



AWAKENING.

By: Jacob Munoz



Phillis Wheatley

- Poet
- Christian
- Slave
- Could not make choices
- Wrote a lot about death (Dr. Sewell, George Whitefield, Lady of five years of age, young gentleman)
- Ex: Pg. 13 (Phillis Wheatley)

On being brought from AFRICA to AMERICA.

"T'WAS mercy brought me from my *Pagan* land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too: → God: himself
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew. → Saviour; the
5 Some view our sable race with scornful eye, → man who saved us
"Their colour is a diabolic die."
Remember, Christians, Negroes, black as Cain, } All of these
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train. } races will
O.I.F.
So if they were to kill, does God approve?
Why would this happen?

On the Death of the Rev. Dr. SEWELL. 1769.

ERE yet the morn its lovely blushes spread,
See Sewell number'd with the happy dead. → in a better place than
Hail, holy man, arriv'd th' immortal shore, → a here on Earth
Though we shall hear thy warning voice no more.
5 Come, let us all behold with wishful eyes
The saint ascending to his native skies;
From hence the prophet wing'd his rapt'rous way
To the blest mansions in eternal day.
Then begging for the Spirit of our God,
10 And panting eager for the same abode,
Come, let us all with the same vigour rise,
And take a prospect of the blissful skies;

So, why death?

- Her writing was THAT good that she made “elegies” for the white
- Ex: Pg. 79 (The Age of Phillis)



THOMAS WOOLDRIDGE DEMANDS THAT
PHILLIS WHEATLEY INSTANTLY COMPOSE
A POEM IN HONOR OF HIS FRIEND, WILLIAM,
THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL OF DARTMOUTH

Stowe, October 1772

If Missouri had existed for white men,
Wooldridge would have been a shop nse white man.

In what would become Missouri there lived
Omaha, Illini, Ioway—no white men—

Nitachi, Osage, and some of the Quapaw;
British didn't own that: no stuff for white men,

but according to logic, Missouri was savage—
of course, God had made land for white men.

The visitor showed at King's Street, to John
Wheatley's house: nice residence for a white man.

He'd read Phillis's supposed poetry
but needed proof sufficient for a white man.

He told the Negress, write something on the spot,
passed her paper: the name of a white man—

she advised she was busy, so please return
that next day. (I'm thinking, Mr. Rude White Man.)

Was the servant angry? What she wrote
the visitor signified on rich, titled white men.

Phillis versed pain over slavery, her parents'
loss: they'd suffered because of white men.

Heroic rhymes, but not much meekness.

Umph, umph, umph: I guess she told that white man.

Salina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, c. 1747

The core of mercy: *long, wress*
not intellect but
a nagging fire:
whether I am saved—
and how shall I know?

And is this belief
a blindness to my
moss-covered sin? } *moss-covered = cover-up*

And when do I know
I shall leave distress
behind? My
husband died too soon
into our devotion—

he loved the Lord
as much as I—

and I try to imagine,
what my husband's
outstretched arms
will call in Heaven.

And is he really there?
And if all was decided
so long ago, when God

collected the spire
of my woman's rib } *Genesis*
in His mouth, then

how are we to recognize
the chosen? And
what words will
we speak?

*is this God's plan? To take
people away from us?*

GOD.

- Because she wrote a lot about death, she wrote a lot about GOD.
- Ex: Pg. 75 (The Age of Phillis)

You must know
KNOW that struggle is hard.
KNOW that addiction is deadly
KNOW that feelings are nothing but words.
KNOW that racism still exists.
KNOW THAT GOD EXISTS
How can one overcome the fear? worry? anxiety?
All my life I had to FIGHT!
Fight this fear, the worry, the anxiety.
But who shall help a man and woman?



I'm stuck around
and one day I know I'll be found
But they wanna see me
they want to see me succeed.
Just like Phillis Wheatley
and I promise
"That there's a God, and Sam'oun too"
and when days go by we'll know the truth
I just want to live like and be free
but nobody will
nobody will until we see the days of GOD
"A sinner once but now a saint with God"
the ultimate reality
the reality that we are one just like Adam & Eve
we are equal, we are united, we are PEOPLE
that feeling that you don't like, yeah that's EVIL
but imma keep it real
imma keep it real just like me
and I wanna say thank you
thank you Phillis Wheatley
Thank you for showing me
Gen as a sinner GOD will give mercy
I'm ready
ready to be alive
darkness will come but I will survive
thank you God for another chance at life
and to my loved ones,
the sun will shine and we will reunite
Just save a spot for me and we gon' be alright
and I promise, that I will win this fight.

Works Cited



- Jeffers, H. F. (2020). *The Age of Phillis*. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press.
- Wheatley, P., & Caretta, V. (2001). *Phillis Wheatley Complete Writings*. New York, New York: Penguin Books.