

New Year Confession

by Shukri Abu Baker

New year, big beginnings, big
appetite for honeyed change, big
confessions to make:

I feel oppressed, yes, and sorry
for you, my agonized oppressor.

In the spirit of newness and
moral excellence, here is my
apology for all the pieces
of me that remained trapped
between your hard-grinding teeth:

Here is a floss, minty, tough, waxed,
good for your dental hygiene, good
for your peace of mind and mine.

Floss me out, please, you have others
to chew on as hard, and I want

to Move On and Be Whole Again.

1/25/2023