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Tallahatchie

Mamie Till.

She never stops.

She spoke in subtle whispers into the ears of those who would listen.

in tones that to them were loud and would glisten in the sky, capturing a picture of reminiscence, intelligent words captured in eyes that focused like lenses, she shouted.

She would not let her words stay silent.

Fighting for the pain of the past for these words might be the last ones she spoke.
and it flowed.

It flowed like boats on a thrashing sea, it was like daggers, piercing gentle skin as tears flowed down her cheeks and dripped to the floorboards as she screamed loudly to the shadows

“WHAT DO YOU HATE FOR?!”

she spoke to the wind as she ran from the past, from the dangers of people, she ran to the mast, she climbed to the top, her words pounded in their ears, louder than the ocean, quicker than the waves that swallowed pupils whole, pupils that signified the camera of their eyes, as they captured their last moment, a moment before they died, and spoke their last words, “save us” they would scream, to remind others of the injustice that was happening to her sea, to the ones she held close

To the one she couldn't keep

She held on tight as she whispered goodbye

A boy so young, so bright

He had stars in his eyes

Stars that shone light to the world down below, he endured the pain of holding that light till he burst with tears that didn't shine as bright as the star he once was, before mutilated, before forces chose to degrade

He lives on through his mother, so brilliant, so strong

She strikes power into the image of who he was to inspire the world to hold on to who they love

To fight for their legacy

and so she speaks.

She reminds them of the past, to protect the ones that couldn't run, so their memories last, like her son.
she whispers.

Only into the ears of those who will listen.

To them she isn't silent, to them, they hear the ocean in every word she speaks

She SCREAMS.

She yells, louder than a voice can be commanded

She creates a world of understanding that leaves no room for hatred and fear

A woman worth her standing.

She never stops.

Emmett Till, a name heard by many, a story filled with tears, A story discovered in sadness and grieved through countless generations of people, people who listen to the fear of a past of horror and Injustice for those with a darker mask, an empty shell that holds us all together yet is commonly discriminated based off of its shade. But that shade, it's beautiful, a color that breathes a night sky filled with comfort and warmth, loving souls meant to represent and inspire.

Emmett Till.

Emmett Louis Till, an African American teenager, was killed in Mississippi in 1955 after being accused of insulting a white woman in her family's grocery business.

Was his suffering worth it?

He was beaten and mutilated

Kidnapped and tortured

His eyes torn from light, stripped of what held his soul

Abducted from the safety of his home

Emmett Till

Mamie Till Mobley.

Say her name, say it loud, her story digs deep within people, her pain is a beautiful sound, her voice reached waves of pupils who gladly heard her sing

the Lullaby of her grieving

for a son she couldn't keep.

The melody of her song

A son that left a mark, a scar on the hearts of millions in the world, who want to share her pain, who want to fix the evil that runs deep into the veins of hatred

Her love for her son was an ocean in which she thrashed her pain into the souls of others.

Feel as she does.

Feel what she didn't deserve

She uses her voice to inspire, her words bleed into the ears of her haters,

Even evil must have a heart.

She was stripped of what she brought into the world.

She lives on to keep his memory safe

Unwillingly thrown into history yet she has made her mark

She lives on in the voices of those she believed in, her experience is a story of remembrance.

“prejudices can kill, and suspicion can destroy. And the thoughtless frightened search for a scapegoat has a fallout all of its own for the children and the children yet unborn”

Hear her words flow like water.