

Any Last Thoughts?

I was told they found you over in Stateway.
Face down in a pool of blood.
Execution style.
Hot lead piercing the back of your skull.

They said you had taken a liking to a buzz.
Last time I laid eyes on you I couldn't deny,
that you had slimmed down fast and barely
recognized who I was.

Heard you got hooked up with the wrong dude.

A thug.

Said he messed you up on your insides.
Gave you more than a child, I surmise.

You know, sometimes I wonder...

What were your last thoughts before that
triggerman triggered?

Did your life really "flash before your eyes?"

If so,

Were you thinking about your long ponytails?
Or our girl scout troop?

Or how you stuck your tongue out at passing cars
while we were riding with your Granny to our

church youth group?

Were you thinking of Strawberry Shortcake?
Your huge collection of Right On magazine?

How you were obsessed with
Menudo and New Edition?
How you had the mumps when you were thirteen?

Were you thinking of any of those innocent things?

Were you reflecting on all the fun we had at Horace
Mann with our other childhood friends?

If so, I bet you wished there was a way that you
could go back in time right then.

The Chicago Defender read
that the police found you and
one of your homegirls dead!

I still remember the exact moment my mother
called to tell me you were gone.

I can't help but imagine your last thoughts revealed
how terrified you were,

but I try...damn I try...
not to dwell on that scenario at all.



Amanda Sala for Unsplash