

## **Emmett Till - A Traumatic and Tragic Tribulation**

Staying in our thoughts is a boy from Chicago who had limited will,  
He was lynched for an accusation, and his name was Emmett Till.

He was beaten and shot, and thrown into a river,  
All that remained of Emmett was an unrecognisable sliver.  
His corpse was discovered a mere three days later,  
An inscribed ring on his finger was the only indicator.

The authorities wanted a prompt burial,  
However, Emmett's mother, Mamie, was in utter denial.  
An open viewing would lead to huge publicity,  
Regarded by society and people of any ethnicity.

Justice, however, was still not served,  
Although the treatment of innocent Till was clearly undeserved.  
The defendants were acquitted by the prejudiced jury,  
All the black Americans felt raging fury.

Nonetheless, this brutality caused widespread attention,  
And led to the ultimate climax of racial prevention.  
The injustices suffered by the Southern blacks became emblematic,  
Soon the words spoken out emerged as emphatic.

For weeks this story was in the news,  
One which the public would certainly peruse.  
It outlined the morals of the Jim Crow laws,  
And encouraged people to find the underlying cause.

Emmett Till was a young boy who will always be in our mind,  
Reforming the lives of society, and all of humankind.

By ZG

## Emmett Till

*I'm also a human  
And that's where starts my confusion*

*You see...  
If you go into all our brains  
You'll see we all have the same veins  
They all carry out the same functions  
So why am I made to feel like a repercussion*

*Is it a fault of mine? I wasn't my own design  
So why is it I feel worthless, meritless and feckless  
I'm alive but am I living?  
Or am I doing my best to survive?*

*1955, the news goes wild  
It was the brutal death of a child  
Emmet Till reached only fourteen  
Fourteen, because of his genes*

*Beaten, shot...the sounds were heard  
Yet not one uttered a word  
Necklace of barbed wire with a weighty jewel  
And the world is to blind to see it cruel*

*Comes the court case packed with lies  
Sealed are the white jury's eyes  
Defendant is acquitted  
For a crime which was committed*

*I'm also a human  
And that's where starts my confusion*

*Our blood flows the same  
Yet I'm a ball in a ballgame  
I'm not a slave to be summoned  
So why am I made to feel like a repercussion*

*-AG*

## **Emmett Till**

I'm just a boy  
No, I'm a black boy  
Trying to find my feet  
In a world where Blacks go, just hit delete  
We're constantly playing a game  
Where what we bleed inside, doesn't make us the same  
We're in a war game,  
no matter if we win, we're still put to shame.

I'm just a boy  
Who lived my life  
But one miscommunication  
Led to a strife  
At the top of the board, I dealt with mutilations  
Yet no move was made from any nation

I'm just a boy  
Who wanted to play  
One mistake, and the public betrays  
Risky some dares  
And my night was full of scares  
Kidnapped, beaten, shot and thrown  
And no one cared:  
found three days later, it's shown

I'm just a boy  
Whose body was left to rot  
Humanity lost their place, or they forgot  
From the bottom to the top

The lynching won't stop  
Police, juries, powerful men  
Major injustices do these people defend

I'm just a boy  
Whose name is known  
Media support, I don't feel alone  
I watch the years come by  
Nothing can change, our hands are tied

I'm just a boy  
No, I'm a black boy  
Now I've found my feet  
In a world where black stay, there's no delete  
In heaven, there's no game  
What we bleed inside, makes us the same  
Our identity isn't gloved  
And deeply inside, we're all loved

By RG

## **Cries of justice brutal murder of Emmett Till**

Blood flowed through the river of Mississippi,  
Where a young body lay still lifeless,  
Three days earlier he was brutally murdered,  
Beaten, shot, and thrown away like debris,  
This all happened as a result of a naïve dare,  
This poor life had many years before him,  
As only fourteen had passed,  
What led to this was shocking!  
He went to a shop to buy some sweets,  
Where a lady by the name of Carolyn Bryant, wife of the Rob Bryant,  
He was dared to go and talk,  
But the story which Carolyn came up was very contrasting,  
Was that she was grabbed and had been given sexual suggestions,  
She was scared and ran out and grabbed a gun and was wolf whistled at her,  
The next night the horrific murder was occurred,  
Till's mother wanted her son's body back in Chicago and had an open viewing of the body,  
Trial was reported across the country  
Jury cleared it. The story was sold for three thousand five hundred dollars,  
Justice for his life is yet to be served.

*By HK*