

We?

We're a day to them. We're a month to them.
Yet all year, we're ~~w~~hole-hearted American.

Then, Plessy v. Ferguson.
Today, a deadly force in Ferguson.
A locked ankle, to a lost angel.
Till trial, 'till burial.

Fly, climb tall with that torn wing.
All the children, us, hear the caged bird sing.
A dove, above a Jim crow's sin.

With a Dream, we arose from a slave, to a King.

Joined hands with the chain, that they linked us in.
Climbed the lit rope, that they lynched us with.

When Rosa sat, we took a stand.
Martin walked, then Barack ran.

We'll. All. Rise.

~

we. 1/15/15. jason fotso. **@voice.**

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