

Closed Doors

By DJ Kuttin Kandi

the doors were not open as they said it would be
closed shut, eyes tight
still
the way
that you looked back at me
heavy was the gaze
when you didnt get to be

the tough one, the rough one
the blue one
hold on
glock a nine
cause he held an open bottled one
31 too young
to watch the last breath
of a beaten drum

respectability had
them bow down
keep low and run

like the way my father
had me cower
at the strike
like the way they came in at the twilight

to take over Lolo's land

to understand
this silence
and comfortability
of the brand

with never returning to the aching of the rice fields

is to know just how deeply colonialism
befriended assimilation
at the glass window
finding its way in though

knowing the reflection
back

from its peak through
the hint of its tyrannical hue

is too much to bare

to carry ---

like rain water in buckets from the top of the mountain

cold it felt; i feel it drippin
as it poured from the top of the head
to the thirst of the body longing the pain

it is then

I am
wondering
who am i at this moment

when im asking you to
meet me at the crossroads
where they've called me to work

where is this place
I could not be seen

damp and rusty
like a shackling of the spirit from incarceration
25 to life
sentenced into unjust climates
that demanded our backs
be of service to the fossil fuel
the cotton plantations to the tobacco
to the barracks at Uncle Sams
to the transcontinental railroad
to the fields at delano
to the sugar cane and the bananas

to the way i may have never known

what it was like to be held
forgiven
remembered
seen
witnessed
honored

have we tucked away another dream

closed another door

and forgotten the Watsonville

a riot

rebel pirate hxstory
hidden in secret doors

because its better to be kept quiet

even though i once witnessed my fathers knife
force a racist to submit

what do we
bring to the pulpit
when we forget such orders like the 9066

should we hold such the truth
and reminisce
the white mans burden
savior to the village of luzon
because only God can save us now
they summon

we
are
the ones
we've been waiting for

yet time was never yours
along border rules
of concrete xenophobic barricades
meant for the crashing of waves
at the walls of its confinement
seeping to find continuity
because freedom is a water dance
that sweeps over and under you
feet buried to the sand
as it rushes in

to find us at the cadence of liberation
awaiting at the tempo of the last standing rock sing
chipping away at the outer shell
of colorism
anti Blackness be the blueprint
to the white supremacy we be swimmin in
capitalism got us diggin the digital gold
they be surveilling

Snowden warned us the drones were here
but my Lola was already at the outskirts of the fear
as they rode in at the frontier

took them to the horizon
to disappear
separation is the knowing
of the mighty gripping fear
that this would be that last time

cuz we out here survivin
not dreaming

we out here surviving
not dreaming

instead we pullin back the memories
of colonial imperialistic disease
trauma
of a yellow peril
coronavirus got us in a tight squeeze
sanitize and purify
hands they never hold
as they hold back
the air that we breathe
resources they greed
cause ableism
will keep the poor
disabled
out under smart streetlights
beggin as we fight against a mayors hepatitis
because no rent control and handcuffs on a wrist
deflection is like a common viral infection
of how they contain the homeless
we know this
familiarity of containment

the way they have reinvented white supremacy and patriarchy
to the way Dr Seuss wrapped it up prettily
to digest
into the depths of our bellies
destiny
we manifest
fatphobic is the consumption
as we hunger the aggression
we can no longer recognize
the fascism at our front stoop
much less the youth
we declare
we have loved of the yesteryear

but have thrown to the warfare
I fear the battle
we have journeyed
to cleanse ourselves
to nowhere
what shall happen should we remember
dare
ourselves
to look to the mirror
decontamination of every microaggression stare
wiping away every glare
and each time we recollect
they didnt even take notice

to the loudness of our stance
the boisterousness of our past
flashing
like thunder splittin tombstones of our ancestors
beseeching us to awaken to the knock

they call me,
I see you at the door

I see you

I cry
hands towards the home we keepsake

gliding over its iron-clad, immense opening reach
as it creeks in its floor-to-ceiling invitation
take leap
to its freedom on the other side

beyond
invisibility

a word

for every gaze looked past me

I push
through the wide view
fully swung open in all its truth

I am
at the door

and I return the gaze upon
you
