

## Judgment

I have nothing but goodness in my chest  
And as sure as my heart beats in my left breast  
I sleep without rest  
Because my family don't embrace my goodness  
We digress while every year continues to progress  
and I begin to love this person of the same sex limitless  
I am depressed.

Because whenever I discuss my love's diligence  
I see my daddy's heartbreak with disgust  
Disappointment.

With prayers of a Holy water based ointment to  
relieve me of this sickness.

He deems the people like me wicked.

Thinks that some one defiled his child's pureness

Says that my sexuality will be the double death of me,  
and my ministry miniscule until I go into the churches and be the preacher's tool  
to fool every person in the pew,

all three overflow rooms, and even the deacons in the vestibule.

Convincing them that I am a bless-ed poet and not because my words show it and not  
because my walk's fluent with a humble bop to it

But because I don't sin.

I don't sleep tormented by the likes of him.

Yea because

I like men

So just call me Mrs. Johnson.

Hear my words echo off of the chapel ceilings

Like who I am sleeping with is any of their business

Regardless of the fact that me and my woman don't even have to touch hands  
and I would still be indulging in the sweetness of her spirit.

He says, *Confess so God hears it.*

*Repent so that your light will be brighter lit*

The last time I checked God don't give illumination in wattage

so if I shine it's because he saw fit.  
Regardless of the sentiment in the pulpit.  
And I am so steeped in subliminal sadness  
I spark spliffs,  
herb sift to seedless,  
fold, lick, roll, sit,  
inhale a bit  
for an uplift out of the darkness of your well intent

Keep that shit.

Because real non-judgment don't have a disclaimer on it  
Just a genuine smile and a hug.  
And more time spent with my family would mean less with a dub  
but they don't want to be involved with my modern day leprosy  
Like these stains on my record reflect my life's integrity but these stains really only exist  
because they can't see nothin' but dirt on me.  
So I choose to peruse schools of thought that perceive me cleanly.  
I run from the Christian who is a slave trying to free me.  
The opinion of a church minion ain't particularly appealing because  
God said things yes  
and Jesus surely came  
But the high priests, pastors, and others ordained  
leave my people drained.  
Feeling like they ain't nothin'  
and while they are waiting for the second coming  
They forget that Jesus bared the scars and the cross on his back so we could be  
Godly just like that  
Not to worship his abilities but to act as he acts  
and not to crucify your children because they don't subscribe to your facts.

But my depression is not your problem  
and my happiness is not your trauma  
So I exist in the throws of insomnia because my family  
minus my mom and some  
Can't understand that the way I live and who I love has

Nothing to do with them.