

Louisa Nurse



## Polished

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Hard, but flawless with character like prisms  
Renowned — yet intentionally formed  
Deep within the volcanoes of time.  
Most wanted.  
I see you — mined  
I see you through this entrapment  
Supposedly chipped and cloudy.  
Generations chained to balls of faith  
Muted once to the sophism of mouths without hearts  
Flogged with the unforgiving rod of injustice.  
Multi-faceted scars soared through rivers of blood,  
From broken ancestors' bodies.  
Soul determination transparent through light beams of hope  
Reflected on the still waters of comfort.  
Give credence to my words  
Battles fought and won  
Crystallised into the psyche of a thousand, thousand  
One unified song of freedom  
Colourless — to yellow, brown, blue, green, grey  
Whatever eye — see the inner man  
Cut and polished to increase our brilliancy.



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*This poem is one from my anthology "Ancestor Passage". I was reading about the formation of diamonds and I related this process to "our story" as a proud black people subjected to the forced crossing from Africa to the West Indies and other influences which fashioned and shape our destiny ultimately leading us to this great legacy left to us by our ancestors.*