

This is not a tragedy!

The boy is from a family of ten, all young enough to ride the bus for free, young enough that they don't know that when their stomach touch their backs and when their leg waves in the air is not a tragedy. This is America.

The boy's obsidian eyes watched the breathing outlines of his siblings, not flinching when his curls pecked his eyes. Waited until their hearts were in rhyme with the footsteps of the men outside to escape, this was not a tragedy. This is a matter of survival. The boy's inner layers may feel the air and your cloud pants are drowning red but this is not a tragedy! This is America.

The boy had no shoes, his feet were covered in dead skin, and wounds were slapped against the bleeding wooden floorboards. His house was a bear trap whose sole goal was to murder the hopes and dreams of himself and his family.

The boy's broken lips swallowed autumn air, his tiny lungs rattling like piano keys. His shorts were a wash away from becoming rags, the skin of his bare being his only shirt, as his arm protected the body his mother carried as he trails down the mills.

The boy's round face falls down miles, his feet catching beneath the earth on the way down, his orange teeth covered in a thin layer of blood, humming in pain. His hopes of finding some money lower with his frown. This is a Democracy.

The boy tongued the blood off his teeth as his eyes met with some restaurant garbage cans, from the Sunday morning cartoons he knew that the rich had problems with leaving things behind, whether that be unfinished business, money, or the horrors they did to give their fame. This is the real world.

The boy's leg drags in the soil filling up his nails with his anstistors the boy finds enough to fill his small pocket but not enough to survive for three days but this is not his problem. This is the government's doing.

The boy's chocolate eyes hit the ground, and suddenly his screaming leg and the dead bugs look so much more interesting, but this is not from fear. It's a matter of life or death. He knew that it was dangerous to be outside when his skin like watercolor blended so easily into the sky. So easily that he could be seen as a threat to the woman walking beside him

This is a white woman and he
is a colored boy. This is America and
he is history.