

In the
middle
of my
beginning
before it
ends

It begins with a drop of DNA,
A sprinkle of hope
A longing to last and matter
On a search to find me
Only my imagination
Only my weary yearning
Could I find me inside my own story
Now, it jumps out of me
I jump out of me
And into Barbara and Sam's arms
Home
Finally home
It took a long journey to get here
First, I felt lost and incomplete
then the DNA results came in,
then the private investigator
sent me a dossier of all the details.
This is who I am,
the white side,
the black side,
it was all very confusing.

The only blood relatives I had
were my children.
But now,
that has all changed.
It has recently come to my attention that I've been looking at this whole thing
wrong.
Who am I
to get in the way of progress,
evolution,
revelation,

elevation (for some)?

I mean,

fuck stick shit family business.

Like hot cross buns sticky,

like forgot to wipe your ass sticky,

like honey pot sticky shit!!

And now

I'm right smack dab

in the middle

of this country ass, back water, hillbilly shit

I could feel it burning

a whole in my blackness

the whole entire time.

This mysterious ghost of Klan past

ripping my brown skin feeling like home.

Argh!!

Tearing a giant chasm in my nigga-dom,

and decimating my colored identity.

It's really, really confusing and taxing.

The pulsing blood in our veins bears witness to the past

and carries the antibodies of hate and history with its

crimson flow. It's DNA carries

sorrow

and stories

and suffering

and fear,

madness

and sin,

hustle

and happiness,

lust

and love,

all that shit.

Whiney BITCH!!

Now it's so fucking real,

it's scary

but hey. Back up there, genius,

you've been thru worse and always made it thru,

some ass-backwards twisted lucky way.

Luck of the Irish (hahaha) I guess, fool!!!

He reaches for the phone

and a joint

and lowers the window of his Volvo,

backed in tight to his underground parking spot –

he exhales

and hears the phone ring –

he exhales again,
hits that joint one last time, leans back into the comfy car seat
and hits the green flashing

ANSWER button –

GO!!!

[Man speaking to his biological mother for
the first time....]

“Hello”?... .. ;.