

# Agony

You won't relate to me

If you don't know what agony tastes like.

If pain and tragedy doesn't have a permanent place on your palette,  
Then we have nothing to talk about.

If Toyin's death don't taste like saltine,

Or if Breanna Taylor's don't feel like bleach in your mouth,

Or if the legion of missing Black Girls in the DMV

Don't burn your tongue with a fire

Hot enough to burn the house down,

Then we have no common ground.

Nothing to discuss, debate or dissect.

No devils advocates or conservative intellects

Because you can teach one how to argue,

But you can't teach one how to have a soul.

So if centuries murdered black kids

Don't chill your blood cold

Then I'm afraid that your Soul on Ice.

But let these meticulous metaphors

Be a Cleaver on your mind

Until your Soul on Fire.

Burnt like an ideological pyre;

Pyromaniac, is what they call me.

I am the bringer of light to all Seven Seas

So feel free drown in these rhymes if you believe

That you can debate another person's humanity.

—LW3