

The World Our Tears Ask for

I remember how my
neighbour's face was pressed
against the hot stone of
oppression, how his mouth
became filled with sand of
depression, in the hands
of those employed
to protect & secure us.
He shouted, "I think we are
a part of this world."
But his voice faded away
like the tweets of a fleeting bird.
Another police lifted him & put
his hand around his shoulder, but
a golden noose does no good:
It is as hell as a black one –
Like a prison uniform
sewn in satin and lace:
For the friendly police was
only smiling at his pocket.
let's read the following from right to left
maybe someday, we'll get it right
& become an icon of a pristine world:
world a
walk to able are we where
gum chew and
world a
corridor our at sit we where
coffee peaceful sip and
whisky with celebrate or
network carrying without
minds our in fears of
our colouring where world a &
turtleneck black a in dressed & hair
criminals us make doesn't



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~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

The Pangolin Review, Issue 14 (8 January, 2020)