

This Be The Verse

It is the 21st century.

—Radiohead

This is the skin they put me in,
my mum and dad. Remixed melanin,

olio for the asthmatic and colorblind.
See how it bronzes on command.

See how my hybridized daughter looks
darker while on the beach with me.

If my skin was a chicken wing,
I'd lick my eyebrows before

code switching inflections.
If my skin were a woman, I'd check

my leopard print steering wheel
at the door. I'd transform my crust

of rust and sea salt into something
more 21st Century. Borges said,

Things belong to the past quite quickly,
so I'd throw some butane on my funk

transistors. Face paint my brown
band aid convocation. Toss my sweaty

“Free South Africa” muscle shirt
to the crowd at the recycling bin.

I'd leave it to the ghetto fabulous
to ID the magical backspin of skin.