1997

Mist

Malcolm Payne
St. John Fisher College

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Mist

A Gentle sprinkle of water
slowly floats through the mid-day air.
So soft and fluid almost mesmerizing.
Entrancing even, with it's beautiful colors
of the rainbow.
On most days a welcome sight
Especially in the south where the
weather is blistering this time of year.

Not today

Today the mist carries misery, pain and bloodshed.
Today the mist brings forth a sullen beast who rips
flesh sheer from the bone of it's fellow man.
Today the mist brings to the eyes of a nation the
truth about Mr. Jimmy Crow in all his glory.
Today the mist brings civility to a struggle that was long
Overdue.

Yes this mist is no ordinary wet
For with it comes four hundred years of rape, murder,
arson and suffering beyond reproach exposed.
And as it rolled on those who stood by and watched,
Those who did nothing.
This mist would become their shameful shroud.
And while the rest were engulfed within the deliverance of
their rage, hate and fear.
The sufferers, the ones who seemed forsaken were baptized
And made clean for their long journey to emancipation.

No we did not get there that day but our eyes for
one brief moment did see the mountain top, the glory,
and the light.
And we were not afraid
we walked right into the mouth of the lion
and overcame.
Today we witnessed tears from GOD
Moving a nation thus, towards progress, towards justice and
FREEDOM.

No today's mist was no ordinary wet
and thank GOD

---Malcolm Payne

1:45 a.m.

The room was gray and cold and quiet now;
not the same room in which I had spent
the last fourteen hours passing in and out of
consciousness. The doctors were gone;
the nurses but one had left me to my peace;
my parents were home and my sister was out.
My hour old daughter was getting a bath, or
asleep in the nursery.
I watched the immigrant nurse busily cleaning the
room's remnants of our delivery; I heard her rubber
soles padding firmly on the concrete floor.
I watched her as though she were on an ancient movie screen.
Black and white and grainy through my
clouded vision, and dim lights.
she gathered my things and disappeared, returning
with a wheelchair.
I wanted a cigarette. I wanted to sleep.

---Theresa Keenan

Payne: Mist
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