

Katrina: The Eye of the Storm

We know only how to cope.
We've seen the bitter end
of this slope.

For we cannot escape this land
by which we've been raped,
strangling our humanity at the very nape.

We are the red in the flag,
the blood
of innocents –
wrapped in its fate.

We are the white
that opened for this land,
the blossoms of Heaven's gate.

We are the stars
that shine
in unbroken splendor
in "Oh!" the tunnels of unlighted years.

We –are- the blues,
we couldn't see
the end of our journey,
but hope
conquered our fears.

We have faced the rod,
suffered the wrath of God.
By merit, and conduct
we overcome the odds.

Like the sun at dawn
as life yawns
and to the earth gives rise,
such is the golden hue
glittering in the tears
in our eyes.

Caught in the arms of the storm,
in this struggle that is life,
we shall not linger in dismay
for only out of a people,
out of that culture,
can the solution
to their problems
be borne.

This boundless self-awakening
is our goal.
Now, can you hear me?
Now – is the time!

We cannot waver or sway.
Nay, for though the fury
of the roaring gusts
hinder our way,
pity not your shoulders' responsibility this day,
for no escape is afforded us.

Be ye calm,
quiet the racket and internal alarm.
Be ye still – in perseverance –
in the face of harm.

Be ye the eye of the storm.

3/1/05