

a Wolf in Sheep's clothing
By Noor Charif

i took a politics class freshman year
they played dress up for a day
stepped into my shoes
disregarding the significance of a single article of clothing
they squeezed themselves into me
choked on the heavy accent hiding in my throat
felt the paralyzing fear trickle through
that someone will recognize me
hear my name and see past the white safety net
dig up my soul rooted in american soil
decide i no longer belong - am a threat to society
aim, pull trigger

i took a politics class freshman year
they played dress up for a day
then
when they'd had enough
they stripped themselves of the pain
returning to the serenity of ignorance
able to forget the spilled blood of my brothers
the gurgle of screams from my sisters
the innocent lives lost to the terror of Supremacists

they dropped the weight of our world
removed the burden of our trauma from their shoulders
forgetting how they boxed us up for shipping
labeled us Terrorist to justify their agressions
labeled themselves Victim and pleaded
self defense
they called us Oppressed
reigned hell on sacred homes in the name of
freedom
when we cried out for help they left us in the rubble
turned their backs, bony fingers pointed our way
were found not guilty
and went on with their lives

me?
i got a lecture about safety from my father for wearing
a head scarf