

The Swing

the little Black boy
walked with his mom on the path
in front of my swing

he gazed longingly
I looked up from my reading
brown eyes met blue eyes

we each understood
this instant in history
through our race's lens

standing, I gestured
"would you like to have the swing?"
Mom smiled *"thank you, sir"*

one more grain of sand
to resist racism's vile tide
—White men can be kind



Photo: The swing where it happened, Bayfront Park, Sarasota FL, 9 March 2022

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