

It is Deep for Carolyn Rodgers

Aries Hines

The day I stopped praying over my food—I thought evil would crawl into it and allow it to choke me and choke my voice box

The first time I wrote—God Propaganda—I thought the words would slip off the paper

The day I spiritually renounced God, I thought that I would never again, have a good day but I still wanted—God—to at least protect my family and I suppose for the sake of my loved ones, I still keep the Lord's Prayer wall size picture that my aunt gave me on my dresser the one with the white lamb and the white guy with blue eyes symbolizing that this is the Lord—

How can I leave my house knowing that the curls that I love so much are appropriating whiteness, I am appropriating whiteness, it is a part of my unpurposeful unconscious teachings to be Caucasian, only the school I went to had all people that looked like me and they called the classes history, chemistry, and etc and they just said the white man did this and the white man did that only they did it to me subconsciously calling the white man, man and leaving no name for any other sort of man.

On TV the white women with their perfect hair and sick looking waists—they were the best beauties, because they could tan their skin but not too much like mine
And on the videos make sad attempts to wind their bodies but not too much like mine

How can I stop putting this gobble dee goop in my hair, the equation starts here = gel, jam, grease maybe some leave-in-conditioner, and the breakdown=gel; something that seems soft, yet cold with nefarious intentions sounds like colo-nial-ism
jam; ultimate mixture of something that seems soft and something strong like grease with great hold and without the flecks—sounds like the viscous fluid of ass-simil-lation
and grease that makes it shine in the sun cause you know it doesn't do that on its own

and leave in well that's the leave we supposed to believe in you know like leave in the
perm it's healthy for your hair
cause at the center of it all is African/Caribbean/Latin roots

It Is Deep afraid to be yourself and speak out in the opposite direction of the community
you love

It Is Deep how much prettier us girls seems to the public when we lose a lotta weight and
just like the advertisements for perms and relaxers say "straighten out our lives" or is it
straighten out the lies—I forget sometimes as subliminal messages they're designed to
sound the same
sound the same

So I keep some of that Jesus stuff around the house for all the Jesus people in my life and
in my heart continue to meditate on my world order and this whole "God omnipotent"
thing and when asked in common conversation

I say what I'm supposed to and feel the way I do
the way I do

It Is Deep how my skin is only two complexions different from hers but she asks me-am I
mixed with something and the fact is that I am, the strands of white supremacy are in me
deep.

It Is Deep
and I don't even know
how to Breakthrough