

POET'S CORNER. . .

“...Oppression...Nothing...Behind...You...Same...Whitey...”

ON BEING BLACK

Open rage and unsmiling hostility,
Personal frustration and split personality,
Pressure exerted upon us to be culturally assimilated,
Resistance to be systematically annihilated,
Economic deprivation and miserable poverty,
Social injustice and prominent inequality,
Sick of our own people and by other people despised,
Introverts we became but so well disguised,
Open up to love we will but in our own way,
Nothing but oppression stands in our way.

Discriminated against because we're black,
Exasperated with us because we fight back.
Pride in the culture that we're reshaping,
Resistance by whites as evident in their gaping.
Educated to adhere to the dominance of white,
Segregated because we aren't quite right.
“Soul power” is what we advocate,
Instead “blue power” is all that we rate.
Only we knew what it means to be black.
Nothing but oppression emphasizes the negative fact.

Regret that we must constantly live in hate,
Expressions of violence says that changes come too late.
Reservations about those who claim to be so liberal,
Pity for those who never know us as a loving people.
Ever seeking to establish our own national identity,
Society says we must live as their colony,
Seeking to become all that we can be,
Instead we are controlled by white society,
Outraged by all the things we feel,
Nothing but oppression, depression, and repression seem real.

Amrvi

THE POLITICS OF AMERICA

America will not sign the treaty banning genocide
Because from its own murders it can no longer hid,
The murder of millions of non-whites in this country
Their dirty ass scandals locked in the mind won't see.

Annihilation of all colored peoples in body and soul
In this country is a thing for all to behold,
The ghettos and slums built to oppress Blacks
The reservations created to give the Reds no slack.

Then whitey created the glorious word patriotism
To keep all those under his damn feet in colonialism,
Slavery is not gone, freedom has never existed
for people with the wrong color skin or mind twisted.

So when the natives and black “immigrants” got restless
Whitey said we'll emancipate them but keep them manless,
Freedom was shouted to the high heaven but tripping to hell
Was the only way that this freedom would sell.

So whitey is still sitting in his White House office
Dealing a death hand to all those under his thumb
Until the Ace of spade comes up amiss
And is followed by guns and violence til the revolution comes.

Amrvi

UNTITLED

I stand, detached from the world
detached, indeed, from
myself
Peering in through the windows of
the world, of my life,
and I see--
so much, yet nothing, really, nothing real...
Life is a hollow vessel of clay
Filled with water, whose
vapor seeps slowly out the breaks in the mold,
The water freezes, bubbles, sparkles, hisses,
boils, trickles, and incessantly, imperceptibly
(except in teardrops)
escapes, leaving at last the emptied vessel, whose substance
of earth and mud go back to
the dust,
from whence they came. . .

Hilda L. Freeman

TOUCHING

...And how would I know you are near,
Were I suddenly struck blind?
I would touch your eyes, your cheeks, and your lips
And in the depths of my heart I could sense it,

All my senses are attuned to you,
I know the taste of you, the smell of you,
And I hear each murmur of your heart,
I am you and everything you feel.

I need no eyes to see you;
Across thousands of miles, I can reach you,
Among countless souls I have searched to find you
And my soul touched yours and fused into one,

We are one in the other;
Our very souls have entwined into a union,
Our bodies are the receptors of all we feel for each other.
We have melted into a rapturous passion which began, . .
when our hands first touched,
Edwina Langaster

HERE I AM

Here I am with my Fro and
my identity
Whose Identity?
My Identity - Black Identity!
You can't deny my years of education,
but you did deny many of my brothers
and sisters.

Get Back? Baby, that's not
where it's at!

Too long the Black Folk have
been behind,

Behind in education,
Behind in racial relations,
Behind in identity,
Behind in everything, just

in so many injustices.

We're here and we're not going
to stay. We're going to move
on up and we're going to

leave you, . . leave you behind and strive to get up. . . up. . . up.
Laugh now. . .

Ha!
But we'll
laugh last.

Sharon J. Allen

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