

FACES OF HATE

Names, they call me names:
Put-downs, let-downs, and
shame.

I'm locked down: all around,
quiet, silent sound.

Bits of bites burst --
Imagination flows.
You know what I'm going through?
Can you honestly say you do?
To twine and bind unseparated minds --
Impossible, as night turns to day.

Away... I am Mechelle, not in front of them I dwell,
Never,
<shout> NEVER,
Forever in mind prison hell.

They own me, I let them have control.
They consume me whole and
Spit the bits of bone.

My dreams --
Flown, grown, and intershown:
I tune them out,
Turn my radio loud
So they can hear all around aloud:
My cries are laughter.
Those pity fools, haven't they got nothing better to do?

Night and day,
My mind opens and flies away:
Free,
Liberated,
Belated happiness in play.

– Michelle G.