

Memphis Bullet

By Chris Minton

Who knew that I would be the one to
pierce the early spring air and
change history?

Down the barrel of sin
I flew, from a black heart
through black skin.

It was simple really...

The black heart loaded me, aimed and squeezed.
I screamed dutifully in the direction I was cast.
The black skin parted to accept another suffering.

By the time I was removed,
the work had been done and
centuries of judgements were all that remained.

I had extinguished a light,
and lit a match.