

EVEN THE SKY

Even the sky is below me-

no chest-strutting claim
for conscious eyes to gain fame
at the expense of mystified minds;

once dwelled beneath glass ceilings;
constrained eyes inside social trappings;

cursed by divisive cultures
of today's times;

bridging the distance between
the equals the Higher Power
created mankind to be;

forgetting the foundation
the pioneers laid for me-
(& my generation)

'til Harriett Tubman built railroads
with wearied worn-feet;
'til Langston Hughes rebelled racism
in the pulse of a poetic beat;

'then MLK marched against
the violence-prone thread;
& Barack Obama brought
sheer optimism, instead

of allowing the clouds of limitations;
& excuses of divided nations
keep me from touching the stars
which is why

Even the sky is below me-

but sometimes I fall-
fall when I

forget once-placed
"white only" signs in common places;
forget forces of
water hoses on idle black faces;

then shield stubborn
ears to make every vote count;
& depend on athletics
as the academic way out;

& bridge distances between
the equals the Creator
created mankind to be;

easily forgetting sacrifices
the pioneers made for me-
(& this generation)

'til W.E.B. Dubois birth
a shame-filled soul to cleanse;
'til Nikki Giovanni converted
words into hope dividends;

'then Andrew Young stepped
onward to carry forward the dream;
& We aligned
the torch-bearers on the same team;

to allow the storms of defeat,
unveil full-circles to complete;
propelling me to the stars
to see;

Even Earth's sky far below me.

& it's not black, white, nor blue-
but skin color-free.
capable of turning on
the axis of harmony

as conscious eyes see the end-goal;
to make divisive cultures take a hold;

& finally,
finally
overcome

By MARK ANTHONY THOMAS

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