

“A Century Rings”
By Adaeze Udeh

Time crept slowly since the pain of shackles,
the longing for freedom,
and the loss of jubilee we once felt.
Slavery held history by its limbs.
Oh, how history held the suffering,
the sweat,
the tears.
Oh, how sweet freedom would surely taste.

Blood seemed to pour from their veins,
as the days simply rolled on,
as the cries remained,
as the burdens grew heavy,
as the fury subsides.
Black excellence reigned in the suppressed,
holding the sway of the movement louder than words.
Slavery held weight but guided people's hands.
The years passed by, but the memories still hold,
glimpses that have yet to cease,
the call still heard.
But freedom came.

Coming in full waves,
carrying the sound of joy,
songs of past,
the hope to dream,
and the present is deeply rooted in faith.
Oh, how a century rings from the agony we've felt,
the torment endured,
and the strain of labor.

Recognizing the accomplishments of many,
sourced from the marginalized majority,
the systematically oppressed,
and the self realized.
Noting the dream as the reality,
the script of perseverance and direction.
Make it known,
the statements haven't changed.
The goal never quivered due to fear,
it rebelled against the sorrow felt.

This vision has been what is always was,
written in time and space.
The vision of me and many,
to advance in struggle,
to fight against the evil,
to no longer hold the mass load of burden.
The significance of the journey is recognized.
Recorded.
Remembered.
Relearned.
The hope as the century rings on is that the world never forgets.
For as long as I live there will be a constant reminder,
as a distant sound,
an abrupt noise,
or an outspoken voice, as I always am.
I continue the legacy of greats by refusing to stay silent,
to never subside ever again,
to once again see another century ring.