Eva Carter Buckner

Selected Poems

Eva Carter Buckner

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Sed ut perspiciatis unde omnis iste natus error sit voluptatem accusantium doloremque laudantium, totam rem aperiam, eaque ipsa quae ab illo inventore veritatis et quasi architecto beatae vitae dicta sunt explicabo. Nemo enim ipsam voluptatem quia voluptas sit aspernatur aut odit aut fugit, sed quia consequuntur magni dolores eos qui ratione voluptatem sequi nesciunt. Neque porro quisquam est, qui dolorem ipsum quia dolor sit amet, consectetur, adipisci velit, sed quia non numquam eius modi tempora incidunt ut labore et dolore magnam aliquam quaerat voluptatem. Ut enim ad minima veniam, quis nostrum exercitationem ullam corporis suscipit laboriosam, nisi ut aliquid ex ea commodi consequatur? Quis autem vel eum iure reprehenderit qui in ea voluptate velit esse quam nihil molestiae consequatur, vel illum qui dolorem eum fugiat quo voluptas nulla pariatur?

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What Constitutes A Negro?

When the first slave-ship was landed
With its cargo on this side.
There was then no vexing question
As to which race he^s allied;
Just a Negro, pure and simple,
And as such might have remained,
But—well, here we drop the subject,
For there is nothing to be gained.

Years have passed, and now we see him
On him's turned the strongest light;
Every race is represented—
Black, brown, yellow, red, and white;
And they call him now a problem.
For there's One not been consulted
And in it He is involved.

There's rise and fall of Nations,
But, dispute it if you can.
There is just one God and Father
And the brotherhood of man.
Ten-tenths blood of pure Caucasian,
This it takes to make you white.
But one drop of Negro blood is
Just the same, as black as night

For this stamp was put upon him
And so let it thus remain,
For what is the use contending?
All contentions are in vain.
It is said ten million Negroes
On this firm free land doth stand,
God inspires him to mount upward
Though chains bind both foot and hand.

Read his crimes in boldest letters,

Negro, and no question then;
And we own him, our heads "bowing,
Grieved to know we have such men.
On the other hand turning,
We can point with pride to those
Who thought it worth while in striving,
And to fame and honor rose,

Dumas, known as the French nov'list,
He his Negro blood could trace;
Tanner, artist known so widely.
Who has won himself a place.
Yes, and there is the "Black Napoleon,"
Brace "Toussaint L 'Ouverture,"
And the great Edmonia Lewis,
Sculptress, whose work will endure.

And we claim S. Coleridge Taylor;
Dunbar, though he's dead still lives;
Booker Washington we all know,
For the race his best thoughts gives;
Bishop Grant, in sermons, lectures;
Dubois, John H. Jackson, true;
Chestnut, Vernon, trace 'em; Pushkin,
Browning, many others, too.

Great Rome had her gladiators,
And of them was very proud;
We care nothing for the prize-ring
But, since it has been allowed.
Why not then applaud the winner,
Whether white or dusky man?
The survival of the fittest
Is the rule, and it will stand.

Call him Ishmaelite or Arab,
Paraphrase him, if you will;
Say Egyptian, if more pleasing,

But he is a Negro still.
This would be a grander Nation
With the goodness that's innate.
It would be a perfect haven—
But the prejudice—too great.

But, there, friends,
Join us in life's great combat.
Though your skin be dark, what matter?
You're a mkn, e'en for all that;
And we are using every effort
To make good where e'er we trod,
One hand with the flag a-waving.
And the other stretched to God.

If Lincoln Could Return Today

If Lincoln could return today,
I wonder what he 'd think and say
About this great and glorious land
O'er which he once had full command?
With all the progress he would see,
I know he would astonished be.

The lightning speed of which we boast,
A touch, a sound from coast to coast;
The clearly, distinct spoken words,
Ships sailing through the air like birds;
Numerous inventions, small and great.
Too many to enumerate.

With all these things so strange and new,
I'm sure he'd scarce know what to do.
And, like a wanderer on the strand,
A stranger in his own homeland—
Until he'd look around and see
That same old flag of liberty.

I wonder then if he 'd recall
The greatest deed he did for all.
And that if he would sorry be
That he had set the captives free?
Ah, yes, the world knows it was he.

But 'twas a mightier hand, you see,
Guided the pen. 'Twas so to be
That all his legacy might share
What you and I love best, free air;
And, too, his knowing eye could see
That, to advance, all must be free.

And Nature says, and it is true.
To crush the one we crush the two.

And all who love their country true
Love Lincoln's nanie, naught else to do.
And, O! could he take one survey—
I wonder what he'd think and say?

Lines to Paul Laurence Dunbar

O for a tongue to put in words
The thoughts that lie so deep.
To tell thee how thy name we love;
Our minds are not asleep.
But e'en the faithful pen has failed
To climb the wall it oft' has scaled.

Impressions deep thy lines have made
Upon the thoughtful mind:
We read them o'er an I o'er again
And treasures in them find.
It is a banquet rich and rare
With choicest viands served with care.

We laugh, we smile, we sigh with thee
As we devour thy food.
And find sweet solace at thy board
Suited to each passing mood.
The relishes so dainty and light
Give the most fastidious an appetite.

Long may thy life be spared. Dunbar.
To wield the ready pen.
And when thy work is finished here
May angels guard thee then:
And hear thy spirit safe above
Where all is joy and peace and love.