

GLARE California

Black lives Matter, period.
However, White lives are a Matter that need a close examination.
(Interrogation Room - Scene one)
“What’s a Matter for you!”
An all consuming glare swallows me!
I cover my eyes and look down on the ground
To get my bearings.
I see my black suede heels powdered by the dirt
and his black brawny boots
Meet in my sister’s driveway
A barbed voice is added
White man walking in the dead of night?
Oh no, this one is Rookie White.
If I were in a Las Vegas Fashion Trade show, what color swatch would Rookie White be?
A bright white trying to make its way through a yellow stain.
The glare persists and back up is added.
My eyes white like a black man’s fright?
A cutting contrast from the rest of the dark blue midnight that only moments ago engulfed
me in its beauty of star light glamour in the night sky.
The voice retuned itself from the darkness with a muscular piercing of command,
Testing my explanation of my presence in this moment in time.
Authority isn't something that I welcome unsolicited.
My reasoning is, unless I hurt something or someone, get the fuck away!
The glare brighter and the voice closer
My gut wrings out like a rag
A rage flies out of me, a wild exactness of how this snare was tearing at my serenity of a
blue midnight twinkling sky.
Slash! The glare thrashes around me like a ghost and throws me face down
My cheek bone scraping on the gravel cutting and I’m handcuffed.
My hands clasped in prayer.
The acid yellow halo diffused around the Rookie White Fright
They caught their kill.
But “it” was still alive and in a mighty rage!
They thought it best to jail it for a while.
One night in the sunken drunk tank
Like something in a pickle jar.

WHITE PEOPLE’s blinding blindness has fallen into our laps.
And we want to wipe them off like crumbs.
We mustn’t abandon them because they’re fearful and numb.
Some certainly don’t deserve a helping hand, but
We help them so we’re not like them.

A short story poem by Laura LA Sottile



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