

My BLM Poem

By Thomas Roughan

He was much taller than me
And always wore a white T-shirt
As white and brilliant as snow

It made him shine bright like a torch
It made his dark skin glisten like coal

They laughed and pointed at him
Every single day

He cried quietly like a mouse
Sniffing silently in corners

No one ever helped him
No one ever heard his voice
They said “Shh don’t complain”
They said “Shh get used to it”

When I played with my toys
He would stand staring like a hawk
I would say "You can play too"
And he would smile excitedly and ever so gratefully

He made me laugh with his jokes
He brought magic in our play
We laughed so hard one warm sunny day
That we both got hiccups and jumped like frogs much of that day

Then the awful day came

As I walked into the playground
He was surrounded by everyone
They pointed and laughed like every day
But today they pushed and poked

Today they hit and punched

He screamed and he cried

He begged them "please no"

But they laughed harder and louder

And then they hit him more and more

"Stop" I screamed

The words spilled out without me knowing

My legs began to run to him

I helped him up and stood by his side

Staring into a million angry faces like ugly personified

"Don't touch him" someone shouted

"He's dirty" said another

"You'll have to have a bath now" said one

"He's ugly" said the last

“Stop” I screamed again

“He’s my friend” said my voice

“And it is you who are ugly”

“Your hearts are ugly inside”

I don’t remember anything after that

I woke up on the cold floor

We were still holding hands

Covered in red ruby blood

One was his and one was mine

Mine was “white” and his was “black”

Only it was the same ruby red

It was the same colour as mine.