When asked
The task
Of casting
The light by which the villain is casted
R your visions fast masked by
the last trash news report flash
of dark faces splashed across the screen
Embossed by brown fiends lost in a system
That never fostered their dreams
Or yours either

Neither time nor statistics
Has altered an intrinsic, color-specific
prejudice toward darker tones
Mystically minimizing years of wrongs
inflicted on the very ones we bemoan
as the unfortunate savages
born 2 a life of crime

Ignore the signs and historical timelines
where’d we find that the facts R far different
Stories bent 2 misrepresent those whose ascent
has meant the descent of every environment
they have descended upon
Spaces where they circumvent nature
With artificial implements reinvented 2 cement their hold
On the land and dominion of man

Confident in their control of the content
they insure that it’s imperative we’ve spent
most of our lives disoriented by their relentless narrative
a dubious, degenerative deception
a distance beyond my alliterative pejorative interjection
that paints the evil doer as the hero
& the hero as the wretch

But N the stillness of the dark
Has ever led U 2 think
That the bad guy
The villain
The terrorist

The author of evil
The master of misery
The scourge Carpathia
The sorrow Moldavia
The propagator of genocides
The ravager of all countrysides
Has been some shade of pink?

K. 3/14/18