

Fool's Gold

after Plato's' Noble Lie

after America's wake,

*there is an attraction to your movement.
your shift
& your shake
the way you body cracks to the bend.*

& are we all not born with Gold in our veins?
maybe it is the bronze in your skin that causes them to cringe?

& yes,
there are those who came before you

the ones who dared
lay waste to their exoskeletons
& scream alarm
to their America's wake
peeling windows through their bronze armour,
to show truth to the gold in their veins

yet they were labeled incident,

told to tuck their egos back into their fist
& their fist behind their backs

Dear child of The Gold Born Bronze,

a day will come where you are tested
where someone will choose
to measure your skin

*(absent
of the blood
that brought you
to this spot.)*

when they ask you,
how you got here:
when they ask you,
how you made it this far:

tell them Harriet set this path for you

tell them Asada lent you her feet

when they ask you,

where you came from: tell them of Haiti's earthquakes & New Orleans's Mardi Gras

*don't forget to mention
the hot-stick-sweat
that stuck
too raw backs
& the tears of families before you*

tell them of the stars that were traced,

(& the rivers that were stalked)

tell them of your rememory
tell them of how you are of the beloved
tell them of your America's wake
tell them how your America never dreamed

Dear Child of the Gold Born Bronze,

a day will come where you are tested
where they will shine their silver badges & bullets
& ask you to tuck your egos into your fist
& your fist behind your back

Dear Child of the Gold Born Bronze

when this day comes,
will you comply?
or will you raise your fist in power?
call on your Malcom, your Huie, & your Angela

Dear Child of the Gold Born Bronze

when this day comes,
show them you are not their fool of America