Aurora, CO

a poem After *The Tradition* by Jericho Brown

By Mya Belton

Harebell Calypso Orchid Fireweed
The tradition is, move on
watch what they do to us and never have
a second thought

But I can never forget
the way
it made me Feel

His final words: Elijah McClain

Who can deem your soul not of nature?
weave reality and threat
named you Traitor

No man or woman wields the power
to deny you this Air
the abundant Earth, every flower

Brown is right,
there is beauty in the flora
I bet it's beautiful in Aurora

We lost our way and redemption will not see
humanity, perhaps in heaven
where the world ends

You will be