

# 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

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