

[Browning, Elizabeth Barrett]

["Runaway slave at Pilgrim's Point"]

[n.d.] [page 2] [Italics indicate ms. of RB]

10

Ah!--In their stead, their hunter=sons!--

~~they-enring!~~

--Ah ah! they are on me! [?]

Keep off-- *they form in a ring*

[?] I brave you all at once--

I throw off your eyes like a noisome thing!

You have killed the black eagle at nest, I think!

in your triumph

Did you never stand still ^{with-a-pause} & shrink

From the stroke of her wounded wing?

(Man, drop the stone you dared to lift!)

[?-----?-----?]

seven

I wish you, who stand ^{there} ~~abreast~~ a=breast,

Each, for his own wife's [?] grace & gift,

A little corpse as safely at [?]rest,

low

Hid in the mangdes--Yes, but she

May keep live babies on her knee,

sing the song she liketh best.

And [-?-----?-----?]

I am not mad--I am black!

I see you staring in my face--

I know you--staring, shrinking back!

Ye are born of the Washington=race!

And this land is the free America--

And this mark on my wrist--[I prove what I say)

me

Ropes tied ^{up} here to the flogging place.

("enring" suggests to me, "to shackle" &c)

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[n.d.] [page 3]

11

You think I shrinked then? Not a sound.

I hung as a gourd hangs in the sun;
I only cursed them all around

As softly as I might have done
My own child after, ^PFrom these sands
Up to the mountains, lift your hands,
O slaves, and end what I begun--

Whips, curses! these must answer those!

For in this Union, you have set
Two kinds of men in adverse rows,
Each loathing each! And all forget
The ^SSeven ^WWounds in Christ's body fair;
While He sees gaping everywhere

Our countless wounds that pay no debt--

Our wounds are different, ^YYour white men

Are, after all, not gods indeed,
Nor able to make Christs again

Do good with bleeding. We who bleed in
(Stand off) we help not in our loss!

We are too heavy for our cross

And fall & crush you & your seed.

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["Runaway slave at Pilgrim's Point"]

[n.d.] [page 4] [Italics indicate ms. of RB]

12 ← I fall .. I swoon! I look at the sea^tsky--

in my hand

The clouds are breaking on my brain--

I am floated along, as if I should die

[--?--] wonderful (*exquisite*)

Of liberty's ~~gl~~orious pain

In the name of the white child waiting for me

In the deep black death where our kisses may agree ..

White men, I leave you all curse=free;

hand!

In my broken hearts disdain!

(my EBB)