CRAIG BEAVEN

Portrait of My Daughter in Repose

September 23, 2020

My daughter is asleep on the couch in our home just like Breonna Taylor—

My daughter is Black and asleep in our home just like Breonna Taylor—

They decided today it was an innocent mistake when they killed Breonna Taylor—

*Mistake* because they were white; to make it, you can’t be the color of my daughter,

you need to be white, but she can’t be white, not my daughter,

safe in our home on the couch after a nightmare and not out in the world. Breonna Taylor wasn’t outside, where the world could reach her. *What world?* The one where they can come in without knocking, that’s rude, you aren’t a friend to my daughter,

you don’t even know Breonna Taylor. Daughter:

if you are outside and they come for you, you need to come in. If you are safe inside when it happens then get outside and hide.

She’s five years old, my daughter, so when will I tell her
about Breonna Taylor? *What if they didn’t always carry guns*, hmmm, that’s a good idea. I wonder if she is shielded by me, a white father, if she were white you couldn’t kill her.