I remember, my Godbrother was a quiet kid. The strong silent type. He had five brothers, and You could always tell he was a little different. They didn't know how different till I started watching his YouTube channel, a moshpit of teenage angst, emoness, and cringey jokes that make me smile. He's an edgelord.

So for those of you who don't know, edgelord is a term coined to represent those who do risque or extreme things. Who love to balance on the abyss. Some would say that they do it for attention. But most of the time, I think it's just their personality running from a world that wants them to act normal. Existing in the only place where they can truly find peace.

In one video, he's playing on a rail road. Trying to hop a train. Balancing on the tracks. Dashing from one side to the other. “he says, y'all probably think this is lame, but it's not. It's so cool”. Over and over, you can hear his excitement. And when he finally spots the train. You can see his elation. And this, is the definition of edgelord. Watching 400 tons of steel fly by, hearing iron thunder against iron and feeling no fear. Only the wind through your hair, and joy in your heart.

Can you see him.
Dancing with locomotives like old friends. Standing on the edge of life and death, All grins and no care bared towards danger.
I think he was numb to the danger.

Most black boys realize early on that danger is a question, and your survival depends on refusing to answer it.
See for most black boys, dying over your joy is an actual reality in a society that hates to see us happy,
But loves to drag us down. I got homies like my God brother. Who find their joy on the wrong side of the law, or the tracks. Homies who don't look for trouble, but will walk around they neighborhoods in the dead of night hoping trouble finds them, cause looking danger in the eye is the only time they feel alive.
See, even I love to live on the edge somedays.
Ain't no two step like dancing with death
Ain't no better way to learn to appreciate your breath, than that moment when it's almost snatched out your chest.
My heart races whenever I fit my car in between gaps a little too close for comfort. Switching lanes a little too early or a little too late. Smiling when I make it through. Make it too another day.

And I think all black boys are edge lords.
Gotta learn at an early age to be comfortable with our feet swinging over the abyss.
Cause Society loves to push us to the cliff.
Why you think we always ready to jump off.
Ready to call ones. So quick to drive by after we load guns.
Black boys grown up so close to death sometimes we get happy to see him.
Wondering if he gon come take this weight off our chest.
cause every breath we take frowned upon no matter what we smile about.
So excuse us. If we grin at grim reaper like old friend.
He been walking around this neighborhood for years.
Yeah we see that nigha
We just not scared.
We not looking for trouble, just running from a world that wants us to act “normal”. Existing in the only place where they can truly find peace. Rather it be the highway, the block, or the railroad.

And as for my GodBrother. Last year, on Valentines Day, he caught that train. Or that train caught him.
The details are a bit derailing, just know he just ain't here no more. But this poem ain't about grief. It ain't a eulogy. It's a consecration for every black boy that finds their joy on the edge. That looks danger in the eyes cause it's the only time they feel alive. A dedication to every edge lord that loves to balance on the abyss. And a celebration of the life of one. Who fell off.

And so often I found myself writing the same poem

That side eyes us whenever we're being too loud, too publicly. Like Ayo Boy, you know all that happiness ain't allowed around here, you better get on somewhere with that.

Shout out to all my brothers that spend days wishing a nigha would

But this poem, ain't about death. It's about like
I spent fractions of my childhood. The Battle family. I remember. Basketball games, bike rides, boxing matches, mortal kombat tournaments. I remember