

## Black Hands That Pray

By Ehiosa Eweka

*Day by Day, smiling faces, sneakers and designer makes appearance across the stage  
—the World stage, the bustling, hustling of shoes, bodies, and suits, through the workplace  
The workplaces withholding, segregated, entry dictated by the tresses, personalities, skins  
Of folks pulling us everywhere, anywhere so, to and fro, by invisible strings  
The puppeteer, once a master, is now an organ, working in harmony, authority,  
Separating the wheat from the tares , tares black hands sowed across Canadian society  
Tares that fought for freedom after 400-plus years of slavery  
Tares that somehow come back more ambitious and driven, dominating every field in  
achievement  
Like weeds in the garden the “organ” tries to remove, but we’re still standing  
Like the African relative at home, on your behalf, endlessly hustling and praying*

*Day by Day, we walk amongst the paved streets, heads held high, showing no weakness  
Its absence taken for attitude, its words taken for “hood”, yet expected to show gratitude?  
Gratitude for quotas in place to “accommodate”, for allowance into secret societies and  
clubs, yet  
—Yet, black hands that pray, pray, to see another day, a day where our achievements are  
not constrained, constrained by the forces of tolerance, that is the skin I'm in, the hue I bring*