

# Hear Us Our Brothers

*by Bob Boucher May 1992*

We came to the capital with hope in our hearts  
to beg for relief for a chance to restart.

Our businesses stuck with a burdensome deal,  
by the greed of the mighty who cheat and who steal.

By the lying of lawyers, by the twisting of law,  
our patience is strained and our tempers are raw.

Hear us our brothers, help us we shout.  
Our souls are exposed, our feelings hang out

Our faces are twisted with fear and despair.  
Our souls are exposed. Our cries pierce the air.

Hear us our brothers. Help us we pray.  
God make them hear us. Please do it today.

This poem was written shortly after the Rodney King riots in Los Angeles. I was at a small press conference held at a furniture manufacturing plant near Central and Slauson that ended about 2 PM that day. I drove back to my office in the Marina just before the riots started.