

Satilla River Reflections #7

(For George Floyd)

we cry for our mothers sometimes
when the pain outweighs the pleasure

we cry for our mothers sometimes
when the pain becomes intense
like thunder and lightning in a gray sky
above the Okefenokee Swamp

we cry for our mothers sometimes
when soldiers fall down on the battlefield

the intercommunal streets of Amerikkka
are not supposed to be a battlefield
but they are and the blood
is flowing like water
in the Satilla River

you told them
that you could not breathe
they knew you could not breathe
they killed you and seven continents
were stunned

we cry with their feet on our necks
and our hands bound behind our backs

we cry in the day
we cry in sunlight

we cry in the night
we cry in the moonlight

we cry for freedom
we cry for freedom
we cry for freedom

we cry for Mama.

--J. Vern Cromartie
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