

Silhouette, flashing the lights

the Black elders

put their hands up in prayer

we all held up candles

homicide eyes

swallow us whole

Michael Brown

Oscar Grant

targets

*a lesson before dying.*

I had sent him with

photographs and clothes

the most talent

the best shoes

to blend in

an eight-pack of cookies and a six-pack of soda.

Terror burrows into my belly

mothers of Black sons

fathers, sisters and brothers

not even safe to breathe.

Recently, I dreamt

my son was still a toddler

he was

rocking in my arms

like they were a swing set

sweet

enjoying the sunlight

to some soulful music

wrapped safely

in his own

dark radiance.