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.

*

We're still here

Time says when this is over, rona

the pigeon stalls for pieces of bread

you & your hook-red mask run between eyes

who knew you'd take it so serious?

acting delirious all over the place goading audacity to run free

flooring the world with no mercy exposing living rooms to war turning lives into frayed cubicles of panic

raising death tax from hands touching you

mooring lungs to extinction

robbing bodies of air to be here

mask us nose & mouth in fear but we're still here standing with time we're still here.

This entry was posted on Wednesday, June 3rd, 2020 at 10:07 pm and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.