

Quraysh Ali Lansana

FROM MOSES POEMS: THE HARRIET TUBMAN SERIES



the leaving*

my lord she gone
again we's in the middle
of pitch black sky

moon sees us only
we pray starin back
from the murky river

thirteen of us i think
nigga runaways crossin
wide water with no ripple

all cold and shiver
she gone again my lord
why here? aint the red sea

where she go when she go?



**While still a child, Harriet Tubman was hit on the head with a piece of metal by a slave owner. She experienced sudden moments of unconsciousness of varying lengths for the rest of her life.*