

Nadine Rogers

SOJOURNER'S SONG



I will not be lost here

In the confusion of tall buildings

Between the sheer noise and the sad music

Inside a corner office or some forgotten ghetto

In the midst of hard bodies and harder hearts

Under the snow and the sometime sunshine

Trampled and hustled and maneuvered and outmaneuvered

I will not be lost here

In a slow going nowhere love fraud

Between the bill collectors and the short dollars

Inside the loneliness and outside the in crowd

In the midst of soft resolve and even softer sheets

Under the threat of disillusionment and the promise of despair

Trampled and hustled and outnumbered and outgunned

I will not be lost here

In a game with rules not of my own making

Between Park Place and a 'Go Directly to Jail' card

Inside the upside of a market on the downside

In the midst of depression brought on by a recession

Under the yoke of armed guards and the tyranny of armed bandits

Trampled and hustled and overworked and undercompensated

I will not be lost here

David facing Goliath with a broken slingshot

Between too black to be white but not black enough to be black

Inside leftover-from-slave-time Diaspora disputes

In the midst of why Black men can't love sistahs with locs

Under the weight of a people and the heaviness of an empty womb

Trampled and hustled and out of time to play with time

I will not be lost here

Having nothing left to gain or prove

Between wanting to play in the sun and needing to act like a grown up

Inside recollections of sweet steel echoes hiding in my memory

In the midst of images of golden sand scattered on warm stretches

Under the influence of a tempo that beckons me to come home

Trampled and hustled