

The More You Know

by Gracious Robertson

Stop lulling to me

your merry ragtime praises.

I have learned the beat of your meter

and I prefer the jive of Harlem.

Ill-documented is the date of my great aforetime's

emancipation;

but you teach it to my children that suck

and are filled in their bellies with your falsified doctrines,

caramelized and are still sour to the core-

such are the American amenities that my forefathers assured me.

Enslavement is as subjugation does.

A bastard of a generation are my great greats

that laid claim to my children's children

because my forefather didn't want nothing to do with me.

I climbed the backs of the children before me

to search out the sunshine

hidden by the peaks of this free land

that shadow my dark skin.

I wait for the reign to shower over the crops

of this free land

that may feed my children's children by the labor of these hands

'cause I inherited nothing from the mother of that generation unknown

after my forefathers brought her to his Home

and knew her.

Shamed then and now despised

because my people begin to rise

but do not yet heed the succession of my forefather

and have not been fully requited the liberties that he assured my mother.