

# The Unopened Letter Sent to the Mr. Garners of America

Cam Coleman • 5.19.20

Hello from the other side.

We must have called a thousand times.

To tell you, not sorry  
for everything that I've done.

Mrs. Garners, I talked to  
him with a hand on my gun.

I cuff his wrists  
so he no longer has the ability  
to provide for his family.  
His daughters.

I restrain his feet  
so he cannot walk towards  
the future of tomorrow.

I separate his fingers  
so he can't ball them up  
into an airborne fist  
to unify.

To, act.

I closed his windpipe  
so he cannot shout the power

of the black man  
so he can't breathe.  
So we can't breathe.  
He can't breathe.  
He can't

*breathe.*  
*He can't breathe.*  
*He can't breathe.*  
*Can't you hear him crying for help.*  
*He*  
*said*  
*he can't*  
*breathe.*

*Leave our fathers alone.*  
*Let our sons live.*  
*Let our nephews see*  
*what a black man can do.*

*Leave our hands and arms alone*  
*so we can reach out*  
*for one another*  
*to one another*  
*as the white man puts*  
*us on guilty trial.*  
*We hear the cries of*  
*Emmett Till*  
*Trayvon Martin*  
*Samuel DuBose*  
*George Stinney*

*Tamir Rice*

*as you step on their graves*

*looking for trees*

*to hang a noose on.*

*Cuff our wrists we will break through.*

And kissing my barrel will be the next thing you do.

*Restrain our feet we will continue to run.*

Moving targets are always more fun.

*Separate our fingers we will still show our power.*

I'll just say it was in self-defense in court.

*Close our windpipes even if we can't breathe.*

Even if he can't breathe.

E.v.e.n.i.f.I.c.a.n.'t.b.r.e.a.t.h.e