

WELL WISHES

By Johnette Horace

Relatives sending loved ones off to their graves,
Family giving their life's savings, contributing to the demise of their own blood
Promises escaping the lips of the departing as they board the boat,
But now they can only answer the prayers of loved ones from heaven.
I watched hundreds of Africans journey to the promised land
Italy through Libya,
Libya, the black man's grave.
We watch in horror as viral videos of our brothers and sisters being tortured
circulate the media,
Africans, being sold as slaves for a few hundred dollars
Africans, the things we go through in search of solitude
Fleeing struggles only to get entangled by serpents.
Money, the only antidote for the Libyan poison
Evil posing as good, promising safe pasture through the Mediterranean.
But who can stand without sinking in quicksand?
Oh that baby put in an inflatable boat with her mother, headed 200 miles in a
boat that could only travel 12.
Human? How could your conscience let you drown babies?
Poverty is an epidemic that eats at the conscience of those affected.
The bridge they saw in Libya was only a one-way street to grave danger
Captured, handcuffed, treated like dogs and starved,
bodies burned for money they don't have, what a literal hell of a journey.
Crying and hoping to be buried in decent graves,
Warning loved ones not to repeat their mistake,

But the stubborn still choose to ignore the pleas of their dying loved ones.

They can't be stopped, determined to succeed,

All we can say is

well wishes.