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SOCY 1726

15 Dec 2021

### **Gunned Down**

Hands shaking, trigger pulled  
the sweetness of sixteen stolen, he's dead in the driveway.  
Who will read the elegy? How long to lament before being forced to smile?  
Black and bloody just "the culture of poverty"  
Liedson Monteiro-Terry, gunned down.

Time passes but his blood lingers, wet on the pavement.  
Bullet holes are left open, bleeding through the gauze.  
His mother's heart is mutilated, her screams are muted.  
She's forced to carry on, to plant fake flowers in a shallow grave.  
Michael Brown, gunned down.

Under desks, the stain of tears linger upon youthful cheeks  
They hide under bodies, praying to hear the last round.  
Linoleum floors dyed red, typing final goodbyes  
their shaky fingers reach to press send.  
Luke Hoyer, gunned down.

Standing in front of a building whose white marble reeks of innocence  
The bloodied hands of the "lucky" ones  
Grip their picket signs and fight for a future  
Where the sounding of a fire alarm signals flames, not firearm.  
Daniel Barden, gunned down.

In blue-collared uniforms, they exist under a guise  
To protect and serve, they point and shoot.  
Don't run from them, don't fight them,  
And don't you dare get in your car to drive amongst them  
Philando Castile, gunned down.

One-hundred and fifty-eight years later  
Black Americans still remain in bondage, enslaved and in chains  
Shackled by the barrel of a gun and the white hand that points it  
Black lives *still* don't matter.  
Trayvon Martin, gunned down.

Too many headstones to count,  
When will we lay beneath ours?  
Back to square one, putting the safety on.  
The guns have changed but our laws remain the same.  
No more, gunned down.