At the surface, the south is known for everything loud, fried chicken with some hot sauce, sweet tea made just right, seventy-five percent sugar, and twenty-five percent tea everything with extra butter equals extra love, sometimes extra spicy, but most times hate is served well done, crispy, in your face, pickled and sour like pigs’ feet, or with a little sweet dollop, a little Christian helping, of aren’t you well spoken, aren’t you so smart, so cute for a Black girl, but here In the Pacific Northwest, liberal welcome signs say come right in, It’s all inclusive, but it’s there, without the sugar, bland, but it’s breeding,
slowly,
under the surface,
collecting a lethal dose,
of systems that oppress,
quietly,
“No qualified applicants of color”
but we are here,
hiding under thick glass,
or tall suffocating bamboo,
while others are pushed up,
given ladders, hammers,
to reach the table,
and when you speak to this,
speak to this unseasoned bland feast,
slowly poisoning,
killing our dreams,
someone listens,
speaks their empty words,
and smiles their false smiles.

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