

My DNA: Does Not Adhere...

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I did not take a nine month journey through inter-uterine corridors to become your botched Eugenics experiment,

My destination is not your Petri dish,

Your case study or latest breakthrough,

The continent of my skin is bigger than the research that attempts to explain it,

They tampered with me in Tuskegee,

Attempted to exterminate me in Auschwitz,

And I kept screaming,

QUIT TRYING TO QUANTIFY ME!

Your empirical data doesn't matter,

Because when the numbers stop tabulating,

I am still here,

With DNA that feels betrayed by bell curves and Darwin's manuscripts,

My poetry exits my mouth in double helix strands that connect me to supernovas and mice,

Gods and amoebas,

It says that I am alive,

When rigidly defined phenotypes and gigabytes attempt to tell me otherwise,

In the iris of my eye is a story as old as time,

As new as time,

Repeated 3 billion times,

And all I ask is that if you use my genes,

Use them to go to war with the diabetes that haunts them,

The strokes, hypertension, heart disease, sickle cell, and ovarian cancers,

That keep knocking branches off my family tree,

And they try to tell me that it's because we're black,

But I think the reason is that we lack,

The privilege of preventative care,

IF you must screen my genes,

Do it not for genocidal agendas,

I've always believed that my material was here because it mattered,

And if your science says otherwise,

Then your science is merely ignorance in disguise.