

# The Broncos' Song

## Nigga

by Tonia Y. Clare-Jones

See how we change everything into  
something you can't understand?

Under whips and shackles we ate those bitter words  
stinging us, leaving us immobile  
paralyzing us with perfect fear,

and that word that you threw to us  
was like the feet and butt of swine  
and yet we seasoned our greens,

made them bearable, tolerable, and ultimately,  
desirable

And so your cruel word, which you can only whisper  
has been seasoned, yeah "nigga."  
And we embrace it, yeah "crazy ass nigga."  
And we empower it, yeah "that's my nigga."  
And it is on the swing of my hips,  
as I point one finger at my man and say,  
"Nigga don't play with me"  
it is on those graphite, cement courts  
as brothers' bodies like great celestial beings  
move in ways that defy nature and they say,  
"Damn, nigga!"

And we take from you this word, "nigger,"  
and give it a new social context,  
that can only be understood by us.  
We look at you and laugh, realizing,  
that your "nigger" has no hold on us  
no power over us, it does not move us.  
You look at us with envy as our "nigga"  
sends us into melodious laughter and  
you know that you have lost your word somewhere  
by the Nile, by the Ivory Coast, in the Congo  
and we picked it up in New York, Detroit, Carolina,  
and we said, "look at how our lips form  
when we say "nigga." Watch our eyes gleam and  
our hands flail with a nigga's energy.

"It is now our word"

## Trinity

Anonymous

Once, there were two souls traveling in time toward the  
same destination, but on different paths.  
There was an awareness between these souls--each of  
the other, yet the souls never met, too eager to be on the  
way.

After a time, just as the wind moves the leaves and the  
ocean brings the tide, nature reunited the souls at a  
second crossroad. Suddenly, time stood still. As these  
souls met with new awareness, the ground opened up  
and drew them in toward the depths of unleashed  
passions--unspoken realities.

Led by human instinct, their beings explored ancient  
unions and timeless traditions. Neither soul understood  
the forces driving their beings, but each understood that  
the other was necessary in the present for the comple-  
tion of their unknown destinies...

[Conceived, bared, and born]

by Nina Spicer

Conceived, bared, and born  
to a two-sided world  
Tears of joy, thoughts of sorrow  
Unleashed into an unsuspecting place  
Naive and full of wisdom  
learned through the womb

The slant of my eyes  
The roundness of nose  
The fullness of my mouth  
All like daddy, powerful  
to the eyes.

Full of ideas, bursting with dreams  
Thoughts on my mind followed by  
wisdom on my tongue  
All like mother, stronger of the two

I am my mother from her womb

## Broncos Please Stand

by Michael Rich

The events on campus seem such a bore;  
So often upon leaving the games we don't notice the score.  
We're supposed to be cheering, but I can't tell.  
You could hear a pin drop; it's as quiet as Hell.  
It's as if a football game is just another place to go.  
We don't go for the game; we're just there for a show.  
And at the basketball games we're in the same kind of funk;  
We cheer loudest for the opponent when they get the dunk.  
About the volley ball games, I guess we don't care,  
But that's pretty evident when no one is there.  
At parties we represent, but it's like we're in a trance.  
I say this because so many people don't dance.  
Now, Homecoming, boy, that's a mystery to me,  
How we'd rather be at Central or even A&T.  
It's not all our fault, this I cannot deny;  
We need more support from FSU alumni.  
How can I say this? What have I done?  
While at Hampton University I had lots of fun.  
Here I can't see it, I can't tell it, I don't hear it;  
Broncos the question is: Where is your spirit?  
The campus should be spirited--it's supposed to be live.  
We can make a deference (SGA meetings are Wednesdays at five).  
So, to every woman and to every man:  
You're a Bronco, be spirited, please take a stand!

## ROBIN

by Gyendor

Rising like a smile to play  
On a sunny, funny, funny day - you say hello. And  
Before I can laugh, you still me now and again - your kiss.  
Inside you: this fantasy I wish and seek  
Next to you. Reach now and grasp the right hand of Love.