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## Say His Name

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# *Say His Name*

*Elissa Ann Rodriguez*

They don't see our pain  
Radiating off the deepest parts of our beings.  
The pain being ripped open,  
When the wound barely started to heal.

*"A Criminal Grand Jury was convened on February 28, 2019, to address the stabbing death of David Josiah Lawson"*

No Justice

All our trauma now on display,  
**the bite mark, the key hole, the stab wound, the blood, the swollen eyes, the bruised bodies,**  
to be judged and critiqued by faces, who don't reflect our own.  
Our pain is politicized.  
Will we heal from this?

*"Therefore, no charges will be filed in the case."*

No Peace

This system was not created for us,  
It was created against us.  
It is not safe for our bodies here,  
**bottles thrown, bloody fists, racial slurs, hateful eyes, red hats, murder mountain**  
in this white space.

*"On March 13, the Grand Jury declined to indict any person in the stabbing death of David Josiah Lawson"*

No Justice

We are seen as the enemy  
Our black and brown bodies, the target of violence.  
We are worthy though,  
to be able to live here without the fear of death or retaliation.

*"The District Attorney has notified Mr. Lawson's family of this outcome."*

No Peace.

Where do we go from here?  
Don't tell us to move on,  
Don't force us to heal  
Don't tell us this is the way it is.

Because we won't forget.  
We will say his name.  
**David Josiah Lawson.**  
They will try to bury this story  
they will try to bury us,  
but we are the seeds of change.  
Despite the odds,  
we will grow,  
like the rose that grew from concrete.

Although our black and brown bodies,  
bear the burden,  
we are strong and formidable.  
We will carry his story  
We will carry our story  
We will carry your story.  
We create our legacies.  
We will heal.

Our existence is resistance.

*Dedicated to Renalyn Bobadilla*