

Yvette
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She used to be
On that corner
Down the block
From the spot
That's where she would be
Waiting on the bus
Kickin it with her man
I was a fan
Of her locks
And the way
She would rock
The latest fits
And the cute way she would sit
On the curb
Legs crossed
Just like this
She
Was a lady
Had so much love for them babies
Attached to her hips
Hugged up close like this
Grateful recipients of her kiss
Full of life
Living
Being
Being Fly
Being Fresh
Fresh to death
Till she was
Dead I mean
No longer being
Struck down by an AR-15
And a shot gun
And a 45
No longer alive
Or free to be
On that corner
Or that block
With her man
Im still struggling to understand
When shoplifting became a death sentence
When that act made you such a menace

To society
That not one
Not two
But three police
Get to make it so you no longer be
Yvette
A sister, friend, mother of two
Who was somehow a threat
To them boys in blue
Her being was in the way of progress, I guess
Well, we call it gentrification
The elimination of a nation
Kings & Queens
Who used to be
On that block
Down the street
From the spot
Where they were eliminated from being
By them boys in blue
Comin through
On a sweep
Cause apparently
We aint supposed to be
On that block
No more
Dealers
Gangsters
Whores
That's who we Be
Or at least what they see
When they pull that trigger
Just another dead nigger
Cleaning up the streets
Is what the comments say
In the story
That made the gory
Act of murder sound good
Sound just
Like killing her was a must
Pre-determined by HER actions
Killers filled with satisfaction
Meanwhile them babies trying to figure out how to live
Without they mama
How to be without they mama
How to see what happened to they mama
As anything but murder

Which it was

Them thugs in blue
Comin Through
On a sweep
Cause we
Aint supposed to be
No more