

# Reflections on Sunday

Ericka Huggins

sounds that come from the soul are always the same

free

open sounds

giving

the kind that reach out

and touch—

that's what our sisters did/minimum

touching maximum/sharing oppression

and the wish for its

removal...

feeling those sounds

seeing them felt on others

watching faces smile for the first time in months—

getting high—on the natural power of the

people to resist/to smile/to laugh/to sing

shout/love/give

even here...

wild hair, funky guitar

long hair funky voice (someone said Bessie Smith

came to mind)

hair—all lengths, legs, arms, smiles, music—SISTERS—and us...  
raggedy peacoats, cotton dresses, rocking,  
swaying  
enjoying it  
screaming  
crying too—even if not too many  
let the tears fall free  
us—black/brown/white/poor—SISTERS  
and it was all a total exchange  
of energy  
communication  
even if we did not share words  
we all knew their soul—songs were  
saying  
we understand  
we know  
we can see what amerika is doing  
to you—mother/daughter/child/woman  
of oppression—  
we can see, they sung —  
and our voices answered their guitar  
horns flute—voice—cowbell—tambourine demand for freedom with an unspoken' right on  
...a feeling there that one day—soon—  
all people will be free...and  
we left  
stronger  
able to smile (for a moment)  
till we returned to

rules that degrade  
schedules that destroy sanity  
racism that they cannot  
sexism that rapes us of our womanhood...  
and the locks, keys, windows, walls, doors,  
threats  
warnings  
bribes that harden our hearts and  
chain our souls...  
the time  
must be  
seized  
venceremos!

# fifth Estate

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