

You can't erase what's in your face!

By Debra Roberson



PTSS

In the wake of history's darkest hour
Lies a syndrome with a devastating power
Post-Traumatic Slave Syndrome, its name
A legacy of suffering and emotional pain
From the days of chains and the auction block
To the present-where we still feel the shock

Generations scarred by the whip's cruel blows
It's more than just a chapter in history's scroll

Inherited trauma, the weight it bears,
Generations burdened by unspoken scars

Healing the wounds, the scars we can repair
If we recognize the weight of its generational tears
For Post-Traumatic Slave Syndrome is real
By acknowledging its presence , we can begin to heal.

Wake up

In the heart a city of that's biblically old,
The tale of 2 brothers sorrow and bloodshed unfold.
True peace remains elusive, a distant dream,
As borders and walls separate them it seems

We change sides when it comes to others
But not with Israel, we stand with our brothers

Palenstinians are just like Blacks
Education and civility are what they lack

Just like Native Americans, we put them away
On a small strip is where they must stay

It's ok to kill their children and mothers
After all, they are not God's chosen
They are the "other"

How can you sit and sip your tea
Spewing forth hatred across the sea.

America you are as bad as Hamas and Isis
Don't forget our KKK and proud boys crisis

So here we go running to their aid while the histories of Bipoc fade

Who cares about blacks, browns and gentiles alike?
They are all worthless and full of spite

Let's not forget, the Jews rejected their own
And Jesus dusted his feet of them and went to those who roamed-
The land looking for relief
From their plights and disbelief

When it's all said and done
We are all bothers and should stand as one

Wake up everybody no more sleeping in bed

The enemy is on a warpath to kill you dead.

Nola

In the heart of the South, a city still stands
New Orleans, where cultures entwine and love expands.
Where jazz fills the air with its enticing sound,
And history's stories on every street are found.

Beneath the moss-draped oaks, in its timeless grace,
Is the French Quarter's charm, its presence and place.
With balconies adorned in iron lace,
New Orleans, a city with an alluring face.

Creole cuisine, and other delights
Gumbo and jambalaya, a culinary sight.
Beneath the streetlights, in the shadowy gleam,
The spirit of New Orleans is like a vivid dream.

Mardi Gras parades, a carnival so true
With colors and music, the stories break through .

In the heart of the bayou, by the Mississippi's shore,
New Orleans, a city we forever adore.

From the bayous to the delta, the culture runs deep,
In this city of spirits, holds the secrets we keep.
With a soulful rhythm, and a jazzy refrain,
New Orleans is a place that'll forever remain.

Natchitoches

Natchitoches, the oldest town in the Louisiana purchase

Founded on the banks of Cane River for a purpose

The streets are paved with bricks built by hand

The wrought iron fences cover the land

The tales of a city, so vivid and true

That shaped the lives of me and you

It holds the charm of a bustling place

That was torn by civility and race

So many slaves were sold in this town

And the “Good Darky” sat in the round

Reminding the slave and master alike

Of the superiority of all the “Whites”

We love to esteem it's Creole lore
but erase the face of all the moors
You can't be one without the other you see
Creole is African in its entirety.

Yes we love Christmas and the shining lights
Drawing visitors from afar to its shores so bright

Meat pies and gumbo are famous here
Seasoned by the experience of places far and near

Africa, Mexico, the Caribbean, and Europe too
All contributed to this cultural soup
That we call home, and in our hearts we hold so dear
The souls of our ancestors who worked in fear

You can't just have the feel good without acknowledging the dark past
Of our people, who toiled in this land so vast

They worked without pay, without citizenship too

They are apart of us all, and that includes you

The tales of the past whisper the horrors that were born

Out of the rapes, lynchings and all the scorn

Natchitoches is not a city of two different races

We are one and the same in one place.

So when you hate on me for being Black

You hate on yourself right back

Remember that mammy you loved so

Your grandfather did too, even more

Natchitoches is our home one and all

Since 1719, it's our port of call

Enough

We can't BBQ in a park

We can't take a ride on train cars

We can't take a run or walk outdoors

There you are complaining like a sore

We can't put up a tent in the woods

We can't have a party at our house with food

We can't drive luxury cars in this hood

We can't shop upscale places or bars without being watched very hard

I bind you Becky with the good hair

And Karen with 911 who threaten and dare

WHO are you to police our lives?

And tell us how to sit proper when we drive

We are not taking this shit anymore

Shut the fuck up and there is the door

That goes for the Kims, Anns, and boo-boos too

Please let the door hit you where the good Lord split you

You know what you can do

Tag you're it-Blindside

This is the same old story

But a different day

Of a backward black son

Who has lost his way

In swoop the saviors, as humble as can be

We'll guide your path,

trust us you'll see

The boy excelled in sports and academics too

But was portrayed as a black child struggling in school

The story became famous and so did the Tuohys

About how they transformed this lowly boy to a Man u see

He was so successful that he was drafted for the NFL

He trusted Sean and Leigh blindly and that's why he fell

Keep one eye on the prize and the other on your back

Not all are for you and it can all change like that

He thought he was adopted and was so happy at first

Until he realized they were holding the money, while he held an empty purse

Be careful what you ask for and pay attention to what you sign

That piece of paper just may end up robbing you blind. being your blind side.

Truth

You fling your words
Like fiery darts at me
spewing forth hatred
From a self righteous sea

What did I do to you
That makes you hate me so
Except live my life
In my own flow

God hates fags
And dykes too
Go back to the pits of hell
Is the rhetoric you spew

If Jesus came to you
You would pass him by

The same way the Pharisees

Rejected him, you too die

Not knowing His truth

And loving grace

You make a mockery of the cross

To His forgiving face

HE died for us all

And only God can judge

Step down from your pulpits

And accept all in love

You point a finger at us

With three pointing back at you

By the same way you judge me

God will judge you too

For us

The brother was doing his job

Trying to guide the ship to shore

There was Harriet II

In all its glory and lore

The man with the boat was entitled he thought

He didn't move and a battle was fought

The guy threw up his cap as a rallying cry

This was not the time to

pass him by

Here's come Aquamayne

swimming as fast as he can

I'll be there in a second to help you as soon as I hit land

Our ancestors arose and gave us strength to resist

We are tired and weary, we are through with this shit

Lift every chair and swing

Till the heavens ring

We are not our like our forefathers you beat

This is about the present and we are taking back our defeats

Hail our ancestors

was the rallying cry

How could you disrespect Mother Tubman

We would rather die

So next time you make this issue about you

This is what we are going to do

We will stand our ground and we will prevail

There's no jail in heaven but there is one in hell.

M&D

Mary and Debra a love so true

Since 1997, Baby I got you

We're better together than apart

In was destined to be from the start

I know in my heart we are meant to be

My life was missing something, you see

I didn't know what it was until you came along

My life was then fill to the brim and full of song

When you came in my life and we commit

Like pieces of a puzzle, our lives just fit

I thank God for you, each and every day

Every minute, every second, and in every way

I love your smile and the way you talk

I love the curves of your hips and the way you walk

You reach me in ways, no one else can

In a simple touch and the intertwining of our hands

I see you, all of you don't ever doubt

I'm here for you- these are words from my mouth

You are my love, my friend, my ride or die

I'll always be a part of you, whether on earth or in the by and by

When you start to worry or think I'll not be around

Just know in your heart, our love is sound

Past, present or future, I'll always be

The love of your life, for always

Memory

Funny thing about a memory

It's like a place you once knew

Not quite like a dream

But more akin to déjà vu