

# Shackles to Spectacles

*Zion O. Adedipe*

Outcries from the oppressive realms, where shadows weep,  
A realm where serpents are slain but villains are made,  
In our dystopian misery, Black warriors arise asserting the essence of our defiance,  
Bound by shackles, bound by chains, bound by faith, imprisoned by the bloody  
waxen pagans,  
Bound in blood, the repercussion of an attack.

Voices echoing and roaring vengeance, but the bloody waxen pagans believed us  
to be Black swans,  
These same Black swans hunted their heads, murdered thousands of their  
crowned waxen pagans,  
Turning their houses to coffins and taking their recompenses into ashes,  
Bound by shackles, bound by chains, bound by faith, imprisoned by the bloody  
waxen pagans,  
Terror prowling at their spirits, but their Gods conquered,  
Amidst this darkened hour, a tale unfolds.  
From pagan shackles to a Black fortress, where all invaders were annihilated,  
Our audacity seemed to have reeled in a scene,  
Again and again the spectacle of defiance cast it spells,  
As we navigate this dystopian hell.

Grand marronage whispers echo loud,  
For we are the African diasporas, the descendants of wrathful warriors,  
Boldly being themselves, hunting for the blood, flesh, and death of this waxen  
pagan.  
African culture continues in the footprints of their brave bloody soles.