

2020

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1. How can you feel someone breathe their dying breath under your knee and not understand it as a murder.
This is a rhetorical question.
I know none of us need to hear another white police officer repackage abuse as heroism,
that none of us need to hear another powerful white man tell us why the rules don't apply to him,

2. In the White House the president is starting twitter feuds while we live our lives in fear of what he calls the chinese virus,
while he tells us to inject ourselves with disinfectant,
power tripping cops tear gas peaceful protesters.
the coughing
and sneezing
and watery eyes
and who can afford to care less than a man who governs reality but does not seem to live in it,

3. We reach out to each other like shipwreck survivors grasping for lifeboats.
Hoping to find something solid in all this crisis,
but with every touch you feel the anxiety of contagion,
a million grasping hands,
a million voices joined together in the same refrain,

I need you more than ever-
but you have to stay away.

4. And too many of us are comfortable living in the space between kill and let die.
No, you were not the knee on George Floyd's neck,
you were not the bullets that pierced Breonna Taylor's skin,
but do you not understand
we have a responsibility to stop the machine that turns black households into memorial,
into gravestone,
To invoke our rights to break a justice system that will not hold cops accountable to the laws they swear to enforce,

and it's true,
we cannot crowd close.
We cannot take each other's hands,
but I swear we can still fight as one.
Until every single one of us has the freedom to exist comfortably in our own skin,
to live without fear,
to breathe.