their home in your black body black boy fly even on days when the gravity of this dangerous skin won't let you out of bed even on days when meteor showers of hate tear every muscle in this black body black boy fly.

Or else who will know what we've lost when black boy dies.

Black boy, how many nights did you let them play target practice with your dreams letting headlines and news stories put ceilings on what you could achieve.

How much time did you spend biting your nails, trying to look less threatening and how many childhood years did you spend sucking your thumb, a defence mechanism to prolong your innocence, to make them remember the boy in black boy.

How many times did black boy try to disappear like black magic try to evaporate into black night suck in every stereotype like black hole believe in the innocence of white lies when did black boy start to believe, like so many black boys before him, that he was only ever here to provide contrast?

Dark skin boy in a dark dark world how strong the temptation to slip into the shadows but you, you were made for greater things hidden mysteries only visible under your black light.

So black boy fly fly closer to the sun than Icarus ever could, this melanin has been through much harsher conditions black boy fly, like black was a thing to be desired, even outside of hip hop videos black boy soar from billboard 100 to fortune 500.

Black boy fly past every closed door and every open cell past lying lips that pretend to wish you well past bullets and blades that wish to make