Out of the abyss of my mind
Chime the memories sublime
Of a time not soon to be forgotten
Barriers not easily broken
Happiness frequently confined
To small areas of freedom and justice for all
Within borders chalked in WHITE
Foretelling crime scenes of hate, Rage inescapable
Because some were incapable
Of the love sung in old Negro spirituals

No Justice! No Peace! Who cries for thee?
REST IN PEACE John Earl
Erupted from violent bloodshed
Greeted (in jest) by an early grave
This was not the hope and the dream of the slave!
Young eyes expose the horror
Tears caressed, Terror in the night
Whites against blacks fight
Creating shades of bloodstained gray
Shadows of despair, Wake up from this nightmare
Rescue me from this abysmal duress
I do not understand
Will I ever know civil liberties untainted by hate
and fueled by fear?

The time is near, yet we are still so far away
Negro cemeteries whisper the stoties
House the shattered dreams of the many
Way too many
Like John Earl, like me, Like you, like us
We must remember, lest we forget
And every beating, lynching, raping
Escaping, weeping, sitting, marching,
Rioting, spitting, kicking, dragging,
Protesting, degrading, mourning, standing
BE IN VAIN

A plea against inhumanity
Laced in utter insanity
Reverse the mis - education of our people
Embrace the true beauty of us-
A rainbow of colors
Mane textures as vast as the earth
Shaped in adversity
Born of kings and queens
Creators of ideas, philosophies, many things
A people equipped to survive
Our way charted, Our roads paved
I am the hope and the dream of the slave
The dream once deferred within the grave of John Earl
The bridge between our present and our past
But you hold the key that gives all else meaning
Moves us forward, Sustains our being
Please, don’t walk away
LET US FREE
Unlock peace
Unlock Freedom
Unlock Justice
UNLOCK US

-LaTasha Wilson May 2010