

## 2019 Unrest

*Enoch Pratt Poetry Contest Finalist*

Let me put it how only I can put it:  
in the valley of death, in the dream of sleepwalkers  
niggas never got no rest  
'til the birds caged in their ribs stopped singing,  
and everybody been knew sleep was the cousin of death  
so we was screaming stay woke  
even though we didn't believe it  
because who ever wanted to see a corpse buried  
with its eyes open? Didn't we all  
wish to shut our eyes and scream the bars  
in our cells loose? Rest in peace!  
Rest in peace to the dead homies! We said  
when we wanted to wish our gone a goodbye  
we couldn't promise for ourselves.  
Our song and our language sounded the alarm  
for the unrest, and we found  
for the sleepless a name like a battle cry.