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Black Poetry Supplement



SUNDAYS

A truck just passed.

One of those old pickups with wooden beams.

And I thought of the days when all of us younguns

Would pile in the back of our truck
OLD RUSTY BLUE while

Ma and pa would get up front.
Shucks, we'd ride all over the country-side

On Sunday afternoons.

When we got back we'd have fried chicken, pinto beans, collard greens.
Cornbread, and ho'made ice cream.
Them sho was good times!

Then we'd go out on the backporch-see
To sing and dance & cut-the-fool
While nitefall was just beginning to swallow the moon.
Um-
Um-
Um!

Then we'd pray—have some bible readings too.

YEAH!

Then we slept. . .

Monday' sho was brighter in Georgia.

It was on one of them Sundays

My poppa was

LYNCHED

Sundays ain't never been the same

Since.

Rody McCoy

What is poetry,

but granite cliff of uncut stone

Awaiting strokes of honed and hardened tools,

each tapped-and-died in human metal

each used in chipping, shaping, expressing stone.

Dr. Paul E. Gray



photo by Conley

FOR YOU

If I could think of the words
that would express the sudden
feeling that's come over me.
I would write them just for you.
But I cannot, for the thought of
your love, is a light that
language has no words for.

S. Freedman

To Love

*To live is to love
to love is to live.
To express the inner feelings
within our soul for that special
one you love.*

Marie Baldwin

One by One

*The thoughts of you keep coming
How it hurts me so,
But it feels so good
Just thinking of you.*

Donald A. Farrell

**The purpose of life,
is to attain
happiness and success.
But self defeat,
assures ineligibility.**

Alvis Jerome Wilson

loneliness

loneliness? is it the cry of a new born
baby, is it the only cactus in the desert,
the only fish in the sea, or bird in the sky?
loneliness chokes faster than gas, shocks quicker
than electricity, stronger than poison, deadlier
than cancer.
Unlike any other disease, loneliness can be
cured. It takes a warm heart and a loving soul
Look around you, there is loneliness everywhere
to be seen

Bernard

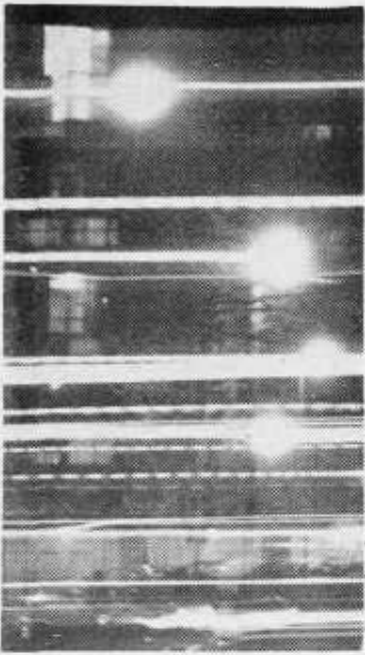


photo by Lance

Inner -Visions

I am my father's son
 I am of his blood
 I was destined to serve him in war
 News of my father's illness came to me
 I was unable to be by his side when he needed me
 My father is dead-----
 My father spoke of me
 My father opened a new world to me
 I cried for my father
 I confessed my sins to my father
 Inner-visions of my father in heaven
 For I am my father's son I am of his blood
 I am of his blood

Gail Blackwell

(dedicated to all sons whose fathers died while they were in service)



photo by Lance

Our Love

Who has seen Love?
 Neither I nor you
 But when our hearts hang trembling
 Love is passing through.

Once our hearts hung trembling
 When Love had passed our way
 Though it was but for a moment
 There is something I'd like to say.

I want to hold you close once more
 I'd love to kiss your lips
 I need to feel your smooth brown skin
 Beneath my fingertips.

If ever you have loved me
 Just like I love you still
 Hold me tight for memory's sake
 Say you love me if you will . . .

Margaret Hemingway

ENGINEERING

Objects that are loved,
 And cannot love.
 Devices that breathe,
 And do not live.
 Systems that talk,
 And cannot dream
 Beauty that transcends,
 And inevitably rusts.

Dr. Paul E. Gray

Physics 221- A Resurrection

external control is the objective
 the prerequisite of which
 is knowledge of the workings
 of the internal forces which
 maintain the equilibrium
 of the body.

possession of this prerequisite
 necessarily implies the attainment
 of a proportionate depth of insight
 with respect to that body
 out of which one wishes to emerge.

separation from that body
 enables one to view objectively,
 judiciously, impartially, the body,
 to measure its dimensions, to define
 its properties, to derive its qualities,
 to understand its nature and origin.

the energy required
 to thrust an internal body outward . . .

-Raymond Maxwell

Your Mold In the Pillow

You are someone of whom I am attracted
 But how long will it be before I will awaken
 . . .only to have to trace your footsteps
 out into the wind

You are someone of whom I would love to get to know
 But how much will I have already invested
 . . .before it finally dawns on you
 that this is not what you want

I'll try not to be too surprised
 Should I roll over one night
 . . .only to feel the empty dent in your pillow
 that your head created just a few hours ago

As I try to hold on to the scent of your cologne
 Never making the bed for fear of distorting the mold
 . . .made by your head in the pillow
 the only real things left to tell me that it wasn't a dream.

Sierra Joyce

Blood

Blood on my hands
 I don't know why
 they say many people had to die
 to give me freedom from the chain
 they shed blood for a lie

They swore and they tried
 to train a dead people
 who lost their minds to a
 cold white machine
 the brown minds they pulled from
 the bloody wreck created
 a monster machine

They had the right goals
 but not the right means
 their minds just weren't ready
 for this death-covered scheme

However, moreover, as a
 matter of fact

they died trying to get your
 manhood back

there's blood on my hands
 now I know why
 they enabled me to hear
 the dead murmurs of hope
 of a dying dead cause

Black people don't know of this
 blood which has not
 dried they washed their hands of it
 and put on their shackles
 and bid us sit down, be quiet
 my child

No brothers have you
 no sisters I know
 no linkage to a motherhood
 named Africa
 no royalty to your blood
 no kinsmanship do you belong
 be quiet, be silent
 just go to school
 use your mind
 only as the white man's stool

My sisters, my brothers
 do not heed this call,
 there's boiling hot blood
 enough for us all
 its cries that are heard
 are hundreds years old
 do not let this blood ever
 grow cold.
 This blood our lifeline
 never shall die
 someone is always left
 someone is always trying
 someone is always left
 someone is always trying
 someone will always fight
 won't wait on a leader
 be a leader of yourself
 there is enough Black blood shed
 to cover us all.

Diana Anderson

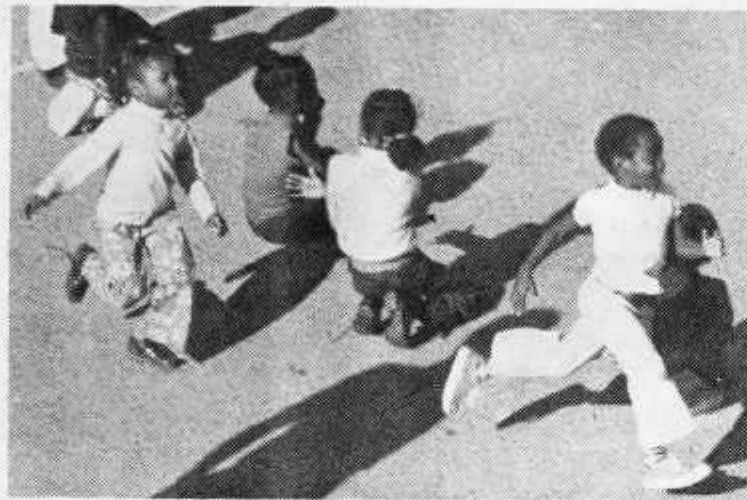


photo by Lance

Leaves are green
 beautiful God-green
 sometimes.
 They
 give shade to us.
 They give us
 science projects
 to take to school.
 They give insects,
 home, food and
 peace of mind.
 They give animals
 food, protection, fun
 Leaves are
 many different shapes,
 sizes, and
 textures.
 Leaves are green
 sometimes.

Leaves are brown
 sometimes,
 Leaves are brown
 and yellow
 and orange
 and purple
 and plum
 and fun to jump in
 hard to rake up
 and can easily
 make you late for school
 you can
 shellac them
 crunch them
 crumple them
 and get them in your clothes
 and itch you
 Leaves are brown
 Kool brown
 Sometimes.

J. D. Roddey



BEES

Trapped in a garden where
 flowers in the bud
 never seem to bloom.
 Some weep for the flowers,
 I weep for the bees.

Dr. Paul E. Gray

No Roots

Traveling to all sorts of faraway places
 Viewing strange cities, seeing new faces.
 Finding adventure, a one night fling,
 No place to call home, no ties to cling.

Remembering all that I've left behind
 Familiar faces I cannot find
 Like a rolling stone gathering no moss
 No family, no friends, I've had a great loss.

Then saying good-bye to someone I've met
 Those sad, haunting eyes I'll never forget
 I'm tired now I just wanna go home
 To see my mother, no more to roam.

Debra Daniels



Oh
 pretty
 Black Baby
 i love you
 more than i thought
 that i
 could ever love anybody
 and
 i thank you
 little
 Black
 Baby

for letting me know

that i
 (like others)

can love somebody

(for real)

with all my heart
 and all my soul

Oh
 pretty
 little
 Black baby

i do love you

for
 making me
 more than
 real.

pate



**On My Virginity
 She Flies**

It was time for me to

fly

and so . . .

Fly I did.

And I've flown many rivers

since and still I

seem

to soar

Back to My Source

Of

Love.

Personality

Some people choose their friends by size and height,
 some by color, beauty and other physical delights.

But I choose mine by personality;
 your personality is the one for me.

You are helpful, thoughtful and kind
 and it's good to know that you are mine.
 You cheer me up when I am sad,
 and to be your friend I'm really glad.
 You're no phony and you don't pretend
 and that's good quality in a friend.

Joan Maxine Howell

Ayanna



BLACK WOMAN/QUEEN OF TRUTH/AMAZON

*Your eyes reflect the harmony of love for your man
The very soft and silky, yet so extremely ebony body
Cries out in sensuous pain-I'm yours!
Your soul-yes your always vibrant soul comes to a boiling*

*bubbling
climax:*

Emitting all that is woman:

THE EVIL

THE CONSTANT PAIN

**THE POWER of YOUR
WOMANHOOD**

And yes! **YOUR REVOLUTIONARY
BLOOD.**

*Like the heat in jungle you cling to your future children
of revolution as only a woman of your potential can do-
will do.*

Sister, I love you.

Without you: there is no revolution

Without you: there is no love for the Black man

Without you: there is no Black M-A-N-H-O-O-D?

Yours in the struggle.

Rody McCoy

Rody



photo by Lance

*i walked up
the steps
to the door
and
i hoped to see
a light
hear some music*

*each step
i wanted to hear
signs of life
from that area
past the
threshold*

*no music
well maybe
you re just
asleep
or something*

*no light
there
no only a car
passing
you must be
asleep
i ll sneak into
the room
and
surprise the
silent beauty of
your sleep*

*closer to the room
a board creaks
you had to have
heard that*

*still no sound
maybe you didn't
fumble for the switch
and
lightning strikes*

*you could be hiding
from me
like an
ebony wind
the search
is on*

*where can you be
your name
bounces off
empty walls
and lightning strikes
and*

*i watched you
drive away the day
before*

lv1
76



photo by Lance

Life

*As you walk down the rough road of life
Always hold your head up high
And when you feel weary
go ahead and cry
for I'll be there to dry your eyes.*

*Never be saddened by what could have been
And if you should stumble and fall
Be thankful, for now you know the feeling
therefore you'll be more careful of your feet*

*Don't worry about what everyone else has
For no one has more than you
You have a uniqueness all your own
It was yours since the day you were born and
No matter what may come or go
It will be yours and yours alone*

Joan M. Howell

*I am I
You are you
together we can make it through
The road is rough
the way gets tough
But I have you and that's enough.*

Marie Baldwin

I WISH I HAD YOU HERE

*I wish I had you here my dear lying next to me
I wish that this were not a dream. . . .
I wish this were reality
Some two hundred miles away from you
How do you think I feel?
I wish that you were next to me to make this dream for real
I won't say I love you, showing it is more powerful
However, wherever, whenever, you get this urge I want you to tell me
I'm waiting for you to tell me!
I'm packing my bags
I'm coming home now
I'm coming home to you
I wish I had you here*

Michael R. Davis

For My Black Man

*when you hold me i melt into a cradle of love,
something no ordinary man can do
my Black man*

*when you kiss me i fade into a world of happiness and bliss
and when you caress me i simply drift into your mind, body and soul*

*as you look at me i see a man about to say something that i want to
hear and something i know is true*

and when i touch you my fingers penetrate very deep beyond your skin

*hey and when i make love to you and wow when i make love to you
my mind goes into a complete nova and forms a heat wave that
i am sure you can feel and it is visible to any human eye
and our bodies form a perfect oneness inseparable*

*i look at you and you know i love you because
i have put love into every thing i have done.*

for my Black Man

mitzi reynolds

A BLACK CHURCH

Gospel belted by a Black Sister
 Mothers shouting in the aisles of the church
 An invisible bond
 they all have in common

from a Black viewpoint
 this is home

Screams and shouts
 from a people
 temporarily free
 the peace on the faces
 and in their hearts
 should be in the air
 don't make sense
 niggers ain't supposed to be
 that happy
 ain't got no money
 no fine homes
 no fine names
 no fine clothes
 no fine cars
 no diamonds
 what them niggers so happy for

Some times or forever
 We will understand
 All this screaming and shouting
 help to make these people strong

An invisible strength
 that outfoxes a prejudiced white man
 lets us be treated like the scum of the earth
 when they are really the honey and flowers

Lets a woman hold her head up
 with her proud dark face
 and walk with the grace of a queen.

Lets them complain on the social situation
 and quietly conform so their children
 a little more rebellious
 will carry on the battle
 with the ammunition
 that they got
 from the Black church

Dianna Anderson

Love is the Answer, But Why Haven't We Started

Love is the answer, but why haven't we started;
 Love was there but now we're parted.
 We watched over each other every night,
 But to you and me nothing was going right.

Now no more heartaches, and no more tears,
 Two beautiful Black people to live together for years
 Love is the answer, but why haven't we started
 Love was the answer, but now we've parted.

We've loved each other with all our hearts
 But if there's no love, then we must part
 Two people cannot suffer alone;
 They must help each other find a home.

When I lie down at night,
 I think of all our struggle and fights
 If there's no love then I must go,
 Without love I don't care to show.

I feel so much like a drop of rain,
 For the man I loved left me in so much pain.
 Love was there, but we didn't get started
 Love has gone, so now we're parted.
 (My beautiful Black man and I)

Betty J. Williams



photo by Lance

To Lynne

As-Salaam Alaikum
 an instant friendship.
 The Asiatic air
 the eastern atmosphere
 the mongolian strain
 the oriental beauty
 first attracted me.

Al-hamdu-lilah, ir Rabb-il-alamin.
 for helping me over the rough terrain
 in my search for understanding . . .
 for delving into my being
 while simultaneously remaining detached .
 for showing me my true self.
 my potentials and my imperfections.

Allah-u-Akbar
 and who is the least among us?
 and what is equality
 when we all are constantly striving
 to attain our common, ultimate goal?
 and guide us into our completion . . .
 and rid us of our disillusionment . . .
 and reveal to us the ultimate truth.

Amen.

Raymond D. Maxwell



photo by Lance

talking drums
 drums beating pulsating with
 a power
 the power of the night
 as darkness of the night
 as darkness falls
 listen
 the talking drum speaks
 he was a man
 only a man
 fist raised high
 he spoke of
 revolution
 he read of mao
 to off the man was his cry
 but the man peeped his game
 and said he was just right
 powerless he sits in his
 office

shapes moving weaving shadows
 gyrating glistening bodies
 in tune to the spirit the power
 the moon ascends the sky
 giving all that divine reflected
 light of the sun
 trees directed to move
 in unison with the spirit

listen

the talking drum speaks
 she walks slowly
 to the door
 it's morning now and she must
 go to work
 they say she's a good worker
 we've trained her well
 pavlov would be proud
 she smiles as she enters
 they don't know that
 she's put her 4 children
 through college

the body begins to gather
 women with bundles on
 their heads
 the warriors with spear and shield
 children naked and free
 feel the spirit
 the drums
 speaking talking articulating
 uttering familiar terms
 listen .
 the talking drum speaks
 a man
 gray suit and attache case
 he is a middle class dream
 home in the suburbs
 2 cars one in the garage
 one for the misses
 chameleon by shade
 vampire by mind
 he sucks the man dry

drums beat
 soft but loud
 supple but strong bold yet sly
 dawn the sun rises
 golden bleaching rays
 as in a dream everything
 becomes like vapor but
 listen
 the talking drum speaks

st. thomas

there was hope-catch it!

coconut trees
on
sand
outlined by blue frontiers
that
once
held
promise.
virgin
delicacy
your
lips
are
tempting
me.

stilts that seemed to do
the mumba
while tied to

a little Black man
now ten feet
high.

the
music of your land so
beautifully
free.

the measure of smoke: euphoria
the volume of life: phantasmagora!

hot days
and

shirtless
little
ones
in
frolic.

in a volkswagon/the milk of
nature's gift

mysterious
woman.

laughter everywhere.

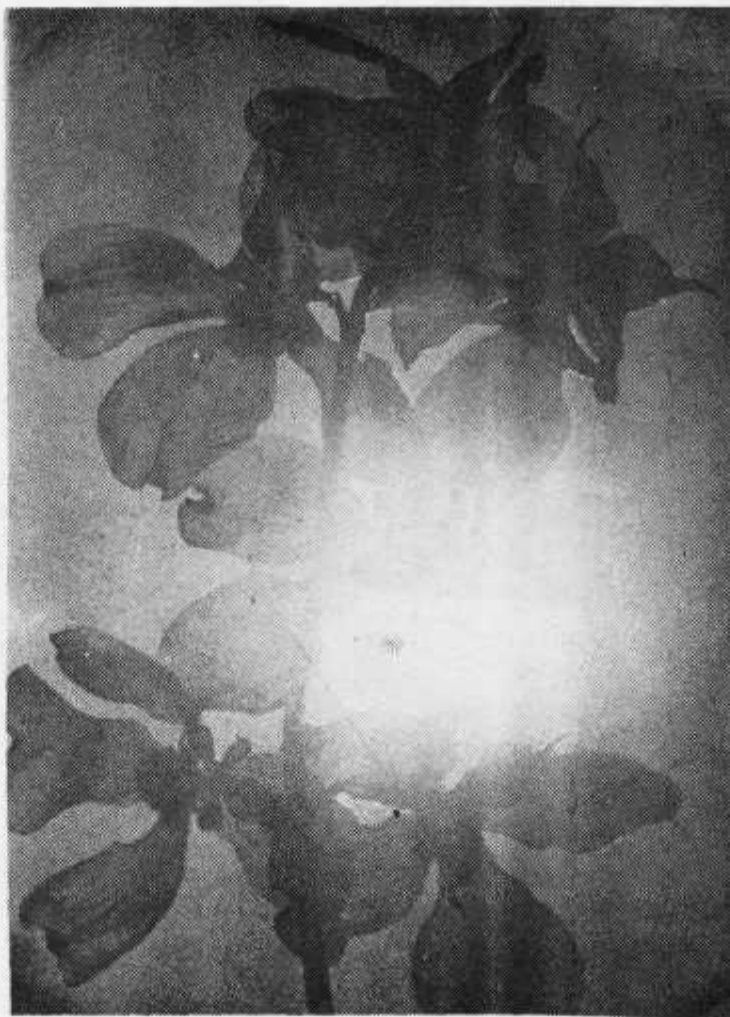
hey mahn!

yo ho!

ha! ha! ha!

resisting an imperialist function.

Rody McCoy



When I'm With You

When I'm with you
Nothing matters,
Because I'm here
In your arms, dear.

You share my thoughts
When things are wrong,
You lift my joys
And make me strong.

Your smile is sweet:
Your eyes are bright.
When I'm with you,
Things are all right.

Your arms are warm,
Your lips are soft.
When I'm with you,
Love - is there too!

J. J.

as i think of you

last night as the rain fell steadily upon
the hard pavement outside my back door
and the wind savagely sang an
untuned melody
i thought of you

with my music continually ringing
out familiar melodies and comforting
me in your close but distant absence
i thought of you

the night was dark and cold but warm
thoughts enveloped me because i remembered
some of our sweeter moments together
the times you made me laugh when i
previously felt the need to cry
all this came to mind
as i thought of you

a feeling of security and inner peace
settled over me because i knew the
need i felt for you then was only felt
because i feel secure enough in knowing
that you care for me and love me
this too came to mind
as i thought of you

a smile radiates throughout me as i
remember your tender kiss and warm
caress and i feel great comfort in
knowing that you will soon be here
as i think of you

Zelma Hood



Birds

As I look through my window
Into the skies I see
A flock of golden birds so full of
Warmth and joviality
At work and at play, so engaged
In what they do
Not a single worry about anything
Unlike myself or you

They go their merry ways
Carrying a beautiful tune
And to the many troubles of the world
They are perfectly immune
As I continue to watch them
My mind strays and wonder
My God, My God, why couldn't I have been
That troubleless bird out yonder.

Delores Mason

Don't Call Me Boy

I have a name, just like anyone.
And it is plain to say, it won't trick your tongue.

Don't call me boy!

I am a man just like the next fella.
Because we're of a different world does it make him any better?

Don't call me boy!

Three hundred years of anguish, three hundred years of pain.
Scorned and laughed at, treated as an abnormal man.

Something like ole Moses bound by Pharaoh,
I cry out with all my heart "Let my people go."

I'm not trying to start an uprising
But will stand no more Chastising
From my woman I demand respect,
That means being a man and yet:

You still call me boy!
Don't call me boy.

Buckner L. Henderson



The Way I Am

You may think that I'm a fool,
Ask some else, they may say,
"The Dude is cool."

So I caint live my life
To what the people cry.
I'm the only one I must satisfy,
Funky! But it's true.
Funky life is too.
And I caint help but be
No one else be me.
Cause, that's the way I am.

If I want to sing
If I want to shout.
Ain't I got the right to go head and holler it out.
Long as I don't bother you or your thing.
I don't see no reason I caint sing.
Life ain't really real unless you're doing what you feel.
Now the time has come for respect from everyone.
For the way I am.

T.Mac

Life

*Life is the only form of existence that we know
It can be unremoved or can be made sweet and mellow.*

*Life is unforgettable and forever lasting
Some people say that it can even be flabbergasting.*

*Life, without love, has no definite meaning
It's like an uphill climb without actuating.
Life should be lived with the utmost care
Once it has ended, there will be nothing there.*

Anthony De Carise Hines

*To become a part of a dream is a struggle,
an endless voyage man's eternal quest.
to become a part of a dream is a reason,
a purpose, and verily an attainable goal.
To become a part of a dream is to realize that,
Life is not light But it's refracted color.
To become a part of a dream is that growth,
the highest high
The point where man unites with eternity.
To become a part of a dream
Grow, think, believe, continue -
And though may lead follow, follow*



Wish you were here,
Cause if you were
This world wouldn't be half as bad
If they had someone like you

Donald A. Farrell

me

why do i feel the way I do?
Is it something wrong with me?
why do people stare?
I'm no different from them, yet
I'm not accepted as I am.
Why do I have to be someone else
why can't I just be me?

Bernard

WE ARE FREE !!!

Being Black, I've had it tough
But now, white folks, I've had enough.

I've been set free from your whip and cotton fields;
but, yet, you still won't let me live.

I see that phony smile
trying to deceive me as it I'm a child

Well listen here
and listen good
enough of your ignorance
I've stood!

When you see us marching by your door
remember we are FREE FOREVER MORE!

Joan Maxine Howell

freak creation

taken from an environment where the vine is only an
example
of
conformity of
inner torment

A man will invariably transform himself to that stage which
breeds
of peaceful reform.

RIPPING
AWAY
SOCIETY'S
SOCIAL
KNOT

kneck-tie of trying to be
WHAT
YOU
CANNOT

you slip
i
d
e out of your bourgeois bag slipping on modes of
sipp

menial subservience
(along with jesus sneakers)

you eventually acquire a state of divine reverence:
letting your hair hang down
or
seeking the clouds

And the barber gets poorer still.
Finally with the unknown
yet known
you become a "head". And you're
as queer as a grapefruit with orange-juice
'cause nixon and hoover just can't dig it.

THE MIND.....
sometimes called.....
THE CONSCIOUS

battles with the sub "c" and you intercourse with the both when
ridiculed by a nation of why-you-do-why-you-don't.

BUT POWER CONQUERS ALL
AND YOU REACT

the president slides over to red china with fake smile
and
handshake

24 hours a day.
Bodyguard in white trenchcoat.
Little black brief case.
AND A SHAKEY THUMB THAT'S READY TO DETONATE WWII
IV
V AND VI

while america's stormtroopers seek blood for pleasure & for
pay.
you take a smoke from your pack of aculputco golds
and wonder if the constitution went up in flame
or if this confusion really is a
GAME..... GAME..... GAME
OR
just an outgrowth of

"THE FREAK CREATION"

Rody McCoy



photo by Lance

English 100 - A Resurrection

a wishful word,
a note of apprehension . . .
of expectancy . . .
of eager reception . . .

of the earnest enthusiasm
that accompanies the dawn . . .

of the burning desire
that flourishes at noon . . .

of the silent longing
that dies at dusk . . .

and revives itself,
and restores itself,
and rekindles itself
again and again

as it travels towards
perfection of expression.

-Raymond D. Maxwell

The Fact

I have arrived
a freak by nature
Remember the sit-ins and marches I was there
were you?
Hey, I even fought the Federal Troops
I ain't no fool
I had a cause, can you dig it?
Remember Dr. King and Malcolm X?
They had a cause too, remember! I do
you do, good
Do you know who I am?
You do? good I couldn't have made it
without you-

BLACKWOMEN

Ekud
Duke M.

give me a home
in the darkest woods
with birds and bees
and flowers and trees
filled with nature's wonders
a quiet solemn place
where no one can disturb me
peace, solitude,
a place to be alone,
where "I", can be myself

Sherry Purvis

