One Sided Shoot-out

(for brothers fred hampton & mark clark, murdered 12/4/69 by chicago police at 4:30 AM while they only a few will really understand: it won't be yr/mommas or yr/brothers & sisters or even me, we all think that we do but we don't. it's not new and under all the rhetoric the seriousness is still not serious. the national rap deliberately continues, "wipe them niggers out." (no talk do it, no talk do it, no talk do it, notalk notalk notalk do it)

& we.

running circleround getting caught in our own cobwebs, in the same old clothes, same old words, just new adjectives. we will order new buttons & posters with: "remember fred" & "rite-on

& yr/pictures will be beautiful & manly with the deeplook/the accusing look to remind us to remind us that suicide is not black.

the questions will be asked & the answers will be the new cliches. but maybe, just maybe we'll finally realize that "revolution" to the realworld

is international 24hours a day and that 4:30AM is like 12:00 noon, it's just darker. but the evil can be seen if u look in the right direction.

were the street lights out! did they darken their faces as in combat? did they remove their shoes as to creep softer? could u not see the whi-te of their eyes, the whi-te of their deathfaces? didn't yr/look-out man see them coming, coming, coming? or did they turn into ghostdust and join the night's fog?

& we continue to call them "pigs" and "muthafuckas" forgetting what all black children learned very early: "sticks & stones may break my bones but names can never hurt me."

it was murder. & we meet to hear the speeches/the same, the duplicators. they say that which is expected of them. to be instructive or constructive is to be unpopular (like: the leaders only sleep when there is a watchingeye) but they say the right things at the right time, it's like a stageshow: only the entertainers have changed. we remember bobby hutton. the same, the duplicators.

the seeing eye should always see. the night doesn't stop the stars & our enemies scope the ways of blackness in three bad shifts a day. in the AM their music becomes deadlier. this is a game of dirt.

only black people play it fair.

-don 1. lee 12/7/69

Summer Fun !!! Ice cream and gasoline barbecues roasted honkies Winterland in ashes ---Haight street in flames black people tripping over

each other trying

to burn down tribune building

toilet niggas hiding in the shit bowl

house niggas under the bed Summer Fun !!!

the devil comes out in full colors: Red, White, and Blue illusions

rev. chickenwing in his pulpit with two six-guns on his side deacon goodguy honest trustee at the doors with thompsons the senior choir making cocktails no more

toms

GOTTA GIT . . .

Comic strips make laughs of violence Gangsters live and plan eternal violence Television and radio instruct violence Christians do blessed violence World's military and police act violence Politicians promise or advise violence So in the name of self-defense

We black folks with some sense - Gotta git . . .

for unborn malcolms

White Cowboys carry guns to do violence

git the word out

now.

to the man/boy taking a holiday

from murder.

tell him

we hip to his shit and that the next time he kills one of our

blk/princes

some of his faggots

gonna die

a stone/cold/death.

yeah.

it's time.

an eye for an eye

a tooth for a tooth

don't worry bout his balls

they al

ready gone.

git the word

out that us blk/niggers

are out to lunch

and the main course

is gonna be his white meat.

yeah.

coming

--sonia sanchez

to all sisters

what a white woman got cept her white pussy always sucking after blk/ness what a white woman got cept her straight hair covering up her fucked up mind what a white woman got cept her faggoty white man who goes to sleep in her without

what a white woman got cept money trying to buy up a blk/man?

what a white woman got?

Love Land Black People

Blue skies And unashamed

We run under them Naked and beautiful

Full of love.

Dark brown skins dancing on still waters

And the kingdom will

Reign forever

On peace we live

warm winds blown

in love we survive

across black bodies

power to peace

power to love

PsFlassh Pow!!!

Now now now

Time time oh oh!!!

Stop

my people/ my people

Don't take them

No no no!!!

I love them

love them

love them

Hard brick streets Bright blinding lights streets people lights white

people hundreds years

my love peace people/destroyed.

Strange skies

white people

cold winds

lost lost black people

in search of ages past

in search of peace

in search of love

in search of real---life.

Enoch

knowing that this is ours Brother Enoch Jackson is a student at K.u. and is the most dynamite Black poet ever to set foot on this citadel of racism. So read and take HEED

Exit

Exit signs always take us places -- out from in. Somehow leaving us with a hollow feeling or questioning what took place. Not sure about yeses or nos Totally confused about maybes Wishing upon lonely ponds As you sit on the bank casting stones Trying to remember who you loved and who loved you Hoping somewhere to find a match but don't.

Foamin' at the Mouth

Living too long becomes a drag

So you hope to die at 35.

Back Black dog Freakish foul fiend Wild ragged rage Back nigga Back Long liped bad talkin' You crampin' my style

I ain't got no time No time to hate whi/te 8 to 5 and \$450 a month I love whit/te

Leave me be bad Black nigga Got no time Got no time to be foamin' Fuck you and fagots to Whi/te Whi/te is my main man Dig yeah Dig

The sun she flashes The summer burst into flame Turning nigga heads

Mad dog nigga Come on man We got to burn down Whi/te Whi/te stole my job I got to hustle dope to eat Foamin' mouth nigga Talk say somethin'

"I am presently employed As urban coordinator of our Equal oportunity Human relations Dept. And I think what we have is a failure to communicate"

Enoch

Black Woman Love Child

Should anyone try to take our hearts and put an End to love, It could be done

Slow down black woman, for all your beauty, look at your self. look at your past look at your life love lovin' black men is your role. Bein' strong And hard is your role.

Turn your head Nigga woman listen listen it's time to build Black love Black love No more gossip No more back behind talkin'. listen oh Black woman it's it's lovin' time.

Time to love your Black man Time to love your Black man child Your black man Child Your black man Child Black love Black woman unify us unify us don't divide us

Slide on Black Aphrodite ride heavy momma do your thing have them babies on wel/fare and find a jive man so you can call him "jive nigga" leave love buildin' to fagots.

Baby Baby please do something men cain't build no mother love Black Godess we love you much we do come help us to do it we must do it love is lacking love is hurting love is neeeedead shake your sexy ass for whi/tes money make your man feel shame

Black woman come off to make love to the world you can do it Black woman All over the world So many so beautiful So much love needed So much love to give

Black woman for all your beauty we love you come love Blackness

Enoch