

we kneel to bury the body

Oh God of broken chains

Of

adopting the fears of my ancestors
inheriting the scars of my father
and his and his and his.

Oh saints of bare trees

The hands of

dead black men
breaching out of the ground.
Reaching for the heavens
that others mistook for a weapon.

The heavens that we were promised.
The promised lands that have escaped us.
The slavery of our roots that we have not abandoned.

Oh Angels of the silence that lasts too long

or

the song of the black woman
the black transgendered
the black queer.

Songs we sing but do not listen to.
Song we listen to but not around
our homies
our fathers.

Oh hair we pull on but cheeks we fail to kiss.
Oh fist we raise but hand we fail to lend to
the darker,
the different,
the not black enough.

Oh Lord of bonnets and du rag.

Of

coconut, oil and ocean wave.
thistle brush and do not drown.
box braid and boxing ring.
float like a twist out, swing like a weave.

Oh Trayvon saint of skittles and sweet tea

Oh Sandra saint of say it with your chest

Marshawn saint of self-infliction and demon combat

Saint Alton of bootlegs and the Mississippi River

Jesus Christ of Palestine, of refugee and rebel against the state.

Holy Ghost of Lynch Mobs

Father and Son of
Fatherless children
the gone too soon --

This prayer in your name.

This prayer for all of you.

This prayer is for
the pilot who realizes they never wanted or asked to be a pilot, and choose to fly anyway.

to the black bird,

may this prayer be the wings
if you already have wings
may it be the air beneath,
the sunrise those trees reach out to
the loved ones you sail home to or
Perhaps it is just a prayer.

Whatever this prayer may be,
we kneel to

bury the body
grow the earth
pray the ghosts
all the same
all the same.