



FROM WITHIN

THE BLACK DIASPORA

Acknowledgements

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the Black Diaspora

Afrika was home for
the Blackman
before the slavetrade,
the barbarous greed of europeans,
snatched us from her breasts
to labor in hostile foreign lands
and here we still live and work
carrying her mark proud
dancing to the rhythms of her
heartbeats
and though we're not in Afrika
she is in us
all of us here
within the Black Diaspora

tyrone farris

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Preface

There have been many eddies and currents in the history of Blackpeople, and the scope and length of the Black Diaspora span a significant portion of both world geography and world history A temporal panorama of pain and struggle. Yes, we have struggled and in that struggle we have acquitted ourselves well.

Ours has been a struggle for freedom, justice, respect and the preservation of belief in our own hu(e)manity. We have come to the realization that there is no reason to be ashamed of our past or ourselves. And the struggle continues.

While we have come far, the journey has really just begun. While we have gained much, there is still so much more for us to gain. There is an abundance of work ahead for us, not the least of which is, for us of the Diaspora, to reach across the oceans and the endless miles to our brothers at Home and to others of us within the Diaspora.

Here in america, there is, at the present, two forces ostensibly at work in our struggle—the Black prisoner and the Black student. Prison and the white university reflect a greater reality in the simplest of details. To enter prison is to experience the naked truth of repression/america, stripped of its thin veneer of respectability and social justice. To enter the white university is to see the intellectual waste that goes into the construction of that thin veneer. Two perceptions of the same reality. The halls of ivy contain oppression/repression just as surely as the halls of prison contain them.

The Black student. The Black prisoner. Both captives of the same jailer. Both desirous of breaking the chains that shackle the Blackmind. Out of the Black Diaspora come their voices, expressing the pain, the joy, the ugliness, the beauty that make up their existence. This book is a sharing of themselves with the universal Blackmind, and a weapon for the liberation of Black hu(e)manity. So relax a little, let them speak to you, to us, and ponder the reality of ourselves at Home and within the Black Diaspora.

The Real Man

The REAL man possesses understanding.

He's considerate and responds to his woman's
needs...desires...feelings..

He respects his woman, her ideas, her dreams...

He's gentle yet firm, revealing his eagerness to love and to be loved.

He captivates his woman with his lovemaking--reassuring her of his
masculinity--Never doubting she knows he's complete and beyond
all praise..

Yet a REAL man exposes Himself...

He never fears to reveal **his** emotions...He reacts in a way that
shows his sincerity...Never afraid that others will laugh at his
REAL emotions...

But more than anything--a REAL man Cries

gloria adger

sunday

look at her
lookin at him
smilin at me
smiles back, i does

now it being such a fine day
and all
I wears my white levis and halter top
keeps my stride smooth, sways my hips
yeah,
i does all that.

she makes me feel nice

look at her lookin at him
smilin at me

smiles back, i does

sharon battle

(untitled)

After endless years of scrubbing your floor
spotless

While mine were only swept with your thrown
away broom

Nursing and tending your children until they
could think and stand on their own two feet.

While mine were home taking care of
themselves.

Fixing your meals so that your family can have
the very best.

While mine only received your leftovers
of grits and fatbacks.

Washing, Ironing, and starching your husband's
shirts

While mine had to leave because of the
numerous mouths we had to feed

You, dare ask me to stand and scream for
equality with you.

For What! For You Again

You want equal pay, equal rights and freedom
from the apron strings society has put upon you
and your kind.

And I would, I would think about going along
with you in your cry for equality

But first of all give me the things you want
to throw away.

A floor to scrub of my own,

A fine meal to serve my family

A man whom society has'nt deprived of his
rights as a man to provide as a husband
and father

and then I'll think about it

But that's all I'll do

Is think about it.

joanne butler

(The Negro Woman)

The Negro woman
nurses the whiteman's child
from the cradle until he is grown,
and sometimes she might relate to these
children
better than she relates to her own.
My mother
"mothers" the whiteman's child,
making sure when he is hungry
he is fed.
Yet, with all this love my mother possesses,
I lie sick and alone in bed.
My mother
"pampers" the whiteman's child,
teaching them to be clean and neat
while I, not knowing right from wrong,
learn of life in back-alleges and streets.
I do not blame my mother, though,
for she is just too busy to see.
But while she takes care of the
whiteman's child
who takes care of me?!

mark carnius cox

Blackness Is . . .

Black Is . . . an everlasting cry for equality and Black pride

Black Is . . . a struggling youth who sees the worst and faces the truth

Black Is . . . a Black child born, whose mother cries and tries to carry on

Black Is . . . my mother's face when she says we are the forbidden race

Black Is . . . getting the best and not stopping on the way to take a rest

Blackness Is . . . a father who hides when the people come to check
the higher guys

Blackness Is . . . how I feel when a doctor says I have sickle cell (anemia)

Blackness Is . . . knowing someday that you shall overcome

Blackness Is . . . Me and I'm Joanne Butler

[untitled]

Who is to say
my reality
is real
only in my dreams
My love is not
actually love
It is only my conception
of love
So when I ask you to
make love to me
I am asking
you to make my
dream reality
which is really
not what I want
at all
All I want is you.

karen brown

Night Prison

Dreams are choking my mind
I feel the pain in my soul.
Something on my mind that keeps
fighting my precious sleep.
Sleep - the only freedom I know
My dreams of the sun lying next
To me caressing my body with
Long burning strokes, shielding
Me from the rain that
My own tears created.
My dreams will someday create
The prison that I will die in.

g.c.c.

[untitled]

I live, but
I died tonight.
I died a death no less profound
than that experienced by those
who are unable to explain.
I died tonight.
For the first time I
grasped something so bizarre,
so unexpected,
so completely beyond
the outer-realms of my imagination
that I still refuse to call it
reality.
I died tonight-
you said, 'goodbye.'

mark carnius cox

Prison Is:

It's a bitter pill;
Society's means of diverting e

It's cold blooded;
Suppressing one's natural driv

It's quiet mayhem;
Stagnation, dehumanization.

It's unconstitutional;
So is the Constitution.

g.c.c.

[untitled]

I couldn't catch on to the "right on" of it,
I couldn't find the time, to rap the line.
I couldn't make the moves of the groves who shoved it,
I couldn't make the search, or spend the time.

And everywhere I looked I saw educated fools,
and everywhere I went they were all being schooled
on get over, or under, or around, not down.
Growing grass on their chest, and seeing who was best,
couldn't cop enough hits, and many they'd have a fit
to think that they might learn, or their minds might expand,
or maybe just burn, with a mind expanding band,
or talk some heavy shit to put your mind into,
and everywhere I looked I saw educated fools.

mildred cox

Gain While You're Losing

We're in love with up, hate down—
Even to be first class is to ride high—
Arch our wings, stay off the ground;
In other thoughts, we aim toward sky.

Here as we prepare a foundation, so hard—
All our minds, blacked and blank on Success—
Put joy back, for future we toward;
In other thoughts, destroy bad reflex.

We're here, and now is time for joy,
Let thy self free, it's fiesta; no moan.
For us it's life; Children, it's their toy.
In other thoughts, Good living, "Time on."

We who back track for a particular main
Let all great presents down the invisible lane.

harold I. davis, jr.

Institutionalized - Is

Institutionalized	is Negative
Institutionalized	is Accepting the institution is Accepting the day to day indignities
Institutionalized	is Trying to dull the reality of institutional is Deprivation with drugs and barbituates
Institutionalized	is Accepting society's definition of yourself is A worthless being - an animal.
Institutionalized	is Accepting the fact that there are no women is pairing off with some dude
Institutionalized	is Not looking forward is Living from day to day is Accepting oppression is Living up to animal expectations is Accepting defeat is The way this society wants you to be else they wouldn't have you in an institution.
Institutionalized	is The negative consciousness of f.e. chapman

A PRISONER'S LOVE SONG

Oh my love	in this twisted-tormented
I don't want to live	life of mine.
without you	Oh my love
For without you my	your every name
life has no meaning,	explains why I suffer
no purpose and	so much pain
I'm lost in despair	without you.
I dream of you every moment	My love, my life,
and you know	my dream
you are my second	Her name is FREEDOM!
sun,	f.e. chapman
the only ray of hope	

For Krischael

Dear little sister
With your tender innocence
Wipe clear your eyes
And board times indifferent train
Saving your tears for rest stops

sandra duncan

[untitled]

Black dreams
perch on
rich white ladies'
diamond necklaces
waiting for her colored
maid to carefully give th
a dust

[untitled]

sandra dunc

He was so Black
You could check your eye make-up
in the reflection on his face.
And so handsome it made you ill.
He moved with a manly grace
that made a girl weak in the
knees and light headed.
Yeah, he was so fine, but
when he walked down the
street with his white girl friend
it made you want to cry.

stephanie donaldson

The Shell

Happy?
Should I be?
Most certainly not,
Made by environment
As hard as a knot.
As evil as hell,
As mean as the devil
I'm surrounded by a shell
Of poverty, bigotry, hatre
And sin.
Where in the world
Will it all end.

stephanie donaldso

[untitled]

Pick him out.

Moves thru crowd like hot knife thru butter
Yeah, he's the one.

Check him out.

Voice his feelings loud, while other men stutter
Yeah, he's the one.

There's no doubt.

One look in his eyes can move me to tears
Yeah, he's the one.

Lay me, lay me out.

In his arms I have no fears
He's the one.

Ahhh scream and moan and sigh and shout
He's the one, he's the one, he's the one.

denise a. douglas

[untitled]

you laugh and I laugh too
you walk by and I watch you
you touch me oh so slightly
my stomach turns
you look at me
and I yearn
to kiss you tenderly
to stroke you lightly
to hold you tightly
to smile all the while you are near

denise a. douglas

My American Heritage

From an Ebony Civilization
To the cradle of degradation
Has been my fate
War, captivity, and slavery
Unwarranted and unwanted mates

I do not blend
In the American melting pot
Néver assimilation
Always discrimination

Segregation, a legal device
Used to keep me poor but nice
Civil Rights, none have I known
Just lynching, rape, and murder in broad daylight
Are the rewards for the courage I've shown

What will become of my generation?

Civil War Emancipation
I'm now a person without chains
And without political, social, and economic gains
What can I claim?
Certainly not womanhood or citizenship in this land
Voting, little have I done
Since I could not always read and write
And interpret the constitution as some
All right. Denied equal education
Overburden with penalization

I've served in two world wars, Korea, and Viet Nam
I've returned home cripple, blind, and lame
Busing and cussing why all the fussing
A little Bus ride to the other side
Where there aren't any rules
Just a broken down school

Integration Never?
White supremacy forever
Before compromising
Let the private schools rise

Watergate
Tax-evasion, crimes and lies are
Privileges for the governors while
the governed are punished
My American Heritage

margaret dwight

[for gwendolyn brooks]

the twilight years
meaningless time spent
dodging death among the shadows
pain, fear, and nothingness

growing old
like mold on stale bread
in limbo between memories and darkness
where laughter dies in its infancy
and smiles are clattering teeth set in
jelly jars in anticipation of the coming winter
and no hope for spring

such are the nightmares of the young

never having met wisdom wearing a beautiful
natural sprinkled in gray
thriving on life....blooming and spreading
like a great willow tree in the garden of time

laughing and crying loving and trying
sharing her indomitable spirit with the world
tripping off of life not death
and off of people not things

she's not a poetess but a living Black poem
showing us all the way to go home

tyrone farris

survival

(for wanda b.)

they speak of self-hatred
a worm turned upon itself
and u smile a denial
for who are they
cause in the jungle
a lioness fights all
who threaten her survival
even other lions
and when u smack of cynicism
and bitterness and suspicion
and snap at those lions
clawing at your soul
then they speak of self-hatred
never survival
but then again
who are they

tyrone farris

Black People Must

Black people must;
Push, pull, plan, plot;
Struggle, strain, suffer;
Steal, take, connive, confiscate;
Abscond, appropriate, facilitate;
Share, give, care, feel, need, **wan**
Cry, grieve, mourn, hurt, bleed;
Fight/ ! /Love;
UNITE!

french

I'M GETTING TIRED

I wish I could write poetry,
so everyone would read it.
And think about the hundreds of years
that we have been stepped on by
the white man.
All the times our sisters were raped,
the times our brothers were beaten,
into believing they were less than Mr. Bossman.
The way we let the white horse take us on an eternal trip
so we can forget.
Yah, I sure wish I could write poetry, maybe someone
would read it and listen, cause I'm getting tired
of SHOUTING it.

french

Needs

Ten times a day
I call your name.
Since you've been gone
It's not the same.
For needing you,
Am I the blame?
When I get you
Next to me
My mind's at ease
My spirit's free.
Although you're costly
Have no fear,
I would gladly kill
to keep you near.
Life's like a game
of who to be,
Without your light
I just can't see.
I've got to ask you
one more time,
To come and stay by me
Amphetamine

mike helbig

Hopes

Reach out and grab
What knowledge you can.
A time will come
When life seems drab
But try to understand.
Ten years from now
The present will be gone.
All you can do is what you're worth
So try to carry on

mike helbig

Monotony in Black

Encased in a tomb of solid ice,
lies my heart black and pure.
Its the prisoner of coldness, but pain it can endure.
Seasons come and seasons go,
but my world never changes.
I fight and fight to escape this wrath,
Yet faith can not be rearranged.

I hope and I pray for the time to come when I can be totally free.
I did not wish for this companion of coldness that is living inside of me.
But until I put myself on the right tract,
Here lies my heart Monotony in Black

gregory flenoid

WE ALL FALL IN LOVE SOMEDAY

Wise men say,
It looks like rain today.
It poured on the speakers
It trickled down the subway train.
For heavy eyes could hardly hold us,
Aching legs that often told us
It's all worth it,
We all fall in love someday.

The sun shines bright
And the sun light glows this morning.
We wrote it, and we played it,
Something happen that's so strange, this feeling.
Naive notions that were childish,
Simple songs tried to hide it.
But when it comes,
We all fall in love someday.

Did we, didn't we, should we, could we,
I'm not even sure.
Sometimes we are so blind struggling
through the day, when even your best friend says
Don't you find.
We all fall in love someday

And only passing time
Could kill the boredom we acquired.
For you win some you lose some,
which do you desire?
Paint my worries with a smile.
For you see we all fall in love someday.

michael gallion

Seems Like Copyright Dreams, Inc.

Seems like Copyright Dreams, Inc.
When I dream of my life
Seems like Copyright Dreams, Inc.
A sorority of wishes that can't come true.
They are dreamed just of me
with spring fever, summer cold
mumps and measles and flu are Together
Incorporated sadness sickness?
Seems like Copyright Dreams, Inc.
Of a birth boy girl
Child copyrighters from a fusion
But are Dreams, Incorporated
from one's heart
and Copyright Dream, Inc.
You fourth edition of 25
why not a masterpiece
Others do the same
Copyright Dream, Inc.
The name of a new magazine

laverne gillispie

WE WANT THE POWER

We want the power
That's all we ask
The sick and the hungry
The poor and the meek
We are tired of turning the other cheek.

Our days have come
Dark days of night
For the power will soon be ours
And we hope you see the light.
We want the power ! ! !

michael gallion

like a horse

they used to tell me stories about
how good breakfast was

eggs pork ham biscuits

would warm my tummy

they would tell me when i was 3 and 4 and 5

couldn't join them

had corn meal everyday

that bed would look so warm

it was cotton

i had straw to rest my beaten body on and on and on
straw is like salt

to what they call

a warning with such pain

and my mammy

singing wailing praying crying

her heart wore the coat of blood

and i had no heart no blood no being

we were pigs in a pig sty

black birds in a cage

really were future flowers for their garden

my children

can't be like i be

like a horse being ridden

they used a blanket

made to soap when too old

like a mare thoroughbred breeder work horse jack ass . . .

laverne gillispie

DO YOU ALWAYS KNOW BEST?

It would not be true if I were to say I love everything about you.
For I do not.

And I still do not believe that "it's good for you" is a good
enough reason.

For much of what you have insisted that I do,
But I do understand

That you honestly believe you know what's good for me.
And when you make judgments, they are filled with love.
As your child, I can ask no more.

calvin johnson

He Is My Friend

Characterized by gross misinterpretations of self
So misunderstood by the so-called intelligent beast called "Man."
We see, feel and do the same without ever changing.
I understand him.
I understand why he sits there in a daze.
As though he were put under an everlasting hypnotic trance.
Sent off into an imaginary world of his own,
To decay, never to return.
But unfortunately it only lasts a few moments.
My friend is frightened and confused. He doesn't understand.
I often try to comfort his frustrated, discouraged, deranged mind,
only to find it a waste of time.
But I love him still.
The road he travels along is so cold and lonely.
Sequestered and secluded, apart from society.
Neglected, looked upon as an outcast.
Yes, his pain goes deep.
It goes to the very core of my existence.
It penetrates my mind, enters my soul, which in turn enters my heart.
So you ask me "Why" he is my friend.
Well, my friends, I'll tell you why.
It's because he is body, mind, and soul.
He's flesh and Blood.
He's a man.
He is me.

calvin johnson

Defection

In a day long past
A word spoken in a shadow of defection
Sere in tone as ecstasy
A gesture stigmatical in making
While drybasting a heart of solid ice
Dilated as leached is the sign of bitter distrust
As scorching tears of compassion flow through cuts of extreme
enmity and the malicious act
Apology for apostasy denied!
first brother, then harlot,
At end
Black friend..... ronnie jones

A Prisoner's Song of Void

Weaver of my beautiful Black dreams
You've disappeared,
You and your kiss
Seeping into the velvet skies of cosmic
bliss
Gone away with the haze
Escaping through fabric of sleep
Scared by tentacle of the Bar and the Key

You've disappeared
My dreams are fragmented
Pieces plunged shattered into the sea
Riding the tides of time
Begging on hands and knees
Before you (Freedom)
Planted in beaches of sand
To be
Reborn again.

ronnie jones

The Poems of a One

WINTER

When leaves
Begin to die
All is lost
And, For a moment
The candle of life
Is silent

Ageless lovers we have been,
A man and a woman,
A she and a him.

The timeless souls we do possess
Let fire and ice
Thrive to caress

eric kyle

Ageless lovers we will be,
A man and a woman
One you and one me.

eric kyle

Think About It, Please

I was created a human being,
I was born into a people,
I was made into a race,
I was given a name,
I was forced with an identity,
I live a life,
And I am...

It is said that,
My great-grand-father was a colored man,
My grand-father was a negro,
My father was an Afro-American,
I am black,
But we all are “niggers.”

My great-grand-father lived a religious life,
My grandfather believed in God and in the Bible,
My father believed in God,
I believe in self-survival.

My great-grand-father slaved; my grand-father
Worked; My father borrowed; I take

My great-grand-father had no freedom only his will,
My grandfather had some freedom, a way,
My father had a choice, an objective
I have the choice—the thing.

I am black and I am proud.
Proud of my blackness, or proud that
I have the choice—the thing.

With modern cosmetology; I can hide my
Blackness, (what little is left).
I can even remove the top layer of my skin
And appear white-like, (sometimes I do).
I can make my hair straight, put it any color
I desire; (I do this more and more).
I can get “their” education and think like
Them; I could even live like them.
I can conquer their habits!
(I’m not forgetting, however, that
They cheat and steal from me; They abuse
and kill me. They do this to their own too.
They, the south, had slaves because they had
great needs for slaves. They, the north, had
no gib need, so they were the slaves
so-called friends).

Unified, divided, Individualized, white-like.
I have the choice—the thing.
When will I finally choose?

“Niggers”! Check it out.
We have the power!
If we’d only utilize it,
To our advantage.
Think about it, please!

Because I am...

linda rochelle lane

The Unexpected

Out of the dark lagoon,
From the craters of the moon,
Rising from the sacred tombs,
Comes the unexpected.

Up from the deepest seas,
Falling from the highest trees,
As painful as the stings of bees,
Comes the unexpected.

Throughout the world from all parts,
Results of techniques of modern arts,
Even—from the human hearts,
Comes the unexpected.

linda rochelle lane

Beautiful Dreams

I can hear people talking,
even see street lights ablaze.

I can feel movement around me even though there's a glaze.

Wait, there must be something wrong,
I seem to be walking with people but they don't seem to see,

I don't understand
what could it be, am I invisible?

COUNT! TIME!

Oh! I remember, I'm in prison,
it was a dream, me being with people huh!

Oh! what a beautiful dream

melvin mitchell

Plea For Incarcerated Bros.

Wake up Black Brothers and become aware,
of the grief in prisons that your brothers share.

Wake up Black Women and soon you'll see,
the heartbreak and humility for inmates like me.

Wake up Black Judges it's not too late,
to help get rid of this almost doomed fate.

Wake up Black Lawyers and you'll soon regret,
that you find the problems we all detest.

Wake up Black people to everyday's crime,
but think of the poverty that brings so much time.

Wake up Black people to a hungry man,
that steals in this land of lands.

Wake up Black people to inmates all around,
who hope that you will help him be found.

melvin mitchell

Little One if You Were Mine

“Da Da, Gue Gue,” is what she said,
As I raised her high above my head.
And on my face came a look of pride,
While her mother stood by my side.

I would love your mother even more,
For giving us you to adore.
I would rock you gently in my arms,
And you would remind me of your mother’s charms

Oh little one if you were mine,
The heavens would sing; the stars would shine.
Yes little one if you belonged to me,
No greater treasure could there be.

I would watch you grow and try to walk,
And listen to your attempts to talk.
You would wave your hands and kick your feet,
And I’d say, ‘Beautiful child how very sweet.’

I would invite the world to come and see,
The beautiful child that belonged to me,
And all would say she looks like you,
And I would say her mother too.

When you cry, I’ll hold you near,
And whisper gently in your ear,
‘Be silent little one if your were mine,
My heart be content, my world divine.’ ”

rickey monroe

The Cry of Hunger

Here we are so helpless and bare,
Our food is gone; our clothes they wear.
Our stomachs cry with hunger and pain,
We ask for food but only in vain.

This is our land that never sings,
Where children born are dreaded things.
This is our land within these walls,
That cannot answer its people's calls.

We are sick and always dreary.
Our land is poor; our people weary.
Here we stand with humble calls,
With bloated stomachs and sunken jaws.

Help us recover our pride and our life,
Help us end our eternal strife.
Open your eyes and lend your minds,
Help our country to raise its blinds.

rickey monroe

As He Moves

As He Moves, his muscles
contract in motions of concentration
His body pushes emotions
from his inner soul.

With each movement, one
realizes that his hard play
is one that only a masculine
man like him can achieve

His black body expresses
the obstacles that his brain
has to overcome, But he still
meets the contacts that make the game

His attire of sweat, shorts, and
socks, makes it plain to see
THE MAN inside of THE MAN
that moves THE MAN on the outside

His forehead wrinkles with thoughts
of the next play, with winning and
putting forth excellence on the
mansize job

And as he moves and brings
excitement to the heart ,
He moves the woman who
LOVES to see him **MOVE**.

relda owens

(untitled)

Sometimes I wonder, but
then I throw it out of my mind
But because of the way life is
I must pick it back up again
Even though I try to understand
When tears fall, Understanding is
a million miles away
When I'm lonely I look at
their pictures and memories make
the present time as gloomy as
the shadow of death
God in his infinite wisdom saw
what I can not see
I try so hard, through prayer
to light on some of this wisdom
and feel a lift in my heart
I look at the engagement ring that
my father gave my mother
it's now on my finger. I love
to show it off but i'd rather
see it on my mother's hand
When other's discuss their parents
I feel such pain inside
When others discuss their parents
I feel such pain inside
Family discussions, mother and
daughter talks, father lectures, these
things I know nothing about
So young, so old, so full of
life - then gone, I miss
them so much, for
I LOVED MY MOTHER & MY FATHER
and life without them
is a life that i hope
my children will never know
about.

Because you see, my parents
are

D E A D.

relda owens

[untitled]

“A riot is the language of the unheard”

Martin Luther King, Jr.

mama comes back from church
saying she's "saved"
'cause she's spoke in unknown
tongues, danced the holy
dance, and foamed at
the mouth, all in a
sanctuary with regimented
pews facing a benign white
jesus;
and she fervently sings hymns like
"I love the lord, he heard my
cry," telling folks how good it is
to go to church while she spends her
montueswednethursfrisatur-
day otherwise quiet and
passive, eagerly waiting for sunday
to return, so she can again violently scream, holler,
wriggle, and writhe, while with
tightly clenched fists,
she beats folks who try to
restrain her
as she catches
the holy spirit.

vickie pasley

A THOUGHT FOR ALL US PBFs (PROUD BLACK FOLKS):

I am shrouded with it;
Like a cloth, a towel, a heavy dark veil, or
The thick wisps of marijuana's soursweet vapour.
It engulfs me, as the individuality in me
Slowly sloughs away to
Join the grave in nuptial bliss.
I act whenever it dictates
I dance at its finger snap, demonstrating
My lauded rhythm
I humble myself when it whistles,
Sometimes venting needless belligerence to
Satisfy its demands
I put myself in a caste system and
Compete with others like me upon its whisper,
I have turned from Afrikan prince to nigger to
Sambo to colored to negro to afro-american to black to niggah;
I will never possess my princedom again.
I shall sing my requiem forever
Or until I grip its phantom tongue and twist it away
To the sea
To be buried like Atlantis--
Never to return again.
I fit like a black thumb in a white sock;
I am allergic to the white dye,
I itch, scratch, and itch some more,
There is no salve to relieve me.
It causes the thumb to blister
And fester like chancres of a cancer
Only to callous and harden within without healing.
The sock stays intact and may never need darning.
It tells me I'll never tear through the yarn
It pounds this into my head
As I consciously resist its persuasions,
And subconsciously welcome them instead.
I must break its elastic cerebral chains--
Or continue to be damned to a hue-less existence forever.

Hong Kong

Hong Kong,
you beguiling city
with your incessant chatter,
roaring screeching wheels,
spit & urine flowing.
Brilliant colors showing.
What secret enchantment you hold,
behind your apartment walls,
in gourmet menus,
between voluptuous hips,
and within slanted eyes.
You may fool some
into thinking you are only
a shopping,
stopping,
place.
But I know you are an Enchantress.
I have been effected by
your emerald, diamond, ruby
nights,
and climbed your mounds,
and sought the warmth and security
of your
pleasurable,
but
dangerous,
valley's.
Hong Kong
yes,
You are beguiling.

gene robertson

A Letter

Enough of this sadness and gloom,
Tell the blues to go away.
I've sent loneliness from this room,
Cause I got a letter today.

Night, you don't seem so lonely.
Ill winds, blow on your way.
You might have affected me, only
I got a letter today.

gene robertson

[untitled]

It took us a long time
to find out who we
are.

How long does it take
to find what we've lost?
We've just realized we can
talk.

How Long Before We Know
What To Say?

connie sander

Black Rose

Black Rose, playing in the ghetto streets
Blooming to be a precious jewel of a petite nature.
Remain as Black as thy beauty and origin
And sacrifice to a Black Man those
Jewels that are his.

velma scott

GCB

[General Classroom Building]

I sat in the classroom
the white classroom
with
white people, speaking white words
in a white building, on a
white campus, in white walls
on white thought
listening to all that whiteness
'cause it was talking to me
ain't that a bitch?
translating all that white shit
and I'm noid
surrounded by white words,
white people, white walls, white buildings, white campus de-scussing
white thought in slimy white ways
and I'm noid
cause I know I will
sit-in
white words, people, walls, buildings, campus, thought again
and I'm noid.

h.i. walker

[untitled]

I'm in love
but she can't cope
wants to change me
so she can't see
because the me that
loves her is the me
that she's trying to
change

so she doesn't know
because the me that
loves her resents her
trying to change me
since he is me
that loves her.

h.i. walker

[untitled]

I often wonder what my
 reaction would be,
if I were to hear that my so
called "father" was dead

It's been so long . . . and I can
only barely remember the
 smiling black face
 of my childhood.

I - who has to make no effort
to cry for a stranger . . . am
not sure whether I could find
those same tears for the man
 who so long ago left me
 to bear my own burdens.

I don't know if I would even
want to ride in the family car at
the funeral of this man . . .
whose family
 I was not a part of.

 Birthdays, Christmases, Easters
 and Halloweens
have come,
 and come again
and I no longer expect or even
wish to know how he is, or if
he's wondering how I am.

But my life has proceeded
 despite
 or inspite
 of his absence.

And I have learned that even
though fathers are probably
nice people to have around
they're not
 absolute necessities.

paula white

when i found foundation

i was four years old

...when i learned the sound of the word "nigger"

i was five years old

...when i discovered that my skin was black

i was six

...when i discovered that i was a human being

i was eight

...when society proved me wrong

i was nine

...when i didn't give a damn about a white santa clause anymore

i was ten

...when i was sitting in a shack of a classroom learning...nothing

i was eleven

...when they integrated the school system and put me in...section "F"

i was twelve

...when my white counselor told me to be a carpenter

i was twelve

...when i told him where to go

i was twelve

...when i quit school

i was twelve

...when i took to the streets

i was twelve

...when i went to jail

i was twelve

...when i rediscovered my human(e)ness

i was twelve

...when i distinctively knew what it was to be black in...white america..

i was twelve

...when i was twenty-two

w. joe white

**I C* I HEAR* I FEEL* I SMELL
REVOLUTION IN THE AIR**

i c poverty
i hear a baby cry
i feel reflected in this americas
i smell revolution in the air

i hear old niggers saying, what's the
matter with'dem young folks
i feel there must be a change
i c that baby growing up
i smell revolution in the air

i feel i must help make that change
i c that baby, now grown
i hear blacks saying brother & sister
i smell revolution in the air

i smell revolution in the air
i hear the sounds of guns
i c the dead & blood running in the streets
i feel the tensions and pressure of war

i c the dead
i hear calls of freedom
i feel there will be a change
i smell the fumes of death

i c the light of understanding and the
words of wisdom
i hear words of wisdom, freedom and
building of nations
I FEEL FREE
i smell the air and it is fresh

bob williams [t.j.]

BlackDiaspora1975Specs.txt

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Capture information

Date captured	01/26/2016
Scanner manufacturer	Zeutschel
Scanner model	OS 15000
Scanning system software	Omniscan v.12.4 SR4 (1947) 64-bit
Optical resolution	600 dpi
Color settings	8 bit grayscale
File types	tiff

Source information

Format	Book
Content type	Text with images
Source ID	010-007670914
Notes	Binding of the book was extremely tight causing some words to be cut off on pages 6, 10, 14, and 32.

Derivatives - Access copy

Compression	LZW
Editing software	Adobe Photoshop CS5
Editing characteristics	
Resolution	600 dpi
Color	grayscale
File types	tiff
Notes	Pages cropped and brightened OCR was corrected on words cut off in the source to reflect the actual text.