

11/6/09

THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT

THE DAY AND THE EVE THE WORLD STOOD STILL.

FROM MY MOTHER'S WOMB THIS DAY WAS DESTINED.

THE SUN SMILED, THE MOON WINKED, THE CLOUDS DISSIPATED, THE STARS GLEAMED,
AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR WAS THE FIRST DAY OF MY AWAKEN DREAMS.

CELEBRATIONS FROM THE COLD GROUND, MADE THE EARTH RUMBLE.

MIDNIGHT AS WE REST, A WEIGHT REMOVED FROM OUR BREAST.

THE WARM BLOOD THAT YET STEAM THROUGH YOUR VEINS,

FEAR NOT THE MAN WHOM WALKED THE LINES,

VENDICATION OF HIS LIFE, SHEDDED BLOOD BE NOT IN VAIN.

I CALLED TO THE WIND, BUT THE WIND STOOD STILL.

I RAN TO THE MOUNTAINS BUT THE MOUNTAINS DIDN'T SPEAK.

I CAST MY BOAT INTO THE SEA, BUT THE WAVE DROWNED ME.

I GOT DOWN ON MY KNEES MY SOUL BE FREED.

MEMORY OF THE CHAINS THAT BOUND MY FEET,

YES MASTER, NO MASTER, NO MORE IN DEFEAT.

FOR IN THIS GRAVE I PAY NO RENT,

PEACEFULLY I SLEEP, I NEED NOT REPENT, MY PILLOW BE THE SHOULDERS OF

THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT.

AUTHOR

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11/13/08