

When A Bigot Calls You Divisive For Talking About Race You Say...

don't call me divisive
call me survivor of division
call me member of the Three Fifts mafia
mobbin' my way to wholeness since
my family first became fraction
call me descendant of
great great great grandma
gone with the Smiths'
great great great aunt
gone with the Jones'
great great great grandpa
gone with the wind
his teeth tongue testicles
found treasures of a scavenger hunt
discovered by babies his wife nursed
strong enough to sever him

call me split at the seams
split by the fan belt
legacy of snapped neck
of hole in head hole in chest
of omnidirectional blood flow
divvying up which spot of soil
it will stain based on which
orifice it rivers out of
call me casualty of aggressive policing
the halves & fourths of dispersed crowds
after the tear gas chokes me silent

call me 1 out of every 3 Black men will...
1 out of every 4 Black women will...
call me (insert percentage) of Black children
will be detained before
being old enough to vote
be dehumanized before being old enough

to pronounce their value
call me a disproportionate number
of inmate numbers
do the math on how many cages it takes
to make generations fractionalized
to the point of
“when were they ever nuclear?”
call me scattered brain matter
by way of rifle round
any time my aspiration of equality
is misconstrued as
not knowing my place

but don't dare ever call my rhetoric divisive
call me bridge builder
architect of your manifest destiny
let this language of who you are who you've been
liberate you from lies that have cost us lives
call this talk labor
call me laborer if the familiarity of
word association helps
call me whole
go 'head say it
say something new.

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