

To the White Fiends

Claude McKay

Think ye I am not fiend and savage too?

Think ye I could not arm me with a gun

And shoot down ten of you for every one

Of my black brothers murdered, burnt by you?

5 Be not deceived, for every deed ye do

I could match—out-match: am I not Afric's son,

Black of that black land where black deeds are done?

But the Almighty from the darkness drew

My soul and said: Even thou shalt be a light

10 Awhile to burn on the benighted earth,

Thy dusky face I set among the white

For thee to prove thyself of highest worth;

Before the world is swallowed up in night,

To show thy little lamp; go forth, go forth!

McKay, Claude. "To the White Fiends." *Pearson's Magazine* (September, 1918): 276.