

He didn't think I was deserving of his protection  
Only his disdain, his violent act  
Of striking me violently, angrily with his billy club  
How did this 'peace officer' become a public bully instead of a public servant?

It didn't matter that I was educated, a Cal and USF Law alum  
A lawyer, a mom, a person employed by the same city  
It didn't matter that I stood behind the line that they told us to stay  
It did matter that I was black  
That's how I feel  
I've now added 'Standing While Black' to my police encounters of:  
Driving While Black, Rushing through an Airport While Black,  
and Sitting in the Back Seat of my Husband's Car While Black

We tried to exit and find a Demilitarized Zone for escape  
I was trying to head home, only blocks away  
An opening to our right was provided  
I pleaded with two black police officers with my eyes to let us pass by  
I felt a brief moment of shared humanity

A peaceful moment shattered minutes later  
Attempting to leave the area  
My friend, a black woman, a Cal student, approached crying  
Saying she was just hit on the head and ribs by a police officer  
A young white guy ran up with his card and said he saw what happened  
He said it was officer #141 who hit my friend, and he saw me get struck by #60

Suddenly an officer tossed something at us that was on fire  
It had smoke billowing from it, and we jumped to avoid getting hit  
I was later told they are called 'flash grenades'  
Who declared war on us?  
It made no sense  
It was surreal  
I can't stop seeing the cold eyes  
Behind the armed officer's helmeted face  
The violent blow  
The strike to my back  
The flaming bomb  
The chaos; The riot police who caused a riot  
It was SURREAL