

IN THE FIGURATIVE, I RESPOND—*THIS SHIT BE KILLING ME!*

by Jonah Mixon-Webster

and these are the reports:

“Ol boy knocked the loaf of bread  
out of dude’s hand up at Mini Mart, they started arguing,  
and then ol boy came back

—shot off dude head like 12 times”

“Naw,

ain’t nobody sit pretty with that”

“All over 4 zips of some Chemdawg?”

“I don’t want them to do nothin’

to that boy mama, just to get to him”

“I wanna know who called

and told ol boy and ‘nem

that dude was up at the sto”

“Didn’t I tell you that?”

“Cuz

she is my friend, she do my  
nails and shit”

“I would hate it”

“They killed his lil sister the next day

at the park, shot four of ‘em”

“Killed four of his people,

killed his lil sister, his two lil kids,  
and his brother”

“I aint hear about that”

“Yall ain’t hear about that?”

“I thought that was connected”

“And blew that house up on Cherrylawn”

“Blew granny house off the fuckin map”

“Shit ain’t sweet around here,

that’s why you gotta be careful of who you touch”

“Cuz people got family and  
shit”

“It’s ugly out here for y’all

Ke—”

“\$100,000 wanted dead or alive”

“That mean you can see his body right there  
hangin”

“\$100,00!?”

“The FBI, the ATF

“Bounty hunters, goons—“

came to my mama house—

“All of em?”

all of em—and said, \$100,000

*if you find him dead or alive”*

“Ain’t you gon’ tell  
on that mutha fucka?”

“Shit, hell yaaa—“

“Man,

they got the hood and white folk  
looking for the same nigga”

## TWITTER FINGERS

by Jonah Mixon-Webster

*@AConceptualPoet/Artist/Whoever, After Gone with the Wind*

Ooos I guessin yu kin stil be aneethin yu wan her missum!

gon hed an try oan da skin of som othas!

lak it duncha?

but yoos culdnta com up wid some otha beda contex  
or consen or wat it is yal kine cals it? consep?

an ya say yoos wuz tryna sho or yoo wonnit  
us ta see wut?

how dat otha wite wuman stil oan dem grinin skinin blak folks?

an yoo wonnit her asstate ta soo yoo?

dat wuz da hol punt rite?

den why is yoo stahp?!

gues ah berd in da han is stil werf mo den ten in da wuds  
aint dat rite dere missum?

but cmon now missum, jus tween me and yoo  
yoo did it causin yoo culd dednt ya?

one of dem red herrins dere ain ya?  
yoo an missum Margret Mitchell

causin me and yoo bof kno gud an wel,  
an wel maybe yoo do and wel maybe yoo don

an wel maybe yoo always new an jus ain kare,  
that yos lil tweets wuz all dun in wuts cald *fair* yoose

so we all kno dat meens thays cudnt eben sue yoo  
iffin thays wonnit too!

but yoo ain meen ta offen nan cullad folks, rite?

by pasting sumbodee ded mammy an tryna fak her voise agin hun?

prolly guesin cullad folks ain hav nan feelins ta ofen hun?

guesin tha ownly thin yoo wuz outa mak wuz ah bad ideuh hun?

but yoo got people calin yoo and yoo calin yoself,  
but yoo ain nan consepshul ahtis

yoo ain nan ahtis

yoo ain shit

**Jonah Mixon-Webster** is a poet, sound artist, and educator from Flint, MI. He is a Ph.D. candidate in English Studies/Creative Writing at Illinois State University. His poetry and hybrid works are featured in *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Assaracus*, *Callaloo*, *LA Review of Books' Voluble*, and the anthology *Zombie Variation Symposium*, among others.