

"Untitled Poem"

by

Alexander Shakespeare Micheaux

Blessed with innovative mind, impenetrable skin,
volition, purpose, and iron fists.

Possessing all that the great ones own,
I am certainly meant for more than this!

Bondaged by defeat, shackled from my mistakes;
I wander desolate lands, to rest on feeble knee.

Like the dawn, from darkness I rise with the sun;
It is my inheritance as man to be free.

Perceptions, refusing to let another's define me;
My past behind me, I wade through the mist.

With fervor and resilience, I create the world around me;
For I am meant for much more than this!

-- Alex. S. Micheaux