

**Dear Reader,**

This is a private conversation.  
Americana circa all the centuries:  
*Boy Lynched at Daylight*  
on city canvas, or southern  
back road, or blog.  
Dear Trayvon, look  
what you started. Torso reclined  
on pale boulder, head tucked  
under right elbow. Left hand still  
in coat pocket.  
Dear Reader, please,  
do not read further.  
Dear Michael,  
I try to ignore  
your face and peace sign and  
your mother crying next to  
Trayvon's mother next to Sean's mother  
next to Emmett's ghost.  
Dear woman in another city  
pleading, I am ready to mourn you.  
Death designs my face. Dear reader,  
I am not talking to you.  
Dear cell phone, please stay  
in your pockets, your purse.  
Do not record. Do not post.  
If there is blood, the artist  
chose to omit it. Dear sheriff.  
Dear sergeant. Dear  
security guard. And the boy  
remains transfixed in his last  
breath. Dear principal. Dear counselor.  
Dear parent. Dear man  
I am passing, my name is—  
Dear internet, please  
do not post my slaughter  
Dear every man I know, stop.  
Don't move. Don't  
put your hands up. Do not stop.  
Remain. Dear unnamed black man  
killed again, and again and again.  
Dear\_\_\_\_\_, are you surprised?  
Dear reader, no.