

This Day Acts Like...

Published on January 6, 2021 — in Identity — by Kay L Cook

Not everything that is faced can be changed, but nothing
can be changed until it is faced. – James Baldwin

This day acts like

it has no end struttin' around the old block.

This day acts like

it has no plan sneakin' inside those unlocked doors

diggin' out bribes from hungry pockets

whisperin': "it's not a crime if they're not human".

This day snacks on history all day long weaponizes whiteness

consuming itself while avoiding mirrors

How else does it feel safe and secure when the light turns to orange

then shines on brown and black waiting for the blue

moon reflecting monumental shadows?

All the while darkness searches for space

meant for replenishing hope.

This day acts as if hope can be invented new every day everyone entitled to buy it

as if a little bleach and money can't hurt

as if compassion is passe

as if the law says so...

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