

Background Sounds: A Fraction

Police sirens, the most I've ever heard in my entire life...

The barking of my dog, an innocent, ignorant animal,

looking for love when I feel like I only have tears to give...

The gospel music that I keep on repeat,

servicing to keep me grounded when my thoughts go racing...

“Will we be safe by next week, next month, ever?” ...

“How do racists look at themselves in the mirror?” ...

“What will the next generations have to witness... to experience?” ...

“Black people have no option but to have limitless strength” ...

All the news reports I've heard coming from my mother's room,

continuing for hours and repeating the same distressing stories every other break...

Every post I've seen and saved on Instagram,

Protest videos, videos showing Cold Blooded Murders, videos of Pain and Anger...

Distant, frequent pops that leave me frozen, a part of my brain equating them to gunshots

The blaring silence of my dark room as I lay and try to process...

My own cries that I trap in my knotted throat,

behind the hand covering my mouth...

Daily, my ears are open,

my mind is clogged,

my heart is heavy...