



Sights and Sounds of a Juneteenth Parade

By Shekinah B.

On a sweltering summer day,
In a neighborhood a few blocks away,

The quiet crowd awaits in the summer heat,
All gathered around with portable seats.

Others hold their umbrellas way up high,
So that the sun won't hit their eyes.

Kids begin to fidget and twist,
Like their backs have a crazy itch.

Because they think that this is a bore,
What exactly are they waiting for?

Suddenly, a rhythm reached everyone's ear.
That Clippy Clop sounded crisp and clear.

Spry, limber horses trot across the street,
Their hoofs hit the ground with a steady beat.

While their riders wave and greet
Each and every person they meet.
The Soldiers marching at a steady pace,
With an expression of pride and grace.

They hold their flags up in the air,
Some even twirl them with great flair!

With their wheels and horns creating din,
The automobiles came zooming in.

The VROOMS of the motorcycles echo in the sky
Sirens Whoops like crazy as police cars pass by.

There were even cars some have never seen,
Beetles and jalopies now have a new sheen.

Fire trucks zoom in to save the day,
Giving everyone a refreshing spray.

Even the kids think pretty neat,
When the drivers toss out beads and sweets!

Suddenly, there's a brand new beat,
That makes you want to move your feet.

The marching bands played with swagger and style,
With a brassy noise that can be heard from miles.

Dancers start to boogie and sway,
As the beat of the music takes them away.

Members of the crowd began to move,
Both young and old began to groove.

The grand finale was a feast for the eyes,
The floats were a spectacular surprise.

From royal purple to shimmering gold,
Each of those floats was a sight to behold.

On top of the floats, proud woman sat and grinned,
Each with beautiful shades on their skin.

These women were pageant queens,
Wishing the crowd an amazing June 19th!

The cheer within this jubilee,
Let the whole world know that WE ARE FREE

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