

BLACK OR WHITE

JERMONTÉ YERIAHU

I see an evil
Under the sun—
Bondage of mind
Hard to be undone
Man defined—Confined To a word
Black or white.
No account taken
Of the spirit inside
Those who proclaim Truth—
rather they claim
Yet they possess not Fruit—
but thistles.
Does Love choose
Whom to show grace? And Mercy—
Does she stumble
When faced with race? Am I a liar
If I preach not hate? Am I a judge
To conceal one's fate?
On the street side
They shout
“Pick a side—
Black or white.”
'Tis folly inside
A world of great divide.
'Tis obstruction
On the path to unity,
Destruction—
Of community.

I tell you this day
With no shame to say
Vanity!
Is this fight—
Black or white.
If faith is true
And love is right
Let all put strife
Far from sight.
Though I be young
And few in years,
The state of humanity
Summons my tears.
Though I be young And few in years,
I'll grow forward,
Striving toward
A brighter light
With no need to fear
Black or white.