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Foot Notes on Equality

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I.

In the days when the sky crushed to the trees to the ground And hope hung suspended from the branches Strangled by the passion of the times We moved beneath the heavens Our backs doubled over By unfinished fields yet to be tended The land nourished us with her strength The strength of our pain The pain of our sorrow The sorrow of our bondage II. Under the pale whiteness of the foreign sky Africa's rivers still flowed in our souls And our roots sank into the bitter ground Dawn and sunset merged The years fled one after another The old songs lost their meaning Our folk tales their values And the spirits of the ancestors no longer dwelled within us In the Southern concentration camps Our lives ground raw, bleeding Between the barbs of cotton and tobacco fields -----waiting-----Our tired hands cried out for deliverance For some it was in song across the river For others at night on foot But Freedom came slow of foot hard of heart and begrudgingly It stank of garbage piles welfare rolls unemployment rat droppings broken plaster Hunger in the children's stomachs The booming of Segregation *de facto, de jure* And always the promises of our forefathers and enslavers, "We hold these truths

FOOT NOTES

to be self evident that all men are created equal."