

Down Here

by Kelsey Threatte

Judge us. Label us. Weigh our worth.
Your ready-made design pressed against our skin
But we'll bleed beauty, an energy you can but envy
Meter and punctuation the negative soul of your nation
Sucking on dry bones for a taste of life's marrow

The bad's much worse down here
Our gutters run thick with chemicals
Clothes sticky with sweat and violence
But we dance with passion, sing vibrations
Our rhythm's sweet nectar nestled in the divine flower
Blind, you worm, licking dirt for sustenance
While we soak sun rays, illuminate the infinite
Lord over us, your soulless roles and printed paper
Dead men

We will scrounge down here, suffer and survive
Our children will know their fists before their tongue
Because you want it that way
But inspiration and passion are small-servings for the haves
While we nots get tied in knots, but even your thin blood clots
Our blood boils hot

We have felt a lowness you have never noticed
But we can soar much higher than your highest buyer
We look up at you from down here, below your thumb
We laugh from a deepness your breath can't catch

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