

"Being Free"

Shama Genesis Nathan

We are no longer his slave and our backs no longer ache.
Only thing we can see is the north, which makes us full of glee.
We pack our sacks in the middle of the night, whispering goodbye,
shedding a tear for those so dear.

Oh, how could they not want to come?
To be free, see countries and have no boundaries.
Them poor souls, let's keep going.
Now is not the time to be uncertain, it is time to hurry and walk fast.

Panic chokes our throats as we stumbled through the dark woods.
The moonlight streams through the thick forest of trees.
The crunching of leaves gets louder and the bark of dogs are heard, we
are soon to be caught.
We are scared, sure, but we are not afraid.

We escaped the enemy and escape to freedom.
However, challenges face us all around.
Many people still gawk; some are stunned because of our shade while
others, turn and walk away.
We don't care, even if they stare, we are proud of our black skin.