

SA10

A black fist .

A black fist that rises out of the ashes

We are tired of being stepped on , trapped on and left in the gutters.

We are human.

We have visions and thoughts , we believe.

Liberation ? From a war , an on going war that seems to never end.

A war of colour , but these fools are colour blind.

The scorching sun burns our flesh to a crisp. Whilst you just stand there in glory ; in a pool of cool shade. Soaking up the momentum

Bare footed and hungry , my shoulders hurt because of the heavy burden I'm carrying. A burden of a forgotten race.

But our fire burns bright , in our souls.

So many unwashed smiles yet ;

A black fist rises out of the ashes

Laughed at , mocked and name called but we still wake up everyday with a dream

For our brothers and sisters fought for us and died for us.

Malcolm X

To those who had breathed out thier last air under the master's whip.

Your manipulation sickens me , your hatred so vile!

A black fist rises out of the ashes.

The ashes of those left behind , of those who never had a chance to speak up or speak out !

We have been terrorized for too long , we have been judged for too long.

You make us hate ourselves , to have no self- love.

You taught us we not beautiful enough for society and we'll never make it.

But we taught ourselves , we learnt what beauty looks like.

We had hope. We stood up , and spoke out.

The heavy fog that covered us got lifted.

Nelson Mandela : the long walk for freedom hasn't ended yet

Steve Biko : break the shackles of inferiority

And the lives that were lost , had meaning now.

And yet a black fist rises

A black fist rises

It's rises

Oh it does , and at last we see the sun.

This time it's not scorching our skin, but it's beautiful.....

what a sunset!

A black fist has risen.