

## Black Child

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I was born unto a world of slavery,  
I have learned to plow fields for my master,  
I even became a stud for his market...  
I believe in the cruel reality of life,  
I was given no justice for my color,  
I was burdened with the fear of freedom...  
Now, I steal to survive in this world,  
to feed my hungry mind for knowledge,  
to satisfy my lust for wisdom...  
I would kill to protect my "Mother,"  
I will shame myself to be equal,  
And I will laugh to define my dreams...  
True I am a slave to this world,  
but my mind is free to the melody,  
I dance within my heart to this beat...  
Whatever life has planned for me,  
I will make sure I caress it slowly,  
I will treat it as a child...  
Being a black child is a lot of pain,  
but I learned the game of war just the same,  
and now I am a Warrior,  
the battle continual even today....