

Dead of Night, the Execution of...

They say. "I can't believe you hit a cop, bit a cop ... " I scream "I didn't hit a cop! Didn't bite a cop! You're lying!" "Whoa! Watch that mouth you feisty little girl or I'll add that to this list." Another says, "You're just so damn cute." They repeat. "So damn cute." Sweat on my brow in the now I am afraid. Anything can happen. They could beat me. Rape me. Kill me ... I choose my words carefully ... "But officer," I say, calming myself, trying reason through whispered tears, "I didn't do anything. My guy beat the shit out of me and someone called the police and nobody asked me what happened. They just sat on top of me. Six, yes six, cops sat on top of me ... I couldn't breathe. I just couldn't breathe." My poetry. My rhythm. Gone. They throw me back in holding and I keep insisting on my phone call. At last I finally get one. I didn't call my family, or a close girlfriend. I call My White Man because somewhere in me I know if need be they gonna listen to him before my Black daddy. I try to tell him that cops are eyeing me, looking at my breasts, the curve of my hips, my little shelf of an ass and didn't listen to a goddamn thing I'd said. He ignores my words, tells me he'll call my brother to come get me, and then hangs up the phone. Dial tone. No care. No concern.