

A Just Voice

The hoarse voice clears its throat
Once more awakening to the injustice
For it had been fooled into thinking
that the world had evolved
as its job was done.

Beginning as a panther's murmur
but expanding into a lion's roar,
“Mike Brown,” it whispers
“Oscar Grant” it sobs
“Trayvon Martin” it wails.
Our fallen innocents elicit the cries;
cries for justice, cries for equality,
Because the murderers strut free
with no regret plaguing their pale hearts
while our dinner tables gain a formidable absence.

Riots explode in the streets
A battle between us and them
more lives are robbed
as grandmothers weep into a grandchild's favorite shirt
wondering why her childhood is happening again.

by Carmen, Woodbridge, VA