

“Black Man On A Horse”

By: Lauren Foster

Black man on a horse  
Sittin' up high  
Ridin' 'til time fades and the sun's out the sky  
You knows some of them fear you as they passin' on by  
And you know who them “some of them” is

The ones who couldn't even conceptualize a whole 'nother side of the world  
The ones who yell 'till they face turn blue to “Go back to Africa” when *they* were the invaders  
The ones who put you and yours continuously through hell, and still wanna be you  
They copy your style, they copy your music, they even copy your lingo  
But they go further than that  
They copy and steal your senses until you lose your consensus  
Taste, touch, smell, hearing, and sight  
The audacity they have for believing that gives them insight

But you, black man  
They will always fear you  
Guaranteed they will always fear you and your horse  
Because it gives your power  
It gives you control and them white people, whew, refuse to let that go  
It makes you top of the hour  
They will spit on you before ever giving you flowers

Or maybe they fear you because you and your horse are naturally one  
A natural chemical reaction  
Both victims of exploitation  
Both victims of white man abuse  
Both too young to be old and singin' the blues  
Y'all both were enslaved for being wild and free  
So go be wild and free  
Make them mad and let them be mad  
You, black man, and your horse have undeniable power

You fly amongst eagles  
You run like the wind  
You and your horse are equal  
You flow as the river bends

Naturally one  
You and your horse walk amongst lions  
A matriarch in the jungle  
Y'all some phoenixes even in the midst of struggle  
And that's the truth, I ain't never lyin'

So you better keep your horse, black man  
Hold on until you take your very last step and exhale your very last breath  
But don't get it twisted  
That don't mean you done died, no  
That means you glide  
You stride  
You flied  
Because Jay said, true kings don't die, they multiply

So if you ever fall off  
Don't cough when you dust yourself  
And if they look, give 'em a scoff  
Because hear me well, and hear me good  
Even if the road becomes too coarse  
Even if your voice shuts up and becomes hoarse  
Even if you veer and steer off your course  
Black man, don't you dare get off your horse