

Daily Prayer

By Sela Jordan

Oh dear God, when I step into the realities of this country, I am asking you to please protect me.

My ancestors had to go through slavery and now my brothers and sisters are mentally affected by this constant police brutality.

From the deep whipping marks permanently embedded on our backs,
To yelling, "I CAN'T BREATHE!" because a white police officer had left a kneecap indentation on our necks.

Last time I checked, the police are supposed to protect and serve.

But a beat down just for a being a couple shades darker than them is probably what white people think black people deserve.

If the white community has not noticed yet, if you hurt one then you hurt all.

But that really does not matter in a country filled with snow because the judge will give them a soft slap on the wrist, and not hold them accountable for their murderous fall.

This justice system is unjust and rigged and this country has to immediately change.

But how can us blacks even picture such change when we are constantly made fun of by the black faced devils that do nothing but disdain?

God please tell me how much longer will the devil come in and destroy our lives?

I'm tired of the blue and red lights coming around the corner and me pushing my children in the dark alley away to hide.