

J. Rāheem Carswell

*Struggling w/Existence, a Love Letter to the Orlando
Nightclub Kidz*

3:37 AM:

The bricks are speaking to me.

The discrimination & hardshipz of the Orlando kidz, keepz me up at
night. The hate

of someone's gunz, materialize outta thin air.

The more I try, the more I crydown, my tearz are being taken—for
granted.

So tonight I cut my fearz away, letting go of my last failure,

Compassionate breath that was never given to me.

Blood rain down my heart, causing me 2 be mesmerized by the fire,

Feel no pain from the stare, cause my smilez, stylez, and soulz—

Are gay. You go boo-boo kitty,

Hateful people who judge my sexuality w/a bullet,

Do I have civil rightz of freedom? Is this America or a—

Dictatorship of genocide w/people who look different in love.

Rebellious against your time, the colorz are a disguise,

My mask of shame... but why do I have to be ashamed of me?

You swim w/shame Bitch, see how far it getz you.

Patronizing facez encourage rage,

Power down and cry, it'll be easier this way, then the Orlando—

Nightclub kidz, can live in god's empathy, without fear of—

Oppressive hearts.

Humanz look at your identitiez az if they were your children

And surrender humanity's freedom.

It's going to be alright Orlando, one day life will be different,

No bitternezz in your conscience spirit, your joy of singing w/

Lady Gaga will keep the mosquitoz away.

The world's hugz will keep you warm, and pecan pie will—

Keep you sweet.

You were me, and I am you, you're not alone, and everyday—

I will listen 2 your heart.

Holla, J. Rāheem Carswell