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## WRITING

# Black Power

## TYPE

### Poetry

Black power, the world is ours  
Our young Blacks sprout like flowers  
We are harmless, please don't shoot  
We are not a gang, we a part of a group

Weapons drawn  
Don't move, scared as hell, losing that groove  
They get closer, don't know what to do  
I count  
one Mississippi, TWO!  
Gunshots go off  
Last sight, red and blue