

Like Poetry

by Brandi Forte

in memory of Antion Posey

you're like poetry (chorus) -you're like poetry (chorus)
like poetry-like freedom-like quiet rivers
Antion you are so beautiful, yet so strong
I met him, I love him, I danced with him, I played football with him
I spent a quiet night trying to find the words to say to you
but you do what words can't do
cause you are like poetry; you're like poetry (chorus)
I never wanted to cry, Now I have tears just thinking about you
wanting to invent the wheel but the wheel had already been made
So why couldn't I communicate this to you on Saturday?
Sometimes our lives have their own way
But did you hear me when I say, you are like poetry
soft-spoken-melodic-stubborn-reserve-
your-brown honey comb skin-enrich
Chicago winds, you be poetry, finger snapping, hands clapping
silently birthing Love Jones and making Boyz N The Hood a reality
you must be a simile cause I can't find the words for you
Naw, you gotta be a metaphor, cause metaphors
be like flowers, they bloom
you are a survivor, the complexities of the life
and adversities couldn't censor you!
I see you internalizing the struggles of a young Black man
and learning how to cope
you are the rose that grows from concrete
you are your sister Danielle's hope
It's funny I could never get a word from you
The aroma of your spirit now is giving me words to you
See your essence replenishing Vernon street,
And the sun don't shine the same at Venice Beach
Can you tell what's his name, ya'll?
What's his name? His name is Antion!
And while the world is in search of Antoine Fisher
I'm capturing the life and story of Antion Posey, a 24-year-old Black man
realizing that Earth ain't his home, and that Heaven is his glory
a young brotha who came into this world yet the world wasn't ready for him
What's his name ya'll? What's his name ya'll?
Antion, Renee's baby
traveling infinite yards captivating the sport of football
His name is Antion
Demarcio's brother for eternity
Josean's baby bruh for forever's seas
Lavester's surrogate son
And a loyal homie, His name is Antion
Grandma's melodious baby
Danielle's tranquil connection
a black boy yearning for his mother would make his life perfect
His name is Antion
His life was singing synonymously to an Antoine Fisher story
so I had to write his story
He's the brotha that the world wants
And even Spanish-Tijuana skies, and highways couldn't hold him
I thought I told you he's like poetry (chorus)
grateful to be here, uniquely experiencing life
now he's with Christ, he's with Christ ya'!!! You're like poetry (chorus)
you are at peace where Chicago winds, and LA suns learns to love
I can't define you, so I'll recite you, write you Antion
when I think of you your heavenly wings are universal love
be like poetry, like poetry, he be poetry.