

# Sinner

## *Chapter Eight      Niggaton*

The red sun heaving and breathing fire at the break of dawn baked the clay dug up by the hoofs of Colonel Archibald Lee's Confederate troops. They head for Niggaton to witness another lynching. While the lynching is done Colonel Lee will keep the peace. Someone sent word that the town had been riled up by another rape and murder of a white woman. Rumor was she was a whore killed by a white man, but no matter it had been a while since a nigga hung high from a poplar tree. There was nothing like a lynching that restored faith in the sanctity and power of the South.

The colonel beat the back of Gideon, his black stallion, to lead the charge steadfast to Niggaton laying waste to all in his path.

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Niggaton lay adjacent to Melrah along the Mississippi River. Freed black men defiant of the slave holding South had set forth and lay claim to land the town of Melrah had refused to give them.

"Confederate money instead of land you good for nothing niggas; we owe you nothing!" the town's heroin

addicted Mayor Charles shouted at a town gathering where the white folks stood lynch ready and black folks held steadfast to pitch forks and knives ready to decimate white folks who had plundered, slaughtered and hated them from birth.

Sinner stood in front, his lips covered with rage spit, and the fearful stood behind him. White folks couldn't figure how he had grown large, 6' 4", and heavy with angry flesh. Where had he come from? Somehow he had just appeared as a babe on the back porch of the Thompson's big house. And that mammy that everybody trusted, had that strange child under her wing. She was famous for her chitterlings and hog maws and sent it to all the mastas' houses as courtesy of her masta, Will Thompson. That strange child had been small and curious -- now he was taller and stronger than most men, white or black...he had this mouth that would not stop sputing curses.

"You white folks, evil...that's what I says...evil."

"Before God you's gon pay. If God dont makes yah pay, I will. Whether I'm walkin' this earth or heaven or hell, whichever that devil send me, yaw gon pay." And they heard him but didn't listen and they whadn't scared but they was and took up arms and petition to get that nigga.

"We got tah get him," CJ said. He sputing the word of God. Yessum like no nigga I heard. He look like that nigga that killed up my mama. Yessum like no nigga I heard," CJ said stuttering with zeal.

So with that red sun heaving and breathing on dawn, that day, here stood Sinner on the corner of a nigga cemetery and those spirits was watching and about to come up from those graves if evil but put a foot in there.

They had cut those trees down and spread them out on the ground, wet and grasping like limbs and guts of the last lynched nigga. They took that boy, who was only 9, but he looked sixteen and tore at his clothes until they was loosed and hanging.

Then they whipped the flesh off him. But he didn't cry. He refused to. He just thought of Sinner and held his face evil dead for them to see. His mouth all grimaced and pouring out black lye that scorched their lynching hands. Mad just thought of Sinner. He seent him spit in Masta Will Thompson's face. He heard of him bedding the Masta's wife right down yonder in the cotton all awhile Masta on the other side whipping up women and chiren. And as they put oil on that wood to burn him up, he started sputing curses like he had heard when they thought they had rid themselves of Sinner.

"No man likes you good enough to touch his feet. You ain't good enough and he got power mo than the flame! You's all gon die in the fire you right here set on me and he's coming back. You just wait and see."

Sinner stood silent seeing the flames on Mad skin snake up and down his wet bloody flesh.

Sinner whispered in a silent echo, "Be still." Then Mad felt nothing more. They walked on up and out that fire. White men's teeth gleamed and danced across the black cooking flesh.