



**Black Lives Matter (BLM):
Poetic Reflections on the Murder
of George Floyd**

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حياة السود مهمة (BLM): تأملات شعرية حول مقتل جورج فلويد

مجدى جمعة سيد

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المخلص:

أضحى الأدب السبيل الأمثل للتعبير عن آلام الشعوب؛ إذ يمثل صوت الجماهير المقهورة في أي مجتمع عنصري، هذا هو الحال في الولايات المتحدة الأمريكية؛ حيث يعاني السود العُزَل حالة من العنصرية الممنهجة والظلم الاجتماعي على أيدي البيض بشكل عام، وأفراد الشرطة الوحشية بشكل خاص. ومما يُؤسَف له أن هذا التمييز العنصري اتخذ أشكالاً عدة؛ كالقمع والاستغلال والعنف إلى أن وصل إلى حد القتل. وقد استوجبت تلك الممارسات القمعية تحرك كلا من العالم الحر والسود الأمريكيين، الأمر الذي أدى بدوره إلى تشكيل حركة سياسية واجتماعية تحمل عنوان "حياة السود مهمة" (BLM). إن الهدف الرئيس لتلك الحركة هو التمرد ضد جميع أشكال العنصرية التي تُمارَس ضد السود المضطهدين ليس فقط في أمريكا ولكن في جميع أنحاء العالم. تركز الدراسة الحالية على محورين رئيسيين؛ إذ تهدف أولاً إلى تقديم وصف موجز لظهور حركة "حياة السود مهمة" والتي تمثل بدورها صوت المقاومة للسود المضطهدين في أمريكا. على الجانب الآخر، تقدم الدراسة الحالية عرضاً تفصيلياً للتأملات الشعرية حول مقتل جورج فلويد، وهو أمريكي أسود يبلغ من العمر ستة وأربعين عاماً، تحت أقدام عناصر الشرطة الوحشية. فور وفاته مباشرة، أعرب عدد كبير من الشعراء سوداً وبيضاً، صغاراً وكباراً، عن تعاطفهم جراء مقتل هذا الرجل الأسود، مطالبين بوضع حد للتمييز العنصري الذي يُمارَس ضده وضد

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أمثاله من السود المضطهدين في أمريكا والعالم أجمع. تعالج الدراسة الحالية عدة موضوعات رئيسة أشهرها العنصرية والقمع والثورة والقهر. الكلمات المفتاحية: العنصرية، وحشية الشرطة، القهر، اختلاف اللون، السود، تأملات.

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Abstract:

Literature has proven to be the best medium through which people's pains are manifested. It is the voice of the voiceless masses in a race-based society. This is particularly true in the case of the American society, where the unarmed Blacks have been experiencing a state of systematic racism and social inequality at the hands of the Whites in general and the brutal police agents in particular. Regrettably, such discrimination has taken various forms such as oppression, exploitation, violence until it reaches the extent of murder. These malevolent acts had to find a reaction from the free world in general and the American Blacks in particular, which resulted in the formation of a political and social movement entitled "Black Lives Matter" (BLM). Perhaps, the major aim of such movement is to rebel against all forms of racism practiced against the oppressed Blacks not just in America but all over the world. The main focus of the present study is two-dimensional. First, it aims to provide a brief account of the rise of the 'Black Lives Matter' movement to be the resistance voice of the oppressed Black Americans. Then, the research presents a detailed examination of the poetic reflections on the murder of George Floyd, a forty-six-year-old Black American,

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under the feet of brutal police agents. Immediately after his death, a great number of poets, both Black and White, young and adult, have expressed their sympathies towards the killing of such an oppressed Black man, calling an end to the racial discrimination exercised against him and his likes. The main themes tackled by these poets are racism, oppression, revolution and subjugation.

Keywords: Racism, Police Brutality, Oppression, Color Difference, Blacks, Reflections.

Introduction

No sooner had the African Blacks stepped on the land of America than the first seeds of racism based on color difference were at once sowed. Being “Black” has become a stigma on the foreheads of African American citizens. On seeing the ‘Black’ skin, most of the White Americans, particularly the armed policemen, consider themselves free to commit any racial oppressive acts against those armless Blacks. Despite the fact that the US constitution has ensured the rights of Black Americans, and despite the amendments made in the articles concerning their rights; racism proves much stronger than laws and constitutions. The crime of murder has become much common against the armless Blacks in America, whether at the hands of the White citizens or under the feet of the brutal police agents.

On Monday, May 25th, 2020, all social networking sites all over the world condemned and mourned the murder of George Floyd, a forty-six-year-old Black American, under the feet of Derek Chauvin, a forty-four-year-old brutal police officer from Minneapolis. The tragic scene of Floyd’s murder was captured on an eight-minute and forty-six-second video. Officer Chauvin, the murderer, was assisted by two other brutal police officers: one of them was holding Floyd’s body down whereas the other was keeping the crowd away.

Floyd’s murder came as a result of Chauvin digging his knee into Floyd’s neck, then “keeping it in place for a full minute after paramedics arrived at the scene” (Bazian 124). The last words uttered by George Floyd as shown on the video were:

It's my face, man. I didn't do nothing serious, man. Please, please, please. I can't breathe.

Please, man. Please, somebody. Please, man, I can't breathe. I can't breathe, please. Man, I can't breathe. My face. Just get up. I can't breathe, please. I can't breathe. . . I can't move.

Mama. Mama. I can't, my knee, my nuts. I'm through. I'm through. I'm claustrophobic. My stomach hurts. My neck hurts. Everything hurts.

Some water or something, please. Please. I can't breathe, officer. Don't kill me. They're gonna kill me, man. Come on, man. I cannot breathe. I cannot breathe.

They're gonna kill me; they're gonna kill me. I cannot breathe. I can't breathe. Please, sir, please, sir, please. I can't breathe. (Bazian 125)

Floyd's words here are considered the best evidence to convict Officer Chauvin and his assistants. However, the mayor and city leadership did not act immediately to arrest and charge those murderers, which caused a state of intense public rage not just in America but all over the world.

For four days, several rebellions and protests roamed over forty US cities demanding justice and security until Officer Chauvin was arrested on Friday, May 29th on a third-degree murder charge. The other accused officers did not "get charged or arrested until

June 3rd, and only after the appointment of Keith Ellison, Minnesota attorney general, to prosecute and oversee the case” (Bazian 126). At once, Attorney Keith Ellison referred the case to Mike Freeman, the Hennepin County attorney, who announced murder and manslaughter charges against Derek Chauvin and his assistants. However, all what the accused officers had received was just a dismissal from their jobs without being charged with any crime.

Before tackling the poetic reflections on the murder of George Floyd, an attempt is made to provide a brief account of the rise of the ‘Black Lives Matter’ movement to be the resistance voice of the oppressed Black Americans.

The Black Lives Matter (BLM) Movement

Since the establishment of police forces in America in 1845, a great number of unarmed Black Americans have met their ends at the hands of brutal police agents. In this regard, some sobering statistics showed that

2,947 children and teens died from guns in the United States in 2008, and 2,793 died in 2009 for a total of 5,740—one child or teen every three hours, eight every day, 55 every week for two years. Six times as many children and teens—34,387—suffered nonfatal gun injuries as gun deaths in 2008 and 2009. This is equal to one child or teen every 31 minutes, 47 every day, and 331 children and teens every week. (McCollam *Social Media Today*)

Accordingly, a number of Black rights movements have emerged to rebel against the barbaric acts practiced by the police agents against helpless Blacks, hoping to uproot all forms of racism and brutality. The latest and most prominent movement is “Black Lives Matter” (BLM). The setting was Florida, particularly on July 13th, 2013, when the all-White jury had sentenced the innocence of George Zimmerman, a White American policeman, of all the charges regarding the tragic murder of Trayvon Martin, a seventeen-year-old Black American boy. Following such an unjust sentence, “a trio of friends tried to convey their disappointment, disgust and fear in conversations with the people around them” (Ross, *The Washington Post*). Then, a woman of them called, Alicia Garza, wrote a post on her Facebook page, which bore the idea that it was time to organize and ensure ‘that Black lives matter’.

The idea turned to be a Hashtag (*#BlackLivesMatter*) posted on Twitter by her friend, Patrisse Cullors. The Hashtag was commonly used not just by the Blacks but by all those who rebel against racism and social inequality. That was the beginning of the “Black Lives Matter” (BLM) movement. It is worth noting that such a movement has “re-centered and illuminated the disparities facing the Black population as a result of systemic racism in the United States (U.S.)” (Bartholomew et al. 85). The *New York Times* magazine described the ‘BLM’ movement as ‘the 21st Century’s first civil rights movement’.

In his article “Radically Healing Black Lives: A Love Note to Justice,” Shawn A. Ginwright states that BLM is a movement of love and justice. Its aim is to

protect the dignity and humanity of all people in general and the Blacks in particular:

#Blacklivesmatter is a movement of dignity, meaning, and hope in a critical moment when race in general, and Blackness in particular, has become a third rail, and avoided in policy debates. The statement “Black lives matter” also gives others permission to practice courageous love and to celebrate and protect the dignity and humanity of all people. The #Blacklivesmatter campaign is rooted in an understanding that in order for everyone to enjoy the fruits of civic engagement, the dignity and humane treatment of Black young men, women, families, and communities must be central to our political analysis, organizing strategies, and policy solutions. (35)

Since 2013 the BLM movement has been considered the resistance voice of the marginalized and oppressed Black Americans. Whenever a Black citizen is murdered or even mistreated, members of the BLM movement gather to express their contempt and their rejection against the barbarous acts committed by the White Americans. In 2014, the movement became more popular after “two high-profile deaths of unarmed African-American men (Eric Garner in Staten Island, NY and Michael Brown in Ferguson, MO) at the hands of police officers who were ultimately not indicted” (Anti-Defamation League 1).

Eric Garner, a forty-four-year-old Black American, is another victim of the police brutality. His crime was just selling untaxed single cigarettes. “Every time you see me, you want to mess with me,” those were the last words uttered by Garner to the group of New York City police officers who arrested him. Before his death, he repeated the words “I can’t breathe” eleven times while his face was getting laid down on the sidewalk in a chokehold. An hour later, Garner was pronounced dead. The unarmed Black man’s death and “the White officer’s non-indictment despite videotape evidence have heightened concerns about police practices and accountability” (The Sentencing Project 3). In the wake of the fatal police shooting of the unarmed teenager Michael Brown in Ferguson, Missouri, and that officer’s non-indictment, “a growing number of Americans are outraged and demanding change” (3).

Following the murder of Eric Garner and Michael Brown, a great number of unarmed Blacks met their ends whether at the hands or under the feet of brutal White policemen:

In the months after an officer shot and killed unarmed Michael Brown, there were numerous other cases of unarmed Black men, boys, and women killed by White police officers across the country, including Ezell Ford in California; John Crawford, Tamir Rice, and Tanisha Anderson in Ohio; and Akai Gurley in New York. Over the past 2 years, the country has been riveted to social media, radio, and television to learn

about accounts of police shootings of unarmed citizens. (Ginwright 34)

In August 2015, the BLM movement held more than a thousand demonstrations all over the world. Its members are fighting for the lives of helpless unarmed Blacks. Their action here is powerful and necessary. However, their efforts should be redoubled to stop such oppression, and then to achieve both social justice and racial equality.

The founders and activists of the BLM Movement set a number of principles to govern its running. Perhaps, the major ten principles adopted by such a movement are as follows: 1) healing themselves and each other; 2) co-creating a culture where each person feels seen, heard, and supported; 3) diversity of perspectives where differences and commonalities are welcomed; 4) restorative justice and freedom not just for the Blacks but for all people; 5) building an unapologetically Black citizen who is proud of himself and his Black color; 6) globalism where the Black Americans are part of the global Black family; 7) collective values where all lives matter regardless of actual or perceived sexual identity, gender identity, gender expression, economic status, ability, disability, religious beliefs or disbeliefs, immigration status, or location; 8) upgrading the position of the Black woman; 9) intergenerationality where all people, regardless of age, show up with the capacity to lead and learn; and 10) enhancing empathy and loving engagement in dealing with others (*blacklivesmatter.com*, “What We Believe”). These principles are what made the BLM movement more popular and effective not just in America but all over the world.

Having provided a brief account of the emergence of the Black Lives Matter (BLM) movement, an attempt is made to present a detailed examination of the poetic reflections on the murder of George Floyd under the feet of some brutal police agents. Not only are the grown-up Blacks who have reflected on Floyd's murder. The young Blacks (children and teens) have also turned to poetry to express their protest against the murder of such helpless Blacks as George Floyd and his likes.

Poetic Reflections on the Murder of George Floyd

In point of fact, the most remarkable protests held by the BLM movement in America were those sparked in the wake of George Floyd's murder under the feet of Derek Chauvin. Surprisingly, the murderer's name, 'Chauvin,' is taken from 'Chauvinism,' which means "the strong and unreasonable belief that your own country or race is the best or most important" (*Cambridge Dictionary Online*). Indeed, Floyd's murder came as a result of Chauvin's racial aggressive attitude. Following his death, a great number of protests rocked "Minneapolis and other cities, [where] tens of thousands of people have swarmed the streets to express their outrage and sorrow during the day" (Taylor, *The New York Times*). That has led to restless nights of disorder, with reports of shootings, looting and vandalism in at least twenty-one states.

The words, "I can't breathe," are Floyd's last petition before he lost his life under the feet of a brutal policeman. Such a heinous crime against humanity is an evil representation of "the colonialization effects, with death, destruction, and erasure visited upon people of the Global South no matter the geography they inhabit and the immediate connection to the immigration-refugee crisis" (Bazian 124). Regrettably, Floyd's murder was due to "the construction of race, the racial state, and the genocidal aspects of colonization" (124). With 493 votes in favor, 104 against, and 67 abstained; the European Parliament passed a resolution immediately after Floyd's death, declaring "'Black Lives Matter' and the slave trade as 'a crime against humanity,' which is a step in the right direction" (124).

In the wake of Floyd's murder, a great number of poets, both Black and White, have expressed their sympathies towards the killing of such an oppressed Black man, calling an end to the racial discrimination exercised against him and his likes. For those poets, poetry is considered one of the most persuasive and effective weapons in their fight for freedom. In her article entitled, "The Poetry of the Black Panther Party: Metaphors of Militancy," R. Jennings argues that Black poetry "challenged the assault and affront of police and other Whites who with impunity murdered Black men for centuries" (108). For her, such poetry was "fierce and slammed home revolutionary messages aimed directly at anti-Black policing and other racism embedded in U.S. life" (110).

Tania Caan is one of those poets who expressed their rage against the police brutality in America. In a whole poem entitled "If I Wasn't Brown," Caan lamented the skin color, regarding it as a stigma on the foreheads of Black Americans. In this regard, the poet says:

If I wasn't brown —
Would life have been easier?
Would my dreams have been closer?
Would the streets have been safer?
Would I have been judged on my merit
And not on my brown skin?
Would my son walk without fear?
My pigment is skin deep but their hatred is deeper,

If I wasn't brown —

Perhaps oxygen would have been cheaper.

Perhaps death wouldn't always have to be murder.

If I wasn't brown perhaps I would matter.
(Nolan, *Radical Art Review*)

It is worth mentioning that Tania Caan is not a Black African but a twenty-seven-year-old South Asian from London, who expresses her sympathy towards the oppressed Blacks into a racial society. Due to the injustices that most of the Whites inflict upon the Blacks out of their skin color, the speaker wishes she was not brown. For her, if her skin was not brown, her life would be easier, her dreams would be closer, and the streets would be safer.

Moreover, if she was not brown, she would be appreciated on her achievements and not on her brown skin. If she was not brown, her son would walk without fear. If her brown skin is deep, then the oppressors' hatred is deeper. Regrettably, the Whites' racism has suffocated the atmosphere of freedom. If she was not brown, perhaps oxygen would be cheaper, and perhaps death would not have to be murder. And finally, if she was not brown, she would matter and there would not be such movements as "Black Lives Matter."

In form, the poem is written in free verse; with no evident structure, i.e. the poet does not employ any regular meter patterns. Perhaps, the enjambment – an incomplete sentence at the end of a verse which continues on the following – is a clear example of this irregular meter, e.g. "If I wasn't brown/ Perhaps oxygen

would have been cheaper.” However, the rhyme scheme is somewhat noted in Caan’s poem, for example, “Would life have been easier? / Would my dreams have been closer? / Would the streets have been safer?”. Moreover, the poet makes the best use of refrain – a phrase that is often repeated in more than one place in the poem – to highlight the miserable lives gone through by the Blacks. Examples of such refrains are the repetition of “If I wasn’t brown” and “would have been”. In a statement regarding this poem, Caan stated:

Black people have gone through an enormous amount of suffering and we as a society owe a great debt to them. I pray for love, light, and peace. I hope the world will change for the better and racism will be a distant memory but since we as developed countries are still fighting against such a backward mindset, it may be just a dream. I wrote this poem in solidarity with *#blacklivesmatter* and in the wake of the horrendous murder of George Floyd. My heart is perpetually shattered by the frequency of these heinous crimes against humanity. You don’t have to be black or even a person of color to support a movement that in its core is about something as simple as human rights. (Nolan *Radical Art Review*)

Caan’s choice of sounds is as delicate as her choice of words and meanings. Her poetry in general is marked by its verbal music, a feature that enables her to do something more than communicate mere information. To

illustrate, the repetition of initial consonant sounds, as in "Would my son walk without," is alliteration. Moreover, the repetition of vowel sounds as in "been easier" and "been cheaper" is assonance. The repetition of final consonant sounds as in "first and last," "odds and ends," "short and sweet," "a stroke of luck," is consonance. The combination of assonance and consonance is rhyme, which is the repetition of the accented vowel sound and all succeeding sounds. A metonymy – a figure of speech in which the name of an object or concept is replaced with a word closely related to or suggested by the original– can be noticed in the word "brown," as it refers to the oppressed Blacks not just in America but all over the world.

"I Can't Breathe" by John Devey is another poem written immediately after the murder of George Floyd. It derived its title from the last words uttered by Floyd immediately before his death. Devey, from Preston, has found in poetry the vehicle through which he can vent his frustrations and depressions. In an interview, he said, "Music and the arts are really the place people can go to vent their frustrations and emotions and that's how I felt. The overwhelming feeling of hurt, frustration and simply 'not again' came to mind and that's what I wanted to come across" (Nolan, *Radical Art Review*). Recently, he has turned to Twitter to voice his comments on the BLM movement.

Devey's poem centers mainly on George Floyd's outcry "I Can't Breathe" but "ties together years of systemic racism as he comments on the history of black slavery, black education, black prison sentences and police brutality" (Nolan, *Radical Art Review*):

We arrive in this foreign land you make us
work.

I'm now owned by someone and my name is
not my own.

I can't breathe.

Fast-forward, I'm in America the land of the
free.

I can't breathe. (Nolan, *Radical Art Review*)

These lines show how oppressed and marginalized the Blacks are in America. Devey states that the Blacks come to this foreign land (America) only to serve the Whites. Regrettably, those Blacks are given racial names by their White masters other than their real names, which suffocates their freedom in the land that is supposed to hold the largest statue of liberty. An irony can be noted in "I'm in America the land of the free," since the Whites only are those who enjoy absolute freedom whereas the Blacks cannot breathe. There is an "F" alliteration in "Fast-forward" to add some music to the rhythm of the poem. Moreover, a metaphor can be noted in "I can't breathe," an expression which summarizes the miserable lives led by the Black citizens in America.

Indeed, the malevolent acts of racism and oppression against the Black Americans produced in such Black writers as Tania Caan and John Devey both the rebellion and the desire of death for freedom. However, which type of freedom do they aspire to accomplish? The answer is freedom from all forms of injustice and racism. Those Black people dream of being liberated from the prison of subjugation and suppression to fly freely in the open world of freedom:

We march from Selma to Montgomery.

I can't breathe.

You kill Martin you kill Malcolm.

I can't breathe.

You leave us in destitute areas, poor housing,
no jobs, lack of education and you beat
Rodney up live on TV.

I can't breathe.

Here, the poet emphasizes the bitter fact that wherever a Black American goes, s/he cannot breathe due to the suffocating atmosphere of racism. The horrendous scenes of murder have become much common among the Black Americans at the hands of brutal police forces. A refrain can be noted in "I can't breathe" and "You kill" to highlight the extent of suffering experienced by the Blacks in America. Then, the speaker begins to mention the unjust acts practiced against the Blacks, "You leave us in destitute areas, poor housing, no jobs, lack of education and you beat Rodney up live on TV," which shows how hard lives those Blacks have.

As a matter of fact, humanity does not know color, gender, race or even religion. The oppressed Blacks all over the world are humans like us. They are souls that need mercy and kindness. Hafsa Abdiqadir, a twenty-three-year-old Black Muslim poet, composed a poem entitled, "Black Tears," which focuses on the Blacks who are always targeted by the police. In an interview, Abdiqadir said, "As a young female black Muslim, I can absolutely relate to what is happening to my people, so everything I write is coming from a sensitive place"

(Nolan, *Radical Art Review*). In the opening of her poem, the poet says:

How many more times can we shed tears for
the loss of our men?

Until the tears dry and we painfully say
goodbye.

Before we shed tears for the next black guy.

Heartbroken mothers die, questioning
themselves why?

I just want you to imagine the life of the
black man in America.

Mamas teach them from young to behave
and keep your hands where they can see
them.

‘They’ as in the police who are supposed to
protect them from danger.

But how is that possible when they see the
black skin which equates to danger?

Here, Abdiqadir wonders, “For how long shall we shed tears for the loss of our Black people at the hands of brutal policemen?”. Regrettably, the answer is tragic. For her, if tears dry, the murder of the Blacks will never stop. No sooner do they say farewell to a murdered Black guy than tears are shed for the death of the next one. Black mothers die heartbroken for the loss of their beloved sons. Those mothers despondently wonder, “Why are our innocent sons killed at the hands of the Whites?”. Although such mothers teach their children to behave well and peacefully, the police, who are supposed to protect them from danger, regrettably equate them to

danger due to their black skin, which is considered a stigma on their foreheads. There is an “m” alliteration in “many more,” an assonance in “black man,” and internal rhymes in “dry, goodbye, die, why” to add some music to the rhythm of the poem.

Like John Devey, Kawthar Alli, a twenty-six-year-old Black Muslim poet from Croydon, has composed a poem that bore the same title as Devey’s “I Can’t Breathe”. Similarly, Alli’s poem was also written in the wake of George Floyd’s murder. In an interview, the poet said, “I find writing poetry cathartic, it soothes my soul. It helps me process my own thoughts. There is no need for an introduction, it just gets right at the heart of what I’m feeling” (Nolan, *Radical Art Review*).

The reason why Alli has composed the present poem is to make others feel her rage, feel a sense of unity, and share this poem in the collective trauma with other Black people and also with humanity. At the beginning of the poem, the speaker says:

I can’t breathe.

My rage is choking my throat

I can’t breathe

Since I saw that video I’ve been angry

Yes. I’ve been an angry black woman

Shouldn’t you be too?

Angry that I live in a world that this keeps happening

Even after a black president, this keeps happening

I can't breathe

My soul is wounded for witnessing evil

The evil in his eye as my brother was
lynched with a knee dug into his throat

Dug into his throat in a public space.”
(Nolan, *Radical Art Review*)

Here, Alli begins her poem with the last words uttered by George Floyd before his death. She likens the brutal act of officer Chauvin digging his knee into Floyd's neck to her rage which is choking her throat. This is a really clever metaphor designed by the poet to express her protest against police brutality. Then, Alli demands the free world to express their anger towards the violent acts practiced against the helpless Blacks not just in America but all over the world. Such malevolent acts regrettably keep happening even after the Black president (Barack Obama) has been elected.

A refrain can be noted in “I can't breathe,” “I have been angry,” “this keeps happening” and “dug into his throat” to highlight the extent of agony gone through by the Blacks. Not only is the body wounded but also the soul is hurt for witnessing the evil, represented in Chauvin's knee dug into Floyd's throat in a public place. Verbal music can also be noted here via the use of alliteration as in “that this” and “wounded, witnessing”. Moreover, a personification can be traced in “My soul is wounded,” as the poet lends human qualities to abstractions. To illustrate, the poet likens the soul which is something abstract to the body which is concrete.

It is known that George Floyd is a descendant of the enslaved Africans who came to America in the hulls

of ships. However, Derek Chauvin, Floyd's murderer, is an American citizen, but in fact a descendent of inferior Irish origins. The contemplative reader of Irish history knows that Irish people had suffered a state of slavery and oppression at the hands of the British occupier. They got their freedom and independence after their civil war of independence that lasted from 1919 to 1921:

The murderous officer, Derek Chauvin, is of Irish heritage, a community that was deemed inferior and only admitted into whiteness after the Civil War and the Chinese Exclusion Act; and the participating officer, Tou Thao, is a member of the Hmong Vietnamese community that arrived as refugees after the long US illegal war and intervention in Vietnam. Adding more complexity to the picture is the fact that the Minneapolis Police Department and others around the country receive training in Israel on the exact brutal methods deployed against Blacks and communities of color in America. (Bazian 126)

Here, Bazian argues that the murder scene of George Floyd comprises all the elements of racism as follows: a descendent of enslaved Africans (Floyd), a descendent of Irish American racists (Chauvin), a member of the Hmong Vietnamese community (Officer Tou Thao,) and the other brutal police agents who received special training in Israel on how to mistreat those of color difference in America (the Minneapolis Police Department). In point of fact, the presence of such racist

factors should justify the murder of George Floyd and his likes.

Following George Floyd's murder at the hands of the Irish American Derek Chauvin, the Dublin musician, Imelda May, penned a protest poem on her Instagram on 3rd June 2020 in support of the BLM Movement. Her poem entitled, "You Don't Get to Be Racist and Irish," brought forth an expression of solidarity with the Irish Anti-Racism Movement. May's poem is considered a stinging attack waged against her country's oppressors and racists. In this regard, Jack Beresford states that May's poem "serves as a wake-up call and reminder that Ireland's own history of being on the receiving end of oppression makes racism on these shores inexcusable" (*The Irish Post*).

May's choice of "You Don't Get to Be Racist and Irish" to be the title for her poem is brilliant here. The poet advises her Irish people not to practice any form of racism or oppression against any different race. The reason behind this is the fact that the Irish themselves "have been colonized and struggled against the British for 800 years and just recently have been able to arrive at a peace settlement in Northern Ireland" (Bazian 127).

Thus, it is not expected from those who had experienced racism and oppression to practice such malevolent acts against other different races:

You don't get to be proud of your heritage,
plights and fights for freedom
while kneeling on the neck of another!
You're not entitled to sing songs

of heroes and martyrs
mothers and fathers who cried
as they starved in a famine
Or of brave hearted
soft spoken
poets and artists
lined up in a yard
blindfolded and bound
Waiting for Godot

Here, May's poem touches on the prejudice and discrimination experienced by the Irish at the hands of the British throughout eight centuries. Maya argues that they have no right to be racists. Moreover, the poem touches on "Ireland's history and heritage, pointing out the hypocrisy of singing songs glorifying Irish freedom, the famine, and martyrs in the struggle for Irish independence while simultaneously ignoring or looking down on people who are now suffering" (O'Brien *Irish Central*).

In a lamentable voice, May wonders, "How can you, the Irish, take pride in your heritage of plights and fights for freedom whereas one of you, Derek Chauvin, dug his knee into the neck of a US Black citizen until all signs of life left his body?", "How can you sing songs of heroes and martyrs whereas their fathers and mothers are starving?" or "How can you take pride in brave-hearted and soft-spoken poets and artists whereas they are standing lined up in a yard Waiting for Godot?". For her, the Irish people should not have the right to be racists.

May's use of musical devices is much evident here as follows: an alliteration can be noted in "fights for freedom," "sing songs," "soft spoken," and "blindfolded and bound"; an assonance can be traced in "plights and fights," and "mothers and fathers"; and a consonance can be observed in "plights and fights" and "poets and artists." The motive behind using such verbal music is to provide much pleasure and sweetness to the rhythm of the poem besides creating dramatic effects. There is an allusion in "Waiting for Godot," where the poet alludes to Samuel Becket's famous play *Waiting for Godot* (1953). The speaker here tends to say, "Those who are looking forward to the end of racism and oppression are much like Vladimir and Estragon in *Waiting for Godot*." They are waiting for something illusive and unreal. May's poem offers up a unique insight and perspective on the issue of racism and Black oppression.

In the following lines, May emphasizes the bitter fact that the Irish people have suffered the excruciating pains of both immigration and emigration. However, she states that it is now time for those people to return the favor:

We emigrated
We immigrated
We took refuge
So cannot refuse
When it's our time
To return the favour

Here, May reminds her people across Ireland of their duty not only as citizens but as human beings to do better and

better for the sake of Ireland. She wants them to behave as humanists and nationalists not as racists. This is the least thing they can do for the best of their country. The refrain in “We emigrated/ We immigrated” highlights the amount of prejudice and discrimination endured by Irish people

Then, May starts to inform the reader of the calamities gone through by the Irish at the hands of their oppressors:

Land stolen

Spirits broken

Bodies crushed and swollen

unholy tokens of Christ, Nailed to a tree

(That) You hang around your neck

Like a noose of the free

Here, the speaker wails over the land stolen from the Irish, their spirits that were broken, their bodies that were crushed and swollen, and even the unholy tokens of Christ that were nailed to a tree like a noose of the free (a really striking simile). The magnificent use of alliteration is much evident in “stolen spirits” and “broken bodies” to add some music to the rhythm of the poem. Moreover, the rhyme in “stolen, broken, swollen” and in “tree, free” also provides sweetness and pleasure to the poem’s cadence.

Out of their agony and suffering, the Irish had acquired pasty color (i.e. pale and unhealthy-looking faces). Furthermore, their accents had become thick and rough; their hands had become as tough and solid as shovels from mortar and bricklaying foundation of the cities that you now live in, an outstanding simile that best

portrays how miserable and suppressed the Irish are at the hands of their occupiers. Every stone in the walls of these cities stands as a witness to the suffering and pains of the Irish:

Our colour pasty
Our accents thick
Hands like shovels
from mortar and bricklaying
foundation of cities
you now stand upon
Our suffering seeps from every stone

Then, May argues that the oppressors are opportunists since they make the best use of their oppressed comrades. They got the highest ranks via standing on the shoulders of the Irish forefathers and foremothers:

your opportunities arise from
Outstanding on the shoulders
of our forefathers and foremothers
who bore your mother's mother

Accordingly, May advises the Irish to be righteous not racists to deserve her songs and music. In Britain particularly in the mid-twentieth century, there was a notorious slogan saying, "No Blacks, No Dogs, No Irish," which appeared everywhere particularly in shop windows. In the present poem, May, however, has crafted a more open and embracing slogan that says, "More Blacks. More Dogs. More Irish". Her aim here is to

welcome the other different races and nationalities in one society and to live side by side with each other in warmth and tranquility:

Our music is for the righteous

Our joys have been earned

Well-deserved and serve

to remind us to remember

More Blacks

More Dogs

More Irish

Still labelled leprechauns, Micks, Paddys,
louts

Finally, May makes up a very intelligent metaphor in which she likens the status of Irish people to that of a cocoon or a chrysalis that is waiting to emerge into a new and more beautiful era. So as long as this will happen, May demands all the Irish to join her in the Anti-Racism Movement, a movement whose aim is to assemble not disperse, build not destroy, and include not exclude:

We're in a chrysalis

state of emerging into a new

and more beautiful Eire/era

So join us. . . 'cause

You Don't Get to Be Racist and Irish

Young Black Poets' Reflections on Floyd's Murder:

Not only are the grown-up Blacks who have turned to poetry to channel their rage against the murder of George Floyd. The young Blacks (children and teens) have also found in poetry the means through which they can express their protest following the fatal police brutality against Floyd and his likes. In this regard, Katie Scirba argues, “In sharp contrast to anti-blackness, Black children and teens across and beyond the United States turned to poetry as a means to channel their self-described terror, rage, pain, horror, tiredness, and need for change following the fatal police violence against George Floyd, Breonna Taylor, Jacob Blake, and others” (518).

Psychologically speaking, poetry for those young Blacks enables them to engage in “self-healing and self-definition” (Morrell 167). Despite having power and genius, Black students, in general, are not allowed to cultivate these potentials at school. Therefore, such power and genius are not always recognized, heard, or valued in classroom spaces. The reason why those students cannot express their feelings and thoughts about police violence lies in the fact that

some educators, including school psychologists, may not be willing to discuss the issue, while others may not feel equipped to support Black students.... [M]ulticultural and social justice training are important to engage if school psychologists are to effectively serve Black children and youth who may be impacted— proximally or

distally—by police violence against Black people. (Proctor et al.)

As a matter of fact, the inability of Black students to express their protest against racism can have serious effects on their mental health. To illustrate, the potentials of such students will be suppressed and limited. Moreover, some kind of illiteracy will be fostered, which leads some individuals to believe in anti-Black racism. Thus, educators should go beyond “isolated literacy skills instruction to ensure that students’ identities, lives, and well-being are centered” (Sciurba 533). But before this, the same educators should incorporate their works into the classroom “as contemporary literature or as models for designing writing and other creative literacy activities that enable students to articulate, embrace, and analyze their own lived experiences as part of their development as writers, intellectuals, artists, and potential agents of change” (Morrell 181). In so doing, those Black children and teens can prove their power against all forms of racism and police brutality “that work oppressively to grant them the right to remain silent” (Sciurba 522).

Thus, via their humble poetry, those young Blacks aspire to stop the systematic racism exercised against the oppressed Blacks not only in America but all over the world. Moreover, they seek to achieve social justice and racial equality between Blacks and Whites. Regrettably, the daily murder scenes of the Blacks at the hands of the Whites, particularly the brutal policemen, have deeply affected those students. Out of his phobia of death, a nine-year-old Black child composed some lines in the wake of George Floyd’s murder:

Black boy, Black boy, what do you see?

I see a White police officer looking at me.

White police officer, White police officer,
what did you do?

I shot a man in the back seven times and
kneeled on the neck of George Floyd.

Here, the young boy addresses his youngest brother, asking him about what he can see. These lines remind us of Bill Martin's picture book *Brown Bear, Brown Bear, What Do You See?* (1996). Martin's book is useful for children to learn about colors, animals and narrative skills.

In point of fact, the state of horror experienced by Black children and teens is resulted from the violence and brutality caused by the armed White policemen who are supposed to be peace keepers:

In restorying Bill Martin's (1996) *Brown Bear, Brown Bear, What Do You See?*, my 9-year-old son made very clear what he "see[s]"—and also wishes not to see—as a Black boy. The fear of White police "looking at me" as a criminal or as someone "bad" was evident in his words, recited for a baby brother who has no idea yet what blackness or whiteness means. (Sciurba 532)

As is evident in the fourth line of the above-cited stanza, Derek Chauvin, before digging his knee into Floyd's neck, had shot a Black man seven times in his back until he died. This shows how racial and barbarous the White policemen are towards helpless Blacks. A refrain and an alliteration can be noticed in "Black boy, Black boy," which provides much music to the rhythm of

the poem. Moreover, another refrain is noticed in “White police officer, White police officer,” which affirms the bitter fact that color difference is the root of all evils, represented in racism, social injustice and oppression.

Here, Black children’s poetry can serve as a healthy way of self-healing and redemption following the tragic deaths of helpless Blacks. Moreover, it aims at putting an end to police brutality and oppression, and at the same time calls for social justice and racial equality. Their words are protests against a system “that is rigged against them—a system that prevents them from being seen and treated as children simply because they are Black. (Sciurba 532)

“Justice for —” is a revolutionary poem written by the eighteen-year-old Black student, Samuel Getachew. In this poem, Getachew tends first to express his frustration with the White gaze on Black bodies, and then to express his protest against the racial incidents of 2020, particularly the murder of George Floyd:

i tried to write a poem for george. / and
breonna. / and tony. / and elijah.

and none of them made it past a scribble /
past a draft / past the passing thought /

that i could leave the name and the details
blank / and this would be the same poem /

that i’ve been writing since i was 14 years
old / and i am so tired / of explaining why
i’m tired /

At first glance, the immature style of writing is much evident in the composition of Getachew’s poem as it is

written in small letters (lowercase). The whole poem seems like a large block of single-spaced text, punctuated only by slashes as if it were composed to be read in one breath. There is a complete absence of periods (full stops) except after the Black victims' first names (george, breonna, tony and elijah), perhaps to force the reader to pause longer after the reading of each name as a kind of respect for them. Here, Getachew needs the reader to "say their names, utter them (back) into existence, humanize them" (Sciurba 526). Moreover, he is speaking about them in a communal, familial, familiar way.

The poem's title here is incomplete as it ends with a dash, which implies a list of names (george, breonna, tony, elijah) that look forward to social justice and racial equality. Perhaps, Getachew left the list open as he knows for sure that police brutality will never stop. He tells his readers that the same poem is written for the above-mentioned Black victims who have met their ends at the hands of the oppressive White forces. A hyperbole can be noted in "i am so tired / of explaining why i'm tired /," which shows the extent of pain experienced by the helpless Blacks in America.

In the next lines, Getachew explains why he feels tired. The word "tired" here is repeated five times in the whole poem as follows: "tired of America, tired of whiteness, tired of hypocrisy, tired of death, and tired of performativity." To clarify further, the speaker says he is tired

of viral videos / and an america that says /
that if she does not get to watch a dying
man's

last breath / that if she does not get an open
casket funeral / a published photograph of
the corpse /

she cannot say for certain if he lived / or died
/ so tired / of an america that says / that if she
does not get to

watch the bullets / enter his heart in real time
/ then she cannot be certain that he wasn't /
too loud / or too tall / or too

resistant / or cannot be certain / that he did
not deserve to die after all / see legend has it
/ that

Here, Getachew expresses his fatigue resulting from the lifelong racial battle experienced by him throughout the four years of his writing career (starting from fourteen years old until the present time). Then, Getachew begins to expose the racial crimes committed by the Whites against the Blacks in America. Such crime scenes can be sketched in the viral videos that picture “a dying man giving his last breath, an open casket funeral, a published photograph of the corpse, the bullets entering a Black man’s heart in real time, ...etc.” This is the bitter reality of America, a racial community that does not accept the Black citizens to live peacefully side by side with the Whites.

In the next lines, the reader can feel an air of revolution and resistance in Getachew’s words. To illustrate, the poet urges the oppressed Blacks to resist and revolt against all forms of racism, oppression and arrest committed by the police:

if you resist your oppression / i mean resist
arrest / america will kill you in cold blood /
and then turn around /

and offer her condolences to the family /
offer black squares and kneeling cops / offer
apologies from the

institution / built on your bones / send your
family to a funeral / and then ask why they
weren't present for

the political process / continue to build
rooms / and name them after you / with no
intention of allowing your

people inside /

As is evident here, America appears as a double-faced racial community. With her evil face, America will kill all the non-Whites in cold blood. Then, with her second hypocrite face, she will regrettably send her condolences to the Black victims' families, offer black squares and kneeling cops, offer apologies from the institutions built on the Blacks' bones, send the Black victims' families to the funeral, and then ask why they weren't present for the political processes. Moreover, America will continue to build rooms that will be named after the Black victims with no intention of allowing them to be buried inside, or for their families to be welcomed there.

At the end of the poem, Getachew still explains why he gets too tired. In this regard, he argues:

i am so tired / of explaining why i'm tired /
of yard signs and street murals / of mlk
quotes out

of the white moderates he fought against /
and mlk boulevards / in every state of a
union that assassinated

him / and in every major city of a country /
that will kill you / only to give a teary-eyed
eulogy at your burial /

with its knee still on your children's necks

The speaker here alludes to Martin Luther King Jr. (mlk), the leader of the Civil Rights Movement from 1955 until his assassination in 1968. It seems as if Getachew wants to say that not only are the ordinary Blacks who have been murdered at the hands of the brutal Whites. The great Black figures such as Martin Luther King Jr. and his likes have also met their ends under the feet of the oppressive White forces.

Paradoxically speaking, the White murderers who assassinated Martin Luther King Jr. are still citing his quotes, printing them out on yard signs and street murals. In this regard, Scieurba argues:

In addition to reimagining whiteness as dehumanizing, Samuel's poem reimagines whiteness as a contradiction. White people murdered Martin Luther King, Jr., yet honor his life by repackaging his words for their own purposes. This poem makes clear that it is not just White police who are detrimental to the Black community, but White individuals who maintain and benefit from their own false imaginings of blackness and whiteness. (529)

Perhaps, the message that Getachew hopes to convey to his Black comrades says, “They will kill you in every state and in every major city only to give a teary-eyed eulogy at your burial with their knees on your children’s necks.” This means that the scenario of oppression at the hands of the Whites is endless as long as they live side by side with the Blacks in a single community.

“Knees on Our Necks” is another revolutionary poem written by an eleventh-grader Black girl, called Amaya Burke. In contrast to Getachew’s above-mentioned poem, Burke’s poem is written in capital letters (UPPERCASE) with no punctuation at all (no dashes, no slashes, and no periods). The poem begins with the last words uttered by George Floyd immediately before his death:

“I CAN’T BREATHE”

“I CANT BREATHE”

HIS KNEES ON HIS NECK

WE ALL WATCH AS HIS LIFE SLIPS
AWAY FROM HIM

8 MINS OF HORROR

ANOTHER LIFE TO MOURN

OFFICERS FIRED

OKAY BUT THAT’S NOT ENOUGH FOR
US

STILL NO CHARGES

THEY’RE PROTECTING THESE
MURDERERS

Commenting on the dismissal of Derek Chauvin and his comrades from their jobs without being charged, Burke criticizes the American law system, claiming that they are protecting these MURDERERS. The Blacks' innocence, as Burke argues, has exposed the criminality of the US police officers. If the Black color is considered a threat to the Whites in America, then the brutal murders of the Blacks is the best evidence that those Whites are the real threats to the Blacks. Accordingly, Whiteness is considered both harmful and oppressive to Blackness. If policemen are supposed to be "THE PROTECTORS", then they protect only the Whites and none other than Whites.

The following lines are reminiscent of Getachew's "Justice for —" in the sense that Burke comments on her tiresome of racial America. Here, the speaker uses the first-person plural pronoun (WE) to talk on behalf of all the oppressed Blacks:

WE'RE TIRED OF THE SAME RESULTS
WE'RE TIRED OF HAVING TO BEG
FOR OUR LIVES
I AM TIRED OF SEEING MY
BROTHERS AND SISTERS DIE
THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT
AND SERVE
BUT ALL THEY DO IS KILL
"WELL DON'T RESIST"
"JUST STAY CALM"
"JUST COMPLY"

NO MATTER WHAT WE DO
WE'RE A TARGET
OUR SKIN WILL STILL BE SEEN AS A
THREAT
THEIR KNEES WILL STILL BE ON OUR
NECKS

Again, the poet emphasizes the bitter fact that Blacks are targeted by Whites. Whatever the resistance and revolution waged by the Blacks, nothing will change. The only solution to this racial dilemma lies in 'a thorough departure' i.e. the Blacks should evacuate America and leave it to the Whites. This racial conflict between Blacks and Whites will never be settled in case there is a Black citizen on the HOLY lands of America (a sarcastic expression). Thus, the dilemma lies in the skin color only, "OUR SKIN WILL STILL BE SEEN AS A THREAT". Thus, the poet urges her Black comrades to "STAY CALM, COMPLY, and not to RESIST," as their resistance or revolution will never change the present status quo.

Again, Burke describes her own race as being "NUMB" and that "RIOTING WON'T HELP ANYWAY". Moreover, "LOOTING" for her "WON'T BRING HIM BACK". The pronoun "HIM" here refers to George Floyd:

MY PEOPLE ARE TIRED AND NUMB
"RIOTING WON'T HELP ANYWAY"
"LOOTING WON'T BRING HIM BACK"

THEY DON'T NOT UNDERSTAND
THAT OUR NUMBNESS HAS TURNED
INTO RAGE
OUR RAGE KEEPS US GOING
OUR RAGE IS NOW OUR STRENGTH
OUR RAGE SET A CITY ON FIRE
AND TOGETHER WE'LL WATCH IT
BURN
WE'LL HAVE OUR KNEES ON THEIR
NECKS
LIKE MLK SAID
RIOTS ARE THE VOICES OF THE
UNHEARD

However, Burke tells her readers that too much numbness has positively fueled them with anger and rage, which is a strength that keeps them going. The Blacks' rage will lead them to digging their knees into the necks of their oppressors. Like Getachew, Burke cites Martin Luther King Jr. (MLK) when she says, "LIKE MLK SAID / RIOTS ARE THE VOICES OF THE UNHEARD". The oppressed Blacks are humans like us, and too much oppression will make them suffer and revolt until they will be heard, and until they will exercise all their rights the same way as the Whites.

Our discussion here will be concluded with the nine-year-old Black girl Tiana McLean, who penned a highly revolutionary poem entitled "Black Lives Matter". Following the repercussions of George Floyd's murder in Minneapolis, Tiana calls for racial equality to be achieved between Blacks and Whites. The young poet found that

she could do something to her own race through her poetic talent. In an interview, the primary-school girl states, “This was a massive wake-up call for me and I just thought that I can’t just sit here all day and I at least have to do something to help make a change as well.” (Booth B24/7). As a matter of fact, the spirit of resistance does not differentiate between an old or a young person. Tiana is just a nine-year-old pupil who believes that her emotional words can change the status quo of her own race:

This is 2020, this is hell
Not only is there a deadly disease but it’s
spreading as well.
RIP George, RIP Kobe, “Everything’s gonna
be ok” at least that’s what my mother told
me.

Pollution, Corona, racism and tears,
This is a message I hope everyone hears.

Here, Tiana describes the year 2020 as “hell” due to the plights that happened throughout this year. The most prominent of such plights were the outbreak of the deadly Coronavirus disease, the increasing pollution, and the systematic racism against the Blacks that resulted in the murders of both George Floyd and Kobe Bryant. By saying, “Everything’s gonna be ok,” Tiana aims to convey a message of hope to her own race at the tongue of her mother, telling them that tomorrow will be fine for those helpless Blacks. Again, Tiana hopes her own people will hear this message just to feel peace and security. She wants to tell them that there must be an end to the systematic racism and oppression practiced by the Whites against the Blacks.

Now, Tiana begins to tell her reader about the murder scene of George Floyd. The first thing by which she describes Floyd is ‘innocence.’ Then, she attributes the evil act of harassment to the police agents who had murdered him:

George was a black man, innocent as anything. Then police go and start harassing him.

“I can’t breathe!” he shouts in pain. He’s black therefore he is bad, that’s what the police seem to claim.

Children need their parents, how can they survive?

Knowing that their own parents were killed just because of their skin

So why is it white people are angels and black people are a sin?

“I can’t breathe” was Floyd’s last petition, which has become “the mantra for a global reckoning on racial equality” (Haynes, *Forbes*). Tiana emphasizes the bitter fact that racism in the United States is based on the skin color, “He’s black therefore he is bad, that’s what the police seem to claim”. Then, the school girl wonders, “Why are the Whites treated as angels whereas the Blacks are a sin?”.

In the following lines, Tiana comments on Floyd’s pleading with Derek Chauvin to let him go. For her, Floyd would surely have died at the hands of the White policemen, whether by arrest or release. For her, the world is no longer safe for the Blacks:

“I can’t breathe, I can’t breathe! Let me go!”
Either way he died and this goes to show
That the world is not safe for us black
people.
Why is it that the way we treat each other
isn’t equal?
White people, black people, we should be
friends.
How would you like to be 25 years old and
then your life just comes to an end?

Here, the young school girl demands justice and equality in everything concerning her own race. She complains about the unjust treatment received by the Blacks in America. She hopes friendship and intimacy to be achieved between Blacks and Whites. Again, she laments the tragic deaths of the Blacks at an early young age.

Then, Tiana argues that the evil act of racism against the Blacks is not practiced in the United States only. For her, racism is a global dilemma. All the Blacks in the world suffer from police brutality, oppression and systematic racism. At any second, the Black citizen, whether young or old, may receive a bullet into his/her heart that would end his/her life. Tiana begins to set a comparison between the Whites and Blacks regarding their social and marital statuses. Whereas the Blacks die young without seeing their grandchildren, the Whites

... get to grow old and see their grandkids
grow too
While us black people are just dying, no
grandkids? No!

We don't choose to be black but we still are.
We just get scared whenever we see a police
car.

How would you like to dig your parents'
grave?

So many innocent lives that needed to be
saved.

No black people = peace

Like her young Black comrades, Tiana here adopts a religious discourse related to conceptualizations of good/evil and moral/immoral. Those young poets demonstrate “the ways in which their blackness has been used to separate them from virtue and righteousness. White people, however, are treated as righteous irrespective of their (evil, violent, sadistic, murderous) actions” (Sciurba 528). By saying, “No black people = peace,” Tiana shares Getachew in his suggested solution to the racial dilemma between Blacks and Whites. However, both Tiana and Getachew know for sure that this solution is too impossible to be achieved. Accordingly, there will be no possible solutions to the dilemma of racism.

Then, the school girl addresses the soul of George Floyd by saying, “Go up heaven George/ Go up,” whereas officer Chauvin is sentenced to

Go down to hell police officer

Go down there

Down

Down

D o w n

No, I'm not exaggerating. No, I'm not
joining in the "trend"
We are living in a history book
Children in the future will look back on this
day and say "what a horrible way to live!"
But it's the horrible truth.

Again, Tiana is engaged in the same religious discourse by relegating the police officers to the realm of evil, i.e. "hell". She predicts what the coming generations will say about the Blacks' status quo. For them, the helpless Blacks lead a horrible way to live, but "it's the horrible truth".

Then, Tiana laments her own people's indulgence into slavery due to their black skin. She concludes her poem with the following frustrating words, "There is just no need to fight":

We have already gone through slavery just
because we are black
And yet in 2020 we haven't changed a single
bit.
I am a nine-year-old and this isn't right.
There is just no need to fight.

In conclusion, the BLM movement has proven to be the resistance voice of the oppressed Blacks in America. Its aim is to expose the harsh realities of the systematic racism practiced by the Whites against the Blacks in a race-based society, where race and color difference are the controller and determinant of citizens' lives. Moreover, such a movement calls for the reverence and survival of Black lives. The tragic murder of George Floyd under the feet of the brutal White policeman, Derek

Chauvin, has awakened the free world, both Black and White, to express their support towards the BLM movement. Such people have announced their rejection to all forms of racism and oppression gone through by the Blacks not just in America but all over the world. Some of those people have turned to poetry to channel their rage, horrors, pains and suffering. For such writers, poetry is considered one of the most important means through which they can relieve their pains. All they aspire to achieve is the collectivization of the efforts of the oppressed Blacks to lead the race struggle against the oppressive Whites, particularly the police agents. They believe that racism will end through revolution and resistance. Their poetry launches stinging criticism against the racial practices of the Whites against Blacks. The themes tackled by such poets revolves around racism, oppression, revolution and subjugation.

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