

barricade

a poem by Reagan B.

can we lock the door? / can you hold it closed? / where is my dad / and where are
my grandparents? / can we move the chairs? / was that a scream? / was that a kid?
/ was that someone i know? / how do you tell someone you love them / for what
might be the last time? / please let us get out / please make this stop / why us? /
what did we do? / what did he see in the bricks outside / that hurt him? / how
could he see people running from him / and not feel anything? / how has the
world become / what it has? / when did it become normal / to see another school
or place of worship or innocent civilian / attacked / almost every day? / people
will see this on the news tomorrow and say / *what a shame* / before scrolling to
the next post / yet we still allow anyone / the power to take a life / is that smoke? /
which would hurt less, fire or / a bullet? / when i was little my grandpa loved
calvin and hobbes / and in one story calvin's dad says, / "this is one of those
things you always figure / will happen to someone else" / but why can't it be no
one else? / why can't it be no one? / God, do you hear me? / do you? / do you? /
do you?