

Murder in the Senseless

Writer

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I saw the face of a young man, lying in a pool of blood.

They say it was gang violence, I say it was senseless.

I saw the face of a young girl, crying by the fence.

She said she didn't see a thing, she just wants her boyfriend back.

I saw the face of a young boy, riding up on his bike.

Shouting in vain, through tear filled eyes, brother please get up.

I saw the face of a middle aged man and woman get out of a car.

She threw herself upon her son, and her husband pulled her off.

With tears running down his checks, he said, "My boy was getting out.

He wanted to be somebody. He wanted to go back to school."

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