

# Post Sirens (A Poem For Sean Bell)

**By the  
3rd shot,**  
his vehicle  
became just a frame of  
steel & glass,

one that held  
three wooded crosses,

requiring bullets to  
nail them upon  
for the safety of mankind.

how  
did we get  
here?

**By the  
10th shot,**  
two mothers' sons,  
& a woman's groom

became a magnet  
for ammunition

to build a case  
against a lesser cause,

their life & presence,  
& what they alone  
could not shield.

what  
would post-sirens really  
reveal?

**By the  
25th shot,**  
God-created  
human souls,

pinned as bullseyes  
undisclosed,

Shooting ranges as  
enforcement's disguise.

They must think  
we sleep through both  
skies?

Time to reload the guns;  
Come on pal,  
this stuff is fun;

They pause,  
reassess,

I promise you,  
this is best

for the safety of mankind.

**By the  
35th shot,**  
no more  
crying aloud,

night fog's  
the cloud,

of a storm caused  
with no lighting rods  
nor intuitions.

who  
permits this type  
of permissions?

**As the  
50th shot is fired...**

*Afraid of what  
the 51st shot would mean*

*Afraid of what  
The 51st shot might seem...*

*Afraid of what  
The 51st shot would say...*

*Afraid that 51 would  
be carried away...*

*Knowing the 51st shot  
could tally the walls...*

*Knowing the 51st shot  
could rally the calls...*

*could tally the walls...  
could rally the calls...*

*could tally the walls...  
could rally the calls...*

so they covered theirs guns,  
not to disrespect three sons;

then call for help.

**Mark Anthony Thomas**  
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