

THE PRACTICALITY OF ONENESS

Are we going to get along? You told me people decide as much before they even open their mouths. What's it going to be? We could save some time.

It's not a just damn protest and I refuse to be told to sit inside while you're patrolling, waiting to get news you've been - I feel better out there, in a weird way closer to you, while standing up for myself and for my black brothers and sisters.

We've never been on the same side of the line, you and I. You told me people choose to get along - we decided a long time ago. Before you got your badge, before we met. My roots are soaked in the blood of my ancestors, I feel them coming up, cracking in my bones, shaking me awake - refusing to let me walk this earth in silence.

It would have been easier to be with someone who shared my history, my skin tone, but I excused it - because a kiss from you is like taking a breath. A breath underwater. And this world is the vast, deep ocean. I can't think about the vastness because I feel like my guts will just -- ocean vertigo? I reach out for your hand and you keep me from getting lost in the blue.

You pull me up to the light. Your rescue instinct makes you a good cop. But my other hand is holding firmly to my ancestors, stuck and sunken below. So I protest to bring 500 years of colonization stories to the surface.

We get along when we realize we're the same. Please, help me free your ancestors from the darkness.