
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

From Obscurity, To Illumination

Christopher · Monday, August 31st, 2020

Dear,

I apologize.

Rusted pens bring about brute spirits with an insatiable taste for evocation.

Strawberry flavored mistakes.

Pomegranate tart cringes.

Cherry texture libidos.

Vanilla melted anticipation.

Whenever mortals declare their rapturous joy and excitement for you, it quite frankly, makes me want to put a bullet in my head.

My immortal beloved.

Do you remember the mid-spring's daze? You caught hell for comfort amongst a tenebrous vehement conflict between guardians. Clouded bliss soon turned into rain you cannot comprehend. Pedals sprout beneath your feet from cracked concrete drowning inherited roots. Pollinated dreams for women, men and all, swiftly blink. A spark ensued, and that's when you met me. Did you feel me shrouding against your trembling fingers? How could I forget such an alluring sight?

Your quivering lips and pulsating angst react to a myriad of thoughts swirling per minute. On and on. Cycles. Infatuations. It was love. You finally acknowledged my existence. Was it your first brush towards death that found me attractive? Surely you remember the mewl over your uncle that passed away at four years old. Creating toy missiles and little weapons for intruders; your darkest eyes of gold shed pearls.

After I caught sight of you in a liquor store parking-lot handcuffed to a piece of candy a year later, Terrified. I knew we could at least be friends.

The beauty bestowed upon your innocence is an entity for me to behold. Could you recall the time being approached by three clumsy kings unleashing tyranny upon a twelve year old you? Stripping more than just earnings at invisible gun point, I bore a naked vessel. Flesh that has yet to expound. Healthy bones.

This brings us back to your guardians. Threats of divorce. Echoes of uncertainty. A blind path. We held hands questioning everything. From if god is real to the validity that peace is a state of mind and not a physical manifestation that you can touch; unlike the inhospitable steel rubbing against your brother's skin on the side of his boxers. Traumatized as his accomplice, you didn't realize you gave access. Running up the street pressing alibis like newspapers. Police refuse to keep up with every issue. Generational curses to red from blue . Carrying white. Patriots kill the twilight.

You held me tight. You felt safe with me.

With each step of unrequited interests I adore abyss. None were voluptuous as pornographic images flashing from iris to iris. Agonizing misogyny from the house white men built. The lumber required of women's bones. Decor cut from mutilated bodies . Nappy hair for rugs. Mascara applied on unlit quarters. Tales of the tails we uncovered. The password is "Nice Guy." I protected you because you said you were a nice guy. I hated women as a field negro. Pick a color.

I helped us claim our throne through the blood of other men, as it seductively ran down my arms and fists. I took the hits. Everything revolves around my crown as I wear it. However you didn't seem too immersed in my conquest standing on fearful peasants. I compromised in your silence. Proposed a clean slate with a brighter prism.

A new world. More possibilities. More opportunities, to which you accepted. The melody your heart sung; beyond cages was soothing. Like toxic nostalgia, where waves crashed on soft vermilion; ending with pitchforks and a noose. She spoke of descending stars that ended in flames. Now it translates to white noise.

Exasperating.

Vexatious.

Chalkboard scratching; teeth grinding

Karen vocalizing, white noise.

Our mournings began with quarrels and whirlwinds. Resurrecting old locus for future improvements. Why the fuck was this not brought to my attention before? You proclaimed manipulation. However in the past your head was down with the same gorgeous lifeless blank face I met you with. There were moments I honestly thought I overpowered you, but you were silent. I thought we were okay.

You obtained a desire to support others. That is totally fine. I understand. What I had an issue with is you falling endlessly for deceitful expressions. False admiration. You are nothing to everyone, but you have to be something for yourself. Love is not tangible. In other words, this fallacy of a hero complex you uphold was sooner or later going to fall like Ozymandias. Soon to sink in the soil like the thousands of other stories this land bare.

I just begged that if you carry this weight of atlas, you build your tombstone to be the highest, and I must admit. You crazy mothafucka you. You did it. Jumping for the moon did not come with several failed attempts of landing on your psyche. All that needed to be removed, vanished.

We were God.

Everyone's hopes and dreams flowed through our fingertips. Language of the oppressed was synchronized with our tongue. You had a taste of reign. Don't act like you didn't want to self-

destruct. Destroying property. Crush skulls. Tap dance on individuals you deem disrespectful for pleasure. This was the beginning of the end. At this point in our 14 year relationship, looking at you made my stomach turn. I hated your sacrifices. Your broken heart attracted the broken hearted to make a half-baked romanticized reflection. Glares shielded your behavior.

I had to leave you alone for a couple years. It all of a sudden became about you and your “positive mindset.” That’s not a real thing. Changes only come through hard work. Explain this to me: is energy real in our realm? If karma is real, where is our fucking blessings? The death of our enemies, you secretly wish upon? If you kept the militant attitude I taught you, you wouldn’t have to question the loyalty of those around you. Tell me when it all falls down who’s going to catch you? Remember you are stuck with me forever. I longed for the old days we strived under pressure. We are stuck together.

White folks that called us nigger.

The woman that assaulted us, consumed by limerence and fetishes.

Threats of violence from those closest to us.

Grudges. Regrets.

Those that crave to feel the electrifying bolt of their name ring, so they stand next to ours.

The man that assaulted us to be “just as cool.”

Night terrors of cold chrome thrust by familiar faces; against a vessel we felt don’t belong to us.

Missed calls. Homeless. Stay dangerous.

How is happiness going to come and rescue you? Keep stretching the truth, the holes are showing.

Separating from the one that showed intimacy.

When loved ones of friends died.

Trapped in the wonders of accident or homicide, when our brother died of overdose.

Witnessing our father collapse on the floor over and over again. Eyes wide open unresponsive.

You ran right back to my arms. Honestly, it’s been lonely. I only see me when you shine. I know I have a lot to improve on. I’m writing to you to see if this is real. Strike a balance. This war cries faith and that’s what I need you to have. I’ll always be here waiting.

Forever you,

Shadow.

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