

Nightmare in heaven.

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By : **PoeticKing**

This poem shows the view point from the perspective of a black child in times of severe racism and oppression. Through his words we see the world of history, where people were made to suffer just because of their skin colour. The poem is set in the mid 1900's where racial supremacy wreaked havoc in America, with the infamous KKK and countless lynchings the reader discovers what the lives of black people were truly like.

PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS POEM IS BASED ON A REAL EVENT IN HISTORY BUT IS INDEED ENTIRELY FICTIONAL AND IS NOT INTENDED TO OFFEND ANY AUDIENCE.



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Lincoln, Oh dear President of liberation,

Freed us from slavery and sheer exploitation.

But yet, justice is still in the distant,

And the position of a black man remains non-existent.

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My father, father, a fine man he was,

A hard working farmer who looked out for us,

Despite the oppression, he was always respectful,

And deserved none of what he got, his ending was dreadful.

Lynched up in our back yard, by those devils in tall hoods,

His burning corpse twirled, illuminating the trees moss,

Blazing flames danced in front of the dark woods,

And at his feet standing tall, the trademark burning cross.

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What is this world we live in, a world of constant fear,

Where every black soul is aware that death could be very near,

Innocent men, innocent men, are the victims of barbaric slaughter,

Where every father prays at night, that the next day they shanâ t take his daughter.

I wonder what will be left of us, for our descendents here to find,

The torn traumas of racism, the cancer to makind.

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At night I close my eyes, and imagine for a while,
A place that I can call my home, a place where I can smile,
A place where all races, can live in hand in hand,
A place where a coloured man, can own his very own piece of land,
A place where I can be at peace, and not worry about tomorrow,
A place where only joy is present, no mention of evil or sorrow.

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But then I wake and realise, it had all just been a dream,
In reality itâs survival of the fittest, no concept of unity or a team.
A black, a black, forever, in the shadows of a white,
With no hope, no prospects, I once again long for the escape of the night.

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I label the white as not bad people,
Apart from the breed of them, who view us as unequal,
You may know them, by the name of the Klan,
Those who think itâs acceptable to lynch a coloured whenever they can.
Shear off a boyâs manhood by savagely castrating,
Or diminish a womanâs dignity by violently raping,
Black men, left tarred and feathered,
Morals of mankind, are crumbling and weathered.
We have everything here, for life to be simplistic,
But yet evil prevails, and our thoughts remain sadistic,
The core of humanity, evolved to be rotten,
Rest in peace Emmett Till, you will never be forgotten.

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Mother, mother, I ask of you, when will this all end?

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The day when I will be able to call a white man, my noble friend,

The day when fear is extinguished and life will be at ease,

The day when a black man is no longer left begging on his knees.

I pray for no more bloodshed and that no more lives are lost,

And this nightmare in our nation will freeze over in the midnight frost.

Could it be next year, next week, or in the next few hours?

And in the famous words of Mr Twain,

â Lord save us all from the hope tree that has lost the faculty of blooming flowersâ .

PoeticKing (O.T)

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