

Our Sisters' Keeper: A Poem for Natasha McKenna

By Bryanna Scott

How many more murders does it take to suffice
Your thirst for our bountiful, bodacious, blood that is so tough
To fully quench? How many more marvelous, melanated mothers must die to pay the price?
Six deputies armed to the teeth versus one Black body bound by handcuffs.

("You promised me you wouldn't kill me!")

Your ancestors have colonized the globe in search for more; so where is the cure?
The cure fix your souls, heal your hate, make you satisfied: Is it not until "All Niggers Die"?
Five days until death becomes her.
4 taser shots while shackled on the 3rd day of the 2nd month of the year, the 1st shot to her thigh.

("I didn't do anything!")

Nothing was chillier on this winter day than the soul of Lieutenant Salzman.
A thief in the night like a slave catcher stealing the lives of black men and women;
Pull the trigger with your finger, a fatal ringer sends your victim to rigor mortis
But that was all in the plan: rob parents of children,
Rob children of their parents. Your aim stays set with lethal precision.
Meanwhile, you remain remorseless.

("The commonwealth attorney announced that he will not be seeking criminal charges regarding
the in-custody death of Natasha McKenna.")

And yet y'all fiend for another fix.

Natasha McKenna was her name.
See? It wasn't that hard to say
And still your lips remain sealed as tight as her casket.
POP! POP! POP! ZZZZZ ZAP – the only sound you give your prey.
Since you are deprived of morality, you aim to destroy our reality.
Our reality painted with the deaths of our sisters; deaths you caused.
Strange fruit not hanging from trees no more, they being snuck out of precincts.
And all the media will ever hear is how she was flawed.
Natasha McKenna, just say her name...
Oh wait, that's right. You want her death to be in vain.

But you forgot one thing.
God made us from the mud and
He made you from me.
You will never be able to erase us because you constantly steal from our identity.
Tear gas, tasers, bullets, corrupts verdicts.
Any and all attempts to extinct us that you may try,
None will work for again and again, like the caged bird, like the Phoenix, we will rise.
As we say their names we work toward racism's demise.

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