

Calling for Change

A tragedy unfolded,
A young man's blood was shed,
A mistake was made, so serious,
Now Daunte Wright is dead.

Let's look a little closer,
Are guns the only way?
To bring someone to justice,
This deadly force display?

It seems black men are targets,
Assumed guilty from the start,
They end up dead or wounded,
It's change, we must impart!

Change to see each other,
As equals to the rest,
Some claim it's not that simple—
And Officer's protest.

They say they serve the public,
Stop criminals who're bad,
But often death comes first, there,
No trial's ever had!

Black men carry a stigma,
A colored coded cue,
Profiled by their race there,
Cop's guns, the point of view.

Protest, with peace, is called for,
Speak loud and clear this day,
Stop killing our black brothers!
Keep law a better way!

God gave each one His spirit,
It's love *within* we hold,
It is the answer needed,
For real change to unfold.

I'm here to guide each one there,
In what to say and do,
In how to make the change there,
To let God's love come through.

Officers are people there,
Some black, some brown, some white,
They have God's spirit in them,
To be their guiding light.

For those who keep the law there,
We honor those whose call,
Is serving people equally,
With dignity for all.

In closing of this poem, dear,
Know that you're not alone,
Change will come as we bring love,
To All, God's Will, be known.

4/14/21. Given from Jesus. Sharing is encouraged, but please acknowledge the website. Thanks.