**“DEATH RECIPE”** – Erica McMath Sheppard

we got something called freedom to eat

But granny still chooses salt covered pigs feet

And I still choose whatever is given to me

At family functions

We got that kill your soul food

We got that death recipe

We eat that fried pork chops

5 layer cheese macaroni

Them chitlienns

Off of food I get so high

me and kites come face to face

Yesterday I wrote down some ingredients in my day to day diet

1st there were a million things I couldn’t pronounce

Then there was

Sugar, Flour, Hydrogenated oils

Hyfrutose corn syrup, Whey powder

Dye yellow 40

Dye red 52

Dye dye dye

Our food is speaking to us

And if the word dye is in a food you eat

and you want to live I suggest you throw it away

The vegetables my family eats

sit over cooked greens with bacon bits and ham hocks,

broccoli with extra butter and 1⁄2 pound of cheese

We like our okrah deep fried

We like our chicken deep fried’

We like our rice deep fried

We like our lives deep fried

This is my body, This is my blood

I don’t wanna be skinny

Just wanna incorporate movement

without running out of breath.

but it's like I fiend for high fructose corn syrup

no matter how sick I feel after

Its like lemme hit that cookie one time

Its like smacking on sour patches

while walking my Aunt to dialysis

It’s like cousin Kieara shooting insulin in her nine year old arm

It’s like brother Christopher having juvenile diabetes at 5

The choice is mine

But the way I eat you'd think I want to die

It's like no matter how hard I try

I’m an addict who’s addicted

because this death recipe is suicide.