

Rising Tide

“Shall we not dread him,
Shall we not fear him”

* Gwendolyn Brooks

Looking into his eyes I see no dividing line
to superior myself over him, why separate
by any other than true nature for that has no color.
My white hand shakes his black hand, melts
into colorless ocean drowning sea of ignorance,
quenching fires of hatred, together we take
matches to keep them unlit.

True peace exists in these new colorblind eyes
that fear not any vitriol, do not fear me. Oppression
never found on my business card but judge
me only on my merit as a man for I will return the favor.
We both have erred in life for that is to be human,
but understand that hatred will not drown me
as we sit in the boat and watch those less fortunate.