**Final Poem by Queen Nefertiti Shabazz**

Suffocation by three pronged folders that remind me of tomorrow’s 8 hours

And the whole 40 hours I will have spent in front of an illuminated box, this week

After 7 hours of proving my intelligence in a fluorescent lit classroom

4 hours of homework scribbled thoughts on lined paper

After 3 hours spent engaging community, heels on, feet throbbing

Legs reaching for the closest alter to kneel

For more strength

After all of this

I want to shark attack a nice healthy size cheese burger

melt its insides

into my salivating mouth,

I consume the flesh the way I want to

Devour this 10 page essay

due tomorrow

This stress makes my stomach flame

I want to hamburger patty sizzle the expectation of whining feet and crying eyes

The ketchup on this burger

Simmers to ash

**The thought of my bed knowing my body**

**In reality the curves of my hips are nameless to the coil of its springs**

**Could be why I am restless**

But now this cheese burger oasis my insides

Deep fries the normalcy of popped veins to fulfill deadlines

It sleeps with me when I get the itis

Don’t call me addicted

Don't say that this is by choice

**That too many brown skins stress on my block**

**Their blood sugars this concrete**

That it’s easier to melt the cement walls of our hearts

Into Bigmacs Whopper Juniors Double Doubles

**These are the ruins in this neighborhood:**

**Littered brown bodies and fallen candy wrappers**

That the number Type 2 is the second most spoken number in our language,

After 0

Do not tell me all of this is by choice

That after this burger marries my rib cage

My body will plastic bag decay

Become like the fallen plastics that is land to any wallet’s neighborhood

When all I’ve wanted was to decompose

Back timeless into no man’s land

As fluid and malleable as water

The weight of no burger

The marriage of no flesh,

depressing me into

brown, oily, and fried