The Aftermath

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I don’t always have something to say and
This too is poetry. Think of
All the moments we decide on keeping quiet in fear of
Jinxing a dream.
Remember all the people who say nothing when
Another Black man’s death means there is
More of them and less of us.

Haven’t you also grown a little too comfortable with the silence
That ensues once the protests are over
And the streets clear
The lights turn off
And everyone goes back inside?

Doesn’t this also
Say something
About you?

*The aftermath*