

# The Struggle Staggers Us

By Margaret Walker

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Our birth and death are easy hours like sleep  
And food and drink. The struggle staggers us  
For bread, for pride, for simple dignity.

5 And this is more than fighting to exist,  
More than revolt and war and human odds.  
There is a journey from the Me to You.  
There is a journey from the You to Me.  
A union of the two strange worlds must be.

10 Ours is a struggle from a too warm bed,  
Too cluttered with a patience full of sleep.  
Out of this blackness we must struggle forth;  
From want of bread, of pride, of dignity.  
15 Struggle between the morning and the night,  
This marks our years, this settles, too, our plight.