

## Lynch Photo

I saw your body hanging from a tree,  
but you were not my family, not my kin.  
Yet I mourned like you were my flesh and bone,  
My Father, Brother, Uncle, childhood friend.

I wish that I could say your tragic end  
was not in vain, that it gave rise to peace.  
I'm sure you prayed that with the camera's flash,  
the crimes against your people might decrease.

But malice does not easily surcease.  
Your flesh, bound to that tree, sparked only hate,  
a wrath against the thieves who stole your life,  
the same hatred that caused your gruesome fate.

I am not God, but I'm willing to state  
that he did not make trees to hold such fruit.  
The limbs of you and oak sag down as one,  
depressed and angered; leaves to wretched root.

I gladly take up arms against this brute,  
against that spirit, till your life's restored.  
I ask only one question to the slain  
Which weapon do I choose: Bible or Sword?