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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.
Then she 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's sho brighter in Georgia.
It was on one of them Sundays
My poppa was

LYNCHED
Sundays ain't never been the same
Since.

Rudy McCoy

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

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

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

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

SUNDAYS

STONE, TOOLS, AND CHIPS

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

Margaret Hemingway

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

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

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

Gal Blackwell

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 mumurrts 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 will always fight
won't wait on a leader
be a leader of yourself
there is enough Black blood shed
to cover us all.

Sierra Joyce

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
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
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
example 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

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.

Debra Daniels

On My Virginity

She Flies

It was time for me to
fly
and so . . .
Fly I did.

Avanna

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 want to go home.
To see my mother, no more to roam.

Joan Maxine Howell

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.

Debra Daniels

Love.

Aynanna
i walked up
the steps
to the door
and
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 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
notice 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

I AM I

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 passion in yours!
Your sensuous always vibrant soul comes to a bubbling
bubbling climax:
Emitting all that is woman:
THE EVIL
THE CONSTANT PAIN
THE POWER OF YOUR WOMANHOOD
And yet!
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-
dwell 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 MAN-H-O-O-D?
Yours in the struggle.

Rody McCoy

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 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

I WISH I HAD YOU HERE

When you hold me, I melt into a cradle of love,
something no ordinary man can do.
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 when I make love to you
my mind goes into a complete nova and forms a heat wave that
is and you can feel and it is visible to any human eye
and our bodies form a perfect oneness inseparable.

As you look at me and you know I love you because
I have put love into everything I have done.

For my Black Man

Rody McCoy

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
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

To Lynne

As-Saláム AlArkuM
an instant friendship.
The Asiatic air
the eastern atmosphere
the mongolian strain
the oriental beauty
first attracted me.

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
st. thomas

there was hope—catch it!

cocoanut 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 free.

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

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!

Zelma Hood

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 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

J. J.
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

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. Come if you were This world wouldn’t be half as bad If they had someone like you

Donald A. Farrell

The Way I Am

You may think that I’m a fool. Ask some else, they may say, “The Dude is cool.” So I can’t 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 can’t help but be No one else be me. Come, 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 can’t sing. Life isn’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

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

knock-tie of trying to be WHAT YOU CANNOT

... out of your bourgeois bag clinging on modes of servitude (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 subconscious 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 WWIII

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

Sherry Purvis

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, in a place to be alone,
where “I”, can be myself

- Sherry Purvis

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