

Letter to George Floyd

By Preston G. Gresham

My dear brother, I sat in anger and indignation when I saw the tape of you being murdered in broad daylight. I twisted in my seat as I heard you beg for your life – not just yours, but all black lives, which by the way – Really Do Matter! I stood numb from the excuses that have been hurled around like the lies that have been told for decades.

I have watched the emasculation of our black brothers and the separation of our crown jewel, the black family. Is it supposed to hurt to be black? I am saddened by the way your cries for mercy were ignored. As you lay there with that knee on your neck, I felt the air go out of my lungs as I symbolically gasped for air.

Emmett Till, Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown, LaQuan McDonald, Sandra Bland, Ahmaud Arbery, Breonna Taylor, George Floyd. All vibrant, important young black men and women, speaking from the grave and reminding us of the canyon of hate that permeates the American society, even to this day.

George, you represent us all.

Peace