

Daginne Aignend

Tree of Truth

If I could grow  
a Tree of Truth  
where all confessions  
are judged  
on their veracity  
and every time  
when a lie  
is ascertained,  
the tree would  
burst out  
in a thunderous roar,  
then I would probably need  
a hearing device by now

## Prejudiced

Blinded by prejudice  
because they taught her so  
as she grew up  
in the small fisher's village  
'You can't trust these -  
they are different -  
have other standards  
and no moral at all'

Enjoying the early April sun  
while sauntering  
on the embankment of the  
Minosaur River,  
Suddenly she slips away  
into the unruly stream

Strong arms hold her  
and bring her back ashore  
She looks into the concerned face  
of a black man  
'Are you alright, miss?'

Meanwhile, all her white folks  
stood there ...  
and stared