

Strange Fruit 2006

~ A glimpse into the eyes of a black woman lynched. Inspired by Billie Holiday's *Strange Fruit* ~

Violence.

Unprovoked.

Hear screams...

cries.

See ropes...

and cut throats.

Evoke hearts broke.

Release blood from the leaves to the root of a great oak.

Lord it is finished.

I strangely and unnaturally give my spirit back to you.

In pieces I return to dust, by those who took my kneeling as a sign of weakness in the
midst of madness I prayed.

Hands folded before me

through screams of, *Nigger please! We introduced you to G-O-D and he don't hear the
pleas of monkeys!*

Instantaneously I was yoked up by ten white men cloaked up in white.

Blood soaked and I became another blow to the souls of black folk.

Damning Lady Liberty because it was murder she wrote.

The flame of her torch used to scorch my porch

by those who didn't care what she stood for

Her confidence

broke.

Constitutionally bound

Not human because I am brown.

Pick a nigger stand around,

Bring a blanket lay it down,

Pickle her parts and pass them around.

Under Poplar trees blowing like leaves,

stench fills the breeze, and all because I built this country on my hands and knees.

Lord I bleed!

Embody those who dangled before me,
Lived boldly for those who will mourn me,

This lady dies today.

Lady Day will rise one day to sing a melody to remember we who dangled from Poplar
Trees.

And prophetically reveal the futures of blacks in inner cities,
who are told to BELIEVE and then deceived by messages delivered subliminally in
movies and tv.

Smooth delivery.

Fancy packaging.

Did I die for you to forget me?

Did I die for you to forget me?

Don't deny your legacy

Blood on the leaves and on the roots of Strange Fruit trees

You aren't the crop...

You plant the seeds...

Look into my eyes offspring

See your intensity

Our mirrored identities

Feel the connection

YOU ARE ME!