

SCREAM

A poem by Onyx Espri

I feel It
It rakes against my diaphragm
Teaches the notes to my vocal chords
Clings like a life force
I overcooked It
It bakes in my chest
Bubbles and boils like injustice
Stifling like a knee to my neck
It's an arsonist
I lodged It in my soul
Now a blaze is rising It out
I can't swallow a piercing fist
Armed w/ shards of my heart
I feel It
It's a designer
Lacing fury and tears into a global garment
My larynx wears It
I feel It
It's rising
Orchestrating with my cousin's choir
Strumming his bellowing laugh
Plucking his "Morning, cuz" texts
Drips of harmony - his blood on an officer's boot
Minor chords splattering his bedroom walls
I feel It
Marching higher
Dancing over my tongue
White-liberally in the way of my negro spiritual
Slaving to escape through my gritted teeth
I jailed It
But It's still there
Ready
When I release It
It cracks the sky
Echoes in God's throne room
It reaches the universe
It reaches you
Finally.