

John Coltrane

by Oscar Treadwell  
For my black brothers  
And sisters

I know

I know he black

John was black and sang his song of love and hurt and fire,  
And he black he yours. Yes he yours,  
John was.

John is.

And will ever be remembered for

John played for humanity, John played to the ether  
So humanity could hear.

He played so sweat would drip off his shoulders, and eyebrows,  
Sweat would soak his shirt. He yours, of course he yours.

He played Alabama so sweet the sweat burned his eyes.

And humanity teared

For the little girls in church in Birmingham. Dead

He sang of supreme love to humanity

Despite the devil deed. He yours, sure.

And he sang to humanity. He did.

He cursed humanity when they were inhuman. Fire.

Played the love that humans can know, and show,

Sometimes, sometimes,

And played so hard to scourge the hurt

That in the end he wondered if he could ever find the  
Sound.

He yours, and you listened,

And humanity listened and learned to listen,

And know yea, he yours,

And as the Dublin poet reminds us,

HERE COMES EVERYBODY humanity listens

And says, yeah, he yours,

And he mine, too.

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Oscar Treadwell July 9, 2002