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Don't Shoot

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Don't Shoot

Abstract

It always amazes me how some people

Seem to be experts in fields they've never seen,

Know the right directions on paths they've never walked,

And know people they seldom acknowledge as such

[*excerpt*]

Keywords

Surge, Surge Gettysburg, Gettysburg College, Center for Public Service, race, gun violence

Disciplines

Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Ethnicity in Communication

Comments

Surge is a student blog at [Gettysburg College](https://www.gettysburg.edu) where systemic issues of justice matter. Posts are originally published at surgegettysburg.wordpress.com Through stories and reflection, these blog entries relate personal experiences to larger issues of equity, demonstrating that -isms are structural problems, not actions defined by individual prejudice. We intend to popularize justice, helping each other to recognize our biases and unlearn the untruths.

SURGE

[VERB] : to move suddenly or powerfully forward or upward

DON'T SHOOT

September 15, 2014

You just don't fuckin get it

It always amazes me how some people

Seem to be experts in fields they've never seen,

Know the right directions on paths they've never walked,

And know people they seldom acknowledge as such

They're agonizingly unfeeling to a mother's pain,

Desensitized to how soft her son's skin is

That it's so easily penetrated. He carries no armor –

And why should he? He didn't even have a gun.

These correspondents, these politicians,

These CEOs, these majority college students

Groan and sprint to be the fastest out the door when race is brought up



But in their circle of friends, they “joke” around with the n-word

So much you can feel the rope tighten with every roll of that last r

But it’s no joke that most mass murderers look more like Darren Wilson

Than Michael Brown, but you double take when you pass a black face

And these automatic rifles straight out of Iraq

In the hands of an army of wannabe soldiers

Seem to be magnetized stronger the darker the target

You can look at the stats, but that doesn’t seem to go any good,

Knowing a stop is waiting for the darker brothers,

And it’s a high chance it’ll end red.

Too many black boys, who are already forced to be grown by 12

Because there’s no time to wait for 18,

Drop before they can be called men, and they’re forgotten

By those who swore to serve them with their fingers crossed

In the holster and behind the Constitution,

But they remember to check their pockets

To make sure they’re empty.

So please stop pointing your fingers to those with their hands up,

Because they’re still yelling “Don’t shoot.”

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