

The Broncos' Song

WHO AM I

By Ralph E. Burns

Who am I?

I was conceived out of Love,
A manner of creation approved from above.

Who am I?

When I was born into this world, they called me a baby,
And my dark skin and nappy hair was a mystery, maybe.

Who am I?

In the motherland, I could have been a king,
But forced to come to America, I was nothing but a thing.

Who am I?

On the boat over seas, they changed my name to "Leroy,"
When I refuse to answer, they just called me "Boy."

Who am I?

As I grew older and they feared my brain was bigger,
To try and discourage me, they called me "Nigger."

Who am I?

They forced my matriarchs until my race became cluttered
And when my features favored theirs, they called my "Colored."

Who am I?

When they ran out of names, I finally became "Negro"
But still some didn't conform, and I was named "Sambo."

Who am I?

As years went by, and we celebrated the progress we made,
Still some couldn't resist calling me "Spade."

Who am I?

Yes, some felt I was accepted too soon,
So they met behind closed doors and called me "Coon."

Who am I?

As they recognized that intelligence I did not lack
They recognized my anger and called me "Black."

Who am I?

Each time I wore a suit, they referred to me as "Preacher,"
They never thought that my profession could be "Teacher."

Who am I?

When I invented things, my talents they always used,
but as to my identity, they tried to keep me confused.

Who am I?

Now, I know who I am, and I bare no shame,
For my character is strong and my heritage the same.

today, I am identified as an African-American,
A name I accept, because I choose to, and I can.

Who am I?

Just call me a Man!

Fly

A bright winter's day,
Unable to pierce my wintersoul,
Shone through the oak leaves
As higher and higher I flew.
Back and forth
I reach up to touch
Those oak leaves--
But I fall back.
Beauty out of reach.
NWRice