05-30-20

The concept of justice is a paradox,

And the truth is a burden to all who hear it

We “thugs”, know the truth hurts

That is why we endure blindness in a can and gnawed flesh,

At least, the doers do

But people like me, we watch

We watch the horror and become the perfect bystanders who look for change,

but realize we are just fetuses who must learn the ways of life,

And how to do things

How to make change

So I ensure that my words can make a change so I don’t have to

Does that make me a paradox?

I watched a rocket travel to outer space today

It caused the palpitations in my chest to name themselves thunder and lightning

Bolting out of my chest sending shocks through to my mother’s eyes as she gazes at the screen in astonishment

Because momentarily, all her worries are gone

She does not visualize justice but only the abilities of the human mind

Which seems to be more of astronomical wonders than of hope, faith, and love

Things we apparently need science in order to prove that they actually exist

That the big bang has become the palpitations in our chests

Sending shockwaves through our veins saying that we breathe with a purpose and not just a ball of energy

Or, at the mercies of a cartridge

Some of us believe in that, which is why we are gifted these things that explode out of human hands for christmas, birthdays, and as peace offerings

The barrel that supposedly brings peace, another thing that science can justify

Science can justify a body, but can’t navigate the soul

Science tells me there’s nothing more we can do like a problem to a puzzle that’s impossible to solve, so we stop trying

Science tells me that heaven is nothing but an idea, just like the big bang

That we come from animals and is why we are executed as such

That we are large pieces of meat created for human consumption, except pigs

Because they feast differently than the others

They are the ones stained with blood and are not supposed to be touched and so,

the judge obliges

But in turn, someone must pay the price and be the sacrificial lamb,

And who better than the black sheep who knows not its place in the world anyway?

Besides,

They have nothing else to lose, but time

Time until there are no more people trigger happy,

joyfully ignorant of how the big bang changes the course of history every single time we flip the pages of a textbook

How astronomical moments are frozen in an image but stories are angled in a million completely different directions,

Sputnik lied

Humans can’t do anything they put their minds to

The paradox in this is that it was supposed to be one small step for man and one giant leap for mankind,

But I cannot step outside of my door convinced I’ll return in one piece

You know, I once thought of going into orbit too

Of my body floating out into intergalactic terrority, too comfortable to come down

I would call that heaven,

But I guess it’s just a lie

Just like justice