

**The world I want to live in**  
**by Sumaiyya Malik**

the world i want to live in doesn't want to  
kill me  
when every time i leave my house i fear  
taking my last breath  
where putting on a hood feels dangerous  
and i duck at the sound of a police siren  
everyone hates our culture until they can  
profit off it  
we're suffocating  
and suddenly i can't breathe  
the father can't breathe  
the son can't breathe  
and now i'm not phased by the news  
a black man dead  
just keeps me wondering who's next  
will it be my cousin my father my uncle  
and fighting feels worthless  
because black people aren't worth anything  
to america, cause we built this country  
without pay  
my black power fist high in the sky that  
hopefully reaches the heavens  
so my ancestors know that i'm here  
and a new revolution is starting yet again  
and once it's here i'll finally be able to live

**The bullets point of view**  
**by Sumaiyya Malik**

their blood is on my hands  
the guilt of having to do my job  
and once i'm there i stay clinging  
straight to their heart, their back, their head  
and our intimate connection ends shortly  
because i put them in pain  
i did what i had to do  
and i feel their breath shorten  
the strain of their voice  
and suddenly they stop  
the once active, breathing, alive person  
is now laying on the ground  
bleeding out until someone finds them  
and they'll find me inside the body  
because i took them out  
the son, the brother, the nephew  
the daughter, the sister, the niece  
and the screams of the people in their life  
the screams of their mothers, brothers,  
sisters, uncles, aunts, daughters, sons  
pierce like knives  
and on funeral day  
their body hides under a disguise of clothes  
that cover up my scar permanently  
implanted into their body  
forever.  
once the trigger gets pulled  
my job is done  
killers don't get rewards  
they shouldn't anyway  
but this is the white man's country  
so when a black man dies do they  
celebrate?