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June

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June

Dear Dad,

Let me tell you about the world that you have left,
about the fires we have started, about
my constant fear of death. When I walk
outside the house, turn around and lock the door
I adorn myself in targets, for I am a body—
nothing more. The sky is white with acid rainfall
as I tread uneven ground. I am skin before
I am human—I can feel my wrists are bound.
It's this egregious state of being where I'm screaming
at a wall and although the wall quivers, those old pictures
never fall. So, I've taken to the hammer,
ripping nails with fingers bleeding, all while the wall tries to say
it's my words that start the healing. But it has siphoned
words from you, your father, and his father too, and since I do not see it breaking,
I fear my words will not get through. I am in lock step with people
who have had more than enough, who have had 400 years
of lies to know to call this country's bluff. I have seen white faces gleaming,
throwing gas into our crowds—they put the stones inside our pockets
and dare ask us why we drown.