A SONG IN BLOOD AND TEARS
(A People's Poem by Askia Muhammad Toure)

I didn't know you
Brother, didn't see
the light of Revolution
flaming in your strong Black eyes
didn't get a chance to hear
the roaring thunders of your
strong Black voice, but I knew
when you fell, they had slain
another Black Shining Prince.

GEORGE JACKSON! GEORGE JACKSON! GEORGE JACKSON!
Shout it on the corner, in your
cells, Blackmen, write it on the walls!
A Warrior in the prison gray of Western
vengence on the Blackman, in the prison gray
of our ghetto-reservations, you alone
dared to raise the voice of God - yes,
the final Revolutionary Voice of all
the millions - no, the billions - of the earth.
Black, Brown, Red, Yellow Brothers staring
in the streets of Calcutta, dying on
the reservations, robbing in the Huffens,
napalmed in Vietnam, or marching with
the people's armies down the streets
of PEKING/GUINEA/TANZANIA/PALESTINE GUERRILLA
armies marching, say the future will be
brighter, Blackman, alive for a moment
in Eternity; blazing star lighting up a century
marred by the whiteness's filth - all the Earth
the wild, streaming eyes
of an anguished Blackmother:
"GOD O GOD! - O GOD! - O GOD!
FIRST MY YOUNG SON! NOW MY ELDEST!"

GEORGE JACKSON! GEORGE JACKSON! GEORGE JACKSON!
Blackwarrior, we'll avenge you when we march
in this land; and your blood will drip
from our bannans and your shine
before us like a bright, red sun.
Walk through the pignions,
Brothers, see the Black men/Chicanos
Puerto Ricans
Read the pain in their faces
feel their rage: microcosm
of the Earth/Mankind in a prison gray,
THIRTY YEARS! - for being hungry,
LIFE! - for being poor.
Taking bread to feed your babies,
toboggining stores of the owners; TEN TIME
LOSERS - Black/Brown and poor
in the richest land on earth

GEORGE JACKSON! GEORGE JACKSON! GEORGE JACKSON!
Go with Martin, Malcolm, Medger,
find your rest dark here,
launched like a meteor of rage
against the towers of the rich.
It will come, my Brother, sooner
than we think; all of Nature cries out
for their destruction/O the pain of existence
in this Dark/Beast Age!
The Breading Earth, scourched, forgotten
watered with our mothers' tears;
the poisoned air, the vast oceans
foul and reeking with the "progress"
of the Beasts.
My mind, a vast volcano,
roars down the centuries - a blast
at every mailed fist/jackboot/billionaire-
vampire bloodsucking Man.

GEORGE JACKSON/Oracle/Brave Warrior
writhing in your grave, we will avenge!

BLOW DOWN THOSE WALLS

I need a Joshua
to pick up his horn
and blow down the walls
of Babylon
Imperial citadel
Impermeable Olympus
lily-white Virgin
Mary marble fortress
of Disneyland
and Agnew
Jericho you are here
and where is David
to sing his stones
at this Goliah.
Jesus is crucified
every day on the corner
of 125th Street and 7th
and nobody cares
cause they're going to the
Apollo
to see James Brown.....
Joseph watches

white gods fuck his woman
and little light babies
become Emmanuel
emasculated minishah......
the Queen of Sheba
wears Wonda-Weave
while Moses leads his legions
crippled junkies
to 116th Street
for a faster fix
as the angel hustler
offers credit.....
pawn your soul
for a nickel bag of brimstone
Adam and Eve make it
in Central Park
as Noah fills his ark
and carries the animals off
to Rikers Island.....
I need a Joshua
to pick up his horn
and blow louder than Miles.....

Denise Oliver

WAR PEOPLES: GUERRILLA

Rats, roaches, dirt and mud
Rags, dirt, stench and cold
The poor, hungry, depressed and sad
United behind a common goal

Winos, drunk, gambler and addict
Thieves, hustlers, pimps and prostitutes
All coming together
Firm and resolute

Lackies in the outhouse
Lindsay in the manor
Going up in smoke
Victims of the people's anger

From behind the blackness of the smoke
Comes the war's of a shot
The masses have broken the yoke
The gun has come out of the riot

In two and threes are the bands
Of righteous guerilla fighters
Two and threes with guns in hand
Our ever victorious freedom fighters

J.J.