



The New Negro

By J. E. McCall.

He scans the world with calm and fearless eyes,
Conscious within of powers long since forgot;
At every step, now man-made barriers rise
To bar his progress—but he heeds them not.
He stands erect, though tempests round him crash,
Though thunder bursts and billows surge and roll;
He laughs and forges on, while lightnings flash
Along the rocky pathway to his goal.
Impassive as a Sphinx, he stares ahead—
Foresees new empires rise and old ones fall;
While caste-mad nations lust for blood to shed,
He sees God's finger writing on the wall.
With soul awakened, wise and strong he stands,
Holding his destiny within his hands.