

# VIGNETTES of PANDEMIC & PROTEST

by

Darnell "DeeSoul" Carson

## STETHOSCOPE at PANDEMIC'S PEAK in NYC

I am asked to touch steel to warm flesh  
for the 6th time this hour. It has been a  
while since I felt this needed, and

I regret how necessary I've become.  
I can hear them fading. The nurse forgets  
to take me off. I think I have grown on her,

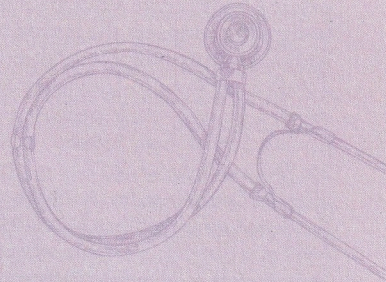
like an extra limb, or a tumor. I am sure  
she wishes to be rid of me. How  
conflicting it is to be essential.

## BURNING BUILDING in MINNEAPOLIS WITH WITNESSES

It is frustrating to look for a savior  
and only find witnesses to my end.  
They will tell you about me tomorrow,

once the ash has settled and there is nothing  
but the memory of my name to hold me by.  
I wonder who will cry for me?

Don't you know I wasn't the first to burn?  
Don't you know, right now, someone  
is still walking free with a matchbook?



## GLASS WINDOW YET to BE BROKEN IN LOUISVILLE

I wonder if I will be next. I am sure  
they are thinking the same thing.  
I wonder which of us the white people

will rush to save first. I would not  
blame them for my shattering.  
I can be replaced, regifted my frame

and curtain. The elderly woman can not  
be regifted her son, his scent, the sight  
of him dying in front of me.

It is not my destruction that scares me.  
It is knowing it could come  
much sooner than I expected.

