

## On Reading History About The Middle Passage

There is some history  
Dead like a corpse  
It bloats the head  
As junk food does the stomach  
The price for release  
From one is rather cheap  
But seeking clarity from the other  
Exacts a much dearer sacrifice.

There is a another kind of history  
Still so real and full of life  
No matter how long ago it happened  
It burns you  
As if you are walking on coals of fire  
It pains you to the core  
As if bitten by a poisonous snake  
It enrages you  
As if you are staring in the face  
The very embodiment of evil itself  
Yet it inspires you  
To claim your full humanity  
To rise and strive tirelessly  
For a just world.

10/5/2010

SWS