

To the Oppressors

By Pauli Murray

Now you are strong
And we are but grapes aching with ripeness.
Crush us!
Squeeze from us all the brave life
Contained in these full skins.
But ours is a subtle strength
Potent with centuries of yearning,
Of being keggered and shut away
In dark forgotten places.

We shall endure
To steal your senses
In that lonely twilight
Of your winter's grief.

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