

Dreams of a path haunt my night and sully my days

For a new plantation has resurfaced, it is called “the war in Ukraine”

The unrecognized massa’s whip, through a fist lands on the Black man's cheeks... again

Broken jaw, broken hearts, broken dreams, broken hopes

A recipe for a generation that foresees breakage within the monsoon of bullets sprayed

Education

Purpose driven intellectualism drove bodies that beg to learn

Beg to learn to learn to build

Buildings blasted by bombings

Bodies fleeing left halting, haunted

Space seldom makes face

The massa’s whip lands yet again throwing Black bodies off trains, borders and gates

*If one must perish after all may it not be the scum of this earth?*

*The descendants of the cursed Ham?*

*With their black skinned stain that sullies our blue eyed blonde hair perfection?*

*This war on our soil is unthinkable!*

*Let's breathe out relief...*

*Violent relief of these cursed gene bearers of Ham*

Dreams of a path haunt my night and blood sullies my days

The massa’s whip has landed one too many times with the first time being too many

So I dream... Wondering what form the Tumbans of our time would take

An underground railroad of this day

Chains of Black and Brown bodies linked across the Atlantic

From California to Idaho, North Dakota to New Mexico, into the actual Mexico, Alabama to Ontario, Quebec to New York, Ohio to Puerto Rico, Haiti to Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados to Morocco, Senegal to Nigeria, Ghana to Angola, Sao Tome to South Africa, Madagascar to Ethiopia, Egypt to Syria a network of hands, funds, homes, clothes, safety, community, sanity for the 40,000 whose cheeks are left suspended to this unrecognized massa’s fists

A network of hands that can hold and pull and pass our own, through security to safety of our  
OWN 21st century Underground Railroad

A network of us who will see ourselves as Tubmans, fearless because a loss of freedom is the  
biggest fear and motivation on which we have ALWAYS raised our fists

Shouting... POWER!

Dreams of this dreaded path haunt my night, it's non existence bloodies my tears

WE HAVE the hands, WE HAVE the resources

All living things look after their own

Tubman made sure of this

I pray we shun the distractions the colonizer keeps putting before us to mask the fists they land  
on our 40,000 siblings trying to cross the Ukrainian border

If Tubman, one human, broke free a couple hundreds,

I'll be damned if we meekly accept that we are unable to break free what might be left of our

40,000