These fissures and cracks;
Trampled and trodden for years
By those who do not empathize,
Are worn, ignored and tired.

As you walk down that road in
Peaceful protest,
Do not forget
The underlying foundation
of those who suffered before.

Do not lose hope in
The cracks to be filled.
New allies to pick up the tools
To labor together.
Build New roads; new destinations.
For this road is beautiful and tells me
Black lives matter -WP