Po' Nigger's Song

Pete Cooper
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol3/iss1/6
“a month since.” If this is accurate, the misfortune was forecasted to Whitman during the same week in which Lincoln’s ominous dream befell him . . . perhaps the same night!

And so we are left with a mystical enigma, and we must—forever—wonder why these two great men never met. Ahhh, but more tantalizing still: How much less a man would either have been without the other?

Po' Nigger's Song . . .

Now if Ah had a penny wid God's pitchur on it
Ah’d buy me a secun-han soul
Fum dat fire-breathin Parson, (Ah’m poztive he sells em.)
An den, when Ah really felt whole,
Ah’d leave off mah sinnin an pray hard for Heaven:
Repent all mah cattin an booze.
But till Ah git dat God-cent, Ah’m woman-born nigger
An ain’t got a damn thing to lose!

... Pete Cooper