

11-16-1973

The Register, 1973-11-16 Black Poetry Supplement

North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University

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Recommended Citation

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THE A. T. REGISTER

"COMPLETE AWARENESS FOR COMPLETE COMMITMENT"

VOLUME XLV, NUMBER 1 NORTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURAL AND TECHNICAL STATE UNIVERSITY, GREENSBORO NOVEMBER 16, 1973

BLACK POETRY SUPPLEMENT

by Betty Holeman

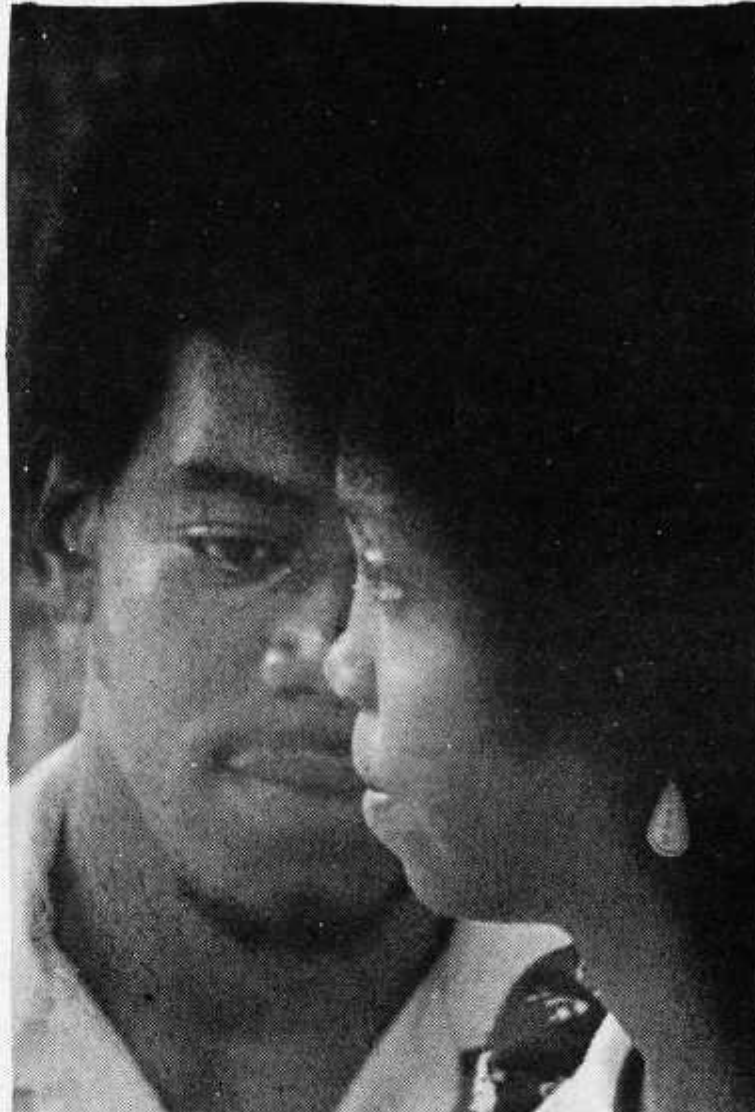
THE CHALLENGE OF GROWTH

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 Tenderfoot

I
 must
 go
 deep
 deep
 within
 the
 depths
 of
 destiny
 to
 become
 a
 livin
 soul

The world of realness cracks the mirror of fantasy



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.

compiled and edited by Lance

and
the me silently melts away

by Phyllis E. Baldwin

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 lo-o-ng 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



by Lance

Gentleness
 a virtue
 like the scent of
 incense
 is greatly admired



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

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 whi-te society
 flories
 painted a black
 christ

 with a tear for he
 knew he couldn't
 all
 Imamu the master
 telling 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
Does they can change for their men, that dead
lifeless 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 Lance

King Kong
or is Cong king
america

what happen when
you
met king Cong

King Kong
out of the jungles
king Cong

out of the jungles
is he bad
is he bad

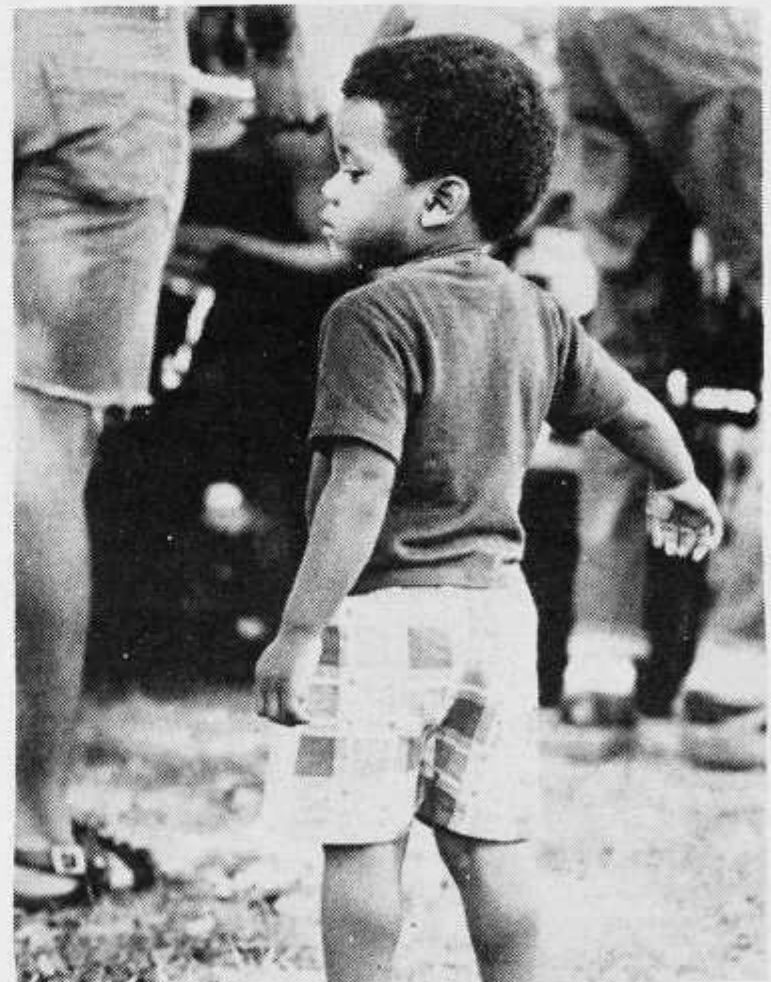
the mighty ape swatting planes from the
sky

SAM missiles swatting jets from the sky
sky

the mighty ape swinging
from the empire state building
the Red Blue Yellow flying
all over Vietnam
is he bad
is he bad

by Donald Guilford

In the year ninteen 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 booze
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 them got
so excited thought they'd die.
Wish they had.

By Tenderfoot

Aqua clouds
 sprint blue juice
 thru a reddened
 cell
 surrounded with
 phonic-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 . . .

wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, wheeeeeeeeeeeee
 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; Soes 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 an-d 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

Been Working Hard

by Nancy Turner

You ever seen anybody sneaker
 than the white man,
 Sneaking up behind ya, anxious to catch
 you taking a break,

 Soes he can cheat you out of ten cents.

screaming in the dark

by Judy Harrelson

screaming in the dark
 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 spirti 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
 go on and scream my sister, scream