

Here is my poem about what happened last week. I wish it were fiction, but it is real. If you wish to publish it maybe it will enable the young man's death to be recognized. I checked the papers and the news and it was not mentioned. Every life counts, even the ones at 75th and Normal Avenue.

December 4, 2009

6:30 in the morning on a lonely street

Only the sound of 4 stumbling feet

Explosions corrupt the once calm air

As shotguns blast without a care

***Oh listen to the cry of a broken heart and the screams of a mother's life torn apart***

***Nobody will ever know the pain of a mother whose son died in vain***

In a house a father hits the floor

And peeps through a window

He'd dare not use the door

A shocking still body across the way

Blasted from life and there he lay

***Oh listen to the cry of a broken heart and the screams of a mother's life torn apart***

***Nobody will ever know the pain of a mother whose son died in vain***

The sirens blare and a white shroud is placed

The officers investigate the guns he faced

Crime tape is stretched and they examine his shoes

A black man is dead and it won't make the news

***Oh listen to the cry of a broken heart and the screams of a mother's life torn apart***

***Nobody will ever know the pain of a mother whose son died in vain***

The tape and the officers are gone today

The blood and the brains have been washed away

A mother's son is gone forever more

It happened at 6:30am on December 4.

***Oh listen to the cry of a broken heart and the screams of a mother's life torn apart...***

***Nobody will ever know the pain of a mother whose son died in vain....***

Zeb Ducre Jr.