



BOY

B Y

MEETS

S O N N I E

WORLD

W O O D E N

This book is dedicated to my city, my parents, my other sets of parents, my sister, my aunts, my uncles, my cousins, my friends, my mentors, and those who I loved and those who have loved me. To you, I say thank you for all of the lessons, care, grace, arguments, and protection. Especially when I didn't know I was being protected. I am forever grateful to you all and I hope you know, without all of you, I would have never made it this far.

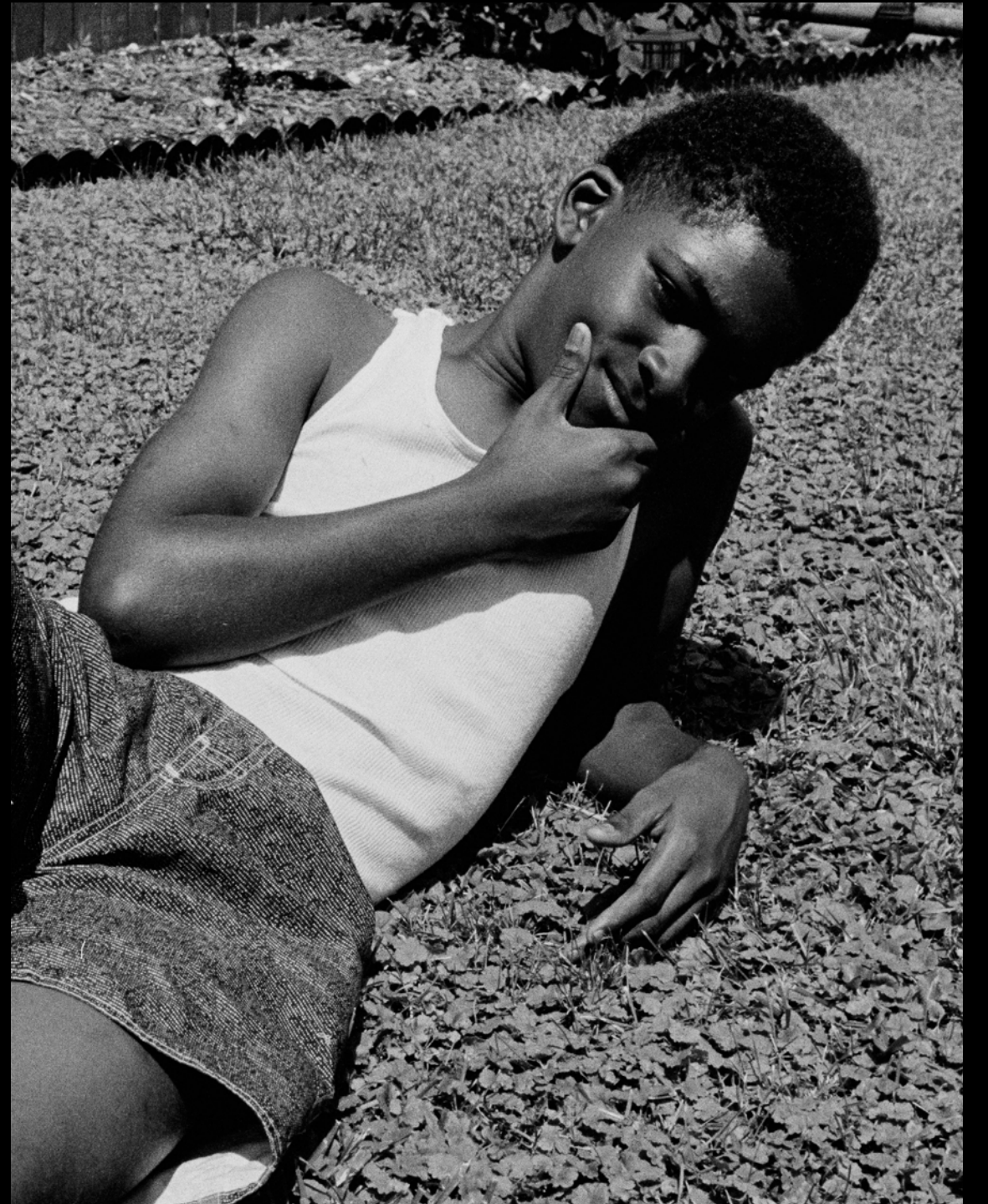




















Are we only born on overcast weekdays?
Black Fridays
And dark Sundays

Where dread heads break Sunday code
In Pelle-Pelles
Black ones
and Buck 50 hats

Pastor begs for tithes
Removes sweat from his brow

Auntie wears her best fit
Showing out on Sista Cobbs

And mama drags me down the pews
Pinching me under my arm
...to keep appearances

Someone's grandma that looks like my grandma
Who's actually all of our mama

catches the Holy Ghost
Prays to her goddess

Asking for a second baptism
Through saliva and vocal percussion

...We dance in these shadows

These Spaces
These Dreams
These Dimensions

Morphing and extruding oneself into impossibility

As we spin around globes of fire
With near misses of Black Holes
That aren't holes
But globes of Black Power

Power that takes five dimensions
That holds a one-dimensional point

Where it holds weight
Where we hold weight

In the body
Where all laws cease to operate



The house was near a landfill
The parents were fighting
The house was foreclosed
The parents were divorced
Father filed for bankruptcy

Chapter 13
We all had to start over

The makeshift candy store on aunties porch
Selling frooties
Now-n-laters
Pink ornate wafer cookies
And those big freeze popsicles that turned into
a syrup like drink

We would sit on that porch for hours

The neighborhood kids would come by
The D-boys drove by
Crazy Dave took the trash out for a few dollas
Aunties day care kids would help run the operation

It was all simpler back then
It was all so much more beautiful back then

When it was so hot niggas would crack a fire hydrant
And my father would ride straight through it
Looking over at me grinning
Saying, "This is how you get a quick car wash man!"

Those were the days
When Uncle Remus gave me the 6pc
fried hard with mild sauce
And you slide that flimsy ass tray out
and pull the white bread off
And there's lil bit of bread residue on the chicken
You bite that muthafucka and them juices are
all over the corners of your mouth

...Those were the days I miss
While some days I learned too much

How my uncles were pimps
How my aunts were kingpins
How to discern between fireworks and gunshots

How my mother believes
Black people are more like verbs
While white people are more like nouns

How my childhood sexual assaults riddled my body
Puncturing each orifice with guilt and shame

Making all of that beauty disintegrate
Forcing me to grow up

Making me hate where I'm from
But always wanting to come back

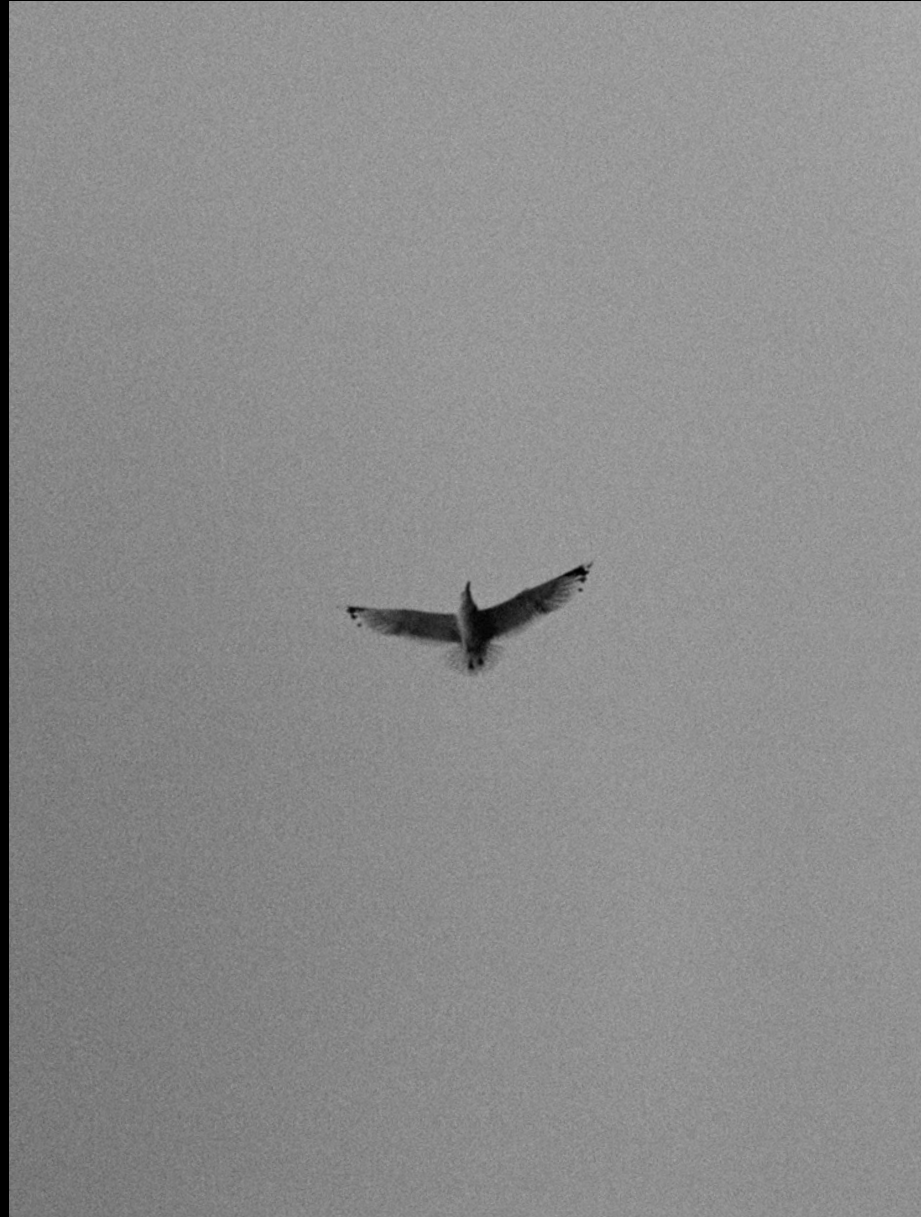






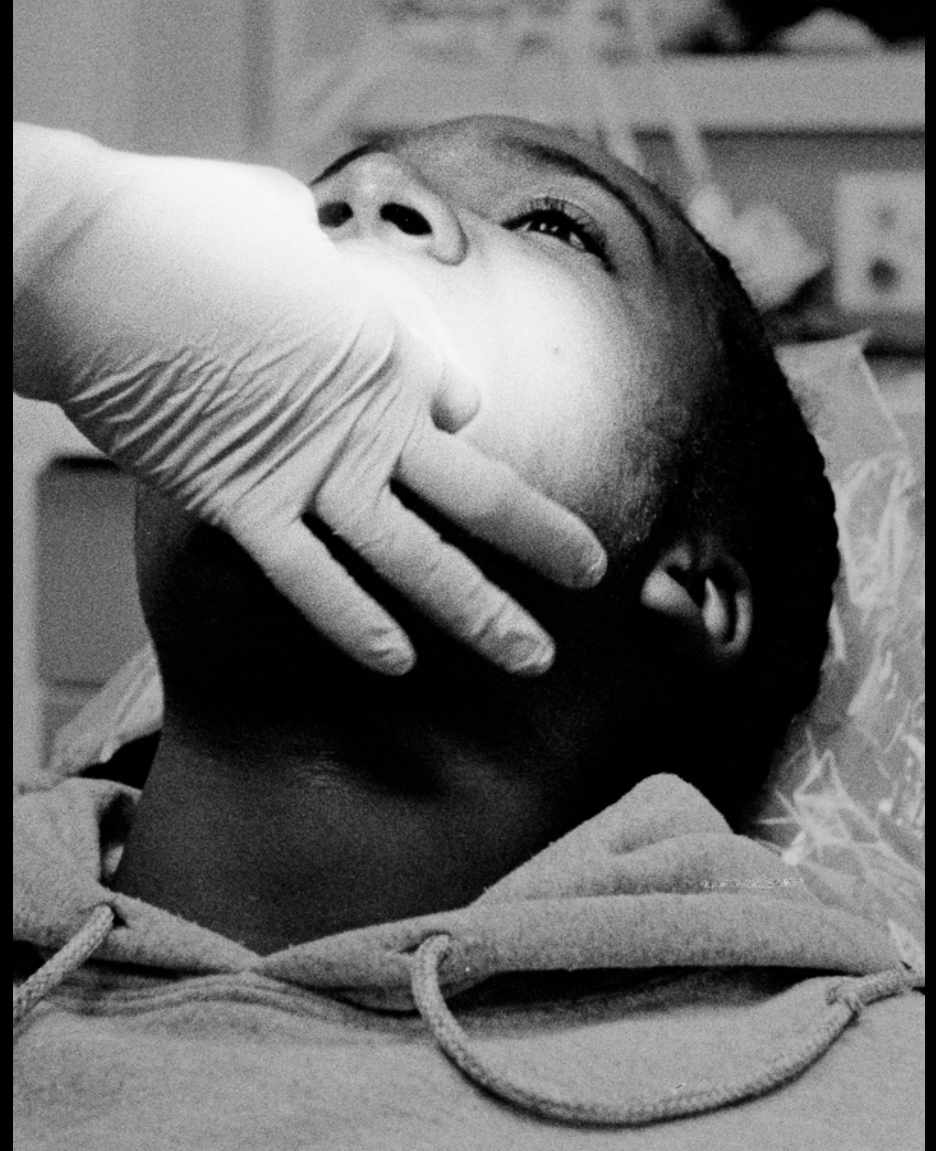
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