

Fist Fighting

She had quite a temper, that Anna.
Classmates and teachers couldn't stand'a.
When she got angry, she'd swing and hit ya.
Big or small, short or tall,
She'd just swing around and hit ya.

“Do not fight.
It is not right.”

Just turn the
other check!”

“But
Grammama,
they’ll tease me.

I don’t want to
look so meek.”

“It’s not right to
fight. You can run
away.

Meekness is
strength under
control,” she’d say.

“Run away
from a fight. I’ll
look like a fool!

Flight from a
fight is not cool
at school!”

“Control yourself.
It’s much more
pleasing,

Even if they keep
on teasing.”

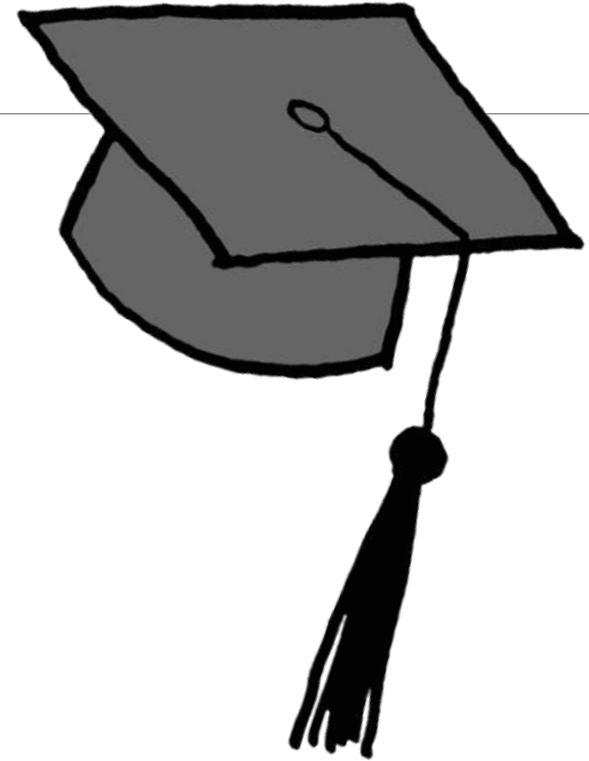
“But
Grammama, I
have got to fight.

Every day they
tease and taunt
me,

Saying I'm
black, but I
talk so white!"

So I fought and was caught
and expelled from school

The day before graduation.



Depressed, in total desperation,
I saw I'd not been cool.

Fighting that guy created a big mess.
I cried, in the mirror in my first new dress.

I'd failed to stand up and failed to be strong.
Grammama was right all along.
It was not right to fight with fists.
I fought with my fists and look what I missed.

Turn the other cheek; it's okay to be meek.
Meekness is strength under control.
You'll have more peace within your soul.

You'll stand out in the throng as strong.
Yes, Grammama was right all along.



Poem by Anna J. Small Roseboro