## The Black Ink's reactive Jugg

## Red

By Chris Riddick

I am no longer bound by those shackies
That were wrapped around me even before I lived
Tam no longer bound I say.
You see. I have the power beyond your imagination.
I cannot be held down or tied down.
I am fueled by a fire unknown to man.
I am enraged beyond your wildest dreams,
My energy flows from the top of my head to the
Soles of my feet, charging my body with supernatural
Strength, fueling my mind with complex thoughts,
My crimson blood boils throughout and fills my
Deins with a charge of power unknown to none but me,

And when I walk about do not flee from me because You do not understand me.

Flee from me because you do understand me.

I will never allow myself to be bound again.
My heart shall pump vigorous life in me.
My mind shall network ingenious thoughts like clockwork.
My limbs shall operate with superhuman passion.
And my mouth shall send forth a thunderous boom to all.

Through your eyes you see a menace, a threat, a beast.
Through your eyes your see an inferior, weak-minded pawn.
But even though you hate me, you fear me.

You cannot block my path!
You cannot field me back!

Mecause I am enraped. And my eyes see red.

## Beautiful Black Man

By Kitra C. Sheppard

a tall male tower looms over me he is strong and imperishable a rare element an endangered species on the brink of extinction yet fear he has not he has overcome captivity and refuses to be afraid unable to be condemned to conquered possessing a grace and beauty that are unparalleled he is overwhelming to the soint that he is breathtaking I am in owe of his magnificence he invites me to enter into the depths of his soul I become a part of him of his pain his suffering but their is more deeper sensuality passion pride a demand for respect and an unbreakable spirit that has eluded those that have brought him down for centuries he is greatness this Nubian god his beautiful black man