

GRAN-MAW DON'T DO...

When you are older, child, history must be learned

Till that day, just play on, enjoy the freedoms earned

Play on, sweet Gran-child, don't yet look beyond

Your picnics, barbecues, your sail-boats on the pond

Come the day

You will say

“No more play”

Gran-maw don't do sail-boats, picnics, barbecues

Gran-maw don't do...

'To help us build an Empire, slavery must reign

Cargoes equal profits, so maximise your gain'

Wretched slaves rot below, shackled in the hold

Rich slavers sit above, counting tainted gold

Slaves cried

Slaves died

People lied

Gran-maw don't do sail-boats

Gran-maw don't do...

Printed posters nailed up - 'PICNIC - SATURDAY'

A white-hooded Klansman dragged Uncle Jeb away

Mocked, tortured, then strung up on lofty apple-tree

Left, hanging with the fruit, for everyone to see

Apples fell

Jeb as well

Harvest smell

Gran-maw don't do picnics

Gran-maw don't do...

'BARBECUE ON SUNDAY' the nailed-up posters cried

Never thought, by Monday, that Gran-paw would've died

Chained to a flaming stake - Fire now makes me shiver -

When the embers died down, dumped him by the river

Alligators must eat

What a treat

Roast meat

Gran-maw don't do barbecues

Gran-maw don't do...

Absorb our history, child, our hardships and our fate

Use them to forge ahead, eliminate the hate

Take into tomorrow our heritage so vast

Do re-write the future - but don't erase the past

End of humiliation?

End of segregation?

Total integration?

Gran-maw don't do predictions – but she does do hope

Craig Campbell