

Witnesses

Nasser Lubega

(Epigraph: Over the summer, a violent act was performed on a person I love, and I never got to say goodbye. One was a father, and the other his son.)

When the evening drew near,
I pulled you in with a choreographed dance
domineering over the early night, spilling
orange and pastel yellow.
I was a spinning top, see,
and you were my axis.

And you, you were explosive,
a *black artist* erupting a kind of magic,
painting a picture so damning,
we were foolish not to notice.
But now our hearts glisten.
Our incandescent hearts burning.
They glow, and sing the fire anthem-
We are all hurting.

But I...I am raging, see.
Why would you do such a thing?

You held Him by the collar
and demanded He give you
what you never deserved.
You proceeded with the unthinkable.

May you be scorned by the earth itself.
May your friends be blinded to their memory of you.
May you forget the taste of fresh fruit.
May you never find warmth ever again.

Let there be absent flowers in your life.
Let your path to the market wind upon itself.
Let your speech be lacking in all punctuation
Let the smiles of no one brighten your day.

And for your despicable act, kindness may now live in the exclamatory mode.

But not to you!