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Poems

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Black Prophesy

Consumed in a burning desire
To soar above the rancid odor
Of Black flesh, Black hope
Turned to Black rage.

Even yeaming to flee from
The misery of yesterday,
The unchanging despair
Cannot give us freedom.

Land that we love still
Rob, still emasculates,
Still shackles our whip-
Scarred bodies. Law is still
Lawless in its belief called Justice.

For yet we are still lower
Than the yard dog.
Constant fear and dread
Creep upon our most sophisticate
Lowly animal.

Fear seeps into the brain
Of our most prominent creature
Proclaiming all of us still nobody.
Lower than the snake.

Acquisition of worldly treasures
Cannot erase from history
The brutality endured in this land.
It could not be counted as past.

Today, like yesterday, yet remains
All night for us
But little Black boys will be
Big Black men soon one day.
Blacks will not want to flee
Blacks will stand and fight.
Remembering, remembering
Turner, Till, King, and X.

Peola Spurlock,
Howard University

Suddenly Love

To be again without a plan to live,
To reach out in a hopeful jest.
Occurring like a thunder storm,
a ship lost, a train stopped,
a broken wing that has no speed.
And then it happens,
with a careless lust.
Too fast to think,
or tell your heart the truth.
The past has cast it,
in the sounds of lost time.
Too late to change a color set,
a tear of woe.
Oh yes, and here it is again,
so soon.

Jewel Mayo
Washington, D.C.