

A POEM BY R. CHARLES BLAIR

CRY

The South,
The strife-torn, troubled South,
The peaceful, pleasant South,
The lazy, bustling South,
Land of milk and magnolias,
Land of bombs and bullets,
Where we build better churches
Than we burn
And solve fewer problems
Than we have.

The South,
The shattered South,
Seeking again to restore
Peace and love,
People and land,
Seeking anew to hold
Heritage and hope.

The South,
Where people sleep
Behind unlocked doors
And night holds no fear
If you are quiet.
But is there any door
For those who speak?

The South,
Where the Love of God and
The God of Love are
Split -- right through the center
By tracks.
How can love die?
It can only ache.

The South,
My searching South,
Aching for a just peace and
A lasting way
To love.

