

Name:

Poets bear witness

Part 3

Excerpt from “summer, somewhere,” by Danez Smith

dear ghost i made

i was raised with a healthy fear of the dark.

i turned the light bright, but you just kept

being born, kept coming for me, kept being

so dark, i got sca ... i was doing my job.

//

dear badge number

what did i do wrong?

be born? be black? meet you?

//

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