

"Poems As An Ocean " by Carole E. Gregory

The poem was centuries away,
so far that architects placed
its words in a museum close
to the shore where enslaved
and chained Africans walked out
of the Middle Passage to
South Carolina plantations.

This poem is so many branches of
water,
some flow where human eyes see a
"Point of No Return" sign
on the distant African landscape,
some waves touching the Caribbean.

A poem crossing the Atlantic
on a slave ship is being
thrown overboard in Florida,
the wicked hand forgetting surprising
hurricanes of justice.

There are days when we see
children splashing in summer
playgrounds with sprinklers,
blue birthday balloons bouncing
in winds with families.

We recall poems at the end
of the pen of Phillis Wheatley - speaking.

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