My God do I have resentment.

Unparalleled, merciless, no-doubt-in-my-mind, resentment.

For nothing in particular besides the memories that hold my throat speechless.

It is consuming,

like a wild strawberries flavor, coating your mouth with promise it will be delicious, but proves to be unworthy.

 I resent it,

the odd concoction my dad fortified to restore my faith in,

wild strawberries,

with cane sugar we could not afford and the mint leaves that grew wild on our fence line.

My God, we were inner city kids,

we were not hillbillies forming a lifestyle out of Appalachia,

we were public school, black friends, alley leads to a whore house and to grandmas.

No, we were the forgotten white trash,

The child’s candy wrapper lost between their mattress and bedframe

The cigarette butt escaping from the cab of a semi,

We were the generation of estimated family contribution

With desire to go to college and no means to do so,

4.0s meant nothing when you were hungry

I resented it

The slur of Bob Dylan’s words and the promise that times were a-changin’

What’s to change when opportunity never crossed your bloodline

And the bitterness of wild strawberries remains on the tip of your tongue

My God do I have resentment.