

## **Bullets Can't Discriminate: A Poem**

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Bullets are not color-blind  
But a bullet cannot hate  
A bullet on a mission  
Will never discriminate  
A bullet cannot envision  
What is wrong and what is right  
A bullet cannot see nuance  
Nor can it see in black and white

A bullet doesn't care  
What tone a skin is  
Taut or not  
Wrinkled or smooth  
Oily or dry  
A bullet will go through  
A bullet just does not care

A bullet doesn't discriminate  
Against the rich or the poor  
Though statistics seem to prove  
The latter are preferred  
Bullets don't distinguish  
Based on race, religion, or class  
Bullets can't discriminate, that's an established fact

As it barrels into the skin  
A bullet doesn't contemplate  
Segregation  
Stratification  
The justifications  
For how it got where it is  
Or the legacy it will leave behind

A bullet doesn't mind  
If it enters into a brain  
Or surprises from behind  
If the intended recipient has their  
Hands up or is handcuffed

A bullet won't stop  
Even if begged to

Tearing through the air  
Or through flesh or teeth or hair  
A bullet isn't concerned  
If the first few did the trick  
And its mission is futile  
Because the prior bullets were fatal  
And there is no more damage that it can do

Gunning for its target at  
Roughly 900 miles per hour  
About 1320 feet per second  
Approximately 15 and five-eighths  
Inches every millisecond  
A bullet never pauses  
To determine if what it is doing is right

A bullet is wrong  
If it thinks it can stop itself  
From carrying out its assigned task  
Merely because of what is in front of it  
If it thinks it can change course  
The bullet is wrong  
Because a bullet cannot think of anything at all

A bullet cannot understand  
The differences between  
Humans of different origins  
Or what distinguishes  
One with African heritage  
With someone whose lineage  
Is more European

A bullet does not give a single shit  
And could not care less  
If it triggers more violence  
Or if it triggers unrest  
If it causes a riot  
Raucous or not  
A bullet cannot give a shit

A bullet never wonders  
What a person's name is  
If the person is a man or woman

Or identifies as something different  
From what your orientation is  
A bullet firmly stays straight  
Unless it travels great distances

But bullets rarely get to travel far enough  
To fall harmlessly to Earth  
Their paths are so often short-lived  
Before they meet their final resting place  
Too often inside a former human  
Until they travel again  
From corpse to coroner to courtroom

The bullets are merely evidence  
Of something much bigger  
Bullets have no concept  
Of a rigid rigged system  
Of a history of division  
And the role their brethren played in it  
A bullet can never be a criminal defendant

The bullets are innocent  
Only doing what they were told  
They were commanded to go and go they did  
Straight towards that kid  
It wasn't the bullets' fault  
The blame should be on him  
He got in the way of them doing what they did

The bullets can't be guilty of murder  
They never harnessed an intent  
The bullets certainly never envisioned  
Such an unfortunate incident  
The case against the bullets  
Must be immediately dismissed  
The bullets were designed to do what they did

Mens rea, mea culpa  
The bullets' lawyer will shout  
The bullets think not  
The case against them must be thrown out!  
To the judge and the press  
The story is the same  
The bullets knew not and thus cannot be blamed

Who is at fault

For removing a life from this Earth?  
It wasn't the bullets  
They are innocent from birth  
A bullet cannot decide  
Who should live and who should die  
A bullet cannot be tried for homicide

A bullet lacks malice  
If anything, blame the gun  
Or better yet blame no one  
And let's all just move on  
Assume that justice has been done  
The bullets meant no harm  
The bullets never imagined they would kill anyone

Not a young person or old person  
A good person or bad  
Not a son or a daughter  
Nor a mom or a dad  
Not someone enlightened  
Or still searching for truth  
A bullet is guided by a hand and a groove

A bullet never questions  
Whether it has been pointed  
In the wrong direction  
If its trajectory  
Will result in tragedy  
If its path is true  
If its arc bends toward justice

A bullet can't be prosecuted  
Charges will never be filed  
Information never makes it to court  
No matter how many bullets are fired  
Bullets are guiltless  
No matter what the charge is  
To date, zero bullets have faced an indictment

How preposterous it is  
That bullets can commit such an offense  
Rule 12(b)(3)  
Demands the court must dismiss  
The judge must acquit  
In State v. Bullets  
Bullets are 100 percent innocent

A triumph of justice  
The bullets' defenders proclaim  
The rule of law is followed  
In clearly the right way  
Lady Justice is in balance  
The bullets' good names are clear  
The bullets cannot celebrate because bullets cannot hear

Bullets cannot listen  
To the voices that cry out  
To the distressing wails of parents  
Whose children they snuffed out  
Pleas for change are lost on a bullet  
All bullets are the same  
No sense of morality, decency, or the American way

A bullet is uninterested  
In whether justice has been served  
Or whether the victim  
Got what was deserved  
A bullet is directed by greater forces at hand  
No matter how often things go wrong  
Bullets never seem to understand

When the dust settles  
The precedent is set  
Dismissal is certain  
For the bullet that kills next  
A bullet is completely unbothered  
By who the victim will be  
A bullet sees no difference  
Between you and me

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