

# WHAT IS "POLITICAL BLACKNESS"?

OKAY, so I think this is what it is. Yes, you will hear and see and experience constant reminders that young BLACK and BROWN and INDIGENOUS and ASIAN men and boys and girls and WOMEN OF COLOR are under a renewed attack on "our" bodily safety and mental stability. Yes, you will hear all about "our" hurt until the summary execution of unarmed Black and Brown and reddened high-yellow and poor white people by police with taxpayer purchased guns comes to a complete and final STOP.

In the meantime - and it is a mean time - you will see the tears and hear the cries of "our" struggle until it touches your life, and hopefully before you can taste and smell the blood for yourself. Before your hearts

...

ARE wrenched from your chest like OUR MOTHERS ' !

Were.

Still.

Are.

Every.

Day.

Time.

Now.

So  
with words  
and dance and singing  
for wards yet unborn  
but  
without bullets or guns - or fear

"WE"

will constantly bombard your senses with this message  
until you UnderStAnd that "WE" are deadly serious.

"WE" love you.

That's why

"WE"

will

not

stop

telling

you

the

truth...

**BLACK**

**LIVES**

**MATTER.**

**"Black" lives matter**  
**as much as (insert**  
**your, life; no more and no less.**

But certainly more than your enjoyment of a football game or the commercials in between. Or your morning coffee. Or your afternoon tea. Or your night cap. And if you need help, "WE'LL" rhetorically peel the last one back so that any and all such analogous instances can just STOP dead in its tracks. This time. Like "last".

Violence will not disturb our peace. Our peace will lay with it while it does its business on us, however, we will tell YOU about it. Every chance we get, "we'll tell the story of how we've overcome," to be able to live "bye n bye" and long enough to tell the story of another. But, just in case we don't make it home tonight, please note:

**THE ROOF IS *STILL* ON FIRE AND WE**

**- AND FLINT!!! -**

**STILL NEED WATER!!! RIGHT NOW!!!**

If it's unclear, we live in the part of the house that didn't get re-constructed properly or in full; and time has finally whittled down the rudimentary structure to a nub. Don't cry, we've still got hearts and minds and spirits, just go get some HELP! Unless you're willing to... DIY ...do it yourself? Would...

You. You're welcome here. Sorry, we don't have a chair for you, though. See, we never had any in the first place. Buuutt... We've got some coming tho cuz likkle Primo learned how to make 'em. He's upstate right now cutting up a downed tree that he will be re-purposing for the wood of your seat. Our seat. It's red; like his daddy, who planted the seed with blood on it - just like our daddy did. *Ibid*.

His momma gave him the saw; it's a simple one you see, but 'my-T sharp' with strength a plenty and 'nuff flexibility to cut down any old tree. 'Least that's what she told him; so he believes it. Funny how tears drip and dry and look calcified. At least "we" seize it that way. Oh say now, can you see it too? If not...It's okay. We'll be right back after this message if it doesn't get through.

Call it a marathon running infomercial for the edification, education, and uplift of the consciousness of a country that almost lost its mind and clearly needs our help to find and keep it, if it is ever to be a *nation*. Because it's not so just, yet. So no. Not... Quite... We're not done. Yet, we really want to be. So **STOP KILLING U.S. Right? Now!**

\* \* \*

### ADDENDUM (B) :

Yes; that is it.  
The place is;  
Space is too, and is  
quite real as well -  
at most insofar as one.  
Can you tell?

But the problem is...  
Poignant as the point ellipses;  
Ellipsis.