

## remember your name

KeeHumphrey

just like the few hairs that go stray  
and don't stay in the braid  
they couldn't keep him in the fold  
couldn't straighten him out  
baby hair is soft like that  
not meant to be stretched, pressed or burned  
  
they roughed him up  
snuffed him out  
they found him on a warm august eve  
lying in a Chicago viaduct, 108<sup>th</sup> street  
a cold pool of blood thick like black pudding  
surrounded an eleven year old body with fuzzy  
braided hair  
appearing incapable of neighborhood shoot ups  
and long rap sheets  
a mystery how a love for cookies mixed with  
semi automatic weaponry  
  
he was long a statistic before his last breath  
when disciples felt nothing was left  
as he was wilding out, reckless and cocky  
popping off shots to a rival gang  
arresting the innocence of a kids football game  
striking, paralyzing, shooting 1 dead all before  
dinnertime

so they bountied one of their own  
the one most loyal to rep their set  
killed him dead and suicide themselves:  
with refusal to recognize the reflection in the  
mirror  
too realistic to recall their own tragic horrors  
too much darkness lurking around them corners  
in their young minds  
there should have stood gold mines  
yet they were only the regurgitated  
incantations of somebody else's hate:  
the sooty/ the kaffir/ the n-i-g-g-a  
their brown eyes often lowered in shame  
yeah they shut him up  
he would not retell their crimes and pain  
  
O Lord but he was me  
i stared at that front page photo back in nine  
four  
now it's almost nearing a full score  
and what have I to justify in twenty twelve  
how would I even save him now  
i'm sorry babyboy not much has changed  
all i can do is remember your name:  
Robert "Yummy" Sandifer