

"BLACK" by Jo-Hanna Kraal

I am not a quitter.  
Born of the past,  
Grown in the future.  
My roots run deep,  
Deep,  
Underneath the boundaries  
That held my people;  
Over the obstacles  
Built to restrain  
my people.  
My people.  
Once emerged from below the deck,  
Now emerge victorious.  
I am more than a pretty face,  
I am more than speedy legs,  
I am more than melodious voice.  
I am intelligence,  
Beauty,  
Grace.  
I am architect  
Builder of this grand nation.  
Provider and enabler.  
Yet still my children  
Bleed on the ground;  
Still they die without a sound.  
But we will rise,  
Hallelujah, we will rise.  
Above the deep,  
Deep loss,  
We will rise.  
And when we're done  
The world is gone.  
Because I am not a quitter.