

# The Death of A Freedom Fighter



*What words, what syntax is there that would suffice in describing how I feel about my fallen comrade, cradling in her precious womb a new generation to come that wasn't allowed to come forth. From the womb to the tomb. My Queen— True Queen of the Lumpen— High Commander of the Amazonian Army— My Most Faithful Comrade in Arms— Symbol of Complete Black Guerrilla Woman of the 21st Century— My Righteous Revolutionary Mate— My Other Half.*

*Through the many missions of valor andeavored, through your wit, sustained through your strong ties and love for our people, culminating in success and victory, through your rare leadership traits and the audactiy, the excellence you showed in combatting and conquering the chauvinism in men, you endured and excelled. Complete Black Woman, pregnant on your sacred mission for eight months to bestow into our struggle a new warrior. I got your message, Soldier. I have always breathed you into me and my heart beat three times as fast as before. I am stronger— I shall endure. I will endure, as I've sworn on the grave of our King, Bunchy, my every action to the annihilation of the murderous, cowardous pack of immoral beasts. My love and dedication to you, Your Highness, will persevere in my existence. "We should hate our enemy with revolutionary love."*

Saundra  
Pratt

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