

Strength in Numbers

Cars and buildings bursting into malicious infernos
Crowds shooting insults; shooting bullets; beating each other
Bodies scattered on the ground
Debris flying in all directions
One voice echoes across the clearing.

"We need to get along, why can't we all just get along?"

- Rodney King

sheltered,
i am, then
restricted yet
i am, no one's prisoner
in the cage you laid

my mind is a wanderer
your phony embrace is no elixir
my heart is a cracked eggshell
you foster and purposefully shatter

was there, then
elegance in solitude
or
beauty in solidarity?
what if we are the tired, the poor,
the huddled masses yearning to fly free?

Sometimes a dream
Is like this oversized coat
That you grow into over time
But in America,
It's the shoving of the baby hummingbird
Out of its nest
Forcing it to fly
With its immature wings

For the hummingbird's lifespan

Is a mere 3 years

And

I am no Michael Brown.

But this hummingbird won't live much longer

We've always been more triumphant as a flock.

For a group of united hummingbirds

Is known as

A charm