

Daddy

BY [SYLVIA PLATH](#)

You do not do, you do not do

Any more, black shoe

In which I have lived like a foot

For thirty years, poor and white,

Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.

You died before I had time——

Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,

Ghastly statue with one gray toe

Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic

Where it pours bean green over blue

In the waters off beautiful Nauset.

I used to pray to recover you.

Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town

Scraped flat by the roller

Of wars, wars, wars.

But the name of the town is common.

My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.

So I never could tell where you

Put your foot, your root,

I never could talk to you.

The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.

Ich, ich, ich, ich,

I could hardly speak.

I thought every German was you.

And the language obscene

An engine, an engine

Chuffing me off like a Jew.

A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.

I began to talk like a Jew.

I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna

Are not very pure or true.

With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck

And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack

I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of *you*,

With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.

And your neat mustache

And your Aryan eye, bright blue.

Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You—

Not God but a swastika

So black no sky could squeak through.

Every woman adores a Fascist,  
The boot in the face, the brute  
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,  
In the picture I have of you,  
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot  
But no less a devil for that, no not  
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.  
I was ten when they buried you.  
At twenty I tried to die  
And get back, back, back to you.  
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,  
And they stuck me together with glue.  
And then I knew what to do.  
I made a model of you,  
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.  
And I said I do, I do.  
So daddy, I'm finally through.  
The black telephone's off at the root,  
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two——

The vampire who said he was you  
And drank my blood for a year,  
Seven years, if you want to know.  
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart  
And the villagers never liked you.  
They are dancing and stamping on you.  
They always *knew* it was you.  
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

Why I hate Religion, but love Jesus  
by: Jefferson Bethke

What if I told you Jesus came to abolish religion  
What if I told you voting republican really wasn't his mission  
What if I told you republican doesn't automatically mean Christian  
And just because you call some people blind doesn't  
automatically give you vision

I mean if religion is so great, why has it started so many wars  
Why does it build huge churches, but fails to feed the poor  
Tells single moms God doesn't love them if they've ever had a divorce  
But in the old testament God actually calls religious people whores

Religion might preach grace, but another thing they practice  
Tend to ridicule God's people, they did it to John The Baptist  
They can't fix their problems, and so they just mask it  
Not realizing religions like spraying perfume on a casket  
See the problem with religion, is it never gets to the core  
It's just behavior modification, like a long list of chores  
Like lets dress up the outside make look nice and neat  
But it's funny that's what they use to do to mummies  
while the corps rots underneath

Now I ain't judging, I'm just saying quit putting on a fake look  
Cause there's a problem if people only know you're  
a Christian by your Facebook  
I mean in every other aspect of life, you know that logic's unworthy  
It's like saying you play for the Lakers just because you bought a jersey

You see this was me too, but no one seemed to be on to me  
Acting like a church kid, while addicted to pornography  
See on Sunday I'd go to church, but Saturday getting faded  
Acting if I was simply created just to have sex and get wasted  
See I spent my whole life building this facade of neatness  
But now that I know Jesus, I boast in my weakness

Because if grace is water, then the church should be an ocean  
It's not a museum for good people, it's a hospital for the broken  
Which means I don't have to hide my failure, I don't have to hide my sin  
Because it doesn't depend on me it depends on him  
See because when I was God's enemy and certainly not a fan  
He looked down and said I want, that, man  
Which is why Jesus hated religion, and for it he called them fools  
Don't you see so much better than just following some rules  
Now let me clarify, I love the church,  
I love the bible, and yes I believe in sin  
But if Jesus came to your church would they actually let him in  
See remember he was called a glutton, and a drunkard by religious men  
But the son of God never supports self righteousness not now, not then

Now back to the point, one thing is vital to mention  
How Jesus and religion are on opposite spectrums  
See one's the work of God, but one's a man made invention  
See one is the cure, but the other's the infection  
See because religion says do, Jesus says done  
Religion says slave, Jesus says son  
Religion puts you in bondage, while Jesus sets you free  
Religion makes you blind, but Jesus makes you see  
And that's why religion and Jesus are two different clans

Religion is man searching for God, Christianity is God searching for man  
Which is why salvation is freely mine, and forgiveness is my own  
Not based on my merits but Jesus's obedience alone  
Because he took the crown of thorns, and the blood dripped down his face  
He took what we all deserved, I guess that's why you call it grace  
And while being murdered he yelled  
"Father forgive them they know not what they do."  
Because when he was dangling on that cross, he was thinking of you  
And he absorbed all of your sin, and buried it in the tomb  
Which is why I'm kneeling at the cross, saying come on there's room  
So for religion, no I hate it, in fact I literally resent it  
Because when Jesus said it is finished, I believe he meant it

Cuz he's black  
By: Javon Johnson

So I'm driving down the street with my 4-year-old nephew. He,  
knocking back a juice box, me, a Snapple, today y'all we are doing

manly shit. I love watching the way his mind works. He asks a million questions.

Uncle, why is the sky blue?

Uncle, how do cars go?

Uncle, why don't dogs talk?

Uncle, uncle, uncle, he asks, Uncle, uncle, uncle, he asks, Uncle uncle, uncle, as if his voice box is a warped record.

I try my best to answer every question, I do. I say it's because the way the sun lights up the outer space. It's because engines make the wheels go. It's because their minds aren't quite like ours. I say Yes. No. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. I don't know. Who knows? Maybe. We laugh.

He smiles at me, looks out the window, spots a cop car, drops his seat and says, "Oh man, Uncle, 5-0, we gotta hide."

I'll be honest. I'm not happy with the way we raise our black boys. Don't like the fact that he learned to hide from the cops well before he knew how to read. Angrier that his survival depends more on his ability to deal with the "authorities" than it does his own literacy.

"Get up," I yell at him. "In this car, in this family, we are not afraid of the law." I wonder if he can hear the uncertainty in my voice. Is today the day he learns that uncle is willing to lie to him, that I am more human than hero? We both know the truth is far more complex than do not hide. We both know too many black boys who disappeared. Names lost. Know too many Trayvon Martins, Oscar Grants, and Abner Louimas, know too many Sean Bells and Amadou Diallos. Know too well that we are the hard-boiled sons of Emmett Till.

Still, we both know it's not about whether or not the shooter is racist, it's about how poor black boys are treated as problems well before we are treated as people. Black boys in the country cannot afford to play cops and robbers if we're always considered the latter, don't have the luxury of playing war when we're already in one. Where I'm from, seeing cops cars drive down the street feels a lot like low-flying planes in New York City. Where I'm from, routine traffic stops are more like mine fields, any wrong move could very well mean your life. And how do I look my nephew in his apple face and tell him to be strong when we both know black boys are murdered every day, simply for standing up for themselves?

I take him by the hand, I say be strong. I say be smart. Be kind, and polite. Know your laws. Be aware of how quickly your hands move to pocket for wallet or ID, be more aware of how quickly the officer's hand moves to holster, for gun. Be black. Be a boy and have fun, because this world will force you to become a man far

more quickly than you'll ever have the need to. He lets go of my hand.

"But Uncle," he asks, "Uncle, what happens if the cop is really mean?  
And, it scares me to know that he, like so many black boys,  
is getting ready for a war I can't prepare him for.

## Appearances

By: Cal Combs

Images and appearances are sold on our screens,  
We're sold out to the corporations and their marketing schemes.  
So whenever you try on your dress and you look a certain way,  
Doesn't pressure build around your character to be consistent with the image you convey?

See I've got plenty of typologies that clothing can go along with,  
Gold chains and diamonds I'd look like a rapper,  
Flashy to match an attitude of confidence,  
When in fact the clothing is only there to cover up my consciousness.  
Fake it until you make it,  
Become what the image provides.  
Lose yourself in it it,  
Lose yourself in these lies.

But now let's flip the script,  
Aware of the psychological effect that these images can make,  
If I hand you a AR15 military grade, armor, grenades and enough adrenaline,  
Would you not feel like you was going into a military game of killing them?

In the same way that we're sold on Vans to make a skater,  
And Converse to make a hipster,  
The 5-0 have military grade equipment to match all their anger,  
They're just reciprocating what the image provides.  
And I think it's about time that we open our eyes,  
And realize that all of these images are just silly little lies.

You see marketing is built around building self-consciousness,  
If we were all confident they would be left market-less.  
Promises of power pervading through the products,  
"Use this and you'll get there! Really, we promise!"  
Guarantees, cash back, free gifts, no interest, no questions, no issues, no gimmicks, no schemes!  
"We promise!"  
We can sum you up,  
To material things!

And I guess I'm here to tell you that you're more than all that!  
Stop buying into brand names and all that crap.  
The more money we give'em the more it all exists,

So start focusing your dollars, that's the beginning of change, I guess.  
But just remember this,  
one thing before I go,  
They can never make an image or an appearance  
For your soul.