It is dangerous to speak of rape in hypothetical terms. Especially dangerous if the rape is alleged but the woman is real and before that, white. This story, existing entirely in a city named after oxymoron. Black Wall Street. As in yet, another thing a nigger cannot scale, climb, or swim through. The kind of city that curves the gait of a slave. Dick Rowland, a man that forgets, if only for a moment, that this is America. A place where he cannot take the same elevator as a white girl. Those are our precious things, worth more than a string of pearls—Dick’s body necklaced over the damp sycamore branch. The story is old. I am suffering from griot’s lockjaw. I am telling you a black man is swallowing his tongue, from the edge of a tree—his neck exhausted and gimp. He said the wrong thing to an angel. She was blonde and in her mouth, a strawberry. Juice running down her chin, red as the devil. A smile that burns the city down, children floundering through ash.

--Thiahera LeSian Nurse