

Marginalised | Real Image Realised

By Paris Hyman

The skins you've given me
are a rigid fit
I itch and fidget
and so too do the poor souls squashed against me
pulling at the collars of ill-fitting Black
and the mighty wind hears of our discontent
our opened eyes
of our real image realised
our voices rise
down he swoops
all consuming, unstoppable
vertical devil, slicing the horizon
sucked into the corners of Anemoi's eye
blindsided by his colour blindness
by the heaving of his chest and flare of his nostrils
scattered like debris
toward the barbed wired boundaries
to the right of us the sign reads "no man's land"
and the crunching of gravel
under his heavy boot
"Hush now, stand up straight, single file."
BANG BANG
exploding limbs and weeping wounds
shot down like a Jew
three times click
my blood-stained slippers
trying to find home
follow the bobbing pineapple
washed to shores paved with gold
a shared treasure
a common wealth

but I'm roused from heavy sleep
by the crowing cock
adorned in the great red, white and blue
screeching, "Britannica! Britannica! Britannica!"
denying my brothers and sisters
my dying brothers and sisters
"Driver's license, hands where I can see them."

BANG BANG

exploding limbs and weeping wounds
shot down like a Jew
again I recoil back
then throw my steel cases into the dark shadow
piercing their criminal skin
round by round they fall
shackled they fall
scattered between margin lines
the Blue uniform that grips my trigger
and the body at his feet
divided by the colour line
but both bleed red.

