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, airs all you need”
And through the smokey clouds I keeping hearing:
“lay off the weeeeeeeeeed-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.)