

08-18-21 POEM: Don't Give Them A Reason To Shoot You
By Dayniah Manderson

Man
Black man
My man
My Black man
Please don't give them a reason to shoot you
You
My endangered Black man
They don't see the you that I see
Pearly whites against brown skin
Hopeful eyes looking at our child
Gentle hands massaging swollen feet and tired shoulders
Hands so strong as they hold me—suspended in air
A presence that makes me feel safe
They don't see you
It's hard to look at what you fear
Please, my Black, mahogany, magical man
You should be broken but you're not
You should lack hope but you don't
You shouldn't be here but you are
You shouldn't be able to find joy but you do
So please, whatever you do
As you leave the security of home
Don't give them a reason to shoot you