

## **Christ Recrucified**

by Countee Cullen

The South is crucifying Christ again  
By all the laws of ancient rote and rule:  
The ribald cries of 'Save yourself' and "fool"  
Din in his ear, the thorns grope for his brain,  
And where they bite, swift springing rivers stain  
His gaudy, purple robe of ridicule  
With sullen red; and acid wine to cool  
His thirst is thrust at him, with lurking pain.  
Christ's awful wrong is that he's dark of hue,  
The sin for which no blamelessness atones;  
But lest the sameness of the cross should tire,  
They kill him now with famished tongues of fire,  
And while he burns, good men, and women too,  
Shout, battling for black and brittle bones.