

# mr.smith

mr smith,  
you are a snake.  
balancing promises and bullshit on your tongue,  
you are venomous.  
A child at play-you played with words,  
polishing them on your sleeve and presenting them at the palms of your hands  
you were a snake.  
Your eloquent articulation, versus my-teasing my words into a lyrical sedation  
your squeaky clean-like diction,  
-I could hear the floss between your teeth,  
cleaning your consciousness will not give you wings, mr.smith

You thought-  
asking for forgiveness would be easier than asking for permission  
-my permission.  
Ignorance really is bliss, because your age has clearly outgrown your wisdom and common judgement.  
Well do me a favor, mr.smith,  
gaze into your reflection, find the world in your own eyes  
-reciprocate it.  
The forgiveness I have given you  
-permutate it.  
Feel it seep through your pores  
-graze your flesh  
-and sting, on the surface of your bones

while I heal.  
And don't ever,  
let women like myself deceive you.  
For our resilience is worn differently than the way men,  
wear theirs.  
These breasts,  
made as armor to protect an organ too willing to love.  
Our lips,  
dancing-seductive  
only to give beauty to words.  
Our hips,  
made wide to make our bodies look like hearts turned upside down.  
It's no wonder.. The angels are always looking down.  
We are holy. We are the walking reminders of creation.  
We are temple.  
-You didn't realize it though.  
You couldn't see between the slits of your own two scaly lids.

You thought you could get by,  
slither past the Big Man,  
Newsflash homie- nothing gets by God's eye.

Now matter how much you sanitize,  
the dirt still clings to your throat,  
You think you talk slick  
dressed up in your toxic  
you think you can hide your demons?  
you just talk sick.  
I, am not an object.  
I breathe heavy. I dream deep.  
And I will brand the memory of me under the bottom of your tongue so deep,  
maybe then you wouldn't be so fucking stupid as to attempt to leer young girls into your perversion-  
playing with punctuation like pretzels  
twisting tongue and truth like tornadoes  
speaking secret scars written on your psyche  
-you obviously, did not know me.

You are a snake mr. smith  
and I will not let you forget me.

## Patrice Mead

