

Enough

Gil Scott-Heron

It was not enough that we were bought and brought to this home as the slave, locked in the bowels of a floating shithouse, watching those we love eaten away by plague and insanity, flesh falling like strips of bark from a termite-infested tree, bones rotting turning first to brittle ivory then to resin.

that was not enough.

it was not enough that we were chained to leg irons, black on black with a piss stained wall forced to heed nature's call through and inside of tattered rags that strained our privates, and evidently years of slavery did not appease your need to be superior to something like a crazed lion hung up on being the king of his corner of the cage, backs bent under the weight of being everything and having nothing, minds too like bomerrangs curving back into themselves kicked and carved by the face-straining smiles that saved my life.

that was not enough.

somehow i can not believe that it would be enough for me to melt with you and integrate without the thoughts of rape and murder. i cannot conceive of peace on earth until i have given you a piece of lead or pipe to end your worthless motherfucking existence. imagine your nightmares of my sneaking into a viled of satin bedroom and attacking your daughter, wife and mother at once ripping open their bowels sexually like a wishbone. imagine that magnified a million times when you realize that the blinders have been stripped from my eyes and I realize that slavery was no smiling happy-fizzy party. your ancestors raped my foremothers and i will not forget. i will not forget that Yale or Harvard or Princeton or In-Hell because you are on my mind. i see you everytime my woman walks down the street with her ass on her shoulders. i see you everytime i look in the mirror and think about the times that i would pat myself on the back for not being too black afterall. i think of you morning, noon and night and i wonder, "just exactly what in hell is enough?" everytime i see a rope or gun i remember, and to top it all of you ain't through yet. over fifty you have killed in mississippi since 1963. that doesn't even begin to begin all of those you have maimed, hit and run over, blinded, poisoned, starved, or castrated.

i hope you do not think that a vote for John Kennedy took you off my shit-list because in the street there will only be black and white. there will be no Democrats, Republicans, Liberals, Conservatives, Moderates, or any other of the rest of that shit you have used to make me forget to hate.

there ain't no enough. there ain't no surrender. there is only plot and plan, move and groove, kill. there is no promise land.

there is only the promise. the promise is not vowel until we have been nerve gassed, shot down and murdered, or done some of the same ourselves. look over your shoulder motherfucker, i am coming.