

Untitled Poem

Innocent lives, dreams and aspirations are being taken away

As I open the newspaper... another black youth dead!
Millions of tears are constantly being shed
My heart goes out to all the families of the fallen soldiers
Mothers, brothers, sisters and their fathers
I pray a solution can be reached, that the black youths will drop their guns
Too many mothers are losing their sons.
Too many mothers are shedding tears for their fallen soldiers.
And soon mothers will be losing their daughters
Young black men, high achievers, good citizens. God fearing strong believers
But that doesn't seem to count, their lives are still being short lived.
These criminals talk about the latest clothes, jewellery, the most money and guns
What about exams, a future, maybe start right back at one.
When families weren't losing their black sons by the hands of another
When there wasn't so many tears on our black mothers.

I just want to go out and have fun
Instead I'm thinking should I go? Someone might be packing a gun!
In the rave I'm constantly watching my back
It's a sad life we live in, but it's a fact
A fact that we can rewrite
Take away all the fears, worry and fright.

I dread the day when I have to bury my sisters because of another's ignorance.
It's about time we all take a positive stance
I suppose we all deserve a second chance
Stamp out the gun violence, bring back a safer street
Stop causing hearts to take their last beat.

Sophia Joseph