

Logical Anger

I am angry, was angry, will always be angry

Her death ...

Her death made me wept in ways I didn't know was possible

I thought I had become desensitized to the killings

I had not

I felt the heaviness in my chest and even now as I write this

My eyes are becoming glassy

Tiny droplets of salted water threaten to escape my eyes

Ya know, it was always conveyed to me

That, if I walked the straight and narrow path

That I would be okay

If I looked the part, dressed the part, spoke the part

That I would be safe

That this place would receive me as its own

The truth is though, this country's choice to recognize my existence

Will always be the consequence of a repealed clause

She was someone's friend,

Someone's niece

Someone's daughter

Someone's lover

Someone's someone

Gone in her place of refuge, in her castle, in her sanctuary,

Gone like she never existed

I was angry, am angry, and will always be angry

My anger does not strategically, move beyond the lines of logic

I can be logical and angry at the same time

But why do I even feel the need to be logical?

Why can't I just be angry?

Why can't I just be angry?

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