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# Black Magic

Lyric Knuckles  
*Winthrop University*

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# BLACK MAGIC

## LYRIC KNUCKLES

They told us that we were so magic, the demons couldn't talk to us.

But they never kissed us good night, so the monsters spent the evenings getting lost with us.

I remember searching for love at a young age,  
And I remember seeing everyone I loved hiding behind the façade.

Kindergarten, compositions were cathartic,  
So I couldn't imagine running from the very place I'd started.

Sitting in the darkness,  
I invited all my demons before the cookies could harden.

They told us we were so damn magic ...

But I figured it took practice,

So I kept clasping my hands, asking God to show me His tricks.

I kept drowning in that pillow full of tears, sinking in my Holy Spirit.

I always saw the light in the distance while upholding the image ...

That I could make it.

They slapped smiles on our faces

Because we had a roof, and food on our tables.

Oppression openly made us thankful  
for the bare minimum.

"I'm de— "

It's a sin to say the last syllable.

They call it "that crazy talk."

But Mama, I'm still counting all the bodies in chalk.

I still wonder what their lives would be like,

If they could have read that letter.

I can never picture a full sized funeral, or any soaking sweaters.

All I see is me ... struggling to piece the corners together.

Picture a world with no static.

That's who we are.

We are magic.