"**Bury Me in a Free Land**" is a [poem](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Poetry) by [Frances Harper](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frances_Harper), an [African American](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/African_American) [abolitionist](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Abolitionist) and [poet](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Poet).

Make me a grave where'er you will,

In a lowly plain, or a lofty hill;

Make it among earth's humblest graves,

But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not rest if around my grave

I heard the steps of a trembling slave;

His shadow above my silent tomb

Would make it a place of fearful gloom.

I could not rest if I heard the tread

Of a coffle gang to the shambles led,

And the mother's shriek of wild despair

Rise like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not sleep if I saw the lash

Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,

And I saw her babes torn from her breast,

Like trembling doves from their parent nest.

I'd shudder and start if I heard the bay

Of bloodhounds seizing their human prey,

And I heard the captive plead in vain

As they bound afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls from their mother's arms

Bartered and sold for their youthful charms,

My eye would flash with a mournful flame,

My death-paled cheek grow red with shame.

I would sleep, dear friends, where bloated might

Can rob no man of his dearest right;

My rest shall be calm in any grave

Where none can call his brother a slave.

I ask no monument, proud and high,

To arrest the gaze of the passers-by;

All that my yearning spirit craves,

Is bury me not in a land of slaves.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bury_Me_in_a_Free_Land>

Christmas…….Haikus

***1.***

Falling soft snowflakes

Dazzling white glitter sparkles

Tiny frozen gems.

***2.***

**Shiny large black boots**

**Fur lined extra large red suit**

**Uniformed in Joy**.

***3.***

Dashing down steep hills

On a homemade sled of wood

Winter delighting.

***4.***

**The smell of warm treats**

**And gingerbread perfuming**

**Baking memories**.

***5.***

Awaiting rebirth

Trees shudder barren branches

Pushed by frigid winds.

***6.***

**Marvelous stockings**

**Hung by children, who waiting**

**Dream of sweet contents.**

***7.***

Coins in the kettle

Offering a bit of hope

To those downtrodden.

***8.***

**Icy peppermint**

**Crooked and hung on a tree**

**Contrasts a fresh green.**

***9.***

An extra blanket

Diminishes the chilling

But restricts Movement

***10.***

**Holiday music**

**Makes merry the singer's soul**

**And those who listen.**

http://voices.yahoo.com/winter-haiku-christmas-poems-2249274.html