

Sag

Donovan Morrow - analyzation of Beneatha : "A Raisin In the Sun"

My dream sagged.

It didn't explode,

It didn't have a sugar coat.

It just

sagged.

But God can help me right?

That's what Mama says.

Can God help me?

Who's God?

Who is this great beloved God to just fix my problems?

Can he fix my problems?

Can he materialize all the money I lost?

Can he make all the money in the world take shape?

Can this money take shape?

Can he make my dead daddy's spirit take shape?

Or would it just sag?

It would sag.

Oh God,

fix me.

Heal me,

Kinderly to the way I want to heal the world.

The way I want to heal my family,

The way I want to heal,

The way I want to heal myself.

Heal me.

God heal me.

Before

I,

Like my dream,

Sag.