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"Who Am I?"

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“Who Am I?”

“Who am I?” you dare to ask.
I am more than the eye can behold and
I am more than the mind can perceive, yet
I am just a part of some colossal being.

I run my fingers through the black soil and remember how our
Mother and father came to walk across this earth.
God worked hard to make them, for his sweat was their strength,
And yet, it is also our strength.
Our father stood strong and tall, never wondering,
Just being.
And our mother, beautiful and wise, was right there beside him.
They were one, as it always should be.

I am the hard sole of Mammy’s bare foot which dared to stomp
Heavily across the torture that was endured for years and still
Silently exists today.

I am the coal that burns within all of my sisters and brothers’
Hearts which fuels the fury and melts the bitter cold of enemies.

I am the beat that forms the rhythm as we march, hand in hand,
To the gateways of Heaven.

I am the ambition that spreads over this world and lifts us onto
The pedestal of success.

I am the soul who whispers the old, sweet spirituals in the wind
And drowns out the Voices of Failure.

I bet you never thought that with every lash of the whip,
My blood would come out just

As red as yours--
Trickling down my jet black back,
Creeping down my father's leather-brown back,
Crawling down my mother's light-skinned back,
Dripping onto the soil that made us.
With every lash came the cry of my people, bellowing out from
The many hearts.
Echoing the pain and anguish through the years.
Our voices creep into every crevice of your body,
And you shudder in disbelief.

Today, at this very second, you are not the only one grasping
our Ankles, once bound in shackles, forcing us to drag your
Contempt along with us.
We have somehow managed to bend over and place our hands
With yours, joining in the force to bring us down.

Animosity pulls the trigger,
And hatred is shot into our veins.
Death at every turn and a child wonders why.

All of us need to remove those hands and place them firmly on
Shoulders.
All of us need to stretch beyond the crimson red horizons of this
World.
All of us need to look into each other's eyes and realize that we
Are all human beings.

We are the ground that has supported the many Marches of the Past and present.

We are the tough, hard skin that refused to break under the Pressure of the many hoses that spat on our hopes.

We are the hands that pulled out the rusty nails of ignorance that Held us to a burning cross.

We are more than the eye can behold, and
We are more that the mind can perceive.
We make up that colossal being.

“Who are we?” you dare to ask.

--- *Dominic L. Finney*