

## “Breathe” by Sadie Haupt, Winnetka

Breathe

Raspy voice, in need of air. Screaming for life. Knee in his neck. He sees the flashing lights of an officer's car, but they are not protecting. The lights are fading. The man on the ground screams:

*I can't breathe!*

Phones, Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, Snapchat, exploding. Crowds gather, screaming too. They try and try horrified at the sight before their eyes. They record for evidence and scream to try to save his life:

*He can't breathe!*

On their phones, people miles and miles away, stunned at what they see. They stare and stare. Wait, what? Play that again, could this really be? They comment and repost and say:

*Let him breathe!*

News screens, TVs, booming with the news. You can't turn away if you want to. The sight will be in your memory 'til your last days. You will never forget when you said:

*Why won't they let him breathe!?*

This man had a name: George Floyd. This man had a family. He had a life. But, those police didn't care. They didn't care about what his mom would think, his daughter, his friends. They took his life for no reason. Careless. Evil. Cruel. Un-American.

So, we march. We sit. We make the signs. For freedom. For equality. We feel the rock in our souls like the knee in his neck. Chanting, changing, taking charge. Be angry, but stay peaceful. Be sad, but stay hopeful. We will overcome this... one day, someday, still far far away. But we will fight for what is right.

*We hold our breath for justice.*