The Register, 1973-11-16 Black Poetry Supplement

North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University

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THE CHALLENGE OF GROWTH

Growth of the mind presents a challenge.
Growth of the body promotes growth of the mind.
Growth of society insures against its decay.
Growth in years signifies that you have less years.
Growth of plants makes campus beautification a reality.
Growth of animals feeds and clothes a pluralistic society.
Growth of war symbolizes that man's hatred for man has not evaporated.

And the challenge of Growth is in knowing that without growth things would be at a stand still.

by Betty Holeman

On Nature and Love

by Cy

The wind on wild, rushing, wonderful wings could sing to all of our love.
The lightnings' bright illuminating strike would show to all the world our love.
The snow, a soft, beautiful white blanket could cover us and warm our love.
Is love then natural?

The thunder with loud, commanding voice would force all to hear of our love.
The sun with peaceful, sunlit rays would enhance the growing of our love.
The storm's driving, passionate fury could be an integral part of our love.
Is not love then a force?

These forces of nature are orientated to love.
For love, with its passion and compassion is a natural force, encompassing even me with its awesome and beautiful power.

by Tenderfoot

The world of reality cracks the mirror of fantasy

and the me silently melts away

compiled and edited by Lance
A Black Child At Prayer

Black child there on your knees
Looking up toward heaven
With a sparkle in your eye.
Why do you pray to a God
whom you cannot see?
What have you to pray for?
What is there to say to him?
Don’t you know the despair of your people
Can’t you see the turmoil that we’re in?
How can you give me that look of
pure happiness
When there is sorrow in all of
our hearts

O well, I seem to remember when
I was like you
When there was no sorrow in me
And I knew only the pure happiness
of serving the Lord
I knew of the joy of saluting that
National flag
I knew of only love and happiness
and brotherhood
I trusted and loved and saw only goodness
I believed in mankind and had faith
in everyone. I was naive and
happy.

Well, now I know better,
it’s been a long time since then
I know no joy except in the arms
of my man
I try hard to worship God but it
comes hard sometimes
That flag is no longer mine and
my brothers are all BLACK
I love very few and I trust even fewer
. . . especially with my
heart
Of faith there is none and loneliness
there is plenty
I have nothing to believe in
. . . but God ?? ??

So pray Child
Pray for all you’re worth
Believe and love as much as you can
Look towards heaven and get all the
faith and hope you can grasp
. . . you’re gonna need it.

Was She Crazy?
by Gladys Exum

I wept at the state of the world
I wept at love
I wept at death
I wept at my birth
I even wept at my joys
As well as my sorrows
I wept at a song I heard
And at a wedding because the man that was
Marrying belonged to me
I wept at everything
That was touching to me

The question was raised
Was she crazy?
The answer was
She just had feelings

The Man In The Revolution
by Gladys Exum

There’s no such thing anymore
You dare not call me nigger
For you will be penalized according
To the laws of the Afro-American Revolution
Or else you will be taken care of by me
“Call me Black.”

No longer will you use your strength and
Power against me
Because I have power as great as your own
And more powerful than the atomic bomb
I will see to it
That the Afro-American Revolution continues
Being Black

Call me Black or blue - whatever you desire
Say that I am unclear, unqualified, unfit
Just beware because the Afro-American
Revolution will continue to go on
For the Black Man

This is the Afro-American Revolution
It is not completely televised
You, however, will get the complete picture
For you are part of it
You - and the Black Man

Gentleness
a virtue
like the scent of
incense
is greatly admired
by Lance

creators & creations
by Lance

pharaoh blew
and took us all
on an intergalactic ride
with the
astrotraveler
all didn’t cry
but screamed as his words
like a many edged
sword
cut into white society
florries
painted a black
christ
with a tear
for he
knew he couldn’t
all
Imamu the master
saying all black people
“it’s nation time”
“it’s nation time”
“it’s nation time”
Osibisa the drummers
from a thousand miles
they and heaven
both
know where we’re going
the creator let
leon thomas in on
his master plan
peace and happiness for all the land
Imamu shouts to all
 blk people
“it’s nation time”
“it’s nation time”
“it’s Nation time”
Do Black Women Need to be Liberated?
by Nancy Turner

Do Black Women Need to be Liberated?

Naw, they need to be educated
Soes they can change for their men, that dead
timeless straight hair to properly combed 'fros.
All we need is a Black man's Love,
And for one moment we are liberated from
the damn "whities world".

Does a Black Woman Need to be Liberated?

Naw, she needs to make as many friends
with the white women she can, then pluck
their eyes out, cut off their arms and
starve 'em to death.

They (referring to Black women)
Need to take their men to bed, and stab
4 or 6 million of 'em.

by Donald Gualford

In the year nineteen hundred seventy
Bloom went uptown with Fats and me
Now Fats was a friend whom Bloom really trusted
But Fats stayed downstairs while Bloom got busted
They put Bloom in a blue on white car
They sent him to court and sent him afar
Bloom was in the slam crying the blues
Me and Fats was on the street drinking boozes
Bloom came out in the summer of seventy-one
Some people never learn, he copped a car to have some fun
The police recognized him and knew what to do
They busted him on the corner of Morton and Blue
Fats was busted later on
Now Fats and Bloom are both gone
Fats and Bloom are doing time
Seeing this I gave up crime
I started to rearrange this old life of mine
Went back to school and gave up wine

We Are Getting To Be
by Gladys Exum

Selfish, Conceited, stubborn, careless
Are all what we're getting to be
And so it is - "How do we expect to live with
One another?"

Hatred, Violence, No communication
Arguments, yes - but limited conversation
So it is - "How do we expect to live with one
Another?"

How do we expect to live all together?
The answer is quite obvious - we can't

Actual Experience
by Nancy Turner

Brothers, Sisters

Whities don't give a damn about us:
Sister Angela stuck a nail in a main artery:
them whities had nothing to say.
Didn't even rush her to the hospital; took
their time.
Betsy Sue, a regular white bitch,
stuck a pin in her finger they got
so excited thought they'd die.
With they had.
By Tenderfoot

Aqua clouds
spritz blue juice
through a reddened
cell
surrounded with
phonie-ism
and voices of real live
semi black bastards

Way beyond the universe
is a real world
filled with lemon custard
sprinkled with
love
peace and
freedom
with a dash of Dylan juice

by Judy Harrelson

limited daydreams...

whooooooohhhhhhhhhhh, whoooooooohhh
the sun, the trees, the beautiful
green, the lovely flowers,
those fields, and fields
where one could run and
run and run, run, run
runnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

- the daydreams of one black inmate.
As he sits in isolated confinement
Cause he leaned out of a BARRED
Window too far...

Castration
by Nancy Turner

Whities castrate my life; don’t want to name
anything after King;
But want us to work in his office; So he
can shield his prejudice.
Whities don’t want to give my people welfare checks,
But want us to clean their house and be a nanny.
 Didn’t want to free Sister Davis,
But knew they couldn’t cope with our burning, Rioting
and killing.
Can’t stand to mix with our kind, but jiving tricky
dick says we got to make it look good.
How can we achieve anything when presi sends out
his boys to castrate all black people!

by Lance

Black Poets were
born black
because we a bad people
but we ain’t SH*T
if we’re so talented and bad
how come we’re where we are
now

Black
poets and poems should have teeth and claws
they should bite and tear
they should pierce and penetrate
from the soul of black
to the very heart of white usa
they should arouse the
fury
of black and
strike fear in all of usa
black poems should be a call to arms
when the time comes
Black people are beautiful we a bad people
but we ain’t SH*T

by Judy Harrelson

screaming in the dark
by Judy Harrelson

calling out to someone somewhere
something, in that order
reality of this manless presence
forcing idealistic measures of the heart
yet still praying
still dreaming
still believing
Believing!
Believing!

Don’t be Afraid to Scream in the Dark
Sisters! But Be Strong Black Woman—
Believe in your Man
Believe, Believe, Believe!
in the sense that we must find
the spirit of our men in the man
not the sky——
Believe Black Woman in your Black Man
forever——But Don’t Be Afraid to
Scream in the Dark

Been Working Hard
by Nancy Turner

You ever seen anybody sneaker
than the white man,
sneaking up behind ye, anxious to catch
you taking a break,
So he can cheat you out of ten cents.

Believe Black Woman in your Black Man
forever——But Don’t Be Afraid to
Scream in the Dark

go on and scream my sister, scream...