

A Time to Kill

Shamah ShaRize

I now ask u to clear all thoughts
Except the ones to which I speak
& imagine my baby sister

The complexion of burnt sand
Beautiful large brown eyes
Shoulder length box braids
That danced around her ever-so-round face
Can u see her?

Playing with her friends...
Double Dutch
Relay Races
15 yrs old claiming she's in love with the new teen singer
(Lol) some Usher Kat

Can u see her?

Running home from school with her friends
Walking home from school with her friends
Walking home from school
Alone

Can u see her?

That chilly October night
She volunteered to stay after school
To help her teacher prepare for
The children's upcoming Halloween party
U would think a ride home would be offered

She walked home alone that night
Not a care in the world
She noticed nothing about the stranger
Only 50 paces behind her

She noticed nothing about him clocking her speed
Walking in her footsteps
Clocking the natural switch
Of her 15-year-old behind
As he oozed venom
Heart pumping perverted lust & rage

Can u see her?
My baby sister

She noticed nothing about the long scar on his face
Or the drool sliding across his chin

She noticed nothing about the rage in his stride
Or the pain in his side
From the infestation that was eating him from the inside

40 Paces!
30 Paces!

As she turned the corner
Only seconds away from that poorly lit alley
That she knew was a shortcut home
But I had warned her about that alley
Told her the stories that came along with that alley

Off limits
OFF FUCKIN LIMITS

But it's a faster way home
She would always argue
Now she's left with the split-second decision of doing right or wrong

Should I or Shouldn't I
Should I or Shouldn't I
20 Paces
10 Paces

As the night grew dimmer
Fighting the rational sound of my voice
Shouting!
Bypass the alley
PLEASE, BYPASS THE ALLEY

Should I or shouldn't I
Should I or shouldn't I
She questioned herself

5 Paces!
4 Paces!
As her foot nearly landed on the tip of a dragon's tongue

3 Paces!

2 Paces!

As the diabolical stranger
Stretched out his right hand
Clocking her jaw
With so much force
Her head clocked to the wall

After the left hook
She was took
Her body dropped to the floor

OFF LIMITS!

"I shouldn't"

Was her choice a moment too late
As the stranger continued to introduce himself
By slamming her head against the side of a brick wall
Propelling her semi-conscious body towards the side of a dumpster

CAN U SEE HER?

Crying for help
Begging for mercy
Pleading for forgiveness when she ain't do
no wrong

CAN U SEE HIM?

Ripping off her clothes
Tossing them to the side
Along with her innocence
Her joy for life
As her youth gets desecrated
by the hands of devilish-ness

He wasn't done
Mounted her
& then rocked her some more

Ripping her clothes
Breaking her nose
This shocked her some more
He entered her...

My grandmother called my phone that night
Asking me of my sister's whereabouts
Praying she was with a familiar face
In a safe place

I checked the local hangout
Friends
& her school
All to no avail

I parked the car & decided to walk
The path I knew she would walk
The way I taught her to walk

Commotion at the alley commanded my attention
Like something was pulling me in

There were police cruisers
Paramedics
Caution tape
Flashing lights

Something happened
I moved closer
Something happened that wasn't suppose ta'

I seen a jacket on the floor with a logo
Hip-Hop Mickey Mouse
With sunglasses

Blue JanSport book bag
Dangling multi-colored tassels
1 discarded sneaker
White Reeboks
Price 54 dollars & 11 cents
I paid with debit

My eyes shifted to the left
The gurney
Almost lost my breath
This concerns me

Brown eyes like mine's
But much softer
Face swollen

Nose broken
Leaking blood from a sacred place

I advanced
2 cops blocked me
Thought they could stop me
Excuse me Mr.
That is my sister!

The doctors said that her body would heal with time
The healing of her mind was a question mark
They doubted she would ever have a successful birth

The police took what little information she could give them
The high pitch voice
& facial scar
That ran from his left eye
Down across his nose to the right side of his mouth

The police promised to capture him
To bring him to justice
So we waited & waited & hoped
Then just waited some more

The media closely covered the B-Line bus strike
& the 50% off sale that Macy's was having
Not the assault on my sister

After the passing of many weeks
Then months
I sat alone on a school park bench
Just me
A fifth of Bacardi dark
A blunt of chronic smoke
& my trusted 45 caliber hand gun

It was mid April
& the assault on my sister was forgotten in everyone's lives
Except ours

"Yo pardon me, do u have a light?"
I was asked
Trying not to laugh at this stranger's
High
Pitched
Voice

While reaching in my pocket & handing him the lighter
My heart stopped
Then began pumping again as if I ran a mile
My blood turned into acid burning my spirit
My soul jumped out

"Is that a scar from his eye to his mouth?"
I questioned myself
Then, as if summoned by angels
My eyes honed in on the gold chain he was wearing

The length
Weight
Width
Price
Because I bought it

Can u see me?

In one motion
Leaping to my feet
Pulling out my gun
& smashing the face of the man in front of me.

AM I WRONG!?
3 PACES!
2 PACES!
I pulled back twice sending 2 hot pieces of lead crashing through the right side of his chest

AM I WRONG!?

He begged for his life
"Please don't kill me"
Like she begged for her life
"Please don't kill me"

& although still alive her 1st chance at creating life might end in death
Split second decision
"Should I or Shouldn't I"

"Where did u get that chain!"

I screamed at the top of my lungs as my enemy's soul drifted towards death

He mustered up enough strength to apologize realizing he done fucked up
Too late
Off FUCKIN LIMITS

Can u see me?

Emptying the remaining 9 shots into his head neck & face removing this despicable pestilence
off the face of the planet

Guilty I was told
Sentenced to 14 years
Sentenced to 14 years for righting a wrong
Am I wrong?

My sister came to visit me the day after I was sentenced
Asked me, why did I abandon her
She asked me who was going to care for her now that I was gone
She said she needed me for her to go on
For her to live

And although I heard her words I thought she was speaking in metaphors
However my sisters words were literal
That night when my sister got home
She brought reality to her words & slipknotted her life

So I ask u
Am I wrong for avenging my baby sister?
How about if it was ur baby sister
Or ur mother
Aunt, cousin, niece
Would u stand by my side for taking the life of the man who brutally beat & raped ur precious
daughter?

If I'm wrong for trying to right this wrong
Then my 14-yr sentence was justified
& I don't want to be right...