These are songs to care for our dead, and to cultivate freedom in our time. We raise
in the woods, away from master’s blight. How
Sweet Chariot. Roll, Joran Roll
The last time that I saw my mother
20 dollars, and 5 more if delivered.
For a negro, name of Martin, dark yellow, suspected of
allergies this time. Spanish moss
How can a gunshot end a race?
love. Nothing more holy
O— I’m a traveling man,
Traveling man.

Welcome Alligator, our new found kin.
Crocodile takes a deep breath
under a brutal master
The water snake poisons
nor would I die
the whipping post
And before I’d be a slave
behold, he stood
in the silence
asleep under stars
or George Zimmerman, February 2012
Such handsome men
5 foot 10

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Our poems strive to memorialize forgotten forebears by letting their stories soar
Sparks & Wiry Cries curates opportunities for art song creators, performers, and

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the details an enslaver remembered prove even they recognized people cannot be

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a protest song/reprise
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