

I had been pushed
around ~~for~~ all my
life ~~been~~ and felt at
this moment that I
couldn't take it anymore.
When I asked the policeman
why we ~~were~~ had to be
pushed around? He said
he didn't know. "The law
is the law. You are under
arrest." ~~And~~ ~~I~~ ~~went~~
~~with~~ I didn't resist.

I want to feel the
nearness of something
secure. It is such a
lonely, lost feeling that
I am cut off from
life. I am nothing, I
belong nowhere and to
no one. §

There is just so much
hurt, ~~disap~~ disappointment
and oppression one
can take. The bubble
of life grows larger.
The line between reason
and madness grows
thinner. The reopening
of old wounds are
unbearably painful.

Time begins the healing
process of wounds cut
deeply by oppression.

We soothe ourselves
~~with~~ with the salve
of attempted indifference,
accepting the false
pattern set up by the
horrible restriction of
Jim Crow laws.

~~Jim Crow~~ Let us look
at Jim Crow for the
criminal he is and what
he had done to one life
multiplied millions of times
over these United States and
the ~~whole~~ world.

~~The~~ He walks us on
a tight rope from birth

to the end of life's span
whether it be long or
of brief duration, Little
Children are so conditional
early to learn their places
in the segregated pattern
as they take their first
toddling steps and are
weaned from the mother's
breast.