

## **Free Voices - Now**

We imagined our world different.  
Afterwards we became different,  
weeping watered cane, wombs drained out  
sorrow for sweetness,  
desolation for opulence.

Sweat-wrapped skin, flesh of black gold  
rocked, traingled in dungeoned ships.  
What turned red legs, faces into beasts?

We imagined our world free, became  
our freedoms, so plotted subversions,  
practised, used, subtle fabrications  
of flight, fight, of ferment;

played fools to mock the greedy,  
while giving ourselves other  
dignities.  
Ancient tales we fashioned much-  
memoried.  
Our world was discord but we  
could make it  
soar with eloquence.

Enriched for our  
histories  
rhythms limboing legends.  
From shadows we created  
Light, voices carolling our  
souls, our souls.

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