When Did We Move Away

August 29, 2011 By Aundaray Guess

When did we move.....away?

When did we move when we stood next to each other

dancing to the sounds of our culture,

standing tall on the earth of our heritage, my brothers, together in unison.

When did we move.....away?

When they captured us and put us together like livestock,

no my fault, the livestock traveled better than us.

Our value was less than the hoofs of a calf and our soul was collective

as we were layered on top of each other,

sharing sweat, pain and bloodless tears.

Holding each other, as men we gave ourselves permission to be human,

shedding tears in each other arms, holding on to each other even when the spirit had left the body, my brotha was free.

When did we move.....away?

Was it when we stood in line, our manhood sold off to the highest bidder?

My shoulder pressed against yours, my hands holding yours, saying be strong brotha, no matter what, be strong.

I let you cry, you let me cry. We cried together as stolen men standing on stolen land.

When did we move.....away?

When we stitched our strength together and told them no more.

When they arrived in covered sheets trailing blood stained ropes of our brothas behind them?

When the air of unjust laws was pumped in our chest and the value of our worth was less than the dirt that covered our bare feet.

Yet we were still rich as you called on me and I could call on you.

My brother.

When did we move.....away?

When we walked together looking for the Promised Land.

The jagged teeth of dogs tearing into our flesh,

the sting of the water feeling like thrown needles on our back,

our face,

our lives.

I never left your side because we knew we would overcome and that no matter what we endured we would not be undone.

When did we move……..away?

When we stood together, our fists pumped in the air. We took care of ours and didn't expect anything from anyone whose afro didn't fit the roundness of the moon.

Say it loud……..

I'm black and I'm proud.

Say it loud……..

I'm black and I'm proud

Say it loud…..my brotha

When did we move…….away?

When we endured history's wraith as one.

When did we move….away?

Was it when the white snow started to fall in our neighborhoods, crystallizing in needles replacing lost dreams to only disappear into our veins.

Was it when we saw the door was left open and the fathers of fathers started to walk through them, away from the cries of a young mind?

Was it Reaganomics, Don't Ask, Don't Tell or the weapons of mass destruction that made us come undone?

When did we move……away?

From each other, my brotha

My……

Nigger

Or does it really make a difference when it ends with an "a"

The spirit of my ancestors tell me it sounds the same as his last breath is drowned by the gathered crowd that finds sport in each swing his neck makes on the bitter tree.

Yet now we use it as our glue of endearment, attempting to claim ownership of it, when we don't even try to own our own dreams.

When did we move……away?

Are you talking to me nigga?

Who you looking at?

You got something to say.

You got beef?

You stupid whack ass nigga. I should smoke your ass.

.....and when will we come back.

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