

## How I Feel

I think about Mike Brown. I think about him being shot to death and then left in the street for four point five hours, uncovered for the entire neighborhood to see. I think about the countless other names - the ones we know and the ones undocumented - beaten, tased, violated, shot, murdered at the hands of our so-called servers and protectors. I think about my girlfriend and my mother

worried night after night - hoping and praying that when I go out I come home because they know I'm the prey and it's open season out there. Love and worry seem to always go hand in hand but it is a very specific "worry," the fear that comes with knowing that you're not protected by those that are hired to protect you - not only that but they are targeting you and it's illegal to protect yourself against those hired to protect you.

So how I feel.

Fuck you is how I feel. I know that's not a very sophisticated or in depth response but, Fuck you. I'll write something eloquent for another play. I wanted to write some inspirational, soul shaking, "I done seen the mountaintop," type monologue. Something that could heal the four hundred years of untreated trauma; cure us from the disease of white supremacy; humanize us in a way that we've never been humanized before. But, Fuck you, is all I could come up with.