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# In Meditation: So Enters the Weight of My People

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## **In Meditation: So Enters the Weight of My People**

Eyes shut, jaw slackened, and shoulders loose.  
 With each focused breath rising to the tips  
 of my twisted braids, and falling to the ends of  
 my two-tone toes, I expel the toxic gases  
 of the world that kink the flow of my confidence  
 And corrode the lining of my strength.  
 Exterior obstructed sounds leave me isolated and  
 Intrigued by the spiced scent irradiating from my being.

It is in this elevated consciousness of self that I am  
 Vulnerable to an influx of babbling earthy colors.  
 Browns, reds, yellows, greens, and oranges.  
 Their sharp, quick, repetitive bursts fire like gunshots,  
 Filling my mind to its throbbing capacity.  
 I am blinded by chains of crystalline bling  
 Distorting my circadian rhythm, like cataracts.  
 Sneakily a distant beat fades in, soon dominating the confusion,  
 Distinguishing itself to be S.O.S tapped on prison bars.

Overwhelmed, I gasp to regain my selfish breathing,  
 Only to be titillated by a powder that burns my nostrils,  
 Spreads through my core, and sets my sensations into a spiral  
 That ends in pure Blackness. A final lasting image  
 After an ugly, abusive, awakening intervention.  
 Trying to escape the musky after taste on my full lips  
 Again I breath deep to cleanse of its residue,  
 And soon my sense of self is redeemed  
 But the Blackness and its message has left is mark.

*Trenise Robinson*