

WORKING FOR PEANUTS

I am working like a nut,
still don't get a piece of the pie.
I am cleaning wet showers!

I am working , in deed, for peanuts,
while they look on from their chair on high.
They look too, from their high towers!

As I toil; I was given my imaginary hut.
I didn't work for the ante-bellum South, that died.
As my ancestors did, in the fields of sugar-cane and flowers!

Justice I request, clearly from a cult,
As if God, to whom I pray, at night.
Will not help against their corrupted powers!

I learned to keep my mouth shut,
but I keep pressing for my right.
Will I be free, and exist for my daughter!

Working for peanut,
I am working upright.
I am doing my best, that my daughter don't see a coward!

Penned on 11/18/13, Stanley WI 54768-6500.