

The Walk From Water

By Myah Jackson

Grass underfoot and money out of pocket
it comes and it goes through here but misses me.
Sister, sister shine your yellow signal on my blues and make me green.

Grass suffocated under his shoes betraying his sneaky approach
I notice him prowling, I notice them prowling
Don't. Do. This.
I focus on my friend in the similar skin to protect me from
the focus of his friends in the similar armor.
My confidence broken when he stands
as my soul is warped in his friends
hands behind backs, backs tied up by hands

SLAM!

now that I am broken it is time for questions
now that I am held down by three men for NOT DOING ANYTHING
now that I hear my friend questioning but still not DOING ANYTHING
while the people in their cars whisk by not doing ANYTHING

but their broken wrists are not in handcuffs

Screams run out of fuel
Body runs out of fight
Broken parts released from bondage
Pain still all that I feel and all that I know
A mistake, a mistake
A hospital will fix
If you listened you would have known

Grass underfoot and broken wrist in pocket
they come and go through here but usually miss me.
Sister, sister shine your yellow sun on my blues and make me green.

Myah Jackson was born and raised on the southside of Chicago, Illinois. She is currently a Junior honors student at Tennessee State University double majoring in English and Communications with a focus in Theatre Performance and minoring in History. Anticipated graduation is 2022.