



DEMETRIUS NOBLE

I AM NOT THAT CORPSE:
A WORKING PRAXIS FOR BLACK LIVES MATTER

I AM NOT

Michael Brown

I wasn't shot down and left in the street like trash
Police aren't stomping over my dried blood while bombing my
hood with teargas
My momma's face ain't drowning in putrid tears and thick globs of
snot
My daddy's soul ain't on fire crying why his baby boy shot
My niggas ain't weeping
as they reminisce on laughs we shared last weekend
My black flesh aint pieced by white cop bullet
My blood ain't leaking

I ain't Eric Garner

I ain't got cops on my neck just squeezing and squeezing and
squeezing and squeezing
Till they choke me lifeless and my black ass stop breathing

I ain't John Crawford

Police didn't murdered me in Walmart for holding a toy weapon
on sale in the toy section
My baby mom ain't have to hear the police chief say the cops
made the right decision
While she tries to explain why I'm never coming home to our
small children

I'm not Tamir Rice

Trigger happy cops didn't snatch my innocent 12-year old life in a
park in broad daylight

I'm not Akai Gurley

I wasn't gunned down in a housing project stairwell
Crawling with armed cops trained to believe that's where criminals
dwell

Dispatched on vertical patrols like rabid rats that harass and troll
Those dark denizens forced to inhabit capital's hellholes

I'm not Johnathan Ferrell
Not Ezell Ford
I'm not Shereese Francis
Not Rekia Boyd

I'm not Renisha McBride
My nigga I'm still alive
So the question remains
HOW CAN I NOT RIDE???

There are NO excuses
But the truth is we'd rather be dead
That's why we march holding signs of "I am Trayvon" above our
heads
That's the wishful thinking of the already defeated
An empty slogan for those who have already conceded
That this world can't be radically changed

Thus there's no incentive to organize and strategize to redirect our
lives
Towards revolution
We'd rather be walking bullseyes wondering if we're next when
they're shooting
We scream we bout that life
But our lack
Of action says
We bout that slow death
We bout heavy sobs in between stolen breaths
We bout pictures on t-shirts, candlelight vigils, funerals, hashtag
memorials
Our lives are rushed dress rehearsals for death

Long prayers with Jesus help us feel alive when we just
lambs for the slaughter
Sitting ducks waiting to be plucked out of broke levee's water
And while we play possum
They get mo' ruthless
Notice the pigs' pistols have replaced the klan's nooses
They institutionalized the terror and we pay taxes to the institutions

We lay prostrate for the state
Hold silent vigils at the courthouse gates
Instead of dragging out the cops, jurors and judges with their
heads on stakes
We place foolish faith in their district attorneys
Meanwhile they place our kids on gurneys
We chant no justice no peace
But suffer injustice in peace
We scared to scream fuck the police
Let alone buck at the beast
We think we Big Meech
But they running the streets
Armed to the teeth with a license to kill
And all the black bodies they leave behind are proof that they will
They yell "DON'T MOVE!"
Then shoot when we still

But I aint shot yet
I am not Oscar Grant
I am not Aiyana Jones: a 7 year old girl shot by the police while
sleep in her own home

I AM ALIVE
Which means there is no excuse
To not struggle for revolution
Study for revolution
Organize for revolution

I AM ALIVE
I must revolt
WE MUST WIN

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A MARTYR WITHOUT A CAUSE OR MUCH ADO ABOUT TRAYVON

Another young black body becomes a stage
Upon which corporate media manufactures outrage
Front page headlines highlight passive gatherings in streets
Where multitudes perform resistance with candied sweets

We tweet our disbelief
Pray that Jesus eases the Martin family's grief
And while police restock with more pepper spray and more heat
We like photos of hooded politicians and the Miami Heat

We demand the conviction of a pig-influenced Zimmerman
but feign ignorance to the fact that 70% of the world lives on less
than \$2 a day
they can't afford the stamp much less the skittles you plan to mail
away
to the Sanford police while you play like you NWA
besides isn't there a better way to say fuck the 5.0
other than eat my candy and taste the rainbow

maybe we'll never know cuz we spend too much energy reimagining
Trayvon as Emmett Till and painting Zimmerman as the KKK
without questioning if anti-black racism still functions that way
ain't it ironic how the commodified iconography of yesterday
can sabotage our ability to properly theorize today

Dominant discourses distorting viable voices from the left
Until reactionary rhetoric wrapped in respectability politics is all
that's left
This vicious class system remains unaddressed
While sanctioned conversations converge on Rachel Jeantel's diction
and Trayvon's dress

What is/Who is Trayvon within the global cartography of black
death?

Is he

1 nigga memorialized by hoodies and candy
Or the contradictions of capital come *home*?

If Barack had a son would he look like Trayvon
Or one of the thousands of Africans that he bombed?

Why do we/ how should we mourn him?
Should not the dead bury their dead
While the living endeavor for their freedom instead?

Somewhere in between his murder and the performed purchase of
Arizona tea
Arizona is still being terrorized by tea party decrees

You might not see the link but allow me to bring it home
In each scenario white tyranny polices where colored bodies can
roam
When in Rome, many do as the Romans
They eat skittles, drink tea, wear hoodies, go voting
They celebrate four more years and applaud a murderous
commander in chief
Who smiles under drones with black blood dripping from his
pearly white teeth
While he belches and speaks of which foreign conquest is next on
his list to eat
No doubt we hear a wolf but pretend he's a sheep
And the silence of the lambs ensures the flock stays sleep

And while they snooze and watch the news for the next cues on
when and how to act
Trayvon increasingly fades to black
A vanishing memory like Kathryn Johnston in fact
Now what you talking about poet, who in the hell is that?



DEMETRIUS NOBLE

HOMEcomings

homecoming
a paradoxical idea
for those clothed in despair dodging obstacles of fear
with blank eyes
they stare
at strangers in mirror
whose cares have been cannibalized by their very own tears

12 cells to one tier
24 souls damned here 8 minds lost
16 hearts cut off
as their bodies pay rising costs on principles/ principals untouched
interest never accrues
thus we remain out of touch

homecoming
a nightmarish idea
when world out there resembles hell in here
from the minotaur's labyrinth to the dragon's layer
got furloughed on parole and released
from warden to mayor from cold cot to hot street
from C.O.'s block to cop's beat
from crips and bloods dripping blood to bloods and crips unloading
clips
I slipped
and fell into bottomless pit
and landed where I never left
inhaled putrid breath
repulsed by the smell of my own death
but my nostrils failed to flinch
as they are familiar with the stench

homecoming
what a laughable idea
to prey swallowed whole wading through state's diarrhea
home is a fiction
a violent contradiction
for those forced to bear the afflictions
of such horrific conditions

home is a deadly ideology
mystifying symbol of oppressive philosophies
satanic curse cloaked in sentimental appeal
haunted house of horrors where proletariats are killed

homecoming is
the inevitable act
for the revolutionary armed with gas and lit match



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marxist theory & practice



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