

## The fight in your eyes is the fight in our eyes

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Grandmother

Grandmother do you still  
hold  
my hands  
our hands  
mutilated, amputated, forgotten  
hands

Ancestral origins link  
these horrors  
and logics  
that sanctify divisions  
naturalised  
in black and white  
Racial Capitalism  
underscored legitimised  
slavery unending  
that deems the sum of us  
less human than all of us  
binding black-brown-indigenous

Ancestral power  
Unbroken

Grandmother  
Grandmother I feel  
your fire in my soul  
spit bullets from my eyes

Unwavering gaze  
with a cutlass  
in your hands  
saying  
We will not be defeated  
dismantled, denied  
despite  
400 years and more  
slavery unending  
We reach back to hold hands  
remember re-member  
We were not the first  
We will not be the last

#BlackLivesMatter  
strikes a deafening refrain  
amplifying your image  
laid down  
anticipating  
our claim to your anointing  
a visceral demand  
full circle uniting  
Generations generations

We  
    over  
        here

with you over there!

#BlackLivesMatter is a political racial justice movement that started in the USA in 2013 and has now spread to countries and communities across the world.

Image: Grandmothers in Ìlǎ Òràngún, Osun, Nigeria. © Simple Photo. Original photographs taken c.1960s. Scanned from 120 B&W negatives by Naluwembe Binaisa, 2018 for PHOTODEMOS [www.citizensofphotography.org](http://www.citizensofphotography.org). Research for this poem was generously funded by the European Research Council, ERC – Grant Agreement [695283].