

love to provide a defense for what is clearly the indefensible. They create absurd debates as if killing brown and black people were an academic parlor game. They get off and get rich on exploiting our televised wholesale slaughter. They feel no civic responsibility but to fill airspace with a 24-hour circus show parading those who could care less about our daily horrors, parading the loved ones of the slain into their studios or on Skype only to have them juxtaposed against the inane opinions of pathetic skills for the police, to justify our murder, selling America and the white imagination on the heroism and sacrifice of those charged to carry weapons too readily used against us.

Police killings of citizens of color are becoming an American past time way past its prime. But one thing we can depend on in this hour of chaos, confusion, clarity, outrage and sorrow: America's media will certainly be there to insinuate itself, however crudely, however clumsily and rudely, into the sickness of the American psyche.

No need for me to further enumerate the endless trail of police violations, brutalities, killings. I'll let the poets sing their names. I'll let the Tradition say, *Amen!* For the great and socially committed poets assembled herein have been engaged in call and response; bearing witness to the maladies of a nation whose so-called founding begins with brutality and policing; begins with genocide, confiscation and death in the name of profit, greed and expansion.

The poet-witnesses in this collection distill the horror and let in the light of our common humanity. They remind us of a universal hurt, grief, anger, rage, shame and love that we all can recall when confronting the blunt reality and the savagery of abuses associated with corrupted power, indifference and intolerance.

This is not a catalogue of death and despair. This is a work of resistance and resilience. These poets sing songs of love, which is what this book is, essentially.

Guernica.

— Tony Medina

The Poems

How We Could Have Li
— Mar

Every 28 Hours
— Joel

Congo Square Is Every
— Afaa Micha

elegy (for MOVE and I
— Sonia Sanc

Survival Guide for An
— Camille Ra

Look Back in Hatred
— Patricia Sp

Strangled*: Letter to a
— Rae Paris

Sometimes I Get So V
— Maria Ma

Citation, or Safe in B
— Roger Bo

Two Meditations on
— Kwame D

All It Took Was Twc
— Maria M

Animals
— Nile Lan

it's hard out here fo
— Keith Gi

"When Snow Turns
— Ana Cas

RESISTING ARREST

poems to stretch the sky

edited by Tony Medina

 **Jacar**
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North Carolina