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THE BLACK PEN.

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THE BLACK PEN.

Abstract

The Black Pen that traced our history, the unspoken words silenced by fear that brought to life the power of truths, coloured red, carved indelibly in blood along journeys that knew the anguish of the land.

Eva Johnson

THE BLACK PEN.

The Black Pen that traced our history,
the unspoken words silenced by fear
that brought to life the power of truths,
coloured red,
carved indelibly in blood along journeys
that knew the anguish of the land.

The Black Pen that witnessed the tortures of slavery
and abduction of a people hurled against the face of 'civilization'
their flesh throbbing with the winds and the waters.

The Black Pen that fights against injustice,
coloured red,
carved indelibly in blood on walls
of prison cells, in words that resist the silence of genocide,
that expose the curse of the ignorant, the sentences of death.
The Black Pen echoes the cries of Women,
whose children were captured tokens of servility,
their future sabotaged by institutions,
fractured by displaced identity.

The Black Pen that speaks with courage,
coloured red,
carved indelibly in blood,
searches for new visions along the paths of our Ancestors,
that return us to the meeting places
of the winds and the undrained beds of the waters.
The Black Pen celebrates our defiance,
our resistance, our survival, our unity,
sets our spirits free,
and honours the memory of those
read on pages
where blood red flows no more,
where indelible black ink vanishes,
No More.....