BLACK HERCULES

POEM BY ZHARIA JEFFRIES
Black and Renaissance
Not usually used together
Come to Senegal my darling
Seems like they’ve been entwined forever
A monument of true black power
A family standing strong
In the midst of all the strife
Holding their child up with grace and might

Ain’t it sad I had to travel fifteen hours to see
A vision of what my family should really be

It really makes me wonder
What my family would have looked like
Had the chains never emerged
And the whip never used to strike
Had the block never been used to sell
Had the pain of separation never been felt
Would Black Hercules emerge
With his Queen by his side
Holding his baby up to the sky?
I can only hope that
Black and Renaissance
Can be used to describe the family that stands beside
The family that held the pieces together
For future generations to thrive

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