

## Deep within The Belly of The Wood

Bondage brought them  
In the belly of wood they were chained  
Tossed by the sea  
As if less than  
Forced to lie in what they created  
Breaks from the black silence  
Heard amidst the wailing of sorrow  
Salted sea timber now moored to land  
Brings no relief  
To the disgust ahead  
Auctioned as possessions  
Inspected as produce  
To market they came  
Their names changed  
To meet the newness of this land  
Children ripped from their heritage  
Mothers ache as their images are lost  
Sun up till Sun Down  
Toil for him in fields, not their own  
Grown for his pleasure, cotton and tobacco wide  
Lost within the cruelty of man  
Are the Ancestors that survive  
They carved out a nation  
Forged on blood, sweat and tears  
Still treated as no more than  
Bondage brought them yet still remains  
In the belly of broken schools and illiteracy We are chained  
Families torn  
Forced to live in ghettos made  
We walk behind  
Those that should be beside us  
Will this cycle end?  
Can we one day be the same  
As those who brought us  
Deep within the belly of the wood



by Marion Dobbins