

COUGH COUGH

Tae'Von Gibbs

Cough Cough

My first time feeling grounded
I sat beneath the trees
Of a forest unknown to me
And I couldn't feel my knees. The sky
So dark, the singing of the bees,
My bones felt relief as I stuck to the ground
Around a gnat cloud flying so free.

Cough Cough

I can't breathe
I don't sleep
As orange skies, and orange men,
Begin to take over me
I liberally weep

weep

weep

Into defeat.

Pro-life but "drill, baby, drill"
Forcing girls into mothers
Our greenest one against her will
Promising to protect women
but only to stop the steal

Cough Cough

Less grounded, often, I see the forest how it is.
Man made, a block from the college
Where hives of people like myself pay for
Proof of our knowledge.

Our worth.

Will this make me happy?

Will this make me money??

Doesn't matter. Just go forth

Cough Cough

More grounded, a lot now, I see signs that read

“Take care of your lungs, air all you need”

And through the smokey clouds I keep hearing:

“lay off the weeeeeeeed-uh”

Demanding we stop putting things in our lungs

and tons

and tons

and tons

But fill up mothers with tons and tons

What's their excuse?

The advancement of society

What's my excuse?

Not sure...

Dealing with anxiety?

Cough Cough

I give you birth

Ask for nothing back

In return, I get these chokehold attacks

Warning after WARNING

But you don't react

Just “Thoughts and prayers”

Aren't you sick of that?

I am, literally. But that's just another fact

Not til the last fish caught

Last tree burned

Last sea dried

That Man will ever stop this combat.

Cough Cough

Strong but at risk, the same as her in that way

Things we can't control, putting us all in dismay

When the skies turn grey,

Will the bees go away?

The singing stops

We shrug.

Go on with our day

Grounded, bones stuck again, wondering

What'll happen as we choke going into the fray?

(cough.)