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**Author**

Kelley, Robin D.G.

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NO MYSTERY

by

Robin D.G. Kelley

Lord, are you Black like me?  
If you are  
your tears must have filled  
the Congo and  
the Mississippi.  
    Seeing them kill us  
    in the cotton fields,  
    Seeing them kill us  
    in the name of civilization,  
    Seeing them kill us,  
    hanging from a tree. . .

I see you  
just cryin' away.  
If you're Black like me  
you ain't got no power  
anyway.

Lord, are you Asian?  
If you are  
your tears must have filled  
the Yangtze and  
the Bay of Tonkin.  
    Watching them kill you,  
    Amerika's railroad builders,  
    Watching them kill you,  
    in concentration camps,  
    Watching them kill you,  
    with atomic bombs. . .

Lord, are you Chicano?  
If you are  
your tears must have filled  
the Rio Grande and  
the Gulf of Mexico.  
    Feeling them kill you,  
    in the hot California fields,  
    Feeling them kill you,  
    with barbed wire in your own land,  
    Feeling them kill you,  
    in the streets of East L.A. . . .

Lord, are you what they call Indian?  
If you are  
your tears must have filled  
the Colorado and  
the Amazon.

Killing your people  
before your eyes,  
Taking the land,  
before your eyes,  
Manifest Destiny,  
before your eyes. . .

No more tears, Lord,  
we of colour say.  
We know you ain't got much power  
anyway.

Just bring us some bullets,  
and some guns,  
some bullets and some guns,  
and we'll make the world  
One,

*Together. . .*