

Fighting for “Freedom”

“Give me liberty or give me death!”
I shouted with a victorious breath,
as our army trampled over
the evil freedom-stealing soldiers.

For days we celebrated and we cheered.
We drank plenty of rum and plenty of beer,
arm and arm with my fellow freedom fighters,
who fought to make this life better and brighter.

But then one day it all changed.
What once was camaraderie turned to chains.
I was suddenly no longer welcomed in,
as if I was plagued with dirt and sin

Yes, then one day it all seemed wrong,
for the war we had won,
but this “freedom” seemed confusing
as only some were now bruising.

Others were joyous without a care,
for this freedom was all theirs,
but my hands were shackle drawn.
What the hell is going on?

I was spit on and ridiculed
by a man I barely knew,
yet a few weeks ago he was my brother,
as we fought together through the thunder.

“Don’t you remember me, comrade,
and the victory we shared and had?”
He said a slur as he pushed by,
one so harsh it made me cry.

What once was “us “ turned to “they.”
What caused the change I couldn’t say.
It was as if my color caused them fear
and rang a warning loud and clear.

We won the war, but there was still a battle
because they treated us like fucking cattle.
Where was the freedom I fought for?
What once seemed open was a slammed shut door.

What the hell? This isn’t fair!
I yelled, and they began to stare.
They tied me up and hung me high.
I guess my “freedom” had run dry.

I truly didn’t understand.
The freedom was right before my hand,
but was stolen away for no reason,
and I was hunted like an open season.

I hung alone and sighed slowly,
as the night sky began to glow me.
“Give me liberty or give me death?”
I questioned in my final breath.