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.