

Upon the Dark Knight Roger Smith

as a child I cussed Batman
and called him a coward.
hiding in the shadows
crying as the millionaire orphan who
wasn't receiving lashes
like allowance, or being stripped naked
and tied down to
etiquette or
barbwire strapped to ideals like manners
then being force-fed to face fears,
while guzzling the duality
of a Bajan-American heritage.
I watched as he pulled toys
and devices out of
the tool used to mold me into a man.
no smoke bombs,
gadgets of illusion or technical distraction to avoid belt,
and the only utility
I recall was rum and discipline.
sidekick,
got hit and kicked to the side as
older sibling was taught
with the same broughtupsy and we
didn't seek commissioner gordon
or race to ACS

cause these were the teachings of
how to be a man from real life
heroes called parents.
the doctor played joker and locked me
in the mental ward of arkham asylum
when diagnosed,
and I've tucked my childhood thoughts
of Batman underneath
my own cowl,
and wear a mask every day.