

NO MYSTERY

by

Robin D.G. Kelley

Lord, are you Black like me?
If you are
your tears must have filled
the Congo and
the Mississippi.
 Seeing them kill us
 in the cotton fields,
 Seeing them kill us
 in the name of civilization,
 Seeing them kill us,
 hanging from a tree. . .

I see you
just cryin' away.
If you're Black like me
you ain't got no power
anyway.

Lord, are you Asian?
If you are
your tears must have filled
the Yangtze and
the Bay of Tonkin.
 Watching them kill you,
 Amerika's railroad builders,
 Watching them kill you,
 in concentration camps,
 Watching them kill you,
 with atomic bombs. . .

Lord, are you Chicano?
If you are
your tears must have filled
the Rio Grande and
the Gulf of Mexico.
 Feeling them kill you,
 in the hot California fields,
 Feeling them kill you,
 with barbed wire in your own land,
 Feeling them kill you,
 in the streets of East L.A. . . .

Lord, are you what they call Indian?
If you are
your tears must have filled
the Colorado and
the Amazon.

Killing your people
before your eyes,
Taking the land,
before your eyes,
Manifest Destiny,
before your eyes. . .

No more tears, Lord,
we of colour say.
We know you ain't got much power
anyway.

Just bring us some bullets,
and some guns,
some bullets and some guns,
and we'll make the world
One,

Together. . .