sex in relation to love because I have had trouble connecting the two. I also use my poems to elaborate on certain actions and thoughts that occur when I'm with a significant other. Writing a stanza or two here and there helps me to verbalize my feelings, filter them, and effectively communicate them when the time comes.

After sex and relationships will come a section on being black in America. Sensitive as this topic may be, it is one that needs to be addressed. With everything going on in the media about hate crimes and police brutality toward African Americans, I felt that the view of the 21st century young black male needs to be expressed.

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CHAPTER I

SEX

Introduction

Ever since I was twelve, I've had a strong interest in the act of sex. I would always write about what I assumed it would be like, how it would feel, and who it would be with. Writing about my various thoughts and opinions allowed me to express myself in a way that I did not do with my parents. My mom still cringes at the thought of her "sweet little baby" having sex, and my dad saw talking about sex as simply placing expired condoms on my bed when I was ten. My friends and I discussed our sexual experiences all the time, but I couldn't articulate mine the same way I can with poetry.

Secret Sexcapade

The countertops and cabinets are sparkling,
but the smell of sweaty bedsheets
fills the house.

She hopes to seek my love through sex,
but my heart remains hidden as our late night
rendezvous become routine.

I caress her magnetic curves,
and whisper in her ear while she gets
ready to receive the gift I promised.

Our lips gently connect before she pulls
me in closer to slide between her fudge-flavored thighs.
We take turns tongue-traveling each other's body.

We lay together for the night,
only to part ways the next morning.
She slowly kisses my cheek before departing
as a way of reminding me of what we could be.

Bad Decisions

My dick sometimes gets me in trouble.

My hands also get me in trouble.

My brain stops functioning during sex,
which usually lands in me in trouble.

My mouth says "come over tonight."
In the past this would always be trouble.

Her red Saturn pulls into the parking lot.
She gets out, and I know I'm in trouble.

She wears only a trench coat and heels.
Drop the coat, and I know I'm in trouble.

We go to the bedroom and strip,
both naked to start some trouble.

She says to tie a leather belt around her neck
and grab a condom to prevent future trouble.

Open my eyes to realize I've been dreaming.
Never responded to her text, so now I'm in trouble.

Saturday Night

Hello, pretty lady. I see you
in the long purple dress and
those four-inch black heels.
Thick natural curly hair
and a curvaceous figure.

You let me dance with you,
my hands won't touch
your waist. You drink strawberry
lemonade in a wine glass
with your pinkie up.

We can two-step to jazz music
before sitting to converse.
My moves are rehearsed
to impress you.

You speak of Langston Hughes
and Lucille Clifton while we sip
on margaritas with lime wedges
on the rims of our glasses.

You discuss your love
of the Harlem Renaissance,
your Savannah, Georgia, upbringing,
and your summer trip to Rome.

You lament and vent about being
ten-years removed from high school.

Your number is now the missing page
in this chapter of our conversation.
We leave the club, and I escort you home.

I reach for a goodnight handshake,
but you insist on a hug. We exchange
numbers before you kiss me goodnight.
I get back out to the street before receiving
your text, "Come back and watch the sun rise with me."

Love and Prison

I've bartered a great deal of my free time
for some pork chops and fudge-flavored *punani*.
I've been a sucker for short women blessed
with melanin who enjoy cooking and libations.

Used to resist the urge to turn fellatio
and cunnilingus into a committed relationship.
I've reflected on past inabilities to embrace
women emotionally.

Physical attraction would draw me in like a magnet,
yet I would run from commitment
like a groom with cold feet at a wedding.
I've been handcuffed to promiscuity, so I'm
hoping monogamy can set me free.

Physical Distraction

Met you in the library
you had on a black skirt
blue blouse curly-haired sista
we made eye contact
you smiled shook my hand
your hands soft when I touch them
you have curvaceous physique
no weight trainer two-bedroom apartment
2007 *Impala* two college degrees
my eyes follow you like a Mona Lisa
I can't get work done when you're around.

Forgotten Spring Break Adventure

You didn't seem to know me
until I gave you a shot of *Hennessey*
in Miami Beach. Sashayed over to
me with your teal string bikini on.

Took a selfie with me before opening
your mouth for dark liquor.
You twerked on me
to "Back Dat Ass Up" by Juvenile
before you ran back to your hotel
on Washington Avenue.

Called your supposed number
to hear "Thank you for calling Dominos."
Number as fake as that foot long
dirty brown weave you were sporting.

Saw you at Hampton Homecoming.
Model walked over in that ivory dress
Barely covering your soft, round butt.
You whipped your hair back and said
"you remember me?"

I caught your amnesia,
smiled right in that *Maybelline*
face of yours and said
"Do I know you?" before moving
to another girl in the party.

Temptation

Late night text for sex.
I want her to come over.
Tempted to reply.
Peace has since been diminished.
Monogamy keep your grip.

Fantasy

We converse often
I dream about your rhythmic hips
Clenching you tightly
I wish you could lay with me
Ebony goddess

Reminiscent Pleasure

I miss our sunset kisses
How our bodies would intertwine
Bite my bottom lip
As the sound of our sex calls
Once the nightfall comes.

The One I Used to Know

Never thought about what a vacation did to you-
What meeting at a swimming pool did to you.

You were a high school freshman, and I was a sophomore-
Never thought about what getting my number did to you.

You texted me first to make sure my number is real-
Always wondered what my response text did to you.

Midnight phone calls during our high school days-
I understood what forbidden lust did to you.

Sex in the backseat of my *Hyundai Elantra*-
What being young and naïve did to you.

It's amazing what time does to you-
What having a child did to you.

Your new lover is grown with three kids-
Is that what settling down did to you?

Nineteen with a half-black, half-white child-
Tell me what a stretchmark did to you.

Thirty-three and never left Kent Island, Maryland-
See what complacency did to you.

Sent me pictures of your pink breasts after all these years-
See what our old phone sex habit did.

Casual Sex Confessional

She put her emotions on the backburner.
Coitus and condoms made her complacent.
She stood still for me to throw a dart at her heart
when mentioning another suitor.

She hid her intentions hoping I would
retrieve her feelings from the lost-and-found.
Apologies and occasional sex couldn't fill
the void she felt when I sought monogamy
with another woman.

She was hard to quit. Took more than a patch,
gum, and a 12-step plan to kick my cravings.
Dirty desires became deleted conversations.
Blocked numbers reduced cravings to rubble.

Captain Save- 'em Resigns

We've quickly gone from sex
to playing house as I played captain save 'em.
Briefly housed your kids as you slept
with me hoping physical attraction
would transform into love and a marriage.
I can't do it anymore.

I need to stop helping these damsels in distress
only to watch them head right back into trouble.
You played the victim when your mom got you evicted,
and you explain situations with limited descriptions.
Wait for me to be gullible and listen,
hoping for safety and dick in doses.

No amount of sexual relief is worth
having to pimp my car out as a
step-dad taxicab for school.
The ride was fun, I must admit,
but I have to leave you at this exit.

Deeper than Sex

She used to tell me she was
waiting for me to love her back.
Even left her boyfriend to be with me,
but I only sought g-spots, not girlfriends.

Two people. Two naïve intentions.
Another case of boy using girl for sex,
food, and companionship for lonely nights.
Another case of girl exploiting boy's sex drive
to secure a position in his life as a potential lover.

Heart snapped like a twig when I looked past her love
to escape and seek refuge in another woman.
We've since moved on to create
new stories with different lovers.
Another case of boy apologizing to scorned girl
and repairing once-intimate-now-distant friendship.

Modern Day Christianity

Jewelry with Jesus on it
doesn't make you Christian.
Some say it's good to meet
a nice church girl because
church girls are the biggest freaks.

Watch her curse like a sailor on Friday night,
slide down the stripper pole on Saturday night,
and brush it off by saying "God knows my heart"
on Sunday morning. All while clutching her chain
with a cross on it.

Christianity in 2015?

For me it's blowing dust off the Bible.
Use it during church service on Sunday,
pray for forgiveness of my sins, and fornicate
to celebrate not having a child out of wedlock.

Reaping what I sow, puking
after mixing rum with vodka
On a night out with the preacher's daughter.

Rehab for Cheating

“Women don’t wanna hear this. It’s hard not to cheat. Some men gotta go to rehab not to cheat.”

~Comedian Chris Rock

Tired of screwing the same person?

He or she getting on your nerves?

Then, this is the place for you.

Come learn the power of porn and masturbation.

Trust me, making love to your hand
does a lot less damage than
screwing that woman down the street
with the ass that resembles two basketballs,
and the 36DD copper breasts.

Or for the ladies, that guy at the gym,
with the protein shakes and *Lean Cuisine* meals
that you secretly wish would take you home
and make love to you for hours.

I know it’s tempting, but it’s not worth it.
Are you truly willing to risk your relationship
for a few moments of pleasure?
The answer is no (I think).

Monogamy isn’t easy.
Probably because people still want to have sex with you.
Does it get better? Not as far as I know.
But in the meantime, crack open that laptop,
find some type of lube,
and grab a towel to clean up the mess.

CHAPTER II

LOVE

Introduction

Although I enjoy the act and idea of sex, thinking about it being an act of love has always troubled me. Writing about my sexual experiences also allows me to reflect on how each respective encounter has impacted emotionally. I like to write about sex in relation to love because I have had trouble connecting the two. I've mainly been the type to see sex as an act of pleasure without any thought of love played a part in the act. With the exception of friends and family, I used to view love as an emotion that only leads to stress, anger, and heartbreak. Two failed long term relationships are the cause for this ideology.

The theme of love and relationships is in my thesis because it deals with the majority of my interactions with women over the past six years. I use poetry as a way of examining whether or not that particular relationship is something worth continuing and reaching that next step. I also use my poems to elaborate on certain actions and thoughts that occur when I'm with a significant other. Writing a stanza or two here and there helps me to verbalize my feelings, filter them, and effectively communicate them when the time comes.

Long Term Desire

We met when I was nine, and I hoped you would be mine
Went through puberty and college, and still wanted you to be mine.

First girl I ever dreamt about seeing naked
Your chest resembled breadcrumbs, but I wanted you to be mine.

Sat next to you during lunch at church school,
Did everything but say that you were mine.

Your smile shimmered like a diamond in the sand,
Your radiance made me want to make you mine.

Hair natural and black like coffee with no cream or sugar,
Used to be long, but now you've cut it shorter than mine.

Coke bottle shape with legs like Mariah Carey,
In high school, I prayed you would be mine.

Dated a football player throughout high school and college,
He had your temporary interest, but your permanent focus was mine.

Always hung out at the mall at home during Christmas break,
Converse for hours in McDonalds while I envision you being mine.

Finally broke up with the football player,
We were both single, so I wanted to make you mine.

Messages from an Ex

I wasn't reminiscing about the way that
blue prom dress looked on you.
For the first time in a long time I wasn't.
My mind was consumed with schoolwork, finances,
and that slender girl I met in the café.

Just when I thought the coast was clear,
you texted me and asked me how I had been.
No hysterical crying or screaming, but a real conversation.
You said that you were thinking about me,
and I immediately forgot the other girl existed.

I put on my tennis shoes and ran down Reflection Road,
took a left turn at that one night in your dorm,
yielded at the weekend we made love all over your parents' house.
I ran all the way down to the first "I love you".
Damn. Now I'm thinking about you too.

You Crossed my Mind Today
(After Jill Scott's "Cross my Mind")

Your hair left a coconut oil and shea-butter scent
on my pillowcases and comforters.
Other girls smelled nice,
but their scent didn't attract
me the way yours could.

I miss having sex on the dresser and bathroom sink.
Closest I've ever been to making love so far.
Remember when we took a plane, a bus, and two trains
just to stay at a hotel in Boston for one night?

You were petite and feisty,
always challenging me.
"You need to grow up, Mack."
"You better stop playing around
if you want people to take you seriously, Mack."
"I'm a virgin. You just gonna hit it and leave?"

I remember how we kissed and made up after every argument.
We laughed at our immaturity with life lessons learned.
Constant back-and-forth Facebook and texting rants.
We used alcohol to express feelings after fights
to make our apologies more blunt and genuine.

We used to confide in one another.
Overcame trust issues for over two years.
We took pictures together for graduation,
but our harmonious series has ended.

Back to Reality

I walked to my freshman dorm and found
my college girlfriend.

She was clothed only in a black negligee.

“I’ve been waiting for you, honeysuckle.”

Her bright smile showed off the gap
between her top front teeth.

She called me over to join her.

We started to hold one another
surrounded by polka dot pillows
and stuffed teddy bears holding
hearts in my room.

She whispered “I want you back” and

“I was wrong” into my left ear.

I began to respond only to open my eyes
and realize I had been caressing
my pillow the entire time.

Soul Rebel

I wanted to be her Huey Newton
with hints of Marvin Gaye.
Stand together saying "Fight the Power,"
slamming poetry after debating
theories on love and science.

We would inhale ganja
before exchanging deep breaths
in the bedroom.

Afrocentric woman with "Soul Rebel"
tattooed on her back in red and black ink,
breasts shaped like chocolate-covered mangoes.

Got her masters in Biology before leaving for med school.
Her absence crushed my hopes of our poetic revolution
like a cockroach under a size 15 shoe.

A Real Life Lesson

They should have a How to Breakup with Someone 101 course.

Have units talking about the importance of saying “It’s over” in person.

Break the cycle of dumping someone with a text message. If nothing else, at least have a workshop on breakup phone calls.

Students get into groups of two and practice.

Each of these breakup steps will be covered on your syllabus.

Next week’s lecture will be on living the lie, which includes avoiding a sexual relapse and pretending to remain cordial while ducking and dodging them as much as possible.

Wrestlers in Training

I threw my two-year-old brother when I was nine,
to the brown couch ten feet away.

He didn't make it to the couch, but he was fine.

Picked him up and said "Shhh, stop crying. You'll be okay."

As his gap-toothed laughter turned into crocodile tears,
I thought about the punishment I would receive that day.

We practiced wrestling moves on the basement mattress for years,
Choke slams and power bombs resulted in broken lambs and desks.
Blood and visible bruises were two of our biggest fears.

Bowties and uniforms now fill our closets as we reflect,
on moments when we would punch each other in the chest.

My House at Christmas Time

Mom waits for me and my brother to get the Christmas decorations out of the attic.

Dad fell through the ceiling when we were younger, so this is no longer an option for him.

Red and blue containers filled with nativity scenes from *Michael's Arts and Crafts* store fill the kitchen, family room, and dining room.

Dad pours some rum in with eggnog after putting three layers of tape and gift wrap on the presents he bought.

We plug in the lights for the fake tree. Mom places the star ornament on top of it to signify that her work is done.

Ode to Carlos the Gerbil

You always made the laundry room
smell like burnt popcorn and cottage cheese.
How could something as small as a toddler's hand
create a stench that consumes an entire room?
Why did you insist on running on your little wheel
as soon as the clock struck midnight?

Your bedroom was right next to mine; I became sleep-
deprived listening to your nocturnal squeaks.
Wish they would have put you in Thomas's room.
Guess mom and dad figured that a fifteen-year-old's
sleep isn't as important as an eight-year-old's.

But you were Thomas's pet. He was a negligent parent.
He played *Kingdom Hearts* and spent time with his friends
instead of making sure you had your crushed dry carrots.
Once you died, your corpse took smelled
like milk a month past expiration.

Took me and Thomas three weeks to realize you were dead
because we thought you were hibernating.

Ode to My Loctician

You transform fuzzy, nappy locs
into a crown of palm-rolled twists.
The shampoo you apply to my head
makes my hair clean and shiny
like a new pair of *Stacy Adams*.

Sundried hair follicles rolled together
in your gel-coated palms,
you spread the oil around my scalp
like cream cheese on a blueberry bagel.

Showing each twist tender love and concern
while caring about how *tender-headed* I am.
Delicately pulling apart locs that become conjoined,
placing them under the heat of the dryer until parts
in the scalp are as visible as the Red Sea.

Ode to My Girlfriend

Your full-figured physique
and your pillow-like breasts
are my temples of peace.

I love tasting those gloss-coated
lips while I hold your waist and
thighs softer than baby's blanket.

Figure aside, your knowledge of how to unclog a drain
and survive for three weeks on twenty dollars
has captured my interest in seeking you as
a mental, physical, and spiritual companion.

You put up with my over analysis
of everything, my mouth constantly
running like a leaky faucet, and the way
that I pace the floor.

My lack of maturity made it hard
for me to commit.

From Then to Now

Used to sit in my high school classes,
daydreaming of moving out of my parents'
four-bedroom house in suburban Maryland.

I would pack boxes with PlayStation 2 video games,
a variety pack of Trojan condoms, size 3xl shirts
and extra baggy *Rocawear* jeans.

I would imagine driving away in my silver *Hyundai Elantra*,
to live with my ex-girlfriend in her dorm room at Bowie State.
Never thought about the day I would pay
bills. Cable, electricity, mortgage.

Mortgage? Didn't even have to pay
rent in high school.
The only bill I had in high school
was for car insurance.

Used to laugh at friends who
weren't blessed with work study.
Seeing them live worry-free with parents
turns laughter into silent tears.

Wish I could've told that 17-year-old
hormone-filled boy with a low cut
and *Converse* glasses, to take
his time growing up.

Not Ready

Tim just married fine-ass Tamar from 75th street.
She has hazelnut eyes and is one shade from albino,
but he's blacker than the pole that holds up the streetlights.

Just last year, we celebrated Tim's 21st birthday
with three shots of Hennessy and four rum and cokes
at Kelley's on Watkins Boulevard.
Now he's 22, just walked down the aisle,
and Tamar has a baby bump.

I'm not ready for all that. I just gave my girl, Shaye,
a key to my condo, where she already left
her daisy-covered toothbrush, *Thousand Wishes* perfume,
four-inch black heels, and a pair of blue shorts that she borrowed
from me five months ago.

Tim said "you're next" at his wedding reception,
I almost strangled him. Tamar threw the bouquet
in Shaye's direction, but I swatted it away like a housefly.

Ode to Lady Poetry

I lay awake at night talking to her on the phone.
The tedious task of finding just the right words.
Free verse, couplets, should it rhyme?"

She's introduced me to Nikki Finney and Amiri Baraka.
My brain and stomach are in tornado when around her.
I met her in middle school during English class.

Seemed to start out as simply the fun thing to do.
Sat around in church with the fellas
and took turns developing her during sermons.

I learned more about how to properly
clothe her with structure and
fill her lungs with the right voice.

She's been there for it all.
I can't fathom a life without her.
Together forever, me and my Lady P.

CHAPTER III

BLACK LIVES

Introduction

With everything going on in the media about hate crimes and police brutality toward African Americans, I felt that the view of the 21st century young black male needs to be expressed. Also, as a black male migrating from a Historically Black College and University (HBCU) to a Predominantly White Institution (PWI), I enjoy writing about my observations and experiences regarding race. Since most of the program consists of Caucasian students, I'm usually the only black person in my classes. This causes me to pay closer attention to body language, certain words or phrases, and actions that are performed by classmates. I then write about these things to verbalize how I interpret them.

By including this section in my thesis, I'm attempting to speak for minorities who may not have a platform to share their views. I'm also hoping to give potential white readers more of a scope on what it's like to be a minority. Some people feel that racism no longer exist because we have a black president, and that is far from the truth. I'd like to abolish any false truths about race relations with my thesis while also encouraging more unity and equality amongst the races.

It's Not Dead

"Racism's still alive, they just be concealin' it."-Kanye West

Racism's not dead,
but 15-year-old Andre Green is.
Another unarmed black male who
"fit the description" for the police.

Prejudice isn't dead,
but the "usual suspect" will be.
Black male, height between 5'7"
and 6'4", low cut, braids, or locs,
mustache, beard, goatee,
or no facial hair. Age ranging from 15 to 35.

Racial profiling's not dead,
but criminal justice might be.
A black girl named Shakara gets heaved
out of her seat like a load of dirty laundry,
yet the police officer who did it
sees no jail time.

Faith isn't dead,
but if the notions of unity
and equality are, then I may
be the next innocent victim to die.

The Ghost of Huey Newton Speaks

Black girls twerking is seen as ghetto,
so why is it seen as adorable when
white girls do toe touches in an attempt
to gyrate like their black counterparts?

Went home to see a *Love and Hip Hop*
Marathon on VH1. Spent 45 minutes
watching scripted actors complain about
getting butt injections while throwing drinks at each other.

Sit back and think: King and X died for this shit?
It's 2016, yet black people are still praised for being
loud and speaking broken English on television interviews.

Black Enslavement Television

Your insensitivity
cuts me open like a C-section.
You push stripper ambitions,
crack-cooking tutorials, and
throwing dollar bills in the club,
while turning a blind eye
to *Hands up, Don't shoot*, and *Black Lives Matter*.

Pushing your white, *Viacom* influenced agenda,
belittling black people by portraying images
of ass shaking and weed smoke flowing
from slightly cracked, tinted windows
of the latest *Mercedes* or *Lamborghini*,
and take away news coverage of black people
becoming CEOs of *American Express* and *Xerox*.

What was once news on current events
has since become syndicated sitcoms
and mind-numbing reality television.
I wait the day when you no longer receive
the black community's money with a smile
while watching that community crumble
like walls of a bombed building.

The HBCU Experience

College campuses filled with the black students
that aren't seen in the media.

Black Heritage Extravaganzas showcasing
divinity schools and cancer centers
not mentioned in history books.

Each institution built to give blacks a fighting chance.
Samuel L. Jackson, Toni Morrison, and others were
molded by these places before the world met them.
Lack of funding becomes apparent in mold and cracks
in forty-year-old dormitories, yet the inhabitants
exit the facilities with a mindset for change.

Black journalists, doctors, teachers,
lawyers, and businessmen are shaped from HBCUs,
as they are taught to compete with twice the passion
of their Caucasian counterparts.

Blind Eye

The media didn't cover the 20th anniversary
of the Million Man March. I guess CNN
and MSNBC couldn't be "live on the scene."
Not enough dysfunction to keep their interest.

Maybe the Muslims should've fought the Christians.
A sword fight over the Bible and the Koran
while they each attempt to choke one another to death
with bean pies and raw pork fat.
That'll keep the camera rolling.

Heaven forbid black people
be seen as peaceful and unified.
Cameras loaded with film for race wars
and riots have dead batteries for #JusticeorElse.

One million black people flooding
Washington, D.C. as a united force.
No police cars flipped over.
No tear gas and burning buildings.
No media coverage.

Muslims and Christians stood together
honoring Former Mayor Marion Barry.
Reporters swarmed like flies to outdoor picnics
to discuss Barry's bouts with crack,
but they disregarded the scene of the march
like George Bush did Hurricane Katrina.

Black Scholar and White Scholar

The black scholar's academic viewpoints can sometimes get destroyed,
The white scholar's abilities to see color can also get destroyed.

Some black scholars are restricted from getting jobs-
This candidate has the wrong color skin, application may get destroyed.

The white scholar hardly worries about his future,
white privilege can ensure his criminal record is destroyed.

The black scholar wanted to have a family one day,
he got arrested for driving while black, so that plan got destroyed.

The officers made up false charges of driving a stolen car,
the black scholar served five years in prison, so his voting privileges are also destroyed.

The black and white scholar used to be best friends,
until the white scholar had the black scholar's "Black Lives Matter" sign destroyed.

Sit Next to Me

White lady, why won't you sit next to me?

My dreadlocks don't bite, I promise.

They're not tarantulas out to steal
your purse, so stop clutching it.

Does my appearance scare you?

Maybe it's the open book
of poetry in my lap, or the Hampton
University alumni shirt I have on.

Maybe it's the fact that I'm
actually *reading* the book.

Does my direct eye contact
intimidate you when you see
the open space next to me
as the last seat left on the bus?

I'm just an educated black man.

Why do you fear me so much?

State of the Black Community

Met with my cousin Pookie
to discuss local current events
at the Starbucks down the street.

He told me he's tired of watching
World Star videos on the internet
showing Dante and Ray-Ray
fightin' at the bus stop.

These two ignit' niggas threw
four punches each. Ray-Ray
shot Dante after getting knocked
to the ground in front of his girlfriend.

Keon got shot in the back
three times by Officer Whitey.

Keisha and Ashanti were arguing
over team darkskin vs team lightskin.
What about team black?
2016, and black people still fight
like crabs in a bucket.

No wonder Crackers wanted to keep
us in a barrel and never let us stay at the Ritz.

Jamal comes Out of the Closet

Cousin Jamal changed his name to Peaches.
He said that he's been gay since he was seventeen.
I always thought gays were born that way.

So did Peaches change his mind at some point?
When did he decide that he liked beards over breasts?
I always thought guys and girls went together
like milk and cereal.

What's worse is that he only lusts for white guys.
Did he forget he that he's black?
We already get spit on and shot at for being black.

I don't know how he's gonna face getting
shot at after getting beat up and called a "butt pirate"
by the neighborhood thugs.
A black male with gay, interracial desires? Damn!

When Will It End

When will my people stop being
reduced to names and faces
on “In Loving Memory” t-shirts?

I’ve never had to pray
for a peaceful traffic stop
as much as I do now.

Skittles and ice tea are not
deadly weapons, and saying
“I can’t breathe” is not resisting arrest.

It’s a shame when the neighborhood watch
becomes the *nigger watch*, and the *enforcers*
are the people meant to protect and serve.

White privilege keeps armed rebels alive
after a 40-day protest, but black skin
gets us shot first and questioned later.

My Stolen Comfort

The revolver against my temple.
left me speechless. I handed
over my phone and wallet
praying that he wouldn't pull the trigger.

Beads of sweat dripped while local Hampton
hoodlums robbed me with NO witnesses.
My high fades in the nighttime air
as I realized this wasn't a nightmare.

A punch to my left eye replaces
the replaces fear of getting shot.
I left the parking lot
with a black eye and empty wallet.

Telling the police made it worse
when they treated the case as revenge
for a crime I never committed.
Case closed as trust in police was diminished.

The Ignorant Negro

I can't stand lazy niggas.

The one who's 30 years old, still sleeping
in a sea of cigarillo wrappers, dirty clothes,
and unused condoms. He wears jeans that sag
and a "Free Bobby Schmurda" t-shirt.

"Hood Star" is tatted on his neck in black ink.
Rick Ross and Frank Lucas are his role models.
He attempts to slang cocaine on the corner because
he saw Gucci Mane do it in a video.

He blames the state government for his
minimum wage job at McDonalds,
but he never registered to vote.
Piles of newspapers now serve
as ashtrays for smoked weed.

You'll never find him with a book.

Cannonball

Political stupidity always gets concealed.

Like the real reason why republicans
love Donald Trump for wanting
to shoot immigrants out of a cannon
back to Mexico.

I'm sure he'll vote
for history books whitewashing
slavery and segregation.

Remember the Alamo, but forget
that Alamo soldiers probably sold
my great, great grandfather Jim for three dollars
to Massa's plantation in what's
now the city of Dallas.

Ensure that history is "all-white."
I wish that Nat Turner and Squanto
could team up to light the cannon,
ready to send Trump
to visit his Scottish relatives.

Speech

When you walk in a black mother's house, you better speak-
Some blacks play sports without learning how to properly speak.

Play football for the white team owner-
Run the fastest but don't speak.

Make Predominantly White Institutions money playing basketball-
Run, catch, and shoot but don't speak.

Our vernacular never seen as an official language-
Only dialect, secondary way to speak.

Clippers owner didn't want us at the games-
Fired and banned, probably wishes he didn't speak.

Ben Carson thinks Muslims can't be president-
All black people know that he shouldn't speak.

Donald Trump spews manure like a cow with diarrhea-
Yet news crews sprint his way when he decides to speak.

Some white people will smile in your face-
Then decide to beat you and choke you so you cannot speak.

Listen close at the bar when your white friend is drunk-
Show you off as his token black friend in hopes you never speak.

Walk in greatness like President Obama-
Bigots want to hang themselves when they know we can speak.

The Letters Unsent

1. My fellow brothers,

Today we have the

“I Might Be Next” life insurance.

Babies, teenagers, black men under 25

this is for you.

It comes with \$500,000 for your family,
automatic life sentences for your killers,
and a recording of Huey Newton discussing
how black lives don't matter in America.

We guarantee proper acknowledgment
of the circumstances behind your murder as well as
justice for you, REAL justice,
with a jury of your ancestors
along with other victims to serve as your peers.

If you call now, we will even throw
in our “Scared Black” package.
This includes the opportunity to
switch places with an upper class white male
oblivious to racism in 2014.

We will ensure that he is arrested for
Driving While Black,
randomly followed by clerks in a store
and “randomly” selected for advanced
searches by TSA EVERY time he gets on a plane.

If you want the advanced “Scared Black” package,
We can add the elements of locs,
tattoos, and 400 years of negative
stereotypes for him to overcome.

2. Salutations Scorned Sisters,

For all Black mothers,
we have the “Carbon Copy Removal”
equality pack. This includes personal
apologies from Iggy Azalea, the Kardashians
and any other white woman using
imitation assmeat, helium-filled-lips, and
surgically-injected curvature to entice
your black kings and princes.

This insurance also comes
with the respectful male counterpart
willing to do his part and be a man
as opposed to a mere fly-by-night sperm donor.
We will give you the kind of man
that sees you as his equal.

Lastly, we will throw a bundle package
that’s good for any black woman
in the house ranging from ages 30 to 90.

We will have our trained historical henchmen
smack all hopelessly clueless white people
upside the head with bottles of Aunt Jemima
and Mrs. Butterworth’s maple syrup.

3. Dear white people,

All black people do NOT look alike.

Yes, some of us do have locs,

Not plats, locs. And no, we are

not all related. Locs don't make

Chief Keef, Lil' Wayne, and Wale

members of the same family.

We know that you have probably

assumed us to be drug dealers

or suspects in a gang-related shooting

because of our locs, and I must say

that seems a tad racist.

Such bigotry resembles ideas that

every black male wrongfully killed

deserved it, simply because

they may not have listened to

Chris Rock's advice on

"How not to get your ass kicked by the police."

4. Dear AmeriKKKAn Oppressor,

When are we gonna have *real* search parties?
The ones that involve looking for things
America has *actually* lost over time.

If we can conduct a two-year search party
for some naive Caucasian girl who followed
some unknown men in Aruba, Alaska,
or I don't give a damn, then why can't we
search for land taken from Native Americans?

Why does she get such special treatment?
People of color get abducted and go missing
too, but I guess being a minority makes
that irrelevant. We're seen as Facebook posts
easily removed by simply refreshing the page.

Well, how about we search for the *long* lost
justice for black people. I wish we could find
those reparations black people were promised.
Forty acres and a mule were replaced
with forty unlawful murders and no indictments.

I'm sick of Amber alerts.
I'm sick of what America has become.
In fact, I'm gonna start a search party for
America's common sense, because recently,
court decisions have shown that Americans
lost that a *long* time ago.

VITA

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