Two Brothers

A crack slices through the air
And an image of past despair
   Flashes through my mind.

A whip in a white man’s hand
A bloody black lying on the land
   That he’s poured his life
   And now blood
   Into

Never dreaming to gain a profit
But in exchange he gets a coffin

   Two brothers,
   Created equal yet treated unequal

But it is not a whip I hear
For time has past and wounds have begun to heal

Instead it’s my conscience
Crying out for justice
That makes this silent thunder:

   Two brothers,
   Created equal yet treated unequal

Will we both not be equally judged in the end
By the One who equally created us?

The answer seems simple
Yet the conscience continues to shrill:

   We are two brothers,
   Created equal yet are still treated unequal