

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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