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Category: Poetry

For Black Girls When the Loving Looks Like Leaving

defiant in her chosen death
cerulean teal sky yawning to swallow her
whole, hole in her body she pierced
blood not running for white
clouds, transparent but not for white
gazes fixed on fallen halo, hollering why would you ruin your place among white
admiration, girl, baby, she had it so good, better than she understood
they whispered she was a different shade of Black
for the culture she tweets back, *not the vultures*, rejected crown and queen
tastes sunbeam and gleamed just by her beak
and look, now they're saying she belongs to the streets
burning with maternal rage, she is the page she ripped
out of the book titled 'the illusion of the inclusion of us'
the sky never kissed her so why should she stay?
the sky's gonna miss her but it won't miss *her*, it missed her, missed opportunities
she'll Black ancestress it up, baby girl
world unfurling beneath her like an open promise, open heart spraying blood, catch
her old definition of justice and self was fashioned far before her first breath by white
men who never knew her and wouldn't have except to know her
rolling in their graves as she names them their true names, ready to fall by her own doing
so why should she stay here with you?
stay and grace a sky that lies
to her as easily as the breeze shrieks
tells her where to fly and
how to do it and that the earth below where she was born is "underneath"
you crow puffy, white softness
and claim that she will never speak in silk but that she can
stay if she dedicates her life to trying, flying
no, she's going to fall a million times
because she was winged and feathered and she owned it
it will be her voice and her noise and her joys, rejoice, it'll be her *choice*
she's got a right to be
this way, momma valentine's claim that
Jesus died in the Blackest way possible might tear through your mind
purposeful falling, death, defeat, you demonize my darkest song not sung for you but
for the culture, it'll be the last song on my lips, last rhythm in my hips, my fingertips
i, Blackest bird, criticize having ever loved something so against my existence, still untangling
brilliance, "articulate" handed down from hands" above" is not my crown, ground down
my bones exposed for those who knew me gleam enough
i hope my falling makes you question everything.