“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.