

The Broncos' Song

LUCKIE I AM
By Shakisha Monick
luckie

Unexplainable I AM
Indecisive clearly
Can't decide whether
It's pure ignorance
Or pure stupidity
Does it matter????
Either way it's negative
FIX IT

Unchangeable I AM
Will not eat chips/
Without some dip
Will not be sad
Not God's will
I be sad, mad.
Be glad!!!!
YOU DIG

Unable I AM
To understand
The minds/
The motives/
Of murderers/
And dope-pushers/
Woman or man
SOULS TO BE SAVED

Unbounded I AM
gonna go where no
Man has gone
Before i.e.
In my world!!!!
I'M FREE

CYCLES 8
By Gyendor

1. Put into their troubled minds
social lies of every kind.
2. Add much dust most liberally then wait;
ghetto-bound, let it trickle down and devastate.
3. Spin around 'til drugs abound, then mix around to use.
4. Confuse to diffuse all historical desires (through schools),
rhetorically put out soul fires (X, King, etc.),
then racially abuse.
5. Let excesses drain from their brains
and then
6. Add subliminal soap (the media)
and call yourself friend (politicians).
7. Re-wash with welfare, add more powder as needed;
cold survival is their need, thusly crime can be seeded.
8. After all cycles have been completed,
the suckers can then be hung out to dry.

* REPEAT ANY CYCLES AS NECESSARY TO ENSURE
COMPLETELY HYPED MINDS
AND TOTALLY CONFUSED STATES OF BEING (a.k.a., america).

A Dark Old Man
by Dr. Linda K. Barlow

A dark old man lingers now in the Green Manor rest home,
Staring out a viewless window. Flies flutter while Black
Women in sterile whites glide down the hall
Swishing cans of Lysol to mask the scents of withering
Flesh.

Home seems a far farmer's cry -- acres three miles
West where he was etched for fifty dateless years, a
Millet laborer caressing the soil.

Peering from his one-room cabin there,
His once virile eyes roamed north over pine-rich woodlands and
South over meandering humus-ripe pastures. Everywhere the coal-
Dank earth rose cyclically to mark his slackening years.

A mangled right hand betrayed him, ground off by the whirling
Teeth of a corn-picker, a gleaned stump left gnarled and
Nerveless in strips of ebony wrappings. Chewing his tongue,
Undaunted, still he plowed, hoed, kneaded the loam, urging
Black colds to humid fecundity.

Silent, a lone figure in bulging fields, knowing only ciphers from
Ought to ten, "X" the sole alphabet in his sparse world, words
Written remained hieroglyphic unknowns. Thoughts aery or
Mundane lurked, nurtured in seeming darkness.

Yet he emerged weekly, walking to Sandy Grove Church,
Dressed in Wall Street pin-striped blues, a grey Sunday
Hat cocked warily to one side. Pulsing gospel, Black country
Preacher-chants, moaning prayers from the mourning bench--what
Light illuminated Arthur's knowing on those holy days. Back home,
Spare sprouting words were mulled, then spat out as he ate
Left-handed, collards, turnips, silver-queen corn, syrupy
Sweet potatoes, yearly yieldings of his fertile hand:
"I done farmed too many years now. I got to take me a rest."

Rest, Arthur, but do not just sit, poised in that one room,
Eyes fixed,
Vacant windows looming.

Seasonal portraits of this land are
Barren without your fruitful hand.

For James Arthur Harrington

*"To be singular in plural circumstances
Is a becoming heroism."*

Emily Dickinson