

## **Fred Williams** *These Images*

Those flowers out front/ are just a front  
those flowers out front are like mascara on a monster  
those shallow-rooted flowers buried on top of generations of  
brutality and cruelty  
my  
inexpressible inflammation that the flowers out front can  
put a smile on people's faces disgraces the prisoner that  
planted them

planted the misconception that this hell is home  
some people are alive with no purpose  
dead above the surface  
worthless with no self-determination/

they give you flowers when you're dead but no soup when  
you're sick/ sickening confusion/ that the vibrant, pretty,  
colorful flowers can overshadow the darkness  
that this place has taken what is ours/

our mothers/ our sons/ our fathers  
those flowers are a contradiction/  
the disarticulated stems disjointed/ submerged in dead soil/

those flowers out front/  
where  
tombstones should be

those birds and bees are not supposed to be here  
reproduction in a cemetery is oxymoronic, paradoxical and  
incongruous/  
the genocide and suicide in this place can't be misplaced  
by well-placed tulips, lilies, dandelions and your damned  
lies! Those flowers out front should be black roses.