

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.

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