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Not Who to Blame but in Whose Name

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Not Who to Blame but in Whose Name

LILLIAN ALLEN

Mi Mumma,

mi mu mum mum mum mumma

Mi mumma

() Can't breathe

Black men call out for their mothers

Mama

mama

Mama mamaa

mammaa

Mama

Black women call out for their God. Call out for their children

by name

to know where they are

to pull them close(r)

Calling spirit to safety through her spiritual umbilical

hold a space, a dement ion of ache

once a Past

(.) now tumbling
her future(s), fast fading but for the soul in her
children, dem born of her, dem borne by her

What can't racism understand about these bonds?

Black Lives Matter is vernacular call
A rallying cry for justice for all

But wherever it snakes and festers weaponized-white-privilege
will overflow varnish and tarnish

Street check suspect. Human wrongs

() Life claustrophobic in racism
dialogue already framed for inaction

National shame

Blame the system; benign if unpeopled

Who will do its bidding and perform its rites, a cut to the core to
dehumanize

Who will, witting or unwitting be the fingers of the long arm
of colonialism, and oppression>

Not who to blame but what to gain (in that moment)

Not who to blame but in whose name

(.)

When the Black woman calls on her God

She knows too well the othered reality
Concealed by the weight of authority

Lard ah massi

Lord have mercy

Hallelujah, Jesus, Lord God, Amen

Allah

Mama Earth.

Mama God

Jah

(.) the tumbling to watch helpless

Racism's impulse explodes in a bullet, a knee on the neck

as bloodline leaks

linage and soul-peace disturbed

misrouted

But she will flow the mothership

And hold the faith

(.) hold the space

For her God to come tek over

someday

Oh yes, someday

even de earth ah bawl
Black Lives Matter
A rallying call
Justice for all

Mama Earth.

Mama God

Mama