

We Walk, Proclaiming Our Struggle

Dyamond Shay

We walk, proclaiming our struggle with our hearts open
They walk, weapons loaded, fists balled, guarded by explosives
Its become our duty to address disorder and demand justice
We suit up, organize with a purpose and march on
The posters, the vocals and emotions
All acts of love.
A potion of the pure hearted, a simple notion, knowing that there is still good in this world.
On the contrary the good varies
An AR-15 carried by a white body
Some of our first glimpse of white privilege, publicized
I guess our mouths are a more powerful weapon, our words tend to embody our downfall
But even in spite of our peace, it doesn't belong to us
One man shot, two men, three
A guilt free conscious, a life of luxury, a future vacant of judgement-- full of second chances
Jacob Blake couldn't say the same.
Any amount of suspicion and we'd be to blame.
I've seen it time and time again. They befriend our enemies.
Empathy is only given within our black community
In contrast our counterparts receive immunity
Can you imagine?
A white male, seventeen, with the power of death cuffed within his hands
Can you imagine him approaching the police?
Can you imagine them paying him no mind, for once they've become blind.
Now, can you imagine yourself in this position?
What justifies a crime outside of our physicality?
Let it be blatant, let there be understanding. Let there be human decency.
Let there be law!
Let it be peace, let it be terror -- Our ways will never be seen as theirs.
Where would we draw the line?

Dyamond Shay is from Georgia. In youth she made it her effort to master self-expression in writing, singing, or conversation. Studying English and minoring in Women's Studies at Tennessee State University, she aligns her studies with her passions. Shay graduates in May of 2022.