

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS: AN INVOCATION

Douglass, speak to us once more.  
How urgently we need to hear  
That voice, more like the ocean's roar  
Or like a great cathedral choir  
Than any now that reach our ear.

You shone the light of reason on  
That which was palpably insane  
To see what sense could be derived.  
You simply did that to survive.  
Your wrath was rich, your hatred nil.  
You did that to survive as well.

Douglass, we really need you back.  
We just don't seem to have much luck  
At separating wrath from hate,  
Being able to cooperate,  
Or even able to coexist  
Across the barbed wire of mistrust.

Also, our speakers are a bore,  
A cloud of smog from ear to ear,  
A glut of undifferentiated tongues  
No Frederick Douglass is among.

Douglass, you must come back today.  
Of course, you won't like what you see.  
But please, we haven't got a clue.  
In sheer despair we turn to you.  
We too are palpably insane.  
Tell us, what does *our* madness mean?  
If not you, who can make it plain?

Douglass,

Speak to us again.