Louisa Nurse

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Polished

Hard, but flawless with character like prisms Renowned - yet intentionally formed Deep within the volcanoes of time. Most wanted. I see vou - mined I see you through this entrapment Supposedly chipped and cloudy. Generations chained to balls of faith Muted once to the sophism of mouths without hearts Flogged with the unforgiving rod of injustice. Multi-faceted scars soared through rivers of blood, From broken ancestors' bodies. Soul determination transparent through light beams of hope Reflected on the still waters of comfort. Give credence to my words Battles fought and won Crystallised into the psyche of a thousand, thousand One unified song of freedom Colourless - to yellow, brown, blue, green, grey Whatever eye --- see the inner man Cut and polished to increase our brilliancy.

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This poem is one from my anthology "Ancestor Passage". I was reading about the formation of diamonds and I related this process to "our story" as a proud black people subjected to the forced crossing from Africa to the West Indies and other influences which fashioned and shape our destiny ultimately leading us to this great legacy left to us by our ancestors.