

Where I walked

Where I walked

**Along the James oh so calm, but have stirred the souls of many
Carrying nameless precious cargo
Crushed brush, scattered leaves, all beneath my feet**

Where I walked

**Arms linked from soul to soul
Locking away a hope unborn
Crushed brush, scattered leaves**

Where I walked

**From shoulder to shoulder, trudging a path to obscurity
Connecting the history of the past to the future
Crushed brush, scattered leaves**

Where I walked

**From here to nowhere
A future stole, history being told
Crushed brush, scattered leaves**

Where I walked

**A longing for the familiar sound of home
No melodies of singing birds, but a deafening sound of fear
Crushed brush, scattered leaves**

Where I walked

**A trail of memories, not to be relived
My footsteps, walking through a museum of painful images forever etched
Crushed brush, scattered leaves, all beneath my feet
This is where I walked!**

Sandra McMillian

This reflection was written after an experience of walking the Slave Trail, Richmond, VA

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