Apology to Africa

What kind of distance keeps us from our history's shore?
Is it the vast waters?
No, I think, perhaps, it is the white folklore.
I think, perhaps, it is the white historian's tale -
the one that makes our heritage pale -
the one we were so carefully told
while, by the thousands, we were being sold
as fertilizer from which to grow
another fat land which others would know.
Have they so sharply told their tale
that we are satisfied to wear the veil
and never see or recognize
those eyes, across the waters that tell
of the same kind of hell
that we have known, and have almost grown
accustomed to?
What has made us look, almost, not quite,
like the Fat Cat, the Westerner, the White?
Perhaps our own kind of tragedy
will be when we, in raise victory,
Assimilate out of our discontent
to
that an integrated bomb
may fall on our brother's continent.

Dona Richards