

# THE COMPASS PRESENTS THE BLACK POETRY PAGE

## I RELATE TO YOU

I relate to rapping  
 I relate to violence  
 I relate to brothers  
 I relate to mothers  
 I relate to beauty  
 I relate to God  
 I relate to Black Achievement  
 I relate to jive  
 I relate to ghetto niggers  
 I relate to upper Ghetto niggers  
 I relate to downtown  
 I relate to creativity  
 I relate to whitey  
 I relate to reasons  
 I relate to actions  
 I relate to sounds  
 I relate to movements  
 I relate to pain  
 I relate to hips  
 I relate to thighs  
 I relate to madness  
 I relate to sadness  
 I relate to gladness  
 I relate to love  
 I relate to Man  
 I relate to Bad Breath  
 I relate to meditations  
 I relate to vibrations  
 I relate to flowers and trees  
 I relate to bullshit  
 I relate to Duo Niggro  
 I relate to Hands off Bitches  
 I relate to relate so relate sisters and brothers,  
 Yes I relate to you!!

CB-Courier

## Wonderful One

You're the bread upon my table.  
 You're the sweet wine that I drink.  
 And when I'm out and just not able  
 You give me strength to carry on.  
 You're the sweet air in the Spring.  
 You're a beam-light from the sun.  
 You make my life complete, darling,  
 You're my wonderful one.  
 You're my heaven on this earth.  
 A life filled tenderly  
 You awake my soul with mirth.  
 With a kiss that's heavenly.  
 You're my candle in the dark.  
 The loving grapes upon a vine  
 With one kiss stolen in the dark  
 I'm so glad you're mine.  
 You're my wonderful one,  
 My sweet, sweet, wonderful one.  
 A love for you so true  
 You're my wonderful me.

Mathieu Blount  
 Freshman

## LIFE

I had a friend  
 He was kind and benevolent.  
 He gave me everything but self-government.  
 They found my friend stabbed in the back  
 They arrested me 'cause I was Black  
 STAY BACK

CB

## The Man Is My Oppressor

The man is my oppressor  
 and I will always want  
 He forces me to lie down  
 in slum gutters  
 He leadeth me to piercing  
 needles  
 He negates my soul  
 He leadeth me down the  
 paths of Racism for his  
 Profit's sake  
 Yea though strung out I  
 run hoping for the shadow  
 of death  
 I will fear all evils for  
 he will chase me.  
 His dog and his sleers will  
 taunt me.

He preparest the laws  
 against me in hope for  
 victory of mine enemies  
 He encircles my neck with  
 ropes  
 My blood spilleth over  
 Surely the hatred and torment  
 shall follow me  
 And I will dwell in the  
 damned U.S.A.

Eve of the Revolution:  
 The Ice Man is here and  
 The Crab man Cometh  
 Jimmy Coples  
 Senior

## Junkie, Junkie., He's Around

Junkie, Junkie he's around,  
 I'll be damn my jones  
 is coming down. Snot  
 running out of my nose,  
 covering my toes, twindling  
 my thighs. Can't you see  
 man..., I'm in need. Mr.  
 Pusher...Mr. Pusher who's  
 around can't you see this  
 junkie needs. I feel, I feel  
 so high, so high it even  
 makes my woman walk away  
 from me. But I'm a junkie  
 man with pride, snorting,  
 shooting and feeling high.  
 Man...Can't you see my  
 old comes running after  
 me, I just push him around  
 because I feel, I feel so  
 high, so high that I sell  
 that old man of mine short.  
 Then he walks away from  
 me only because I'm feeling  
 high.

My mother comes walking  
 up to me saying son...son  
 it just can't be. But I'm  
 just leaning, nodding,  
 feeling high, to shame to  
 realize my mother looking  
 at me. When

## What Has Happened To Christmas?

Will someone please tell  
 me, explain if you can  
 What has happened to  
 Christmas throughout  
 this our land?

For somehow in the hustle  
 and bustle of time it seems  
 that dear Christmas, we  
 lost in the grind.

People don't stop to think  
 of that most holy night  
 When three wise men  
 decided to follow a light

To follow a holy, a most  
 sacred light  
 Despite the harsh cold  
 or the threats of the night.

For there in a stable,  
 amongst donkeys and  
 sheep  
 The wonderful counselor  
 lay, tiny and meek.

Without whom, the world  
 would be doomed to die  
 But no, He would give  
 us all another try,

But people don't stop to  
 think of these sights,  
 They're too busy with

she leaves, I steal everything  
 that's in my sight. I got  
 to feel so high, so high,  
 because it brings me to  
 my insides. People, people  
 are walking away from  
 me, thinking I'm going to  
 get them like me. When  
 I walk, walk the streets,  
 I feel as though people  
 are looking at me.

My brother came running  
 after, after me because  
 he wants to feel like me.  
 Mr. Pusher is around but  
 I pushed him away from  
 me because I don't want  
 my brother to be like me.  
 Mr. Pusher don't spread  
 that shit around because  
 his arm nor skin isn't  
 so deep. Man, man...you  
 can satisfy my needs but  
 destroy his needs.

Please Mr. Pusher,  
 leave me alone.

by Ella Barnes  
 Junior

clothes and with food  
 and the like.  
 Alma Jenkins  
 Freshman

## ... International Week ...

(Continued from page 3)

gree in Urban - Environmental  
 Studies from Renselear  
 Polytechnic Institute in  
 Troy, N.Y., centered his  
 speech around unity and  
 harmony in international  
 relations.

On the same evening at  
 8:00 p.m., Miss Cynthia  
 Wade of Washington,  
 D.C. was presented in  
 concert in Moore Hall  
 Auditorium. Miss Wade's  
 repertoire included Latin,  
 Russian, German, and  
 American compositions.  
 Miss Wade is a recent  
 graduate of Howard  
 University and past  
 president of Howard  
 University Choir.

The final aspect of  
 International Week was  
 the International Ball,  
 a yearly treat, held in  
 Williams Hall Gymnasium.  
 Music for the Ball was  
 furnished by a dynamic  
 soulful band.

## And Then

Brothers and sisters,  
 check me out!  
 When I am hungry for a  
 crust of bread,  
 Or cold and nearly  
 naked in the damp,  
 Are we not brothers  
 then?

When I am lonely for  
 an ear to hear,  
 My soul cries out for  
 some spark of  
 compassion,  
 And all around me  
 people rush and run,  
 Are we not brothers  
 then?

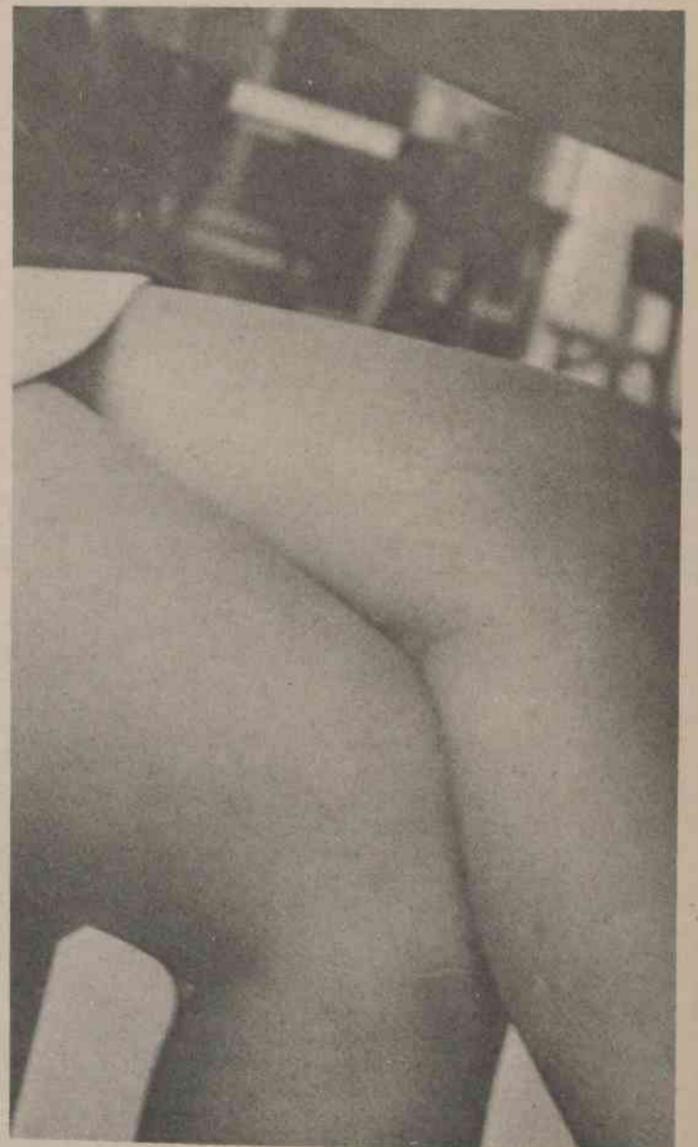
Can we sit down and  
 speak to one another,

Make an attempt to  
 touch each other's  
 souls -- To feel each  
 other's needs, each  
 other's worries,  
 And not quiver too  
 much about our own,  
 But lose ourselves  
 within each other's  
 caring? And then,  
 after the "touching  
 of the souls," Arise  
 as newborn babes  
 to greet the morning.  
 Yes, then are we  
 truly brothers and  
 sisters.

-Alma Faye Jenkins  
 Freshman

## TOP 20 HITS

- |   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1. Rock Steady                                | Arthea Franklin         |
| 2. Greedy Man                                 | James Brown             |
| 3. Family Affair                              | Sly & The Family Stones |
| 4. Got to be There                            | Jackson 5               |
| 5. Can I                                      | Eddie Kendricks         |
| 6. Shaft                                      | Isaac Hayes             |
| 7. Have You Seen Her?                         | The Chi-Lites           |
| 8. A Million To One                           | Manhattans              |
| 9. One Monkey Don't Stop<br>No Show           | Honey Comb              |
| 10. I Want To Pay You<br>Back                 | The Chi-Lites           |
| 11. Tired of Being Alone                      | Al Green                |
| 12. Super Star                                | Temptations             |
| 13. You're My Everything,<br>Everyting Is You | Stylistics              |
| 14. MacArthur's Park                          | Four Tops               |
| 15. I'm The Exception to<br>the Rule          | Temptations             |
| 16. Make It Funky                             | James Brown             |
| 17. The Love We Had                           | The Dells               |
| 18. Hijacking Love                            | Johnnie Taylor          |
| 19. Breakdown                                 | Rufus Thomas            |
| 20. I Want To Be A Part<br>of You             | Brenda & Tabulations    |



I Relate To You