

**See Blk Boy Run**  
***A Proof***

Consider that the blk boy fever dream is a funeral. That the pastors' wife made sweet tea and the boy can still taste it on his lips. Hence the funeral is not his.

Therefore the blk boy stands still. This stillness a miracle of sorts. Imagine his ten-year-old face when his mother hears a 'pop-pop-pop' from downstairs late at night. Him, a jumpy thing. Her, a carafe of tears. She whispers: *baby, don't make popcorn right now. Go to sleep.*

Now say the boy is sulfurous and tormenting flames. Now say the boy has kept his nose clean. Don't forget, now, that the boy is black. If we take him as truth, then blk boy must be understood as a bodily thing. A sample size. An experiment in survival.

If the blk boy wears his organs like jewels he invokes the body. He makes a statement as to where God-has-made-him-ghost. Thus if one bears a non-asthmatic lung it follows to say he is bearing a cross.

See the blk boy runs and leaves nothing behind. He brings with him death and eternal life and whimpers somewhere in between. For if the boy is not to be made specter, he must find a bunker. He must construct a breathing blk skin.

Hence death is neither what he moves toward nor from. Death is a cocoon. Death is a melted glacier. Bearing death is another life and for this reason, blk boy lives.

Therefore if blk boy wakes up in a ditch, coated in dew, he is not bewitched: this is the work of God. If the blk boy walks away, moving towards a dark and wet place, he has simply conjured his limbs.