



Black Lives Matter Poem By Lati Akinyemi

A silent street, a town so tranquil
And all I had were thoughts to untangle.
I was content with my silence, up in my room,
All was quiet before the boom.
A metaphorical boom but a boom no less,
And after this boom there was no rest.
A subtle boom, but a boom with vibrations,
A boom with vibrations that swept the nations.

The vibrations started to bring things to light,
Like tales of people who went down without a fight.
They had their rights read to them,
And in the end it caused mayhem.
There was George Floyd and Elijah McCain,
Then the vicious cycle started again.