

The Broncos' Song

Untitled

By Jamiyla Sneed

hot, sizzling
steamy holes
smoking
stroking, back and forth
on
off
evaporating
drips,
buttons
pushed the right way,
cords
outlets
electricity
sparks
pressed
straight, wrinkles gone
smooth
pressed
straight, wrinkles gone
smooth
silky
hard iron
soft cotton
get a grip-
six different speeds-
don't stop
it's time
the shut off
it's time
unplug
it's time
cool down
it's over
power-gone
it's over
another day.

No Face

Who am I?
I am no face
Though over thousands of years
I have had money
I have traveled through the darkness
and even through the light
Still I am unable to find my face
Many have called me an animal anigga
and unfeeling creature.
But none have called me a king, a warrior, a man.
I will continue to search this prejudice world until I find my face
Now I ask
Who are you?

Nothing Like a Black Man

by Leslie Sample

There is nothing like a black man
With strong black hands
To help his brother along the way
Or to fold in reverence
As he kneels to pray
There is nothing like a black man
With strong black hands
To forge a nation, then bid it rise
Or to caress a strong black sistah
With the light of love bright in his eyes
No, there is nothing like a black man
Born a leader
Born a builder
Born a fighter
Born a part of a legacy
There can be nothing like
Being born a black man
With strong black hands
Hands with the ability to crush
The ability to kill
Yet these are hands that love
And hands that heal
There is nothing like a black man
A warrior
A prince
A king
My dark brother
My ebony lover
There has never been a more beautiful being
My praise to you
I commend you on your being
Noble, proud, strong
Black
And just for being you
There is nothing like a black man.

DESYRES

By Stryfe

Your fluttering arms fill my
mind
caressing the dreams and
desyres
that your heavenly shape has
for as long nurtured
Is it for the love of, hating pain
or
for the hating of, loving pain
I know not
Now that your approach is
signaled by your
sweet jagged voice
and
the untamed animalistic urges
I hold fast
With your arrival at hand urges
that were once
snowflakes are now an
avalanche
But still
I hold fast
Stress builds and the sweet elixir
of my
pain trickles from my
face as all my faculties release
at your sweet barbed touch
which
lands with the sound of
lightning and the smell
of thunder
As you fold your ebony arms
around me to welcome
me into your Holy black
embrace
I awaken still grasping for
your body
my screams fill the night
denied again to be your
betrothed.

TRUE LOVE

By Gregory Morris

LOVE IS SOMETHING
THAT'S
HARD TO FIND.
YOU'VE GOT TO WAIT
PATIENTLY
AND GIVE IT TIME.
LOVE IS SOMETHING
THAT IS
HARD TO EXPLAIN.
MANY TIMES IT BRINGS
SORROW AND PAIN.
JUST WHEN YOU THINK
LOVE HAS BEEN FOUND.
IT WILL LIFT YOUR
SPIRITS HIGH
THEN DROP THEM WITH
A BOUND.
IT CAN LEAVE YOU
ALL ALONE IN THE
NIGHT.
WITHOUT ANY SIGNS
OF A BRIGHT LIGHT.
THIS IS THE TIME
YOU'VE GOT TO THINK
POSITIVE AGAIN.
YOU GOT TO MAKE LOVE
YOUR ETERNAL FRIEND.
IN SPITE OF ALL THE
PAIN AND SORROW.
LOVE IS THE KEY
FOR THE HAPPINESS OF
TOMORROW.
DON'T LET ALL THE
OBSTACLES
GET YOU DOWN.
FOR WHEN THE TIME
IS RIGHT TRUE LOVE
WILL BE FOUND.