

Poetry Fragment 11

O yes, the Lord was crucified,
They put him on a cross and there He died,
But His went where it lives on and on,
His Holy Spirit is never gone.
He loved its God and He loved humanity,
From Him we get our Christianity,
But it might have been quite otherwise ...
He might have been lost in the endless skies,
For one day He received a delegation
Of kings and nobles from every nation,
Who said to Him, "Christ, you are our Lord,
We've come to give You Your true reward,
To make you a King and give you a Throne,
Where You will rule, but not alone,
We'll help you in this stupendous act,
We're not altogether void of tact—
Just think of it—you'll be King of Kings,
You won't have to bother about little things."
And one of them (his face was sinister)
Said: "I'm willing to be our own Prime Minister,
You sit and rest, I'll issue decrees,
I'll send my messages across the seas,
I'll send my legates to every land,
And soon we'll have the world in hand.
Praise Thee, O mighty Lord of Lords,
For you we'll draw our arrows and swords,
We'll fight the heathen, we'll show them God's Might,
We'll lead the ignorant toward the Light—
You just sit and rest, we'll worship Thee,
We'll lead the world until you see
Earth and skies bow before your crown,
The high and the low, the up and the down
Will shout Your name, uphold Your fame,
This we shall do, and proudly acclaim
The Son of God sits on His throne,
He now acclaims everything as His own."
So they forgot the resurrection,
Like an epidemic with dire infection,
The Sermon of Jesus was then forgotten,
And though they called Him the only begotten,
Surmounted this with newly made creeds,
And let their words surpass their deeds.
Centuries passed, the years rolled on,
And they thought Jesus was up on his throne,
But here He was walking on the ground,
Serving the people all around,

Never revealing Who he really was,
Never telling them the truth because
The self-enthronement of wicked men
Had enveloped this teachings again and again.
One day He came around to see me—
“Prepare your work for eternity,
I wish to sit on my throne again,
I want you to serve Me, down among men,
And if you do this I shall arise,
Resume my scepter over the skies,
Lead men again to Paradise.
And open their hungry but sleeping eyes.”

Yes, there’s a white man’s heaven,
With Peter at the gate,
Where the so-called people have to go
To learn their future fate.

They carry their burdens up there,
With Peter at the door,
He shakes his head at their riches,
And asks: “What for? What for?”

Is this a place for smugglers?
Is this a place for loot?
If this is all you have to bring,
We’ll trample you under foot.

So the door to the white man’s heaven,
Is only open a bit,
And none of them can enter in
Until the saint allows it.

But there’s a black man’s heaven,
Where the door is open wide,
No guardian saint before it,
For all can come inside.

Where people dance is utter joy,
Where music is mixed with laughter,
Where there is bliss without alloy
For ever, forever after.

There is a temple where all can enter,
Where they don’t accept any rank,
It’s not a sect, nor yet a church
It’s just called: “THE BLOOD BANK.”

Poetry Fragment 11

I am going back to Africa, to Africa, to Africa,
To show men how to live,
To raise them from their poverty
To show them how to give
The earth its food and thus to raise
Much larger crops; then they may praise
The Lord of Earth and of the skies,
May sake this world a paradise—
I'm going back to Africa, to make it come about.