

Breaking Amerikkka's Chains

Composed by Raynell D. Morgan

WSPF PO Box 9900, Boscobel, WI 53805

Aka Kamau Tebogo Zulu Damali

I have been one of Amerikkka's prisoners for over 400 years,
The blood and tears of my people are her lakes and rivers,
She claims to be the apotheosis of liberation,
When fact is, she enslaved two-thirds of the Black Nation,
Plundered the Red Man of his land,
And placed him on a reservation.
I can still smell the fresh blood of Afrikans and Natives,
Who died in Amerikkka's hands from years passed,
Because they wanted to be free.

And I can still hear the crescendo speeches
From the brother and sisters of the 50's and 60's,
Who vociferated: "I am a Man, I am a Woman,"
As they marched in the streets.
Blood shot eyes from cold emotions and sleepless nights;
I can't recall the last time I cried.
I can't recall the last time I laughed.
Angry frowns on the faces of prisoners,
Define long life struggles.
Ancient memories as a youngsta,
Warm hugs and kisses from the embrace and lips of my mother.
Screams from newborn babies spell revolution.
Conscious Black men driven by hope and rage.
In search of a solution.

Generations of young Black males with high esteem,
And dreams of going to Harvard or Yale,
But instead they end up in one of Amerikkka's prison cells.
Look at me,
My face is the face Amerikkka doesn't want the world to see.
Listen to me,
My voice is the voice Amerikkka doesn't want the world to hear.
Who am I?
I'm that brother,
That Alkebulanian man whose mission is to break Amerikkka's chains.

