

The song of their burning names

I am white
When I look in the mirror
I think of printing paper
Vanilla pudding
Maybe of flour
Not of ebony
Or lava stone

*She sings the song of the burning shames
While she is playing on her piano in flames
When she was younger
She used to read books
But words broke the promise
Of how the world looks*

I am white
A white girl from Germany that has no clue
And I'm sorry
For George Floyd
For Breonna Taylor
Too many names to list them all
And they keep coming

*So, she sings the song of their burning names
While she is playing on her piano in flames
When she got older
She trusted the time
But seconds were running
In aching crime*

I'll never know what it's like
To go to school in fear
To explain to your kids
That it's about survival with the police
"My name is Lyric Williams
I am 12 years old; I am unarmed
Please don't hurt me."

So, she sings the song of the burning blames

*While she is playing on her piano in flames
When she understood
She learned to survive
Got used to the feeling
She would never thrive*

What kind of country is this?
What kind of police is this?
What kind of man is this
Sittin' in a house built by slaves?
How can they not see?
Shouldn't it be general knowledge
That black lives matter?

*So, she sings the song of their burning claims
While she is playing on her piano in flames
Now she is broken
No piece is left
No more trying
Just pain and a cleft*

Who am I?
A white girl from Germany that has no clue
Just some words, shaped as a poem
I am so sorry
So sorry I couldn't sleep last night
So sorry that my world is standing still
And I am too

*So, she sings the song in her burning chains
While she is playing on her piano in flames
Everything collapses
Everything sets in
She is consumed by fire
It crawls up her skin*

It won't help anyone I've always
Found you more beautiful than us
Because it indicates
In this world
There is no we