

jesus to blk boys
(dedicated to G. & B.)

listen to me.

the library is an amazing place to hide when nobody is seeking you there
because why would somebody like you be in a place like this?
here they look at you with awe & wonder. you like it here 'cuz it's easy—
easy enough to forget that danger is waiting for you just down the block

grown men who would gladly tell your mother that you
[standing just under four feet tall]
are a danger to them & society
that you can't wear a Woody costume on Halloween
because the toy gun sewn to your side looks a little too real for them.
you never wanted to be Buzz Lightyear.

listen.

they will take your blood & drink it like communion wine if you let them.
that is to say, don't associate with the Black boys who feel a little too free in their own skin.
it is only a matter of time before they're made to crawl into the pipelines running under the school.
it is only 2012. immigrants in this GOD-forsaken country,
your parents worked too hard just for you to end up like the others

you thought he was doing you a favor.
you didn't realize it, but everyday that dad stowed you away in the library
was another day he could guarantee he would be able to take you home.
it is the only slice of solace he would ever know.
it is all that mattered.

listen. to. me.

Trayvon Martin died on a [cross]walk
not for your sins,
but to remind you that you-are-next.

that even though you are only eight years old,
the playground is no place for you to run about
little Black boy

don't forget the atrocities they commit in the name of ~~GOD~~ law enforcement.
don't forget they cut parts of the Bible to justify keeping you in chains.

don't forget it was decided before you
could even speak or defend yourself
what you are & what you will become.

[you don't want to be a martyr, trust me.]

now hush. listen.

this is the final warning.
i say unto you: run.
if not for yourself,
then your freedom.

you need to shake & shiver;
meditate, wash & repeat.
you need to melt & reform like a crayon,
take on the image of GOD Herself
& know that She
is Black just like you.

nothing else matters—

*hide your bones
& maybe they won't crucify you too.*