

The Flood

When the flood came, I was boiling. About to tip over. Swimming in a baseball field for the kids in blacktown. Up University in spent casings. Automatic rounds. Under sunlight that did not reach. In chemicals that would not wash away. And would not stop to think if they were burning my knuckles away. Cracks in my skin that would not heal away. Kicking the mud because it will not go away. The flood will have no say if it peaks in Mound Landing or Valley Park. Eat the clothes you swam in with. Anyone that leaves will be shot. Captured. Left to rot on the levee. Broke long before the April showers. Long before February swallowed us. Long to have something swallow us and expel all my chemicals. Get rid of all my toxins. Leave me with my carcinogens. And place me on Pinnacle Mountain where I can see all that we have accomplished. Take the Natural Steps for relief. We have released the pressure on Greenville. Allowed the river to bend. We have not taken sides. "Refugee labor is free to all white men." One dollar a day or you'll get no pay. One dollar a day, but not until the rains end. Not until the sidewalks bend so they won't get their feet wet. We will stay on the sidewalk so the police don't get wetter than they already are. We are not like Black Lives Forced To Build The Levees Make The Levees Higher Again Protect Us From The Other Side Again Give Us Life First Again. There are 700,000 lives that do not matter again. 13,000 on the Greenville Levee to starve again. When the water came over my doorway, I began to drown again. And felt the chemicals rush in. We have called for more backup to come in. And they will help us with the workload of providing a safety net to catch our refugees back in. They cannot swim to Bethlehem no matter what state they are in. Shoot them in the water again. As they come up for air again.