

**TO AHMAUD ARBERY, GEORGE FLOYD, RAYSHARD BROOKS
AND SO MANY THOUSANDS, GOING, GOING, GONE....**

By Julia Wright

A dark skinned boy jogs
sun filled freedom on the road --
where is the darkness?

In the park alone
he raps wrapped in dreamed freedom
till he is tasered.

For a look he died --
gazing at another world
had come like breathing.

Fee Fi Fo Fum
they smell the blood of black boys
and collect trophies.

All Black mothers
everywhere held their breath
for age-old minutes.

Holding up mirrors
to our virulent world
cell phones are in arms.

So unfair to you
as we watch
your last long moments
because we knew
all the time
you were about to die --
having the luxury to fast forward
and breaking news told us.

No need to pointlessly wonder
at what point
at what split second
into the tape of the logged end of your life
YOU
knew for sure
beyond denial
there would be no return.

Looking back in your-story
we need no investigation
we need no enhancement
to find the shared moment
when reaching through time
over and over again
you let us know.

©2020 Julia Wright