White Submission
McCoy Allen

The white of his eyes
Shook me.
Shattered me like a porcelain doll.
My pale skin, my unstained socks,
Baptism gifts ruffled with lace.
“Do you take His name—“
“Do you understand—“
“Do you take him to be your lawfully wedded—“

God, Father, Husband
His servant. His property. His wife.
I say what he wants me to.
“Yes.”
Our white outfits, a holiness a woman
cannot understand.
My father pushes me back into the water.
I hold my breath.

Toupee President
Alexis Roberts

Executive order after order shoved in my face
and here it ends
I check for a way to escape its ends
Finding only a new found grave for this state
Feel pulsing throbbing hearts erased and here it ends
Stung up with a soft noose of lace,
wonder if it was due to race and here it ends

Dropping popping sedative feel a normal pace
Or bodies first our minds deceased and here it ends
Little fingers tweet with haste
Shouting of your-our disgrace and here it ends
Screams impractically mistaken for consent displaced
Families forced to separate and here it ends
When this monster holds you in a display case
Stand Alexis have courage put that tyrant in his
place and here it ends