

If I could I will grate the skin from my bones and sell it to you by the pound
so that you could make it into who you want me to be
knowing
consciously
that every pound of My fleshy body is worth less to you than a drop of water in the ocean that
carried the ships you brought me on
chained and discouraged like a forgotten rusted fence
it is not a coincidence you plead ignorance

I would grind my bones into a fine powder
so that you may sprinkle me on top of the box you baked me in
letting you make the same mistake again hoping I wouldn't rise
swapping baking powder for gunpowder
I close my eyes
trying to memorize all the lies
I've been spoon-fed until I am so full I think I might explode
regurgitating words I think I once heard

Frederick Douglass once said Rich inheritance of Justice Liberty prosperity and independence
bequeathed by your father's is shared by you not by me
and still I am called upon to remove my hands and feet replacing them with hooves to better
carry the weight of this country on my back becoming the mule to work the 40 acres you
promised me
While treading lightly
as to not knock down the House of Cards you stacked against me

And still
gladly
I would rip the long Kinky Curls for my scalp strand by strand
deep conditioning the preconditioning you've done to me
so that you may use them as a garnish for the Masterpiece you think I'd be if only you could get
your hands on me

I would rip the tongue right out of my mouth and hold it
like I hold my peace
as little pieces of me like tiny shards sever the urge to call you out for wanting me to
and I would melt down my intellect so that you may use it to glaze over all of my imperfections
while perfectly accepting that there will never be enough
secretly wishing that you would drown in the intensity of my thoughts
like a fish out of water drowning on the air and wished for
but I never wished for this

For the need to gouge the eyeballs from my skull
as a courtesy

so that I could pretend not to see your hypocrisy I would drop them in your spirits like olives in a Martini
hoping you would swallow them whole and choke on the vision of a future I see
where being born into Freedom isn't being born into oppression
or being born to be less than

We're resting in peace isn't the only piece I get where I am allowed to say words like I deserve
and I deserve more than this

More than handing over my seared ears like an overcooked steak
so over done I can barely hear you fumbling to fix your mistakes

And still
I would carve out my heart and serve it to you on a platter
A la carte
so that you may pick it apart in its purest form taste the difference between love and hate
sop up its juices
lick the crumbs from your plate

And still
you would gag on the audacity that you can not send me back to whence I came
covering your plate with a napkin like you cover your shame
of having enjoyed the essence of me
hating me for being
but hating that you can't be me

And so you plead
too much
overcooked
underbaked

My goods have never been enough for you
And yet you stay poised to steal another plate