I had been pushed around for all my life and felt at this moment that I couldn't take it anymore. When I asked the policeman why we had to be pushed around? He said he didn't know. "The law is the law. You are under arrest." I went with I didn't resist.
I want to feel the nearness of something secure. It is such a lonely, lost feeling that I am cut off from life. I am nothing, I belong nowhere and to no one.

There is just so much hurt, disappointment and oppression one can take. The bubble of life grows larger. The line between reason and madness grows thinner. The reopening of old wounds are unhealthy painful.
Time begins the healing process of wounds cut deeply by oppression. We soothe ourselves with the shallow attempt at indifference accepting the false pattern set up by the horrible restriction of Jim Crow laws.

Jim Crow Let us look at Jim Crow for the criminal he is and what he had done to one life multiplied millions of times over these United States and the world.

The he walks us on a tight rope from birth.
to the end of life. Upon whether it be long or of brief duration, little
children are so contented early, to learn their places in the segregated pattern as they take their first toddling steps and are weaned from the mother breast.