

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"

The Broncos' Song

"YOU"

by Vizon O. Blue

There is nothing better than
the
slow
rise
of hairs along my neck
when you whisper in my ear
seductively
softly
"I miss you"
and use comforting caresses to
dull and heighten my senses
simultaneously

There is nothing better than
watching
the
glorious
glisten
of sweat dripping from your
sultry obsidian body
at the completion of our dance
our ritual

There is nothing better than
being
loved
Being satisfied
Being satisfied

There is nothing better than
looking up to the sun
and letting its heat warm my face
like your adoring attentive touch
all the while realizing
there is nothing
better
than
you

I MISS YOU

by Gyendor N. Wahsal

Sky-writing my love with lost
tears from my eyes
Tendered fears turned to tears
and then tossed in your sky
All the while realizing that our
love couldn't be
Cause on call castled walls had
to fall: you're now free...
I caught your sun rising on my
run into me
and your light became my
earth, wind, fire, and sea
and now that you're gone, all
my blind mind can see is that
i miss you,...i miss you,...i
miss you,...i miss you.

Procession
by "One Earth"

(Part I)
What was...
Anticipated days, yearning
nights
burning desire, but losing the
fight
Feverish sweat when you got
close
soothing stroke of a medicinal
dose
A longing gaze which made me
blush
A deeper kiss which
strengthened my crush
What is...
Awkward avoidance knowing
you're there
pretending as if we don't really
care
Blurry focus distorting sight
afraid of the suffering by doing
what's right
A flowering love that loses its
petals
from worms who suck and dust
that settles
A Thoughtful god an Angel
sent
an Angel I won't soon forget.
(Part II)
What will be...
Satisfied sighs, mellow moans
a captured heart who once
would roam
From a bewildering height, a
devastating fall
from a touch of the hand that
would end it all
That longing gaze that remains
ever there
with hesitance to flee when we
come near
From a planted seed, a
miraculous birth
when the god decides to make
his Ol' Earth.

Quiet

By Gyendor N. Wahsal

UNTITLED #1
by Lonell Johnson

I feel like night right now
my weariness is only matched
by my
desire to achieve
but as the eagle soars or the
tiger vigorously
pursues its pray
I will press
I must press
for there is nothing else that will
satisfy my soul
there is nothing else that will
ease my pain.
I fell darker than night right now
for night is when I must
complete my task.
I must push harder than even
the moon to gain
its visibility at eve.
Night feels cold and lonely
but the night even though
unventured by the majority
is a road traveled by unbelieved
numbers
At day you may see my weary
eyes
and unenergetic mannerisms
but as you see me
if you notice close
you'll see others
and those others accomplish
the works that seal fates

DISTANCE TO A SOUL
by b.t. sunshine

Distance to a soul?
Nothing more than
meaning-less miles,
meaning-less miles.

Our aching souls are
miles apart - but you
are here - with me.

You're the smell on my
pillow and the comforting
warmth beneath my sheets.

You are the hunger in my
stomach and the
cool chill up my spine.

You are the first thought
upon waking and last
desire before dreaming.

Our love - written in the
stars - predestined from each
life borne and death departed.

This distance to our souls?
Nothing more than
meaning-less miles,
meaning-less miles.

MY DARK CONSCIOUSNESS
by Roderick Morrow

Once again I find myself lost
in the Pandemonium that is my
black thought
Thinking that they all owe me
something
when it was others that fought
without any retribution
and except for the outspoken
few
we recall no one
Only the wind swept memories
of how it was
Only the film footage of unjust
brutalities
mixed with water hose rumbles
and pain laden screams
a silent triumph in the midst of
physical defeat
to maintain passive restraint
but the seeds of the nonviolent
movement
are too busy dealing in the ways
of death
to stop and pay homage
too busy concentrating on the
mental agony
too busy blaming a figureless
nameless bodiless "the man"
too occupied with trivialities
when in the face of a monstrous
chaos
trying so hard to fight each
other what we never noticed the
whip-marks
on our backs
my generation
The generation with no
revolutions
on revolvers
and no solutions will be forth
coming from us
some how we don't know when
we made our choices
but one by one we sold the man
our voices
and now he holds our futures in
the palm of his hand
and he scatters our broken
dreams like so many
grains of sand

*For Poets and lovers of poetry,
FSU's Poetry Guild meets every
Thursday from 5 to 7 pm in the
Lauratta J. Taylor Gymnasium
room 4. For more information
contact Roderick Morrow at
223-5621.*