

Gossip in the Wind

Spilling out the mouths of slaves
echoes of freedom,
their raspy voices stagger
throughout the corroding cellars.
As a foreboding noise breaks,
the mumbling chatter amongst the slaves.
" SLAP! CRACK! POW!"
the Backra lashes her
her bare back!

Beaten like a dog,
Long Celia was stripped of her rights,
beaten, bruised, and bashed she was!
Like a lamb to the slaughter Long Celia was...
but this lamb lives on!

Like a palm tree,
Long Celia was,
a beacon of hope for her people!
Just like armor,
Long Celia was protecting her people,
she takes force to break but can always be mended
yet she will not ever be the same,
she was stronger than ever before!

Gallant like a knight in her shining armor!
Her voice like thunder, whispered to her peers,
"Keep hope alive,
Freedom is near!"