



## ***HOMECOMING POEM***

### **Homecoming**

by Gordon Parks (1912-2006)

The small town into which I was born,  
has, for me, grown into the largest  
and most important city in the universe.  
Fort Scott is not as tall, or heralded  
as New York, Paris, or London --  
or other places my feet have roamed  
but it is home.

Surely I remember the harsh days,  
the sordid bigotry and segregated schools --  
and indeed the graveyard for Black people  
(where my beloved mother and father  
still rest beneath the Kansas earth).  
But recently, the bitterness,  
that hung around for so many years  
seems to have asked for silence, for escape  
from the weariness of those ugly days past.  
Thankfully hatred is suddenly remaining quiet,  
keeping its mouth shut! And I'm thankful  
to find the contentment we lost along the way.  
My hope now is that each of us can find  
what GOD put us here to find -- LOVE!

Let us have no more truck with the devil!

Letter to the Editor, [\*The Fort Scott Tribune\*](#)  
October 2, 2001.

