

I Am Not Fragile Like A Flower

by John Johnson

I am indeed with a heavy heart.

I cried four days straight when Connie died. Kicking myself in the backside for not being there to protect her. "Don't blame yourself," I tell myself. It's the inevitable.

Vivid visions of her face accompanied by cold blooded, heartless thugs; unable to wrap my conscience around how a woman so blessed could be so bewitched by a so-called "new drug".

However, I am not fragile like a flower. More like a bird with a broken wing. A singer fighting for a chance to sing. A bell that ACTUALLY rings, yet a low capacity of ears around who can ACTUALLY hear me.

More like an animalistic breed with sophisticated flex. A bella hair abroad my broad chest. Self-medicated with ex-pills, Kush packs, and unprotected sex;

Imagining a true friend: an all-around-the-way girl with pretty pallid skin. Fair and fresh flesh with fine hair violently blowing through all American wind.

Not fragile like a flower, but a fragile second and choke away from clutching the heftiest rope. A shameful 10th grade

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dropout (with college hopes), broke, sliding down slippery slopes, surrounded by battered, traumatized childhood friends around me snorting and sipping coke, searching to cope!

Yellow-eyed revengeful Detroit gunmen chase me through the streetlight nights in my sleep. Extension cords snapping and wrapping around my body. Like evil black vines striding me deep.

Indecisive, are we? Red or blue pill. Which would you swallow? Stuck in the wild with wolves and sheeps, which would you be? What have you been through?

For twentyseven years I've been in a dark room slightly lit by the moon with a rocking knocking fan in my window - on a bed between four grey walls underneath a fortytwo year old Aunt raw-doggin' her seven year old nephew.

Confused between who's there to harm or protect you. Who is coming to love or neglect you. I've come a long way from 'that' little guy who tickled Superman's red, white, and blue head imprinted on an ice cream stick with his little bubblegum eyes.

Father and son relationship? Not a chance in France. No consistent ties. No birthday surprise or wishing well goodbyes. No fragile flowers or grass growing on my

side of town or neck of the woods.

Just another brown boy playing in brown dirt making mud pies in the Lord's mud. Just another five year old standing in that stairwell on that red carpet steps, a few fragile steps away from a father swimming in a pool of his own blood. BANG!

The faintest sound outside my door cocks back and triggers the anxiety, P.T.S.D., and pain. Such a palpable compartmentalized piece stuck in a masculine frame of unpredictability. Such a suffocating hour. I'm learning how to live with a slow burn. Not fragile, but some kind of a flower.

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For feedback and collaboration, add me on JPAY (www.epay.com 631054 Michigan (John Johnson))