“should i tell (blk)”
by Kristiana Rae Colón

what should i tell my children
what should i tell my children who are
what should i tell
what should i tell my
should i? should i tell my children?
what

should i tell my children drumming buckets outside the red line of what
it means to be trapped on garfield with senegal’s rhythms quickening
their bloodline and their limbs
loose strings on their timbs

what should i tell my kings selling loose
squares loose squares loose
squares and loose dreams

what shall i tell my lucid dreamers of
what their hued skin means
in a neoliberal wonderland that refuse to
see color

what root might i lyric into medicine
for my mother what penumbra
under hoodie might obscure
the beauty of my brother’s smile to
the neighborhood watch

what should i tell my daughter
bout why the neighborhood watched
from its porch when she cried out

what should i tell the supernovas
folding into flesh of what it means to
be sheathed in shade

what do i tell a solar flare
of how exquisitely he’s made

what do i tell a fugitive slave’s great-grandson bout how to make it through
eighth grade when every lamppost
is plastered with his ransom
how do i tell soil
that she’s handsome
plant seeds in her starlight water

what should i tell daughters
carrying whole zip codes on
her back of how to unroll the
scrolls of her shoulders

what do i tell my son when Chicago’s
summers grow colder

what should i

what should i tell my children what
should i tell? should i tell my children they are

what should i tell my children
headed back in a spaceship
that pulled up 600 years ago
bout what i been on since they left

what bedtime story will ocean sing
to lullaby bones blanketing her depths

what should i

what should i

what should i

Black

what should i

what should i

what should i

Black