

1992

American South

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I's been livin' wid dem 'ere Grierson since I's wuz a chile. I can't 'member my family. I spent my ole days takin' care a de las' Grierson, Miss Emily Grierson. She was beautiful, wid her long curly black hair 'gainst her skinny white body."

Cover Page Footnote

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SADIA ROBINSON

American South

I's been livin' wid dem 'ere Grierson since I's wuz a chile. I can't 'member my family. I spent my ole days takin' care a de las' Grierson, Miss Emily Grierson. She was beautiful, wid her long curly black hair 'gainst her skinny white body.

Miss Emily an' her family never done nothin' to hurt me, deys treat me like a servant, not like no slave. I can't say I's love 'em. They never took no time to understand that I ain't just a Nigga servant. I's suspec dat all Southern folks ain't understand dey Niggas. Them Southern is so strange, they put themselves in so much trouble for theys cotton, and us Niggas. One thing I's never understand, is how dey be God fearin' people and go to Church, whilst ownin' and buyin' human beings, dat makes dem strange. I guess dey ain't feel strange when dey do both.

But Miss Emily Grierson is dif'erent. She don't go to worship God no more, insted she locks herself up in dat big ole musty dark house. Since her father been dead, she ain't been socializin'. She's got nothin' to do wid the townspeople. De day her father died she wouldn't a let go de dead body, she kept her father's dead body smellin' and all for three days 'til the law comes pick it up. After his diein' she ain't feel to see sunlight again. Miss Emily keeps e'erythin' insidea her and that big dark house.

But that didn't stop de townspeople from snoopin' around an' meddlin' in Miss Emily's bi'niss. I's never seen a bunch a people so into one woman like she's some famous celebre. They shouldn't care what Miss Emily do.

All dem meddlesome people's curiosity was watered by the big strong dark Yankee man Homer Barron, Miss Emily curiosity is too watered too by Homer. He would come for her and take her ridin', and she got real fond a him too. But Homer finally had to leave, due to his work been done in town. The townspeople been want him to go, because they thinks it wrong for a Southern to be fraternizin' with a Yankee. But Miss Emily didn't want him go. So when he comes back to town she kills him.

I don't know which is worse; Miss Emily an' her need to love an' keep someone, or de meddlesome townspeople. Miss Emily slept wit Homer Barron 'til his body wuz stinkin' and decayin' so much even the neighbors could smell the stink. It stinks to "high heaven." But I didn't complain because it ain't none a my bi'niss. Somethin's stinkin' in the state of the South. I ain't wish dem Grierson no bad luck, or wish any Southern bad luck, but I can't helps wonder why do dey allow such evils: slavery; allows demselves to linga in the past, and them and dem children to live in such a decaying society.