

Maimouna Faye

Stop and Think

“Why’s your curfew so late?

The streets are not safe.

Boys like us are disposable.

No one to help us or hold us,”

“Quit playing, that can’t happen to us.

I stay away from those guys,

I don’t mess with guns.

Life would be too boring, just home and school.

Theres no fun in that, I’ve got things to do”

So they parted ways,

And one boy made a terrible mistake.

He put his hands in his pockets,

He should’ve known better.

The NYPD doesn’t care about chilly weather.

Too much melanin, and you’re already doomed.

The amount of boys stopped,

Is greater than the population.

9 out 10 aren’t misbehaving.

To them there’s no it doesn’t make a difference.

“Just keeping the city safe,”

Instead they target, assault, and humiliate.

Rushing home, and rarely stopping

To avoid being roughed up by their protectors.

They look at him with hating eyes,

And he’ll never know why.

He hasn't done anything wrong,  
Never even hurt a fly.  
It should be their own sons they worry about,  
More likely to fight and get high.

But that body on the ground cannot feel a thing.  
He's been laying there for hours, and no one stopped to think.  
Just jumping to conclusions, that's what they do best.  
Spreading lies about our children, just so they can rest.

The body in the street won't have justice.  
They'll fly away forgetting those fateful moments.  
Sleeping softly, and soundly like a small child.  
Is this how they fall asleep at night?