

Killed by the constitution

America.

The land of the free

One nation under god indivisible with liberty and justice for all

The country that is proud that the founding fathers of our land has written a document that would represent our sons and daughters

Sons and daughters

Sons and daughters,

The generations to come

The ones that will be proud of our amendments and serve them well

We look at these words ...

Meaningless when not executed well

We read these words as though they are executed well

Executed well, those who it does not pertain to weep with grief as though they were not an idea when it came to the rules of this nation ...

We were not part of this creation

1st amendment freedom of speech and religion

The right to talk about the problems that mentally destroy us and the heritage that we have built on for years

Our morals

Our teachings

We go to our religious spots to serve God

But have the word of god snatched from us when the bullet hits our backs

Killing our religion that we "had the rights to"

Bullets filling the church before the Holy Spirit could even reach the pews

Bombs flying in the air before their prayers could even touch the sky

Our freedom of religion taken away

As though it never existed

As though we never had the chance to say "Hallelujah I'm finally free!"

...We never had the chance to be truly free

However now I can take in the realms of my freedoms and speak about whatever comes to mind

Whether it is to students who may be ignorant to our struggles

or to write about it in my English essays...

the truth will continue to set me free... and I will continue to speak my truth.

2nd amendment the right to bear arms

The right to hold a gun that can be aimed at anyone

The killers, the dangerous, the intruders, your friends, your family

You...

Me...

The right to have a gun for protection of one's body but somehow the bullet enters the body of the innocent

Holding their hands up saying "please don't shoot I want to live"

Didn't matter because the bullet hit his head before he could say don't shoot.

Knowing that when you see the red and blue lights it is a good chance that you may see the light when you're face to face with death

The gun looking at your temple

We have these guns to protect, but it seems as though it is only protecting the doubtful people...

Maybe he is a killer

...He is black

I think I'll shoot

Shooting the body that was already lifeless

Who knew it was the end when he first saw what color he was

Laughing to himself saying he always knew the color of his skin was never protective armor.

We have no protection we have nothing to bear.

It's times where I walk around with anxiety on my shoulders knowing that I may be viewed by fearful eyes who are afraid of the color that wraps around me

However it only lifts me up, allowing myself to prove that I am not just the color of my skin. That I am smart, kind, and intelligent

And therefore... deserve to live my life to its fullest without a fearful person behind a gun taking my life.

13th amendment / slavery abolished

We have broken the chains of restriction of our freedom

But still those shackles remains in our souls

Still having those eyes look at us as though we were the one who were the predigeous

Walking with the memories of being whipped and beaten where the bruises still remains in our tearing eyes

One day Wishing that the light of our ancestors that have fought for us shines on us so that we can show ourselves approved

Approved

To prove this nation wrong

To show that we are no longer bonded to the chains of racism

Of mistreatment

Of hatred and death

That we are great

That one day WE THE PEOPLE of the United States will be equal

And are finally able to live in the land of the free

With one nation under god indivisible with liberty and justice for all.

And with this I will continue my everyday walk of life being proud of my skin color and live everyday to its fullest.

In the present and future.

Brianna McDonald

