



ALMOST THERE

With each weary step, I promise my feet,
"This next step...will be the last."
The bitter cold, quite burns the cheek.
Like my soul in winters past.
I curse the heavens. Yet to it's inhabitants beseech,
"Please save me from this earthly strain!"
I bow my head, and there my feet,
Step once, step twice, and step again.
I suppose the end I shall not meet.
Life's burden I still must bear.
I then resolve to tell my feet,
"Don't worry...we're almost there."

-Rob Jones

Black Like Me

*My soul has grown black like me,
Full of all the pain and misery, in my history.
Stained with the blood of my ancestors lynched,
With words of racism and hatred it has been drenched.
Drowned in a sea of injustices dating back to the plantation,
Deprived of love equality to the brink of starvation.
My soul has grown bitter and black like me.
Trapped in a world of unrelenting poverty.
Practically bludgeoned to death by the invisible hand,
Until all that is left is a hollow image of the former man.
My body and my mind have been subjected to their manipulation,
My body drugged and my mind brainwashed into assimilation
But my soul, it has grown strong and solid like me,
Nourished by the teachings of X, Walker and Garvey.
Encompassing the rich legacy that gives birth to my destiny,
My soul has grown black and beautiful like me.
The beauty of the color black is that it is dark,
And can hide the decaying soul and the broken heart.
My soul has grown deep and dark like me,
An enigma forever cloaked in mystery.*

-Mario Meeks