

The Ones We Have to Fear

“You got lucky,”
Says white-boy, radical-activist-from-Brooklyn Phil
Lucky, he says, that I was never raped
You know, white-organizer-woman in Black
Crown Heights, Brooklyn

Did I get lucky that day
Eight years old, waiting at the rec center
For Jessica’s mom
To pick us up,
When a white man flashed me
Made me climb a tree
So he could see my underwear
(I still remember apologizing to him
Because I couldn’t climb
As high as he wanted me to)
Did I get lucky that day
When he traumatized me so that I remember
Everything that happened
Remember the design on his T-shirt
The mouse with the woman shrieking “eek”
An extended line of e’s before the k
Remember looking at mug shots, being asked to testify
To identify him
The gun they found in his car
Remember everything
Except
His
Penis?

Did I get lucky that day
When I talked to him because
He was a
Jogger
White
And reminded me of my
Father?
Breaking my trust of all safe white men
At the age of eight?

We know the facts
The majority of rapes of women are by their Boyfriends or husbands
We stick to our own class, race—just like they do.

So, white boy sitting next to me in class
It is you I have to fear
It is you I have to educate
Because you got lucky.