

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Adura Ojo: Two Poems

Adura Ojo · Wednesday, June 3rd, 2020

When Killing is not just Murder

My body
My black body
Black body everywhere
Everywhere I turn
I ache in all corners of me
Of the trauma of looting
This body has suffered
The land don't care or share
Let's call it what it is
A killing not murder
We call it murder
[Insert legality]
Like there's a right to kill
& we need evidence to justify
This hate in the third degree
My pain in this street
Burn of hate-pride in your knee
Hand in your pocket
Watching me beg
For life you drain
With your drainpipe of hate
What's it gonna take
for you to see
This hate ain't blood
It's the red you don't see
for you & me.

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We're still here

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