

Going into 8th grade english class was not really my favorite, but there was a topic that made me appreciate it. It was black awareness month, Eric Garner had just been killed and the situation hadn't been getting any better. My teacher had a lesson to teach us about other black men and teens who had been shot. The topic quickly grabbed my attention, since we never really studied this before.

The man I studied died a tragic and inexcusable death. His name was Amadou Diallou. A cold murder by 41 bullets, Diallou had no weapon on him and was accused of a crime he did not commit. He was a taxi driver, and sold clothes. He was hoping to save up enough money to take college courses on computer technology. On the day of his death, Amadou was walking to his apartment as a group of policemen surrounded him. At that moment there was no explaining, no mercy, just gunfire. He dropped to the ground, there was no hope for the taxi driver, because to them he was murderer and a rapist.

After reading these stories to write a poem. At this point, I was really excited, I never really wrote poems before but they were always a cool subject to me. I liked it because it was a form of art that I never really explored before. My parents are both artists, dad's a painter and my mom's a dancer. I've taken drawing and dance classes, I even play the drums but never wrote poetry.

I wasn't scared the least because I was determined to write the best poem ever about Amadou Diallou. When I got home I raced around the house for paper and a pencil. My mom was talking to me at the time but I know that I blocked her out, there was nothing that could break my focus and there was nothing that was going to beat me from writing this poem.

By the time that I had started writing, I wasn't on a word hunt, studying every paragraph I read and every note I took, I just let all my ideas bleed onto the paper. It wasn't hard for me to write poetry, I feel like that's sort of why I liked it, it just felt so natural.

About an hour into the night I was done, I felt relief to have written something that I was proud to call my own art. I was eager to show my mom. My parents were almost as happy as I was that day and it got my hopes up even more that the class would like it too.

I had never been so excited about school the way I was that very next day. Every class leading up to English class was like those dreadful twenty four hours leading up to Christmas morning. Soon enough English had arrived and I was told to present my poem. It was a long and prideful two minutes as I spoke every rhyme I had to offer, every thought and emotion that I had and boom, I presented my poem and I felt great.

I didn't become famous and I didn't get cooler but I felt like I had gained some respect and recognition from my class and my teachers. I felt like I had shown my creativity and that I was really into poetry.