

Walter Odom

SOME ROSES ARE BLUE

Many of my family members and friends are Blue Roses
They are beautiful to the eye but full of thorns
If you attempt to touch them, they will injure you
They were not born with these thorns

Their thorns derive from pain inflicted upon them
Blue Roses have not given themselves to the Husbandman
They have not yet been grafted into the True Vine
The True Vine bears fruit abundantly

It is difficult to pick to fruit when thorns are present
When thorns are present those that need fruit are hesitant to retrieve it
I will pray that the Husbandman comes to prune the Blue Roses
And remove the thorns from their hearts

WE ARE A PECULIAR PEOPLE

We are a peculiar people
Our skin has been kissed by the sun
We taught the Greeks
And gave the world civilization
We are not niggers
We are Negus like Selassie
We are the Lion of Judah's cubs
We are not gods
Although the Romans thought we were
We are children of the most high
We follow the way
We are a peculiar people

WE DIE DAILY

We die daily
We like Christ
The mean and the hateful
Take our lives

I just spoke with Sandra
And broke bread with Trayvon
Imaginary candor
Cause both have gone on

We die daily
This is a fact
When you live in America
And you happen to be black

We say that all lives matter
At least that's what we say
While Bertram climbs Jacob's Ladder
He is not here with us today

We die daily
We like Christ
Major difference being
We do not rise