

why you big brown bearded boy wear a dress
they press me, and dispossess me, soliciting clarifying address on this repressed mess of largesse
it's in their blood to suppress, make me undress and acquiesce
my intersectional existence seems not my own you see
like many of your own, interrogated, assaulted, destroyed, and then censored in history
those who are like me cannot thrive, deprived, and buried alive in discourteous antiquity
these emboldened men, full of gobbledygook, telling their lies, stealing land, starting wars
i just know you crook Captain-Cook looking fuckers will Endeavour, in jest, to make me all yours
i profess some queries are quite cruel, but some benign, some curious,
but the one to depress is that many are furious
why you big brown bearded boy wear a dress, you're not allowed to express
and i must confess, these reservations bring me real stress and distress
'cos despite the visage of some privilege, like many i've been raped by a man, body sacrilege
you'd think we made progress in excess, claiming at least one small success
and that's a half-truth, scribbled down in many a book but unless we come out and assess
as one tribe, admit we mistook and forsook and we took and retook
but nevertheless, i digress, i speak of one peak, not unique for this freak
informing this bleak poem, and all that i seek
this one particular repugnant specimen tried his best to transgress and oppress
some studderin' scum of a white brutha from anothe motha
just like the otha that tried smotha my greater than thou my great greatest grandmotha
hollerin' white noise, fist raised in the air, cheered on by his boys, to beat and burn this trash queer
why you big brown bearded boy wear a dress
and in that split-second i split, racing thoughts coalesce
see to me, i decree, this body flying carefree, in the midst of all the hate that you give
or the death you might bring, i will be
spillin' on your lap my black tea, the politest reply to your enquiry
my friend not a friend, but before the end let's pretend that
my gender is fluid; it is akin to water
it slips through my fingers and takes many forms
it is a destructive force of nature, is a wonder to behold