Resistance

Poems on 18th century slave resistance in the Caribbean
Slave

by Kareem Warrior (4C)

Slave! Slave! Slave!
Is the word I hear inside my head,
Then I think for a moment,
Why am I even hearing that word?
Then I remember I am only a black man
Who was driven from my homeland,
Brought her to this old country;
Where I was bought,
And put on a plantation to work myself to death.
Day and night,
Night and day I work
Without being paid a shilling to my name.
Riot! Riot! Riot!
That is the next word I hear,
As a white man's plantation has
just been raided by my fellow black men.
Good for him I saw,
But bad for me,
For they'll be much more work for me to do.
So I go back to work with the word
Slave! Slave!
Riot! Riot!
Ringing in my head.
No to enslavement, Yes to Freedom

by Khendo Flowers (4C)

Slavery, the fellow slaves had a reason to show their bravery. Just stay strong, courageous and resistful. Do not become so frightful.

When your fellow brothers and sisters committed suicide. They are placing the planters to their own demise. These people did not want to stay active, they made a decision they committed suicide, because slavery was against their Religion. You all were used to governing yourselves not being labored dogs for somebody else

So now you and I both see, That it was only up to Thee who could set you free, but you persist and for this reason you resist.
POEM—MAROONS

by Carlos Fonseca (4C)

They fought and escaped slavery to establish communities
The plantation raids resulted in their first war
This was only the beginning of a lifelong scar
They were given land in a treaty 2500 acres to be exact
However when government changed that was of no importance
They fought and fought in their second war but British held their stance
In the end most settlements were destroyed
They surrendered as long as they weren’t deported they defeately moaned
A year later 568 transported to Canada and Sierra Leone
To this day eleven settlements remain scattered across Jamaica
The singing, dancing and playing of drums, they carry on the tradition
The cries uttered from their ancestors can be heard if they slightly listen
Slave Resistance

by Daniel Aguilar (4C)

Slaves running away in an instant,
Slaves captures are all but resistant,
Trying to escape and forcing freedom to come.
Only to realize my kingdom come.

Seeing my people struggle makes me feel alone,
Striped of clothes, dignity and left to thee bone,
Hoping for that place that they could call home.
Only a figment of their imagination in their mind to own.

Hard-work, ploughing makes me want to run.

Find a brighter place under the freedom sun.
Away from lashes, tears and sorrows!!!!
by Enrique Reyes (4D)

I will not be another man’s property
I am my own man,
I will not be starved
I am to eat when hungry,

I will not be an uneducated man
I am to learn to read,
I will not be striped of rights
I am created equal to you,

I will not be striped of my culture
I am to blow horns and beat drums,
I will not be dependent on whites
I am to make my own community,

I will not be taken from Africa
I am to commit suicide,
I will not follow these rules
I WILL RESIST.
"Time for a change"

by Craghan Cleland (4D)

I'm in pain from being on my knees,
No mercy is being shown while I plead,
These jumpers that are my brothers don't stop even when I bleed,
They treat us like animals why did it have to be?
This burning sun the sweat running down,
Clothes thorn and wet,
My fellow people can't do our singing for it is forbidden.
We have had enough of the hard work, the pain.
My people! We need to come together, it's time
To build up our hatred we gained over time,
To show them we have the power!
Enough is enough we have been pushed to the limits.
I've seen the future within our people.
Something bright so bright once we can stay together,
Have faith and be strong we'll then end up to see it all.
by Javan Logan (4D)

Love love love,
That’s what they,
Gave to me,
So why why why,
Do I live in slavery?

This is a dark hour,
This is a dark place,
Slowly killing me inside,
I need some space.

I’m held captive,
I’m losing my mind,
I hate this life,
I have to resist.

I have to runaway,
I cannot stay,
I will start a resistance,
With my brothers and sisters.

We will fight for our lives,
We won’t stand for this,
It’s time to stop work,
No more of this.

Tomorrow is the last day,
Tomorrow we fight,
All of us come together,
And unite.....
They took us from our fields and lands.
They smuggled us like contraband.
Family and friends are now long gone.
I sit here wondering what we did wrong.

Do they hate us because of the color of our skin?
Is it some inner quality within?
They whip us and beat us like dogs.
They tell us we are no better than the common hogs.

They rape the women and abuse the men.
They put us to work and again and again.
This is the life of a so called slave.
This foreign land is to be our grave.

Justin C. Burns (4D)
ENSLAVED RESIST

by Omario Marin (4D)

We Came to the caribbean with a tradition of resistance, with nothing more than a pantaloon pants.

They forced us on ships for the transatlantic crossing, each cuffed with a ring.

In the caribbean we first revolted in Barbados, because we are negroes.

The daily resistance of my peers were to ensure to sabotage the prosperity of our enslavers.

We would simply not respond to our new name given because of the fact that we are treated as if though in a pen.

Above all we prevented the truth of our personality and skill to prevent a spill.
The past sacrifice

by Joshua Zelaya (4D)

It's been long gone that our humanity has been taken,
It was time we stand up for our spirit has re-awaken
The fight will be futile but our hands will do the talking
And our voices will be heard
It will come to benefit our future generation
For all of us will learn to love each other in the same Civilization
We might lose the battle
But we won't stop therefore we will the war
There is nothing far from our dreams
That is the reason we unite as one
But remembered our men who are now underground
But we keep them in our minds for they are still with us
So we go to battle with our determination and spears
To fight against the ones we had come to fear
And now the revolt has started
Only from here can we start to hope for the best.
Viva La Resistance
by Zane Young (4D)

Battered and bruised; one thing was on my mind
Escape, any trial and tribulation
To a place of freedom without fault
Digging each memory from the trenches of my scars

Why must I be that of an animal?
Lash! Lash! The rope quivers my skin
25 feelings; the thought of vanishing
Moving from this place of pure agony

So I draw my plan on the walls of my quarters
Jumping the jumper on the day of plunder
Silently I move through the still of the night
Praying, hoping crying for opportunity

I have made it or so I thought
They came, they saw, they conquered
Dragged me back to that place of despair
My own brother. Again!
Captured, tortured and enslaved I was by my white counterpart. My people fought, but we failed, however never lost heart. No mercy was shown as my skin color made me inferior to them. A slave I was temporarily, until I achieve my freedom again.

Moved from plantation to plantation, I met more like me. Depressed and angry at the way the whites could not let us be free. Our state of living was deplorable, yet the world turned a blind eye. My people were mere commodity, and left to die.

We resisted by petty and drastic means. Suicide, mutilation, homicide, Anything to upset those fiends. But only strength in numbers made an impact. So with my pride intact, I fought back.

I ran away, later called runawayism by the white man. I claimed my freedom through escape, that was the plan. Relieved myself of my slave title, and became a maroon. My enemies would have to see me as their equal very soon.

From Africa to the Caribbean, I was taken. A slave I was, not a human being, for it was not to be mistaken. Enslaved I was to be, but my mind wouldn’t accept that atrocity. Fighting for freedom was better than being in animosity.

Resistance is essential, As freedom is consequential.
Happy Harvest

by Fitzallen Garbutt (4A)

I dig in the dust until roots I do find
The master is calling me a name that’s not mine
The sweat and dust burn my eyes
But when harvest comes hell find a big surprise

This is the month I must make the right cut
After there appears to be fruit coming up
The rains will make all appear to be well
But root rot will begin to move in and dwell

The leafy rows look lush and green
I’ve made sure no worms are in between
Anticipation of beautiful crops
I will smile inside when his face drops

He will look up and curse demanding why, oh why
I’ve invested so much but everything is dry
My time, my money, all has gone wrong
Oh salve girl, please sing me a song
We walk alone

by Jorge Castanada (4A)

We walk alone on this slavery road
Forced to do as we are told
Punished for every one we disobey
No matter our pain we do not give in

We hide the tools
We maim the animals
We fake injuries
Yet the white devils feel no compassion

Now we resort to running and hiding
To the mountains and valleys
That surrounds our place of work
We receive help from
Those who dwell in the mountains
Our revolts bring us closer to freedom
Yet we are so far from that which
Is so close to us.
Sixteen century:
We arrived, the not knowing, who or where I am with nothing
no past, no language, no tribe, nothing, nothing.
Strange land, white man’s land.
His purpose to impress the ignorant;

They are two things that narrows a man’s mind
And builds darkness among men.
Greed and racism.
They view my ebony skin with a scornful eye.

Three hundred and fifty years of this thrallment
Bought and sold
Chained and made to toil; dawn til’dusk
Told when to eat, sleep &
how to pray and when to celebrated
stripped of my identity of being a man.
Flogged, compelled
Feelin’ subject to their heartless mercy.
A life sentence without no trial or jury.

My benigned soul screams
My existence compared to nothing;
For when I close my eyes
Horrors of depths, deadliest guilt arise.
Defending the ear to the sound of a name not mine!
Many died of their own hands to free their souls.
I shalt carry hope through this oblivious fate!

Clinched in this hatred: to masta’
I just then realized I am called a slave
A condition of subjection or submission
Characterized by lack of freedom of action or of will.

Perturbed at my situation I understood
Freedom is in my mind;
1834 Emancipation
Where no chain, whip or gun or man
Shall keep me captive, I’m free
Born 1765 – Died 1835.
Mr. White Man

by Kristian Leslie (4A)

My patients begin to wear thin,
the feeling of a million tiny ants run down my skin.
Refusing to live another day in fear,
Not allowing myself to waste a single tear.
So I’m sorry poor cattle but it’s time to go,
Or may be Mr. White man’s crops mysteriously won’t grow

Sounds of whips are all I hear,
So Mr. White man please take your whistle over there.
That’s not my name, don’t call me that.
I wish Mr. White man would slip and put down that bat.
It’s his fault I’m in such a bad mood.
But I’ll be better by morning if Mr. White man eats all his food.

I have so much hatred built up in me.
That’s not the way God pictured it to be.
I show great talent sitting behind the drum
Instead Mr. White man has me planting like a scum.
Working hard every day in hope that I get fed,
While Mr. White man sleeps peacefully with wife in bed.

Forcing us to work like this is a crime
Think I might fall to the floor and call it faint like last time.
Mr. White man took away our peace, hope and pride
Some even went as far as suicide
But life is funny so be very careful Mr. White man,
Someday your end may be by a black hand.
Rage

by Shane Longsworth (4A)

I watched my mother suffer,
Slaving for a white man all her life.
They worked her year round,
My rage was as sharp as a knife.

17 years of age, I could take it no more.
Every slave followed me,
As a full revolt arose at my door.
For our freedom, our rage was the key.

They took away our rights, our culture, and my brother, This rage was long over due.
We fought for our freedom,
As our lives became anew

We were finally free,
Living our lives as maroons,
Hoping that people may finally see,
That we are the same.
The 18th Century Slave Resistance

by Daemon Acevado (4A)

They were forced prisoners to board for the Transatlantic crossing. Over two centuries of enslavement there was constant resisting. Resistance became a way of life. The enslavers separated the men from their wives. Africans would simply not respond to their new names. Longer enslaved knew more ways machinery could be damaged and cattle maimed.

Women were constant resisters. Most worked as unpaid labours. Women broke household objects, damage crops or misheard orders. They would eavesdrop for weakness in owners. They would delay weaning of children up their second birthday. Just so that they are home for a longer stay.

Planters seemed to have turned a blind eye. Enslaved would meet friends and shipments behind the night sky. Enslaved Africans in Hispaniola built their first maroon villages. Runaway stood little chance in small colonies. Some runaway villages could not be easily destroyed. Now these maroons couldn’t be play like a toy.

Free communities in a colonial setting. These maroons behind the bush were great at hiding. The maroons were hard to stop. They were the dwellers of the mountain top. Cimarrons fought the Spanish until 1533. Until they got a large preserve in Hispaniola signed by a treaty.
THAT DAY

by Kevin Cadle

That day has come
That’s it! I was captured
Onto the big boat I was flung
Oh my! I wished I could run

How can these whites commit
Such sin; Never would I have think.
Hell must not be any better than this.
I never thought my life would be like this

I tried it once to take my life
But by the whip I was stroked
Look how they have my skin
Coming off by strips

Day by Day I Dream for it
That day they stop harassing
That one day is all I’m askin’
The day I will be free, relaxing!