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Invisible Me

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Rashad El, "INVISIBLE me..."

[from *We Once Were Human, Too*, poetry collection]

Can you see me? Can you hear me?

Or have you chosen not to listen to someone locked in prison who's fought the system; in opposition for ten years flat; my transformation is a real fact; but to society? I'm still that colored boy that fits every cop's description of who robbed the victim just because of my skin's darker pigment, even if it's not consistent with the real truth; they'll...

Conceal proof and still shoot because my soul stands out like a teal suit; **But can you see me? Can you hear me?**

Because I feel mute; they tried to make Rashad a mime; just a walking dollar sign that got confined with a lot of time; and it's...

Out of sight, out of mind by design; I'm trying to find the mental pencil for my temple's stencil so I can draw the line and have one scrawled right on Trump's wall through where he wrote,

"No Other Races Allowed!"

But can you see me? Can you hear me?

Or am I just another face in the crowd that's been draped with a shroud; chasing the clouds while I was in a distracted state, as they...

Commenced to having my past erased, and the further back I traced? I saw that they had the facts replaced as if I wasn't a king; and they...

Blinded my eyes with all kinds of mirages until I fell in love with the dreams; but soon, I discovered the scenes were from a machine putting pictures up on a screen to try and hold my attention while these...

High-rollers and henchmen came up with a scheme to hide the history they'd taken from my great nation and left me searching for my memory because what they gave me wasn't my "Born Identity" and my name ain't "Jason";

So, can you see me? Can you hear me?

Or am I not black enough; acting tough with a pack of rough cats headed to the back of the bus even though Rosa had the guts to park in the front; is it because I'm...

Not hitting blunts, choking from the smoke they contain, or...

Slouched in a slump, overdosing from the dope in my veins, sliding down the slope into flames, losing the only hope that remains;

Can you see me? Can you hear me?

Or am I just a ghost with a name; an old homie you grab the 5th and pour out some liquor for when you hang at the spot with your friends and pop the top off the Henn, vodka or gin then I'm forgotten again right after it hits the floor? All I...

Knew was pain when I was married to the game; had to get divorced and choose a different course; Yea, I've been in that water, now I want to grip the oars and guide my ship to shore;

But, can you see me? Can you hear me?

Or am I just your circus freak that's caged; mistreated; paid the cheapest wage and expected to be displayed when there is a tour?

*"See! Look! **THIS** lion didn't roar or even kick the door when you came in,'just like we trained him..."*

But can you see me? Can you hear me?

Or am I just a beast in containment; part of the cattle herd; silent chains and rattled nerves; I am the finished product that occurs when you mix strong visions with Islamism; **But, can you see me? Can you hear me?**

Or was this all written for nothing...

Because who listens to an invisible man?