I had been pushed around for all my life and felt at this moment that I couldn't take it anymore. When I asked the policeman why we had to be pushed around? He said he didn't know. "The law is the law. You are under arrest." I acted I went with I didn't resist.
I want to feel the nearness of something secure. It is such a lonely, lost feeling that I am cut off from life. I am nothing, I belong nowhere and to no one.

There is just as much hurt, disappointment and oppression one can take. The bubble of life grows larger. The line between reason and madness grows thinner. The reopening of old wounds are unhealthy, painful.
Time begins the healing process of wounds cut deeply by oppression. We soothe ourselves with the salve of attempted indifference accepting the false pattern set up by the horrible restriction of Jim Crow laws. Let us look at Jim Crow for the criminal he is and what he had done to one life multiplied millions of times over these United States and the world. 
The he walks us on a tightrope from truth
to the end of life span.

Whether it be long or of brief duration, little children are so conditioned early to learn their place in the segregated pattern as they take their first toddling steps and are weaned from the mother breast.