They say before you die your life flashes before your eyes.

The nightmares, the fears, the dreams, and the defeat faces you all at once, as your soul leaves your body.

As the pleads for forgiveness, and the thoughts of your love ones are finally put at bay

As your heart throbs at a fast pace before slowly becoming faint, and you realize

It was All, For Nothing at All

You tremble in fear for what is to become of you,

Would people Care?

Can people help?

Do they know that I Love Them?

Maybe you haven't realized that every thought, promise, and wishes of forgiveness has been long overdue, and is time for you to put it to rest.

How about this.

As You walked down a street where you are faced with people from TV with pale skin, and blue eyes, they glare, and stare because you are something in which they fear.

Fear the color of your skin

The Shape of your nose

The style you wear

The sway of your hips,

And the confidence they tell you to have, but told shush down when your around people like them.

You throw your hood over your head to avoid them.

They paint you as an animal, a beast of the night looking for your next prey.

As you hear O Riley voice boom in your local coffee shop in the unknown area telling those pale skin and blue eyes to arm up against these predators,

you scan the room trying to find who, but can only see those opposite colored eyes faced with yours, as the hair on the back of your neck stand

When all you want to do is go home to the ones you love.

You are trapped now

They bash you, hurtful words, and screams and yells are thrown in your face from a people you barely know.

As those call for the cops scared of something in which they were told you was capable of when in fact you wasn’t understanding of.

How could they bash you, and people like you on these tv screens and ignore the ones who knew your pain and cared to share it.

Why won’t they listen you may say, understand that we are not what they say, and some should not speak for all

Maybe it’s because it’s to many things that preach that we are terrible creatures on a and where we were forced on.

Whipped, killed, and hanged on just because the color of are skin

As the sirens ring and you are trapped in the corner just because you are “suspicious”

As those same men come into the coffee shop screaming at the only colored person in the room, they shoot first, and ask questions later.

We raise are hand and scream please don’t hoot as they yell and scream and suddenly we fall to the floor and are left with 7 holes in are chest.

As they walk over your body and tell the world that “it was a mistake”

Scary isn't It.

As I watched from a distance of girls like me, but loud, and sometimes scary, angry, violent, and men who share the same color as me with guns, anger, and eager to kill are plastered on my tv screen

You look for Love, Compassion, and maybe even a chance of Clarity to why they put you in a category of people in which you never met, seen, or even interacted with

People who I never seen within my own race just these people portrayed as me

As I watch the News, I am faced with people who look like me as criminals, Monsters even.

Did I forget to inform you?

Age does not matter when you are in the skin that you're In In

As they shoot the 12-year-old black kid who only ever wanted to be was a cop.

As the media portrays it was a mistake

Maybe when they shot a man who was big as a giant fearful of his color and size that they grasped so tight and forgot that he too was human

As he screamed that he could not breath, but those screams was mistaken as threats due to the medias portrayal of the criminals in America

As my Tv Screen plastered that because he had a history, he was a monster already.

As I watched a black man on the floor with a pale man’s knee on his neck

As they painted the unarmed man as a criminal killing him in front of his girlfriend and kids.

Maybe the black man who was jogging in an a white man’s area , and was painted as the thief who later was shot and killed.

You are raised watching your race label as a monster in which you start to believe that maybe you are what they preach.

As I protest black lives do indeed matter to encourage others that I am just an 18 year old girl with dreams and goals, and raised with manners, and dignity, but fox news protest that I am a thug, and am lazy

They insist and encourage people to believe that I am just a cult , and is preaching that our lives matter only to be ignorant.

As people on the Internet use phrases like "Killers, Criminals, Ghetto and many more to describe who I am, because someone of a higher authority told them to

Someone who uses their image to preach to other to fear us

I am left wondering maybe if I am what I See on TV Screens.

I shape my image my words to try to fit into a society in which never existed to me, leaving me confused and empty

They label my mom as a welfare lady, My brother as a criminal, my sister as ghetto, and me as loud

As I watch these stereotypes of me and my family, I see that I am nowhere connected to the stereotypes around me

The media has convinced people to hate, and fear people like me, and in the end every day I start to believe that maybe they won because change has always seemed to be farther away then they preach.