I Saw a Black Man Cry Today

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I saw a black man cry today.
It was a peculiar sight to see
It nearly frightened me
Were my eyes deceiving me
Was a black man really crying in front of me?

I saw a black man cry today.
It was in the strangest place
Sitting on the train, in a public space
His tears fell down his face
It was so real to me, his pain I could taste

I saw a black man cry today
With tats on his skin and corn rolls in his hair
With a wife beater tank and the smell of smoke in the air
This black man cried; his soul he bared
Even if it was just to me, the quiet onlooker who stared.

I saw a black man cry today
I don’t know exactly why he cried
Maybe it had something to do with the little boy by his side
Maybe somebody died
Or maybe it was just a leak from his insides

I saw a black man cry today
I could only imagine what was going on in his head
Perhaps he realized that his potential had gone unfed
Perhaps he thought to himself, my dreams are dead.
Then he heard the voice of his son’s eyes that said,
“You’re my hero, daddy. Don’t give up….not just yet”
I saw a black man cry today
I wondered what could cause this free expression of emotion
I wondered what could inspire this watery potion
Perhaps it was a bloody surrender to his frustration
Perhaps it was a response to his societal annihilation
Or maybe .. just maybe he was appreciating his emancipation.

I saw a black man cry today
He smiled at his son and hung his head low
Maybe he wept for fathers like him who loved their sons so
Who loved their sons so but didn’t know how to say so
For fathers like him who when asked for a chance were always told no

I saw a black man cry today
I can only creatively conjure a reason for this occasion
I can only speculate the specifics of this sad situation
I can only pray a prayer for my proud black male population

Thus the following words and dedication:

To my brothers of the darker pigmentation
I pray that you will rise up and defy the societal annihilation
That you will convert frustration in imagination
That your constructive imagination will drive your internal emancipation

To my brothers of colors
Don’t just wish to be taller , hoping to be a baller
Don’t be driven by the mighty dollar
But rather reach down in your quiet place and holler
Call forth your mandigo power
This is your time. This is your hour.

To the brother I saw crying on the train today
And to his brothers who will live to cry another day
I acknowledge your tears
I empathize with your fears
I know that all isn’t always what it appears
But this I do know, your freedom is near
Your freedom is here.

It’s here in this poetic prize
It’s here in the voice of your son’s eyes
It’s here. It’s here.
Your freedom is here.
It’s here in the palm of your hands
It’s here at the soles of the feet by which you stand
It’s here. It’s here.
Your freedom is here.

It’s here in the sound of your quiet tears.
It’s here hiding in the strength of your fears
It’s here. Right here.
Your freedom is here.

So I say to you my brothers of colors
Rise up, black man. Rise up and lead
Rise up. Follow the Godly creed.
Though your tears are real. They are real indeed
They can be transformed into powerful...powerful seed.
You have everything you need...everything to succeed
So even as you cry black man, remember your hope to feed
Even as you cry, black man, remember you are free.

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