

EXPRESSIONS

My Bag

I am
no more
than what
my heart feels.

No
matter how much
I disapprove
or refuse
to accept
this fact.

I
can do
no more
than what
I know.

And
I can't
do what
I don't
know.

When
I find myself
going for myself —
I then know
that
this is
my bag.

A Try

I am going to try to be Black each day, each hour
With all the soul and Black Power
Which my Black heroes gave me
I am going to be Black
I am, I will try or die.

I am going to be the Angel that will light life's way
For all my brothers and sisters
So they can laugh and pray
to the god of All our people
The god that loves us today.
I am, I will try or die.

I just gotta feel my soul burn so deep in me
Until I will rise and really let myself be,
Be black and proud and yet still kicking
A Black nappy-headed sista
Saying
"Hey, God, this is me"
Black at
last.

Life is beautiful, inexhaustible
The poet sees beyond the sunset
He is universal.

—Sister Brenda Jean Buie

Poem of the Future Citizen

I came from somewhere
from a Nation which does not yet exist.
I came, and I am here!

Not I alone was born . . .
nor you, not any other . . .
but, brother,

I have love to give in handfuls.
Love of what I am
and nothing more.

I have a heart
and cries which are not mine alone.
I come from a country which does not exist.

Ah! I have love in plenty to give
of what I am.

!!
A man among many . . .
citizen of a nation which has yet to exist.

Song of the Negro on the Ferry

If you could see me die
The millions of times I have been born . . .

If you could see me weep
The millions of times you have laughed . . .

If you could see me sing
The millions of times I have died
And bled . . .

I tell You, European brother,

You would be born
You would weep
You would sing
You would cry out
And you would die
Bleeding . . .
Millions of times like me!!!

Reminiscences?

I 'member then
musta been nine
maybe ten:
I useta play cowboy
John Wayne, my man.

I had my blue eyes too.
Blond hair.
two big white stallions,
spurs on boots

I galloped through meadows
me and my imagination:
Indians hot on my trail
Dirty, stinking redskins

but lo! I'm hungry,
homeward I turn.
My word is crushed,
my indians have vanished,

washing hands in kitchen sink
you know how we did it; dirty
nails, are you kidding,
I guess that's the nigger in me.



Fool's Fool

More niggers kill niggers
than honkies kill niggers
'cause niggers hate niggers
and honkies hate niggers
but a honkie figures
why should I kill a nigger?
when I can get another nigger
to pull the trigger
it's safe and slicker
that way
and then I figure
that one day
I'll kill the nigger
that pulled the trigger
and eliminate them all that way.

—Alvin Rush

(Untitled)

Mathematically exact percussions
Of time beat within my soul
As the needle of my curiosity
Floats in the groove of my being.

—Gregor Hannible

Destruction

The foolish world stood
Facing the mirror of time.
A chaotic history reflected;
Yet, she turned her back
In search of the ultimate goal —
Destruction

There's a wind calling me
And the noise is very strong.
Can't you all hear it?
It's calling a long line of us

And I believe we all hear it too.
Look at sista changing that hair
and brother finally seeing that he's a man;
He's big; He's strong.

Even little children know who they are
They say it loud that they are proud.
That wind rings in my heart
It rings in my soul
This wind is telling me
Mortally rich inspirations
of what I am going to be.
Winds keep calling
"Come home, my children of the East."

—Sister Dora Ann Hinson

Our House

Deep in the backwoods of hate
lies my house and my fate
Rats, Roaches, and Dirt.

—Brother John Brewer

A Black Woman's Pleasure

A black woman's pleasure
Is pleasing her black man.
A black woman's pleasure
Is bringing hope to her king.
A black woman's pleasure
Is standing beside her ebony wonder.
A black woman's pleasure
Is her blackness — personified.

—Sister Norma Stewart

There was a time in my life when I
Wanted to experiment with passion.
I felt I was a woman and man
had to satisfy my needs.
I never got around to it.
Society's code of morals choked me.

—Sister Dora Ann Hinson