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'I - I don't quite understand, Mrs. Carter?' Gomez sputters<sup>1</sup>.

'You haven't asked my child about that cop yet,' Momma says. 'You keep asking her about Khalil, like he's the reason he's dead. Like she said, he didn't pull the trigger on himself.'

'We just want the whole picture, Mrs. Carter. That's all.'

'One-Fifteen killed him,' I say. 'And he wasn't doing anything wrong. How much of a bigger picture do you need?'

Fifteen minutes later, I leave the police station with my mom.

Both of us know the same thing:

This is gonna be some bullshit.

## CHAPTER 7

Khalil's funeral is Friday. Tomorrow. Exactly one week since he died. I'm at school, trying not to think about what he'll look like in the coffin<sup>1</sup>, how many people will be there, what he'll look like in the coffin, if other people will know I was with him when he died ... what he'll look like in the coffin.

I'm failing<sup>2</sup> at not thinking about it.

On the Monday night news, they finally gave Khalil's name in the story about the shooting, but with a title added to it - Khalil Harris, a Suspected<sup>3</sup> Drug Dealer. They didn't mention that he was 'unarmed'. They said that an 'unidentified witness'<sup>5</sup> had been questioned and that the police were still investigating.

After what I told the cops, I'm not sure what's left to 'investigate.' In the gym everyone's changed<sup>6</sup> into their blue shorts and gold Williamson T-shirts, but class hasn't started yet. To pass time, some of the girls challenged some of the boys to a basketball game. They're playing on one end of the gym, the floor squeaking as they run around. The girls are all 'Staaawp'<sup>6</sup> when the guys guard them. Flirting. Williamson style.

Hailey, Maya, and I are in the bleachers<sup>7</sup> on the other end. On the floor, some guys are supposedly dancing, trying to get their moves ready for prom<sup>8</sup>. I say *supposedly* because there's no way that shit can be called dancing. Maya's boyfriend, Ryan, is the only one even close, and he's just doing the dab<sup>9</sup>. It's his go-to<sup>10</sup> move. He's a big, wide-shouldered linebacker<sup>11</sup>, and it looks a little funny, but that's

1 coffin ['kɔːfɪn]: wooden box for a dead person 2 fail (v): be unsuccessful  
3 suspected: believed to be guilty without proof 4 unarmed: without a weapon  
5 witness (n): Zeuge 6 staaawp (informal): 7 bleachers (AE, pl): seats to watch a sporting event 8 prom: formal dance to celebrate the end of high school 9 dab (n): dance move 10 go-to (adj) (informal): standard 11 linebacker: defensive position in American football

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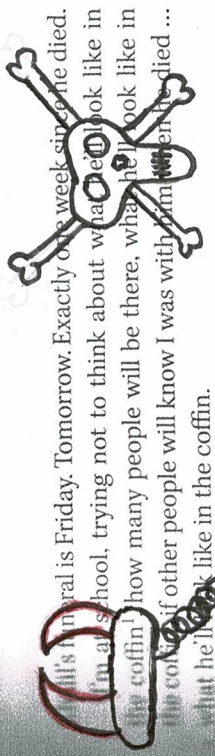
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- 102 strange: distant, reserved
  - 103 but that: if it had not been for the fact that
  - ware: aware
  - 105 and do not consider (*impute*: unterstellen) that my easy giving in to you (*yielding*: Nachgeben) is due to false feelings
  - 106 which: refers to 'yielding'  
discovered: revealed
- Note, l. 107-109:** Romeo is about to come out with more typical phrases of love. Juliet cuts him short. Having had her feelings discovered, she is obviously in no mood to have Romeo express his feelings in characteristic phrases.
- 109 *inconstant*: changing
  - 110 *circled orb*: sphere in which the moon circles the earth
  - 114 *idolatry*: Vergötterung; Götzenverehrung
  - 116 *joy*: rejoice
  - 117 *contract*: exchange of lover's vows
  - 118 *unadvised*: done without careful consideration
  - 121 *bud*: Knospe
  - 122 *beauteous*: beautiful
  - 129 *would*: wish
  - 131 *frank*: truthful; generous
  - 133 *bounty*: generosity  
*boundless*: deep, unending

Book:

Distance between  
Blackout Poetry & Art

I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overthrust'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: Therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.  
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —  
O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.  
What shall I swear by?

ROMEO:

JULIET:

ROMEO:

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JULIET:

Do not swear at all;  
O, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

if my heart's dear love —  
Well do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract tonight:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summers' ripening breath,  
May prove a delicious flower when next we meet  
God night, good night! As sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO:

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O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?  
What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?  
The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.  
I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.  
Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?  
But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

NURSE calls within.

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- 103 *but that*: if it had not been for the fact that
- 105 and do not consider (*impute*: unterstellen) that my easy giving in to you (*yielding*: Nachgeben) is due to false feelings
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**Note, I. 107-109:** Romeo is about to come out with more typical phrases of love. Juliet cuts him short. Having had her feelings discovered, she is obviously in no mood to have Romeo express his feelings in characteristic phrases.

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 And now I do begin to blush, as he that's  
 Whom the dark night doth so blackly shroud,  
 Lady, with silver moonlight I swear  
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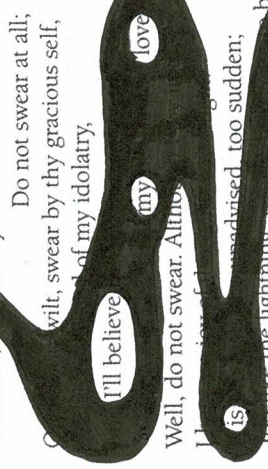
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 Doth unadvisedly become his service,  
 Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Swear not!  
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