

The Anarchist Library  
Anti-Copyright



## In Memory of Kuwasi Balagoon

Marilyn Buck

December 13, 1986

Dear brother you spoke so plain  
children listened to your song of freedom  
played in games, stories and life

brother you danced so lightly  
you whistled as you soared  
over prison walls and tombs

dear brother your spirit sings  
songs of freedom  
wrenched from slaver's cruelty

you leave us your tunes  
swinging blues  
rocking rap  
brass staccatos  
peace by piece  
a revolution riff

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