He Was Shot and Killed

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Cover Page Footnote
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At night
when you begin to lay down
and the ghosts start to come
Do you run?
Can you hide?
I cannot

The sound of bullets
I never heard
ring through my ears

His blood
that I never touched
begins to dry between my fingers

The screams
I never choked on
don’t get stuck in my throat anymore

The sirens
that were never turned on
echo through my skull

The kind of death
that I have never had to swallow
leaves my mouth tasting bitter every morning

And with that taste
I read the headlines
youngrandomviolenceinnocentcivilianbigfamilymourninggrieving
innocent

When you sleep at night and the ghosts
start to form
Can you still find some peace in darkness?
I cannot

Alycia Gregory