

Diamond Williams

NFD: Poem

Moment of Silence: Rich Sounds of Freedom

Ocean currents peacefully brush against the corners of the ship
Captain steers the wheel with a firm grip
Reaches in his pockets, there he finds a small telescope
Familiar greenery ahead, crew cheers with high hopes
Fresh fruit and wine keeps the men refreshed
Poor men, hard work capturing hundreds,
Captain insisted you fellas need good rest.
There's a soft breeze in the air.
Feels quite cool roaming through their hair
Air moves throughout the ship and seeps down to the captain's treasure
Africa's most valuable riches, covered in strong black leather
Moment of Silence. Listen to the sound of black rhythms that will live passed tomorrow

Soulful cries of their inner sorrow, packed bodies in the captain's chest like worthless cargo
Rumbling sounds of chains scraping, connecting everyone young and old.
Squeaking, tiny mice have come to feast on the rich African gold
Tearing of fleshed, squishing like jelly, from whips to a resisting brother
Splashes of water, arises the sound of a mother's love, sacrificed baby so that he will not suffer
Moment of silence for the tunes of the middle passage,

Bold is the eyes when they first see us, no warm greeting to welcome us
Jealousy towards our rich black color, immediately stamped us as an other
Fears embedded in the girl who has lost her mother,
she finds content , adopting another child as a brother
Harmony from the roots of African culture formed and brought to the new land
The people kept their peace of sanity, although masters scarred them w a brand
Moment of silence for it is the harmony that kept history in our hands

Tears falling from the little boys face,
Trying to bare the agony of an entire race
Pain increases in the woman's thighs as her mother rubs warm water on her
She is just another victim of her drunken slave owner
Blood covers the live oak tree, the black man is lashed
No power to stand as a man, bearing the pain is what kept us stronger
Moment of silence. The beats of suffering is no longer

Disgusted with Abraham's new change
because a random "nigger" he can no longer hang
the tempo changes they are Raging with aggressive anger
They've lost sense of that old laughter, until drool would linger

Family picnics, they'd pick a nigger", for the reason they nitpicked
From this I know the ancestors were having a terrible fit.
Moment of silence. This is the sweet melody of freedom

We are free from cruelty and delinquent
But we'd rather listen to the sounds of a rap artist, screaming "Niggas aint shit"
A young black man walks with lost pride on his shoulders
Ignoring young black woman, a child is born and he would even come hold her
There pants sags as low as the heavy shackles that kept us from walking free
Or perhaps mimicking the prisoners, loss of dignity, and remembrance that justice is key
Unlocking those same chains that started the black American journey
They couldn't think of a single word to say when school counselors asked "who are you aspiring to be"
Moment of silence. Open your ears and listen to the music that will show that there are greater things
to see

A black man must know a black man's worth,
We arrived determined in armor, and we shined like gold
But they will only tell you we were covered in dirt
Our heart beat is that of an African drum
The black rhythm is what keeps us as one
Black music stretches across every horizon
If they ever ask you where we are going
Take a moment of silence
And tell them we are rising