

I had been pushed  
around ~~for~~ all my  
life ~~been~~ and felt at  
this moment that I  
couldn't take it anymore.  
When I asked the policeman  
why we ~~were~~ had to be  
pushed around? He said  
he didn't know. "The law  
is the law. You are under  
arrest." ~~And~~ ~~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, ~~disap~~ 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  
unbearably painful.

Time begins the healing  
process of wounds cut  
deeply by oppression.

We soothe ourselves  
~~with~~ with the salve  
of attempted 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 ~~whole~~ world.

~~The~~ He walks us on  
a tight rope from birth

to the end of life's span  
whether it be long or  
of brief duration, Little  
Children are so conditional  
early to learn their places  
in the segregated pattern  
as they take their first  
toddling steps and are  
weaned from the mother's  
breast.