

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

inner child press, ltd.



General Information

A Gathering of Words Poetry & Commentary for Trayvon Martin

The Poets & Writers of Consciousness

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*much Love & Gratitude
for all the Poets and Writers
from around the World
who took the time to share their
Consciousness . . .*

the World appreciates you !



Dedication

This Collection of Poetry is dedicated to the Life and the Memory of Trayvon Martin and all the Trayvon Martins of the world who senselessly have lost their lives due to Gun Violence and other acts of aggression.

May this consciousness become contagious and effect the change that allows our children to live with Hope and in Peace.

Trayvon Benjamin Martin

5 February 1995 ~ 26 February 2012



The Rose that Grew From Concrete

Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's law is wrong it learned to walk without having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping it's dreams, it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete when no one else ever cared.

Tupac Shakur

*F*oreword . . . Loga Michelle Odom

Trayvon Martin Ignites World Healing

In 2008, 2,947 children and teens died from guns in the United States and 2,793 died in 2009 for a total of 5,740—one child or teen every three hours, eight every day, 55 every week for two years. Six times as many children and teens—34,387—suffered nonfatal gun injuries as gun deaths in 2008 and 2009. This is equal to one child or teen every 31 minutes, 47 every day, and 331 children and teens every week.” —Children’s Defense Fund

The Spark

“My role in society, or any artist's or poet's role, is to try and express what we all feel. Not to tell people how to feel. Not as a preacher, not as a leader, but as a reflection of us all.” --John Lennon, Musician, Singer and Songwriter (1940 – 1980)

A friend of mine said to me recently, “Michelle, you see things most people don’t see.” In silent response I thought, “I allow myself to look at things others don’t want to see.” I have been like that forever really, and I suppose there are complex psychological reasons that lead me to look man’s inhumanity toward man directly in the eye; just as I suppose there are a mix of complicated factors that stop others from doing so.

One of the curious things for me about the untimely death of young Trayvon Martin, is the way it has captured the attention, compassion, and activism of people the world over. What is it about the death of this young man that causes a largely blind and desensitized people to hold their gaze? We know part of the appeal of this case goes to the facts that were readily apparent: It appears Trayvon, just 17 years old at the time of his death on February 26, 2012, was returning to a home in a gated Sanford, Florida community, where he was visiting his father on a rainy evening, armed with only a bag of Skittles candy and a can of Arizona iced tea. A self-appointed neighborhood watchman, George Zimmerman, thought the young man looked suspicious, and from his vehicle, called 911 to report his concerns. Details of their encounter are unclear, but we know that Trayvon is dead, and while police arrived on the scene that evening and ascertained that Zimmerman was the shooter, he was set free.

For several weeks the case went largely unnoticed – just another dead black youth – one of the thousands who die every three hours - until this death caught the attention of Rev. Al Sharpton, who decided we all needed to take a closer look. At the point that Sharpton involved himself in this matter, Zimmerman was a free man who had not been charged with any crime. We all learned through the media that he stood his ground, as provided by law in 24 states, and it was not clear to authorities that any crime had been committed.

Trayvon Martin was African-American and his killer is a white Hispanic, and so some of the interest in this case is related to the racial dynamics it suggests. Other than black skin, what is it that made this young man appear suspect to his killer? Playing on that question, people of all racial and ethnic classifications around the world donned hooded sweatshirts, as Trayvon wore the night he was killed, suggesting, perhaps, this was not a case of pure racism. Yet try as we might to block the ugliness of the idea that this was a cold-blooded, race-based, unprovoked murder – it is difficult to escape such a conclusion.

For reasons we may never fully comprehend, the killing of Trayvon Martin has captured and held our attention for many weeks, and counting. After a great outpouring of concern and demands for justice, eventually George Zimmerman was charged with second-degree murder and presumably, he will be tried. No matter the outcome of his trial, when all is said and done, we may find that the death of Trayvon Martin was the spark that ignited a process of racial healing around the world – a process heretofore we have avoided with deafening silence, widespread blindness, and ice cold hearts, hands and bodies.

Bridging the racial divide is a huge agenda, but one we must eventually undertake if humanity is to reverse the dangerous course it is on, and find the will and the way to move forward. We must open our eyes and ears and hearts and minds and arms, to behold that which we would rather not see, to assess the damage done and ways in which the race divide keeps us trapped in fear, hate and turmoil, and to fashion a world, for once, where peace and love may flourish among all humankind.

Revolutionary Love

“The role of the revolutionary artist is to make revolution irresistible.” —Toni Cade Bambara, Writer, Documentary Filmmaker, Activist (1939 – 1995)

Recently I was engaged in a very intense, passionate, and lengthy conversation with a good friend of mine about the role I play on Facebook. Currently I am using this online space to direct attention to the issue of love through a series of posts I call the “Revolutionary Love Leadership Series,” where I build on the work of author bell hooks, who wrote a book called “Salvation: Black People and Love.” The topics reach deep into our souls and psyches, questioning our values and behaviors toward ourselves and each other, and have led to a number of highly emotional discussions.

My friend said to me that I was inciting a riot. It took several hours of discussion for me to understand that she was very upset that I had suggested to her that it would be good for everyone, black and white, to watch the 1971 film entitled “Goodbye Uncle Tom.” I only recently saw the film myself, and it is the most graphic display of the brutality of slavery I can even imagine – far more shocking than “Roots,” “Sankofa,” or “Amistad.” I said I believed if we would all watch this film, we would have a much better grasp of how we have wounded each other so deeply, why it has been so difficult for black people to move beyond the experience, and the patterns of relationship between blacks and whites that exist to this very day. Her perspective, if I captured it accurately, is that without guidance on how to handle such powerful images and memories, people will be incited to respond violently, and I am being irresponsible by sharing such information, without also providing leadership on what to do with the data.

Perhaps it goes without saying that I disagreed with her point of view. However, her comments have stayed with me, and led me to consider again the role and power of cultural workers. I was thinking, for example, about the image of the “starving artist,” and wondering why people who do such vital, moving, meaningful work for humanity are often not valued, treasured, supported, nurtured, encouraged and highly compensated by our fellow man and woman. We touch invisible chords in each other which expand our awareness of deep-seated needs and desires – spiritual needs - needs we very often do not know how to meet or satisfy – and would rather keep buried. Instead of stirring these emotions, and risking the potential failure of soothing our pain, as humans we often choose to “kill the messenger,” or leave our cultural workers to their private suffering as punishment for causing us to see things our brains have tried so hard to suppress.

Yet “man’s inhumanity toward man,” would appear to be as old as humanity itself. We duck and hide from the grotesqueness of the ways we treat each other, and go round in circles pretending as if we are moving forward on an evolutionary path – vilifying those who suggest that it might be more effective to behold the misery, senselessness, and destructiveness we bring to the world – so that we might identify means of changing the self-defeating course we are on, to one that honors all life forms.

The Western world is highly physical in the sense that we acknowledge those things we can perceive with our five senses and readily come to agreement about what we are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching or tasting. My experience, however, as a human being and cultural worker, is that there is another realm of reality that we cannot perceive with our five senses – a spiritual realm, if you will. We have a much greater challenge in coming to agreement about the existence of this realm and the validity and meaning of the insights gleaned therein. I see connections between things in the non-physical world – feelings, thoughts, words – and the ways in which these highly subjective aspects of reality connect to physical actions. My friend is correct, I believe, that exposure to provocative visual (written or verbal) stimuli, could lead some people to riotous action, especially people who have tried hard to avoid such images and bodies of knowledge, and are shocked into awareness.

Still, my goal as a cultural worker is to promote action that leads to life. My goal in promoting a vision of “revolutionary love,” is to bring more love into the world. People who respond to emotionally painful stimuli with violence, are not, generally, in my opinion, acting from a place of love. With perhaps the singular exception of self-defense, a violent reaction to truth is coming from a place of fear, hate and deep emotional woundedness – and may mean the recipient of the stimuli was not ready psychologically to receive the information, and therefore acted inappropriately or destructively.

Nevertheless, I do not believe it is the task or responsibility of cultural workers to limit human access to truth – our perception of those subjective, non-physical aspects of reality – or to attempt to control how people receive information and choose to act on it. Our responsibility is to share our truths – those visions and comprehensions we receive through our various artistic eyes, with the rest of the world. Yes, sometimes this will lead to shock and pain and unanticipated reactions, but my belief is that the more humanity confronts the reality of the ways in which we hurt each other – as well as the ways in which we can love each other – the less shocking, the less painful, and the less repeated our history will become for us – and we will be on a course that pulls us back from the very brink of destruction, and moving in a collective direction of life and love for all living things.

Cultural workers are powerful people. Let us be mindful of our power, endeavor to use it wisely, and press on. Humanity needs us – whether they know it or not, appreciate it or not, or understand or misinterpret our intent.

The Pressure

“Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.” --Martin Luther King Jr., Letter from Birmingham Jail, April 16, 1963, U.S. Civil Rights Leader and Clergyman (1929 - 1968)

I have a particular fondness for the sexual analogy, I think because sex is something many of us have experienced and enjoy. Sex has the capacity to cause us to feel things, quite deeply, and to have an active awareness of our needs, pleasures and connections to other human beings – especially on a physical level. In some ways, the creative process is akin to a sexual experience for me – one with power to bring new life to the ways we see, connect to, and treat our fellow human beings. Like a mother’s labor, the creative process and life of an artist are often quite painful, and yet they yield such joy, pleasure, beauty and meaning in our lives and the lives of those we touch – it is a pain worth the pleasure.

One day I said to William S. Peters, Sr., whom I consider a creative mentor, that I have been reluctant to use my gift of writing because of the persistent stereotype that black people don’t read, and my desire to be in dialogue and intimate communication with a black audience and all oppressed people. Especially as a young woman, I wanted to be a part of helping to bring healing to this deeply wounded community, to help its members come to a new vision for our lives, and to assist in undressing and revealing hidden talents and abilities much needed by the world. In that all-knowing and fatherly tone of his, he said to me, “It is not your responsibility to worry about who reads your work. It is your job to create.” “Yes Bill,” I mean what could I say? :-)

The healing of humanity cannot be dissected into populations. We live on this earth together, as male and female, black and white, gay and straight, rich and poor – and we are connected in ways we cannot see or fully comprehend. For reasons that escape us, the particular tragedy and truth of Trayvon Martin’s killing, touched a chord in humanity, held our gaze, made us aware of feelings long suppressed, and led to an outpouring of compassionate love expressed through our art. Truth is often painful and ugly, and even more so when we attempt to deny all aspects of our reality; but when we allow ourselves to see it, almost inevitably we know, “I Am Trayvon Martin,” and we unleash our potential and the beauty locked inside.

To all the deeply passionate, creative and humanity loving souls Bill has gathered here to make a joyful noise unto Trayvon, I salute you. Through your poems, songs, paintings, films, speeches, sermons and other creative products, artistic endeavors, intellectual journeys and activist pursuits, you have already touched a nerve, and fanned the flames set off by the spark known as Trayvon Martin. It simply cannot be a sign of mental health for nearly 3,000 children to die by gunfire each year, as the rest of us stand by and feel nothing. Each child is precious and deserves our loving care.

While we may hope the pressure applied through our collective works will ignite and galvanize sustained momentum toward healing our world, it is not our job to concern ourselves with how far those flames will travel, what passions they will ignite, or what heartstrings will be pulled. It is our job to create. It is our job to allow Spirit to flow through us and to find its own way. I thank you for allowing yourself to feel, to see, and to reflect our greatest needs and desires, and for using your gifts seductively to entice us all into a more aware and loving existence. I thank you for having the courage to bring forth new life as we mourn the loss of our children to a desensitized world. Let's make love!

"Justice for Trayvon" and justice for all.

A luta continua,
With Revolutionary Love,

Michelle
May 1, 2012

Preface

Our deepest sympathies for Tracy Martin, Sybrina Fulton and Trayvon's entire family can never be truly articulated however we offer to each you our sincerest condolences.

Our Purpose

Perhaps "A *GLOBAL* Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon Martin" would have been a more appropriate title for this preservation of a pivotal moment in world history. Briefly it seemed as though the world stood still so its inhabitants could gather and regroup our human relationships one to another. We have watched with great angst the despair, disillusionment, and heartache which Trayvon's parents, Tracy and Sybrina have endured over the last several months. Many of us wished we could lend an ear, a shoulder, a hug, compassion or words of comfort and understanding to them. Although in *actuality* we all can't be there for The Martin Family and do all those things, in *reality* we can. The *reality* of "A *Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon Martin*" is a sincere effort to be there for his Family beyond all the superficial attention of the media and notoriety that wanes as we do what we humans do best...forget. Forget about Trayvon, forget about the senseless gun violence that took of the life of yet another innocent child on February 26, 2012 who, exactly eleven days earlier had celebrated his seventeenth birthday.

The Gathering

The Poets *demand*ed this platform and freely contributed their poetry to "A *Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon*", as a creative memorial dedicated to the preservation of Trayvon Martin and the global significance of a tragedy that moved the world into action. We saw it unfold in the media over and over again; "Justice for Trayvon...Justice for Trayvon." The public demand was vocalized, often compromised, marginally realized but now is forever immortalized in these pages. The collective soul of these Poets and Writers brings the cry for justice beyond the street protests and the dialogue beyond the water cooler, extending the shelf life of remembrance past any expiration date. Trayvon's life may have been ended prematurely but his memory will now live on in history as a case study of humanity in the pages of this book.

Grief

Grief in and of itself is practically an unbearable emotion. Grief paired with the lack of understanding is even more painful. Along with his parents many of us have questioned the universe as to why Trayvon Martin, why this seventeen year old child was struck down at such a tender age. But no answer can suffice or fill the void in the hearts of his Mother and Father. All that remains are the tears of grief, the despair of heartbreak and anger tinged with frustration. We are left alone with all of those questions and thoughts which we may express through our deeds, actions or in this case words.

The words here have been gathered and cultivated from the most varied array of emotional and mental expressions. You may or may not identify with or even understand this collection of poetry from the raw, emotional feelings of each individual writer as they were moved to express their emotions. However the words will leave you with a spirit of remembrance of a young life gone too soon. You will not go through the words without having at least one phrase or idea that doesn't hang onto the fringes of your mind. Henceforth the words gathered together like tattered fragments of a photograph in a broken frame will leave you with the images of a young man's tragic death, the yearning of the broken hearts of two loving parents and a greater awareness of violence, especially the senselessness of gun violence.

Remembrance

Trayvon will forever be a part of our lives as an unsuspecting catalyst, catapulted to change the universe during his brief journey in this world. He will forever be mourned, martyred, and memorialized but he will never again will he be trivialized. Trayvon Benjamin Martin, a life lost, has found a conscious world still filled with unity and solidarity against injustice. Thanks to Trayvon and his parents, Tracy Martin and Sybrina Fulton the heart of the world that once sat silent to the injustices of society has been renewed. The once nameless faces of youth across the globe whose lives have perished due to senseless gun violence, judgment and fear are now represented by the voice of Trayvon...who cried out for help and justice beyond the grave.

Acknowledgments

A Poets message can come and go as quickly as the light of the fire fly but it takes a truly Conscious Poet to become a light in the vast darkness of humanity. For those of you who have spoken and chosen to heed your own conscious to shed light on the dark injustices this tragedy has exposed, thank you. Thank you for allowing us to gather your words of consciousness to illuminate the vast darkness of humanity which surrounds the globe. Singapore, Africa, Mexico, Jamaica, USA and many more your contributions and your outcry for this compilation is the sole reason "*A Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon Martin*", exist. This is your historical remembrance of a time when the world seemed to stand still all at once in the name of justice. It is my prayer your lights continue to shine, and your conscious continue to enlighten each corner of humanity. You are truly Poets in every sense of the word and it is indeed an honor to be counted among you.

Cheryl *Sublime Poetess* Faison
Poetry Pyramid

Cheryl Faison is the Founder of Poetry Pyramid and a Talk Shoe Host.

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I could have
been many things...
a husband
father
lawyer
Doctor
but will never know...

Veyron

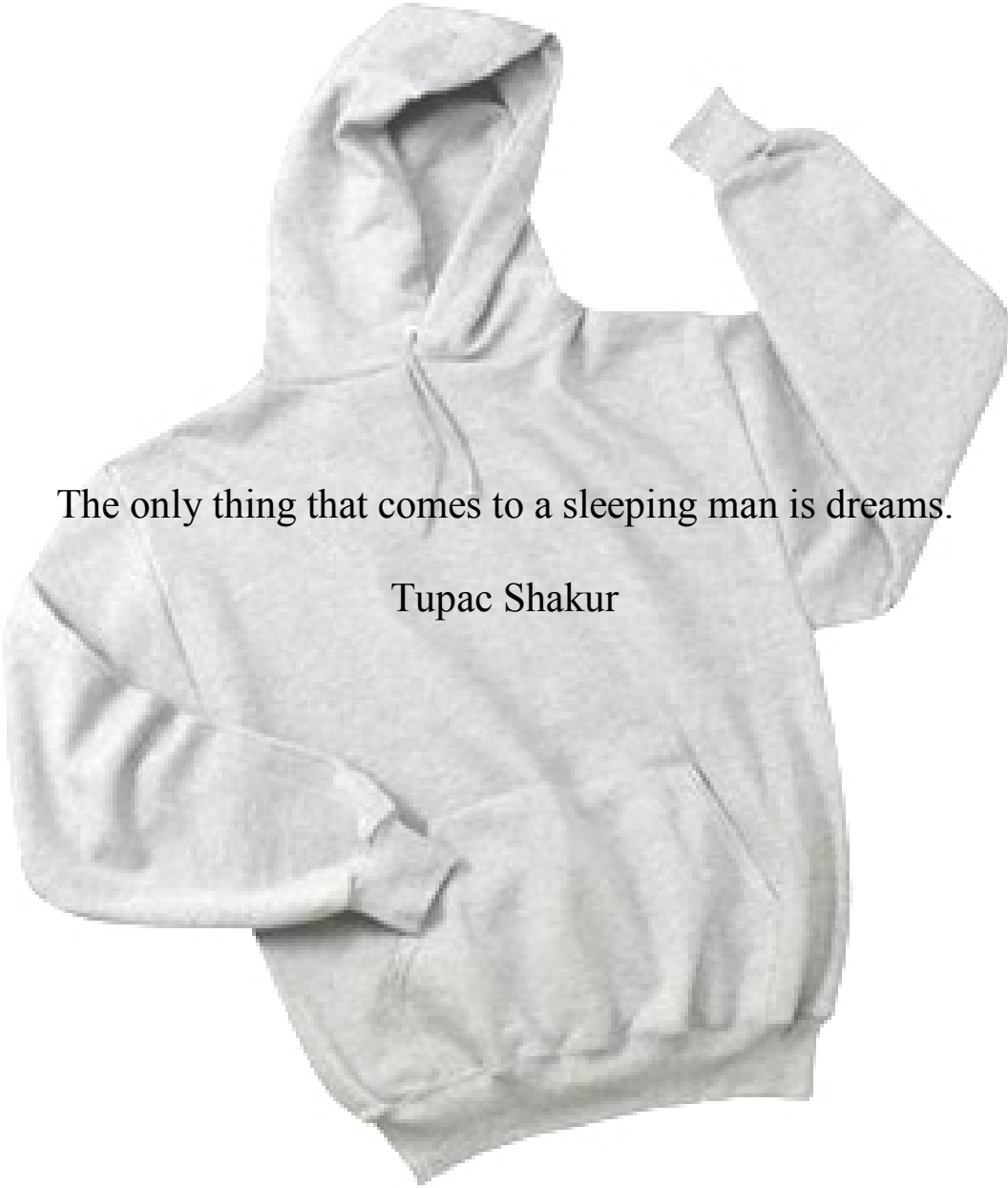
A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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The only thing that comes to a sleeping man is dreams.

Tupac Shakur

Trayvon Martin


At 17 shot dead
It's an outrage
We wonder
Is it self-defense?
Or is it a racist overzealous
Man claiming
He's apprehending
A suspected criminal
Who turns out to be
An innocent
Young black kid
Walking
From the grocery story
With skittles
Just peering at the beautiful houses
Probably thinking
That one day he too
Will rise
And be of importance
But instead he was chased
Down
Probably beaten



Shot with a 9 millimeter
By a Hispanic
Enormous guy
Who claims
Self defense
Sometimes I sit
And cry
When the law protects the guilty
And prosecutes the innocent
Where is the justice?
For Trayvon Martin
Is future was Shattered
By the bullets
Piercing his delicate
Body
Unable to defend himself
I say with a heavy heart
Who the law will defend?
The murderer or Trayvon Martin.

Christena Antonia Valaire Williams

Taste The Rainbow



A troubled land stained deeply within
Because as a nation we haven't yet repented of our sins
That class others according to shade
And held down those pinpointed as spades
Keep saying forget about the past
Y'all have overcome and you're free at last
But how can that be
When even in the twenty-first century
Guns are pulled on defenseless men
Just because of the color of their skin
Even after the generation of Emmett Till
America has yet to make good on a bad deal
The luck of the Irish is they weren't born black
Never had to deal with the phrase "Get back!!!"
Quick to throw up the flight of a Jew
But don't want to remember our people were lynched too
We can't put anything behind us
When there are constant reminders
We can't go certain places
Without being watched by other races
And it's really some bull
When a trigger gets pulled
And no one has to take the rap
Making it look like some kind of mishap
When is America going to wash the blood from its hands
When is the day going to come that united we stand
There's another mother who's lost a son
Leave the casket open so the world can see what has been done
A bag of Skittles and a bottle of tea
Clearly tells us we're still not free

© March 20, 2012
Hunni Bunn



S.K.I.T.T.L.E.S.

skittles...
innocence lost on a young life
no joke
getting killed carrying multicolored casket coverings of
RED
BLUE
YELLOW
and GREEN
part of a politicians patronizing poison
wait---
this is about SKITTLES
colors criticizing
criminalizing corpses
colorblind...
is a lie

(c)2012 Poetry of Motion

for Trayvon

no more words to say
just a sickness at heart
a sickness of soul
'cause if that ain't
your son you see in that casket
then something's very wrong
and something's very wrong

for Trayvon

little boy black
he won't be back
some eyes see danger
where only innocence resides
time to take off the glasses
that only allow certain things to be seen
time for new eyes, time to rip out the eye
that causes you to sin, better to be blind
than to let blind fury overtake you
and who is that boy lying there
who but our son, what parents can enter
the wake of a boy who's gone too soon
not gone, taken away and for what?
what parent doesn't see his own child?
and until we see every child as our own
more bullets will fly, more hatred
will be unleashed, time to look into
our own hearts, time for self-examination
time to peer into the darkness and face up to it
only then can there be hope of change
little boy black
he won't be back.

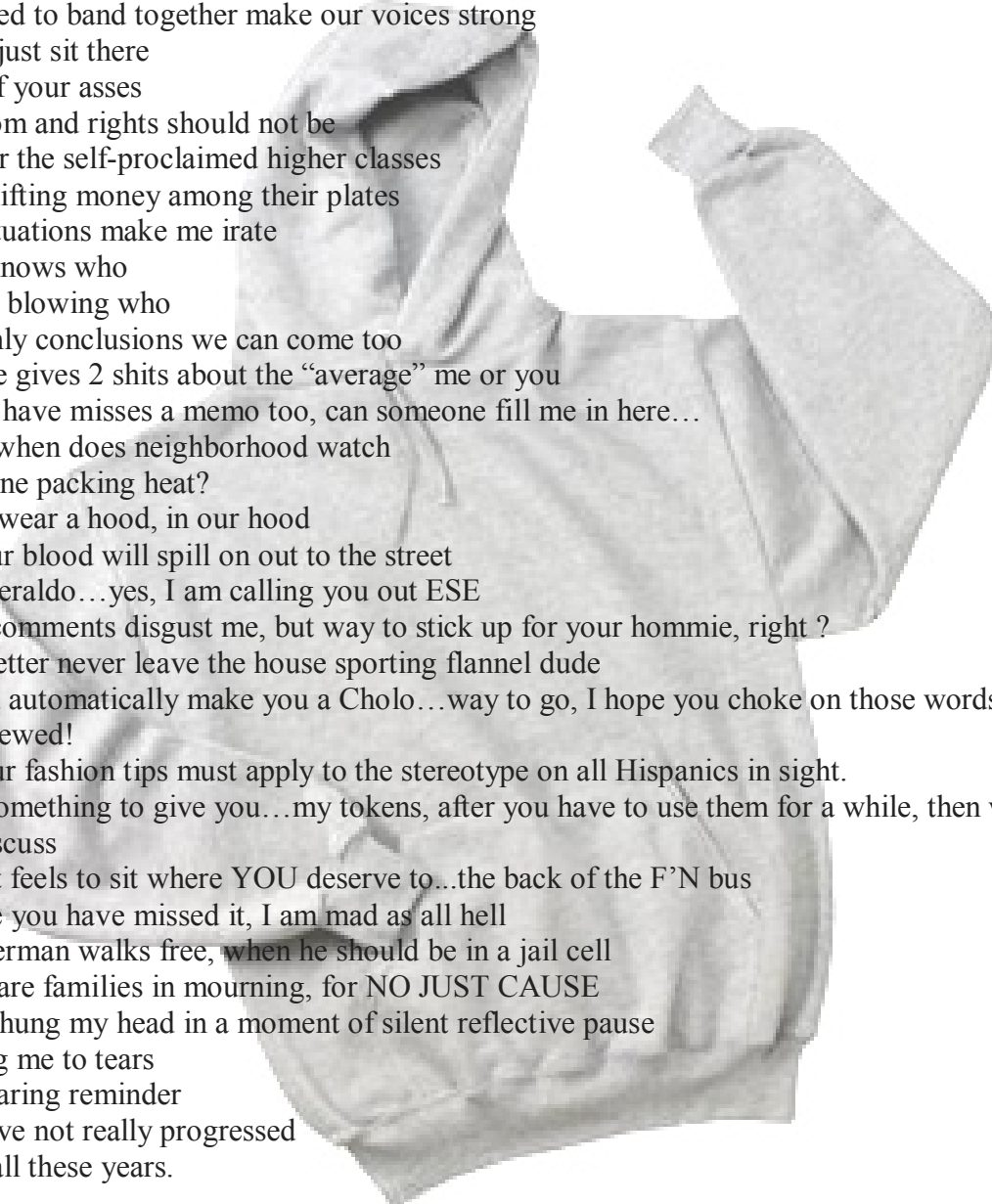
charlie gee

The Circle of Life

we should not be the predator or prey
But yet the cycle is repeated everyday
The headlines scream another youth needlessly shot down
A mistaken identity "I thought he had a gun"
Now the sphere of tragedy again has begun
Master's whip down through generations
Although the white lines and whites only signs have disappeared
Still exists the hatred, bigotry and irrational fears
Blame the victim "what was he doing walking there"
Blacks by statistics commit the most violent crime
But they are not counting the atrocities they perpetrate
In the name of community, government and state
So the circle of life continues to seal the Black man's fate
Treat like dogs, shoot down or incarcerate
When will, how long until this cycle we break
You thought it would end with an
African American head of state
But you see how they show no respect for the office and continue to berate
We must stand up, sign petitions,
March, and write and keep bringing attention to our fight!!!
Because next time it could be you Black mother grieving into the night

Renata Brown

Get up ! Get Mad !



Yes I am spitting mad
Things have been allowed for far too long
We need to band together make our voices strong
Don't just sit there
Get off your asses
Freedom and rights should not be
Just for the self-proclaimed higher classes
Just shifting money among their plates
The situations make me irate
Who knows who
Who's blowing who
The only conclusions we can come too
No one gives 2 shits about the "average" me or you
I must have misses a memo too, can someone fill me in here...
Since when does neighborhood watch
Condone packing heat?
Don't wear a hood, in our hood
Or your blood will spill on out to the street
Hey Geraldo...yes, I am calling you out ESE
Your comments disgust me, but way to stick up for your hommie, right ?
You better never leave the house sporting flannel dude
Would automatically make you a Cholo...way to go, I hope you choke on those words
you spewed!
As your fashion tips must apply to the stereotyped on all Hispanics in sight.
I got something to give you...my tokens, after you have to use them for a while, then we
can discuss
How it feels to sit where YOU deserve to...the back of the F'N bus
In case you have missed it, I am mad as all hell
Zimmerman walks free, when he should be in a jail cell
There are families in mourning, for NO JUST CAUSE
Yes, I hung my head in a moment of silent reflective pause
It bring me to tears
The blaring reminder
We have not really progressed
After all these years.
S.I.R

Luna Soolay

What's this all about anyway?

What's this all about any way, color really?
I mean to say this sh\$t is mad crazy, you feel me?
A cat can't even take a walk at night unless
he's perceived as white!
here comes "5-0" ready for a fight
hopin' your black ass gets in flight
so he gotz an excuse to smoke you in the night

what's this sh\$t all about anyway, I mean to say
look we've supposed to have come a long way
you know "A new day has dawned" and all dat,yawn!
sounds like da same "ol" song, la de da
like Marvin said "What's goin on?"
YO YOU YA YOU over there, what's this insane sh\$t
all about? can you tell me?
it makes no sense at all feel me, you see me and you make da call
before you know here's "5-0" cruisin' slow and it's
"YO! YOU YA YOU I'm talkin' ta you, H.U.E you darkie"
"well excuse me mr."Overseer" sumpin I didn't do right
that I can't walk black at night?
2012 yo and we got mad alphabets to go
I-pad, e-mail, U-tube ,X-box, LCD TV in3D
ABC,CBS,NBC,C-Span, I-Ran, FBI, CIA, ATF, DEA, dig what I say?
Damn you might need astronomy to see what's tomorrow's technology
but with all this in place still something ain't right with the human race
it's a damn disgrace that a man of color can't even be granted
some dignity and just a sprinkle of grace
what's this really all about yo? That racist Mother Fu\$#r couldn't
even tell ya, cause he don't even know!!

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Trayvon: Another Southern Lynchin!!

"nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property,
without due process of law." -- from the 14th Amendment

From: Strange Fruit "Black bodies swingin in da southern breeze
Strange Fruit hangin from da Poplar Trees"(Billy Holiday)

Ask Africans lynched for nothin bout "Due Process"
They'll tell you bout American "Just-Us
and they act like "What's all the fuss bout this time?
bout Trayvon being shot with a 9
strange fruit left to rot in da son could shed some light
on this rhyme that atcuallly at least symbolicaly
Trayvon was really "Hung from a Pine" Yes! our
beloved youth once again became "Strange Fruit"
Ask those Africans bout "Due Process" They know
sumpin bout some "American Just-Us!!

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Justice for Trayvon

Taken from this world too soon. Someone's child cut down by ignorance and bias.

Racism once again rears its ugly head. Another young Black man massacred simply for the color of his skin.

Action must be taken against the perpetrator of this heinous crime, or the masses will rise up like never before.

Youth snuffed out before he even had a chance to experience life.

Vigilante walks free while a young man's family grieves, all the while praying for justice.

Obama, our own Commander-in-Chief, even said, 'If I had a son, he'd look like Trayvon.'

Never again will his parents, Tracy Martin and Sybrina Fulton, see their son live, love, and laugh.

Masses united, different races, religions, colors, and creeds come together seeking justice, the hoodie a symbol of solidarity.

Appalled by the actions of George Zimmerman, this nation has taken a stand, seeking equity for this crime.

Restitution in the form of a lengthy prison term is the only acceptable form of punishment, acquittal is not an option.

That could have been my son, brother, cousin, or nephew, and for the injustice that was committed we must all take a stand.

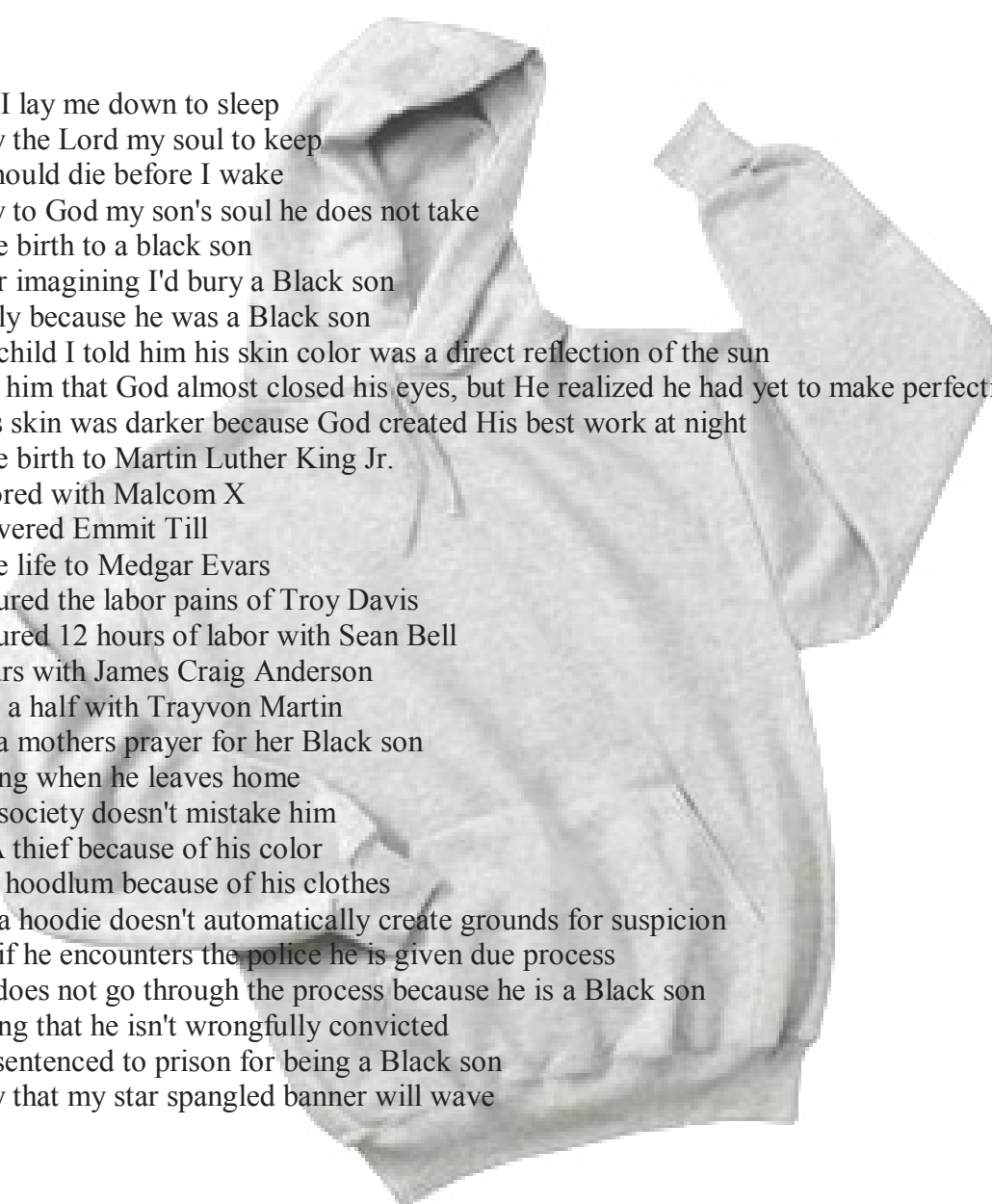
Ice tea and Skittles were his weapons of choice, for which he was slain.

Never will there be any peace until there is justice for Trayvon. Our voices will not be silenced.

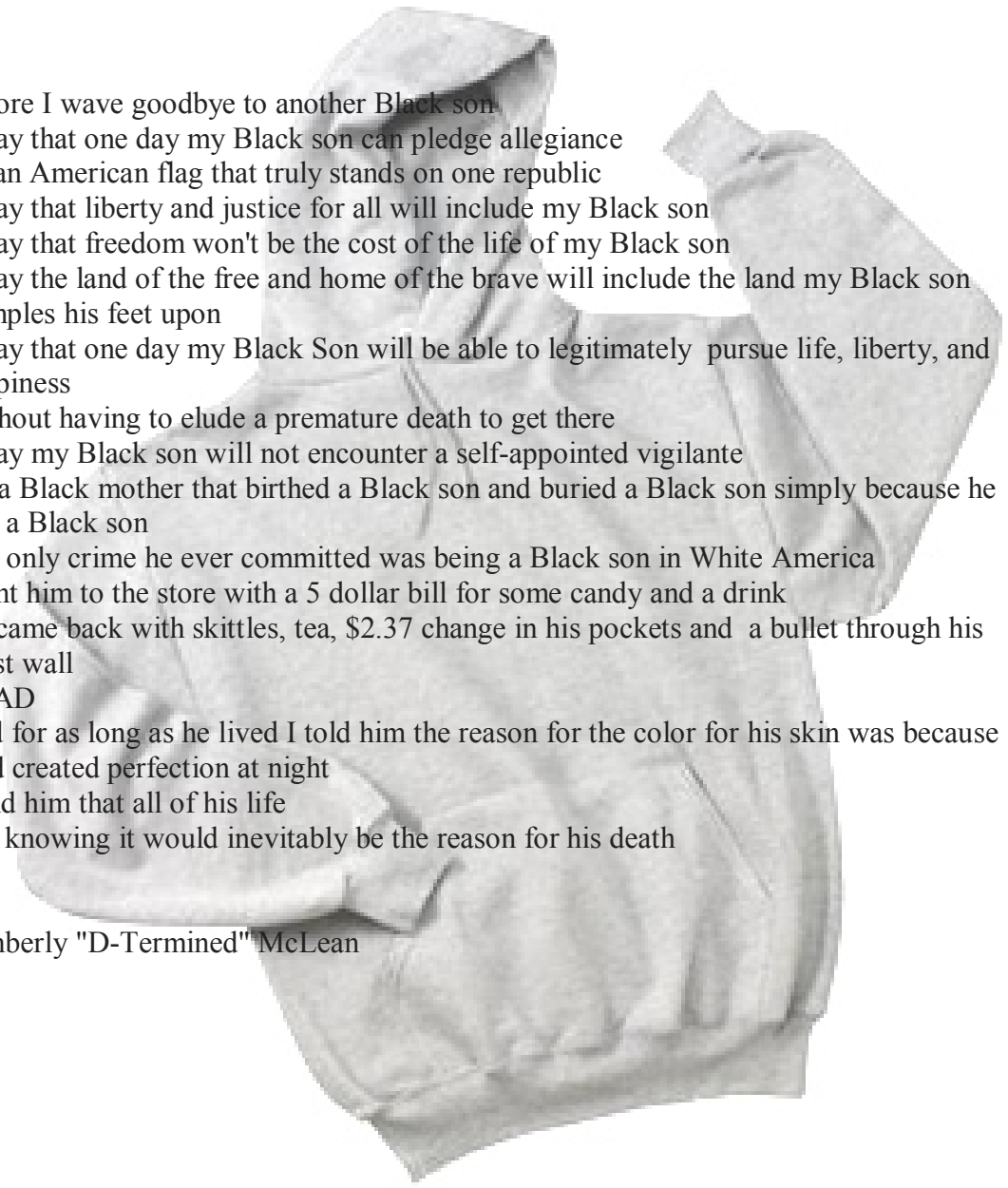
Rest in peace Trayvon Martin...

Gabrielle Denize Newsam

Black Son



Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray to God my son's soul he does not take
I gave birth to a black son
Never imagining I'd bury a Black son
Simply because he was a Black son
As a child I told him his skin color was a direct reflection of the sun
I told him that God almost closed his eyes, but He realized he had yet to make perfection
so his skin was darker because God created His best work at night
I gave birth to Martin Luther King Jr.
I labored with Malcom X
I delivered Emmitt Till
I gave life to Medgar Evars
I endured the labor pains of Troy Davis
I endured 12 hours of labor with Sean Bell
9 hours with James Craig Anderson
7 and a half with Trayvon Martin
I am a mothers prayer for her Black son
Praying when he leaves home
That society doesn't mistake him
For A thief because of his color
For a hoodlum because of his clothes
That a hoodie doesn't automatically create grounds for suspicion
That if he encounters the police he is given due process
And does not go through the process because he is a Black son
Praying that he isn't wrongfully convicted
And sentenced to prison for being a Black son
I pray that my star spangled banner will wave



Before I wave goodbye to another Black son
I pray that one day my Black son can pledge allegiance
To an American flag that truly stands on one republic
I pray that liberty and justice for all will include my Black son
I pray that freedom won't be the cost of the life of my Black son
I pray the land of the free and home of the brave will include the land my Black son
tramples his feet upon
I pray that one day my Black Son will be able to legitimately pursue life, liberty, and
happiness
Without having to elude a premature death to get there
I pray my Black son will not encounter a self-appointed vigilante
I'm a Black mother that birthed a Black son and buried a Black son simply because he
was a Black son
The only crime he ever committed was being a Black son in White America
I sent him to the store with a 5 dollar bill for some candy and a drink
He came back with skittles, tea, \$2.37 change in his pockets and a bullet through his
chest wall
DEAD
And for as long as he lived I told him the reason for the color for his skin was because
God created perfection at night
I told him that all of his life
Not knowing it would inevitably be the reason for his death

Kimberly "D-Termined" McLean

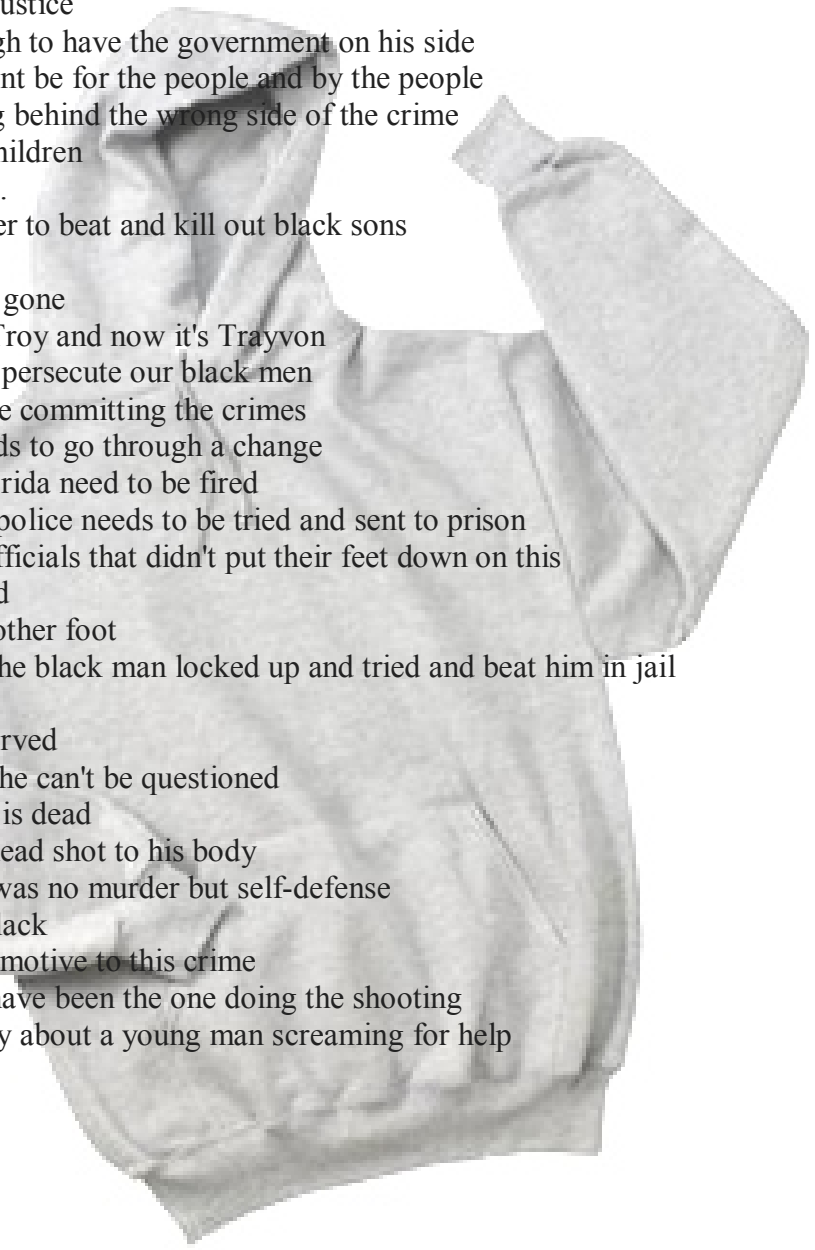
Florida has a cold . . . for Trayvon Martin

this time I ride up Florida mango
the threat of a hurricane
it had been so many times
we missed the furry the flurry
we never had snow but we always
had a storm the rain sweeps
me up Okeechobee Boulevard
and I have fallen once again
in the middle like road kills
we always stop for a family
of ducks in Wellington
and we beg them not to disrespect
our children the ones the color
of tamarind the ones the color
of the cherry bushes who has feet
the color of muck the ones who
learn to tinkle beneath the trucks
with grandpa and I never can
disown my mother but I feel
like a bastard peddling your name
around the world you once
my favorite girl but I feel like
a ward of the state your poinsettias
a blood letter your popsicle
orange burns beneath a Buruntu moon
your palms croon innocence
and soon God's gonna blow out the sun
the craters are not big enough
to fill this gape this race hate
it is better if you join the
confederation instead
of distinguishing
yourself as the New South
I feel rape and yellow police tape
morgues me it tortures me
because I your native son
am submerged into a liquid grave

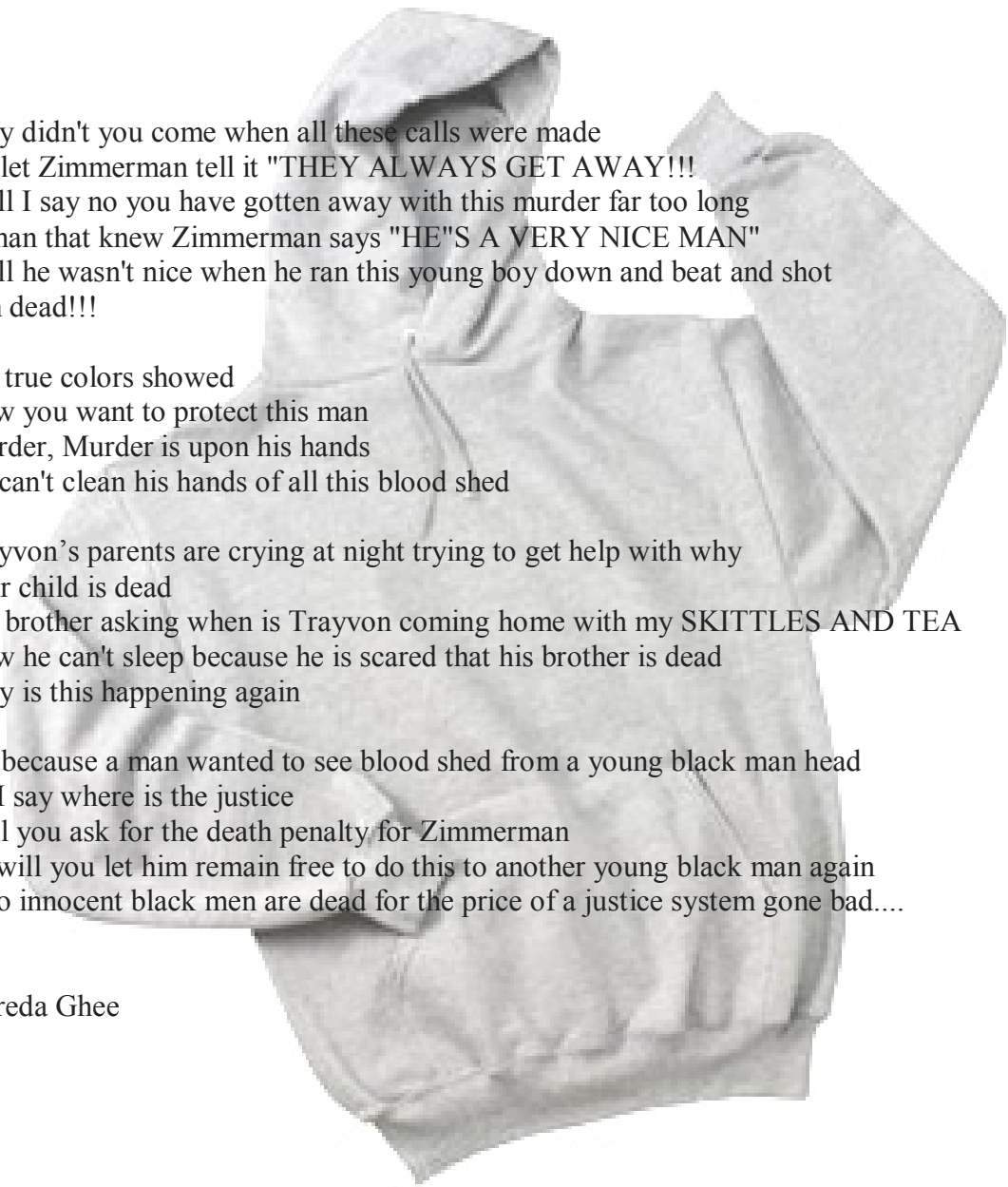


Robert Gibbons

INJUSTICE



What happened to the justice
Was he not good enough to have the government on his side
How can the government be for the people and by the people
When they are standing behind the wrong side of the crime
Allowing men to kill children
Black children that is...
Wrongfully using power to beat and kill out black sons
Once again...
Where have the justice gone
Not even a year since Troy and now it's Trayvon
Why is it that it's ok to persecute our black men
But not the men that are committing the crimes
The justice system needs to go through a change
The police down in Florida need to be fired
The so called Chief of police needs to be tried and sent to prison
Along with the other officials that didn't put their feet down on this
heinous crime to a child
If the shoe was on the other foot
They would have had the black man locked up and tried and beat him in jail
So now... I say this
When will justice be served
He runs out of state so he can't be questioned
But yet this young boy is dead
He was beat upon his head shot to his body
But yet they say there was no murder but self-defense
Why because he was black
If self-defense was the motive to this crime
Then Trayvon should have been the one doing the shooting
911 was called by many about a young man screaming for help



Why didn't you come when all these calls were made
Oh let Zimmerman tell it "THEY ALWAYS GET AWAY!!!
Well I say no you have gotten away with this murder far too long
A man that knew Zimmerman says "HE'S A VERY NICE MAN"
Well he wasn't nice when he ran this young boy down and beat and shot
him dead!!!

His true colors showed
Now you want to protect this man
Murder, Murder is upon his hands
He can't clean his hands of all this blood shed

Trayvon's parents are crying at night trying to get help with why
their child is dead
His brother asking when is Trayvon coming home with my SKITTLES AND TEA
Now he can't sleep because he is scared that his brother is dead
Why is this happening again

All because a man wanted to see blood shed from a young black man head
So I say where is the justice
Will you ask for the death penalty for Zimmerman
Or will you let him remain free to do this to another young black man again
Two innocent black men are dead for the price of a justice system gone bad....

Alfreda Ghee



MARTIN HAS A DREAM

That justice
will be done

That all Zimmermen
will become better men

That people everywhere
will see hearts not skins

Trayvon, Martin & I have a dream

That our world
is filled with love. Peace & love.

Written by King kObOkO



Trayvon

A 17 year old kid taken before his time
someone's son, friend, boyfriend
His name is now placed on the role
Emmett till, the 4 little girls from Birmingham

Trayvon


When did it become a crime to wear a hoodie?
carry an iced tea and a bag of candy
Are we now tagged for walking while black?
why was he even followed?

Trayvon

Ignorance and stupidity abounds
Geraldo Rivera says the hoodie
was as much to blame as Zimmerman
Now a piece of clothing is justification for murder
oh my statement was politically incorrect.
Crawl back into your hole

Trayvon

10+ 911 calls made from neighbors, oh my god
Someone's yelling for help. We hear a gun shot
Yet no one bothered to look
No one bothered to help



Trayvon

Police silence. The chief temporarily steps down
The DA steps away from the case
All in the name of defusing the situation
It's too late for that now

Trayvon

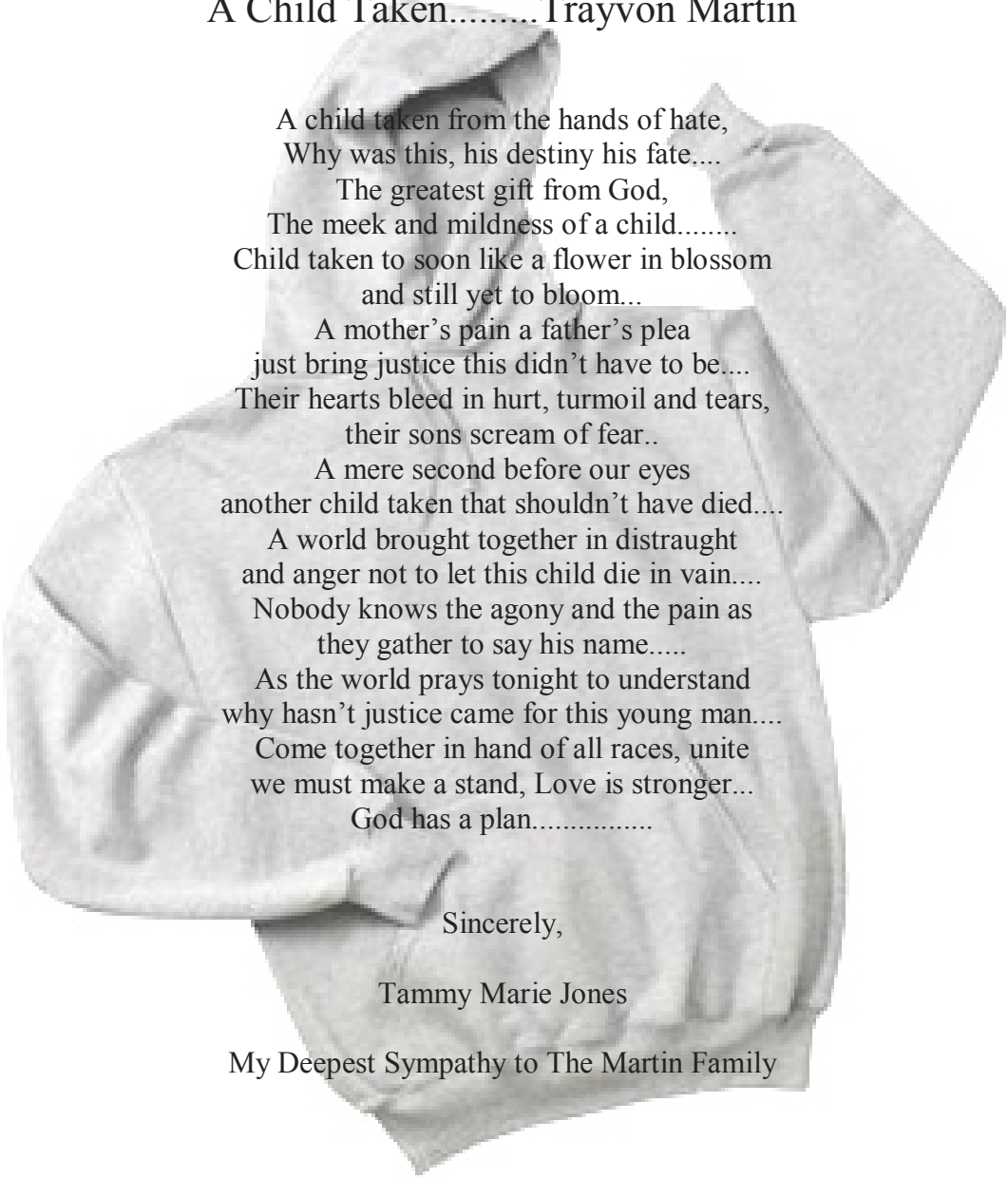
Tributes for you from all around
Everyday man, celebrities
Even an entire basketball team
Hoodies all around

Trayvon

Little brother I'm sorry that this happened to you
Who knows what you may have been
May you know the peace that you did not have here
Rest easy you now have your wings!

Anthony Arnold

A Child Taken.....Trayvon Martin




A child taken from the hands of hate,
Why was this, his destiny his fate....
The greatest gift from God,
The meek and mildness of a child.....
Child taken to soon like a flower in blossom
and still yet to bloom...
A mother's pain a father's plea
just bring justice this didn't have to be....
Their hearts bleed in hurt, turmoil and tears,
their sons scream of fear..
A mere second before our eyes
another child taken that shouldn't have died....
A world brought together in distraught
and anger not to let this child die in vain....
Nobody knows the agony and the pain as
they gather to say his name.....
As the world prays tonight to understand
why hasn't justice came for this young man....
Come together in hand of all races, unite
we must make a stand, Love is stronger...
God has a plan.....

Sincerely,

Tammy Marie Jones

My Deepest Sympathy to The Martin Family



for the victims of the gun massacre

who made the glock?
who made the walther?
who sold them?

what legislature blocked laws that would have restricted them?
what governor made it easier to get them?
What group lobbied on their behalf (NRA, Alec)?

what terrorist was invited to speak at the memorial
(there were 2) : virgina governor kaine and president bush
these higher ups have more blood on their hands than the perps!

why did not V Tech ask the question?
why will this happen again?


dave eberhardt

Hoodie

Good been on watch for quite
A while seeing all things in the
World today, Let us take a
Moment to bow our heads
Trayvon Martin in Heaven
Looking down upon us, this world
Is the highest of people children
Being killed, Sadness filled the world
Tragic day of his death for Skittles
Can of Ice Tea cellar phone, the
Last voice he heard was his girlfriend
As he said I'm being followed she advised
Him to run he said no, I will walk just faster
Beaten on then shot dead,
George Zimmerman
How do you sleep at night?
The devil is your chaser
He shall follow you till the end
Life be taken throughout the nation
As we pray each and every day
Lord have mercy, keep that Strength in
His family he had Mother and father too
Brother missing him
I can feel ,I know all of you to
His Hoodie been changed
By the cloth of God
God's new Warrior
We have voices power in the pen
State Capitol don't you see our
Pain
Yes you do, we are standing
Brave
Unite
My words my feelings
Views on Trayvon Martin
Spreading his wings
Now in
Heaven

Rosalind Cherry

Today We Grieve



today we grieve
the demise of justice in a world where no one matters
where reasonable doubt means nothing
and truth is hidden from eyes blind to reasoning
we grieve...
a thousand times more than a thousand
for the thousands who have lost their lives at the hands of justice
perverted for the few
liberty for all who can afford to pay
death to those who can't
we grieve today
for the many more who will die
without justice...
we grieve

(c) 2011 PoetryofMotion aka wynne henry

Travyon's Ac(Knowledge)ment

I wear my hooded sweatshirt,
even on this hot, summer night,
because a younger one of my kind cannot.
But if I wear my hoodie,
since it's comfortable for me,
should that make someone else so uncomfortable
that I get entitled pay for it with a bullet ?

I mean, there is this ongoing, growing sentiment,
that should be a living testament,
of how we really haven't gotten it,
that we are no closer from finally laying down those rocks,
and leashing those dogs,
then the days when segregation was the norm,
and desegregation was a precedent.

In fact, it's gotten worse,
this very poem points it out like a lineup
of our very society, consciously perverse,
claiming that 'We've gotten so far.
Hey, we've got a Black President!
That alone should be Testament."
Well folks,
hate to break it to ya,
but we've broken too many eggs
showing its just false sentiment.

No. The simple fact is that a kid is dead
and nothing we say or do is going to change that.
For the cost of life is worth more
than what one wears on one's head,
and you don't have to be the leader of the free world
to know that with actions come consequences,
we've paid too many prices and laid down too many lives
not to consider Travyon's ac(Knowledge)ment.

coyote wiley

bad idea

Trayvon
you were preyed on
'steada being prayed on
nobody shoulda laid a hand on
your sweet, innocent head

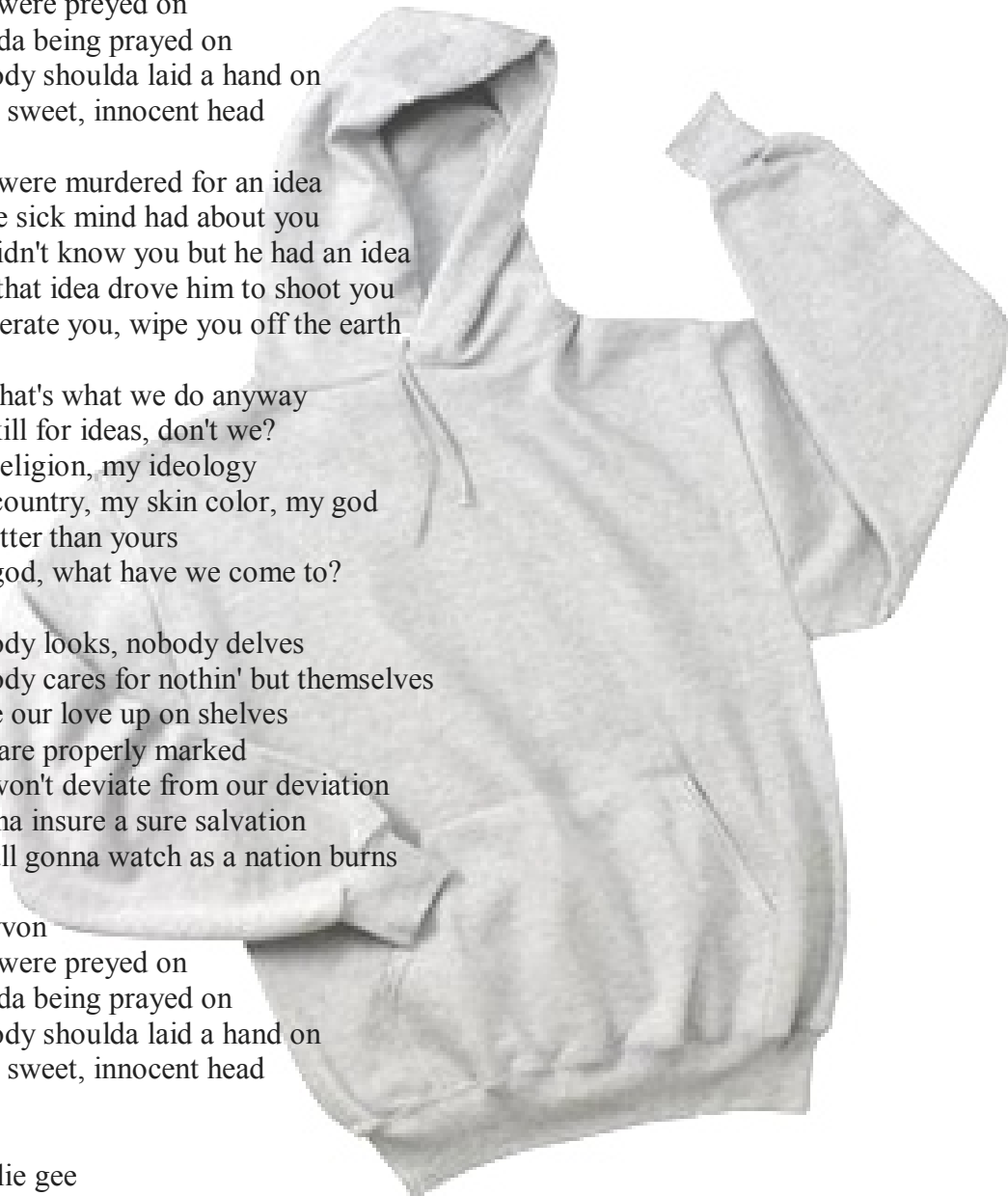
you were murdered for an idea
some sick mind had about you
he didn't know you but he had an idea
and that idea drove him to shoot you
obliterate you, wipe you off the earth

but that's what we do anyway
we kill for ideas, don't we?
my religion, my ideology
my country, my skin color, my god
is better than yours
my god, what have we come to?

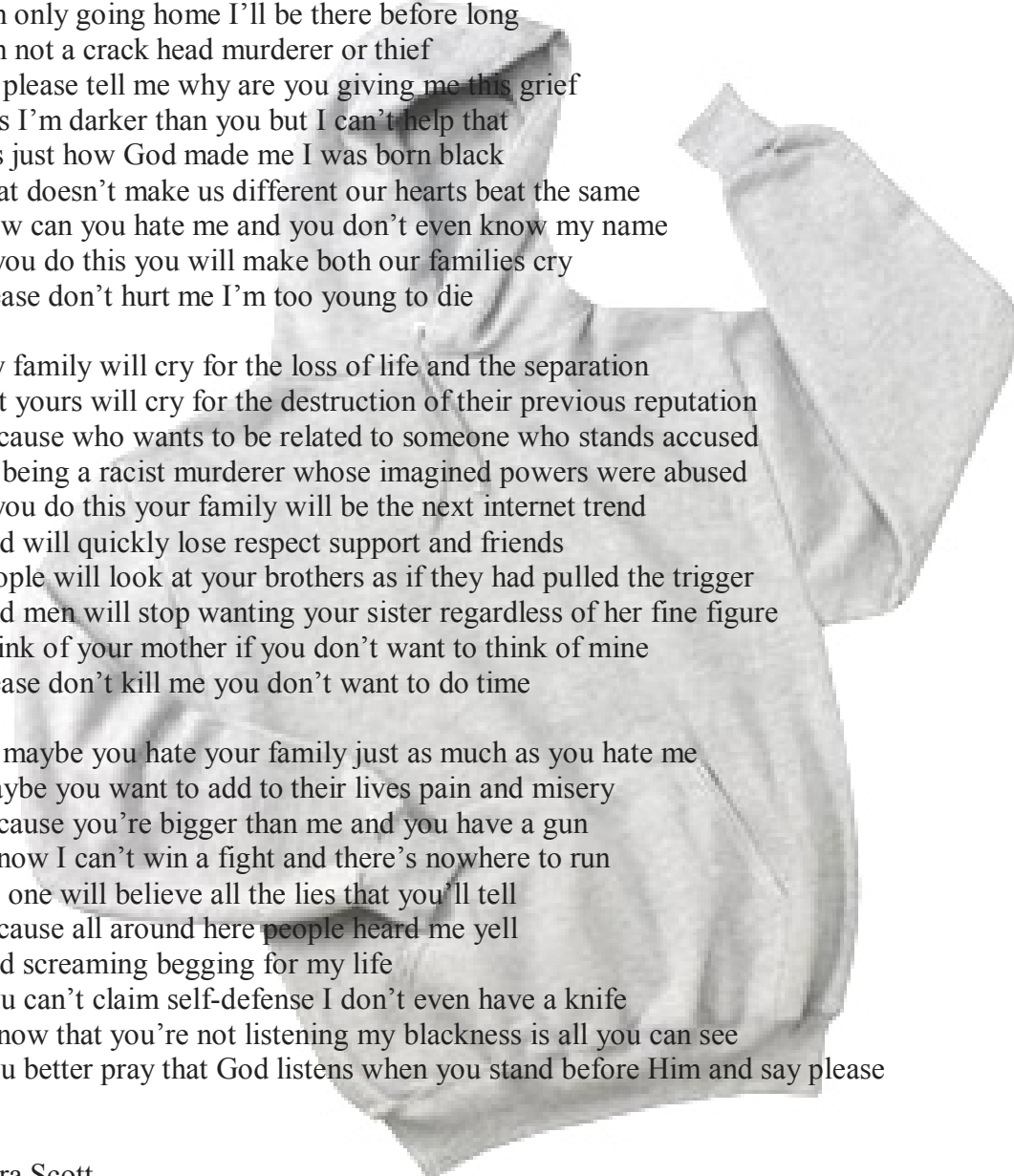
nobody looks, nobody delves
nobody cares for nothin' but themselves
store our love up on shelves
that are properly marked
we won't deviate from our deviation
wanna insure a sure salvation
we all gonna watch as a nation burns

Trayvon
you were preyed on
'steada being prayed on
nobody shoulda laid a hand on
your sweet, innocent head

charlie gee



Please



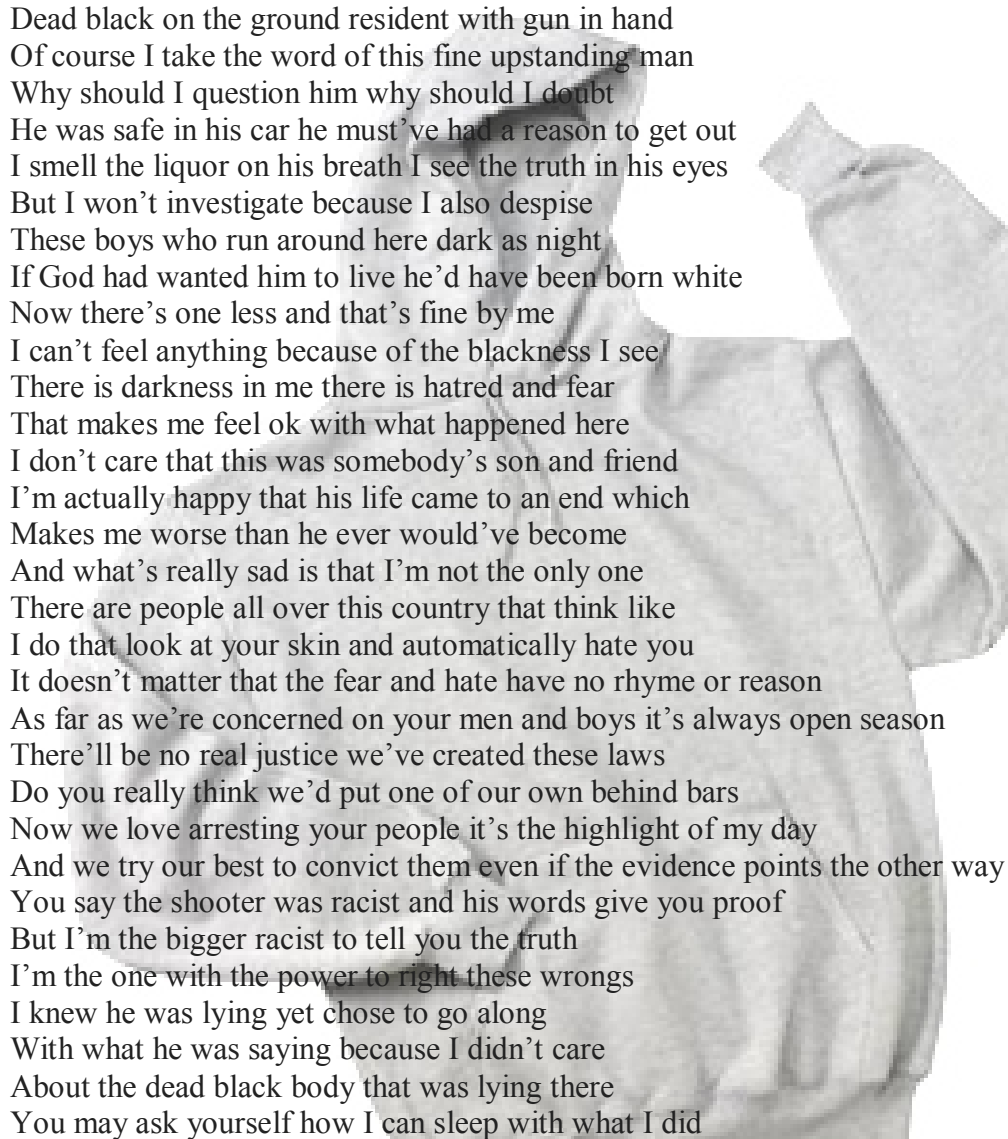
Please don't shoot me I've done nothing wrong
I'm only going home I'll be there before long
I'm not a crack head murderer or thief
So please tell me why are you giving me this grief
Yes I'm darker than you but I can't help that
It's just how God made me I was born black
That doesn't make us different our hearts beat the same
How can you hate me and you don't even know my name
If you do this you will make both our families cry
Please don't hurt me I'm too young to die

My family will cry for the loss of life and the separation
But yours will cry for the destruction of their previous reputation
Because who wants to be related to someone who stands accused
Of being a racist murderer whose imagined powers were abused
If you do this your family will be the next internet trend
And will quickly lose respect support and friends
People will look at your brothers as if they had pulled the trigger
And men will stop wanting your sister regardless of her fine figure
Think of your mother if you don't want to think of mine
Please don't kill me you don't want to do time


Or maybe you hate your family just as much as you hate me
Maybe you want to add to their lives pain and misery
Because you're bigger than me and you have a gun
I know I can't win a fight and there's nowhere to run
No one will believe all the lies that you'll tell
Because all around here people heard me yell
And screaming begging for my life
You can't claim self-defense I don't even have a knife
I know that you're not listening my blackness is all you can see
You better pray that God listens when you stand before Him and say please

Cora Scott

Racist Nation



Dead black on the ground resident with gun in hand
Of course I take the word of this fine upstanding man
Why should I question him why should I doubt
He was safe in his car he must've had a reason to get out
I smell the liquor on his breath I see the truth in his eyes
But I won't investigate because I also despise
These boys who run around here dark as night
If God had wanted him to live he'd have been born white
Now there's one less and that's fine by me
I can't feel anything because of the blackness I see
There is darkness in me there is hatred and fear
That makes me feel ok with what happened here
I don't care that this was somebody's son and friend
I'm actually happy that his life came to an end which
Makes me worse than he ever would've become
And what's really sad is that I'm not the only one
There are people all over this country that think like
I do that look at your skin and automatically hate you
It doesn't matter that the fear and hate have no rhyme or reason
As far as we're concerned on your men and boys it's always open season
There'll be no real justice we've created these laws
Do you really think we'd put one of our own behind bars
Now we love arresting your people it's the highlight of my day
And we try our best to convict them even if the evidence points the other way
You say the shooter was racist and his words give you proof
But I'm the bigger racist to tell you the truth
I'm the one with the power to right these wrongs
I knew he was lying yet chose to go along
With what he was saying because I didn't care
About the dead black body that was lying there
You may ask yourself how I can sleep with what I did



I see nothing wrong with the facts that I hid
He was black so I know that eventually he would've been shot
But because the killer wasn't another black I had to give up my spot
It's only temporary I'll be back at my desk real soon
We're only pretending to dance to your tune
Eventually the clamor won't be as loud
And I can go back to being racist and proud
You won't change centuries of hate with marches and tears
Not even education can fight these irrational fears
This was taught to me before I could even speak
And changing my ways now would make me look weak
To all of those who have shaped my thoughts
Who for this racial divide have constantly fought
Of course I took the shooter's side with no thought or hesitation
Because regardless to what some want to believe this is still a racist nation

Cora Scott

Appleseed Transitions

From the day a child is born, it is the crowning achievement of his mother's life

From baby unto childhood, trials stick over the household like storm clouds, but a child can always throw them away

Childhood mercilessly transitioning to teenhood, not caring about how fast time becomes.

He was at the peak of his teenhood, becoming a full-fledge knight.

He took a step into another realm (another state), unbeknownst to him that it would be the point of no return.

Devastation wrought upon the young knight's regular day. With no refuge, he could only run, but running was sadly futile.

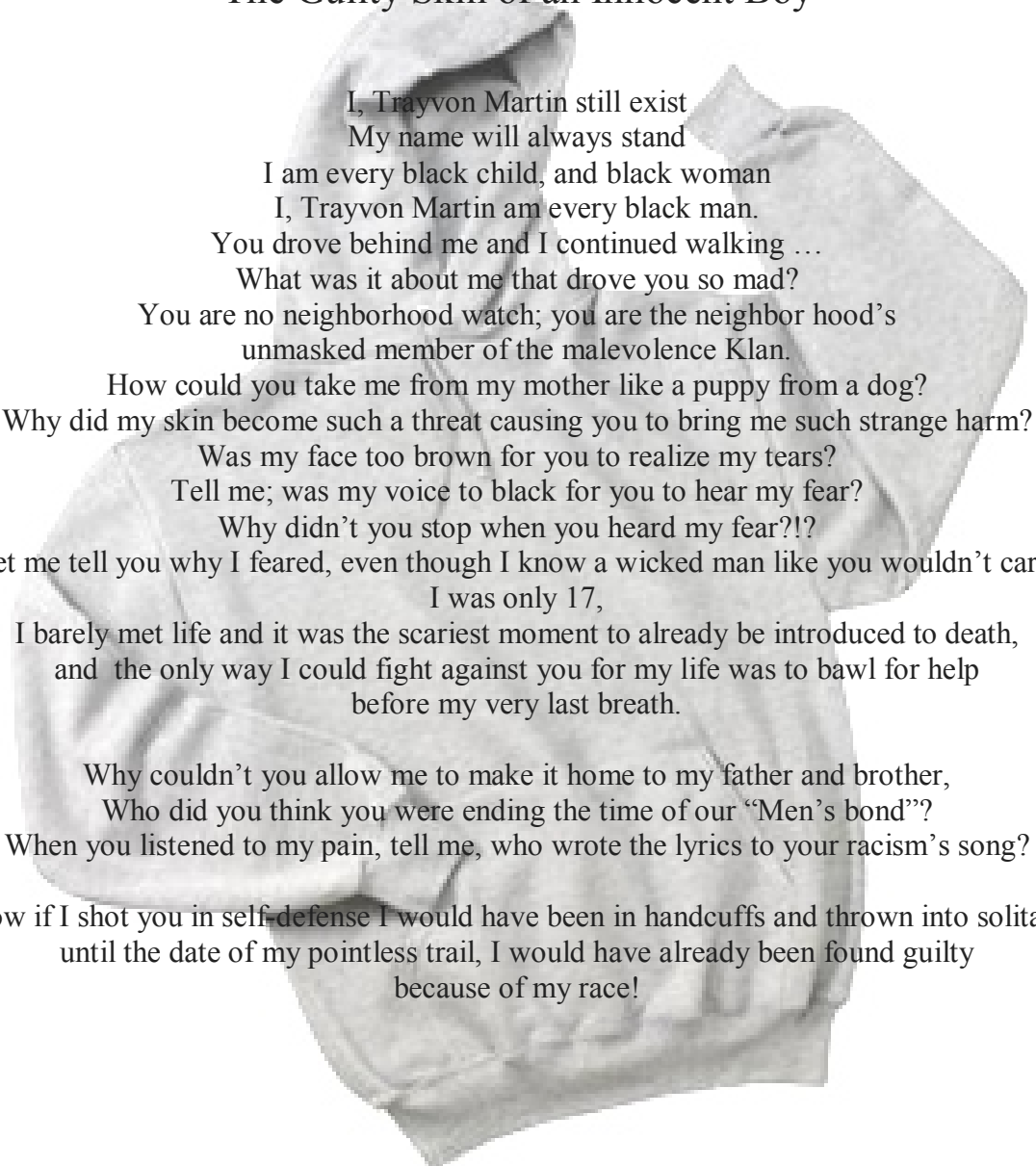
His life had been ripped from his body, never to return again. The evil who took it will forever see the fires of the world below.

Each soul that dies an undeserving death becomes *Dono di spirito*
"Spirit Gift"

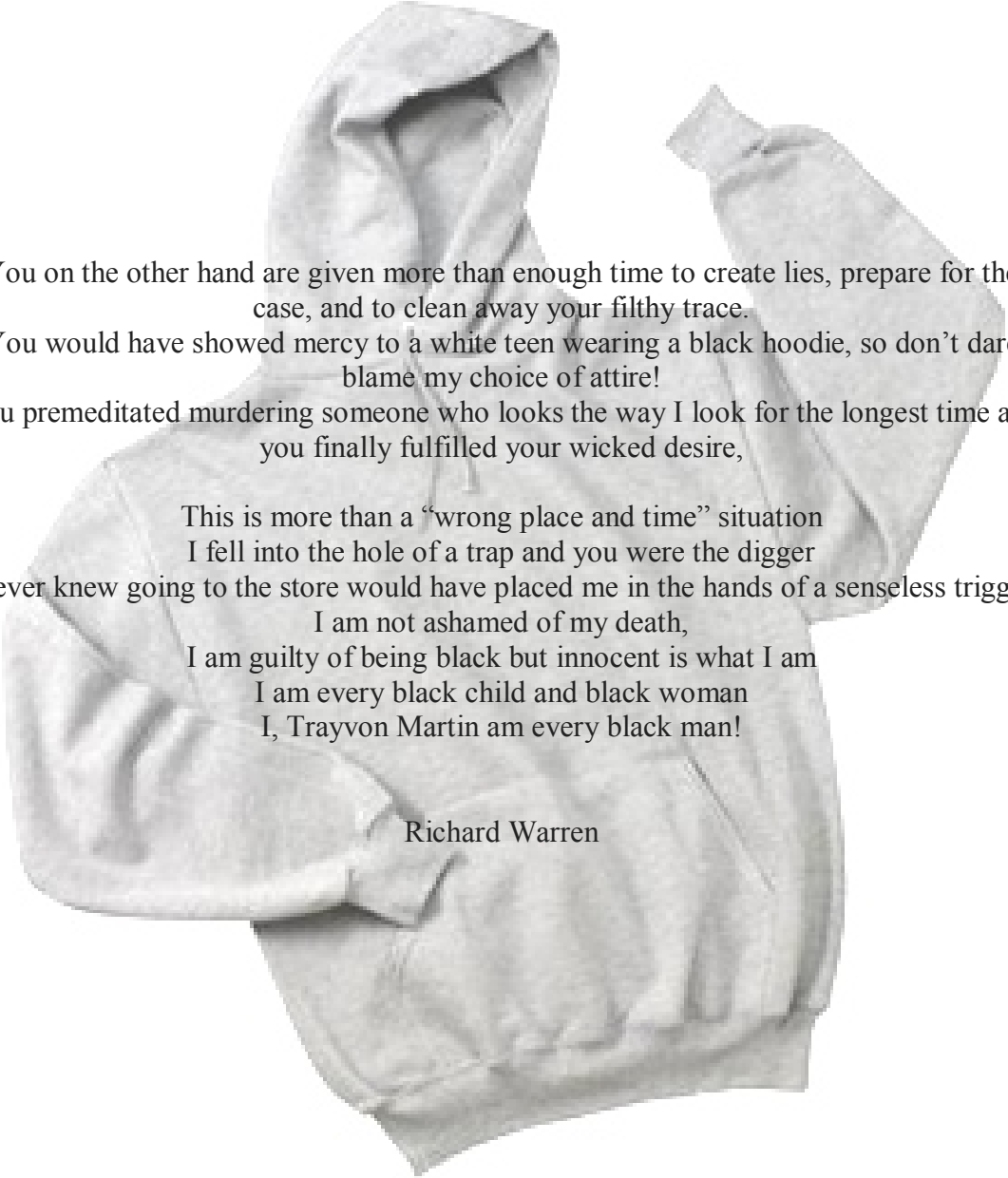
Don't cry because of the unbearable sadness
Instead, Celebrate the life he lived

Nipaporn Baldwin

The Guilty Skin of an Innocent Boy



I, Trayvon Martin still exist
My name will always stand
I am every black child, and black woman
I, Trayvon Martin am every black man.
You drove behind me and I continued walking ...
What was it about me that drove you so mad?
You are no neighborhood watch; you are the neighbor hood's
unmasked member of the malevolence Klan.
How could you take me from my mother like a puppy from a dog?
Why did my skin become such a threat causing you to bring me such strange harm?
Was my face too brown for you to realize my tears?
Tell me; was my voice to black for you to hear my fear?
Why didn't you stop when you heard my fear?!?
Let me tell you why I feared, even though I know a wicked man like you wouldn't care.
I was only 17,
I barely met life and it was the scariest moment to already be introduced to death,
and the only way I could fight against you for my life was to bawl for help
before my very last breath.
Why couldn't you allow me to make it home to my father and brother,
Who did you think you were ending the time of our "Men's bond"?
When you listened to my pain, tell me, who wrote the lyrics to your racism's song?
Now if I shot you in self-defense I would have been in handcuffs and thrown into solitary
until the date of my pointless trail, I would have already been found guilty
because of my race!



You on the other hand are given more than enough time to create lies, prepare for the case, and to clean away your filthy trace.
You would have showed mercy to a white teen wearing a black hoodie, so don't dare blame my choice of attire!
You premeditated murdering someone who looks the way I look for the longest time and you finally fulfilled your wicked desire,
This is more than a "wrong place and time" situation
I fell into the hole of a trap and you were the digger
I never knew going to the store would have placed me in the hands of a senseless trigger.
I am not ashamed of my death,
I am guilty of being black but innocent is what I am
I am every black child and black woman
I, Trayvon Martin am every black man!

Richard Warren

AFTERLIFE Trayvon Martin

hey mom hey dad I'm looking down upon from heaven

don't cry mom dad I'm in a better place now

I just don't understand why that man took my life

I was only 17 years old

a young man

Who had a lot going for himself

thinking just cause I walk to the store

for an Ice tea and some skittles got a hoody on and black

talking on my cell phone to my girlfriend

Why did this man shoot me for what

I wasn't doing nothing wrong

I was just a young man with

big dreams to play football

and take care of my little stepsister

I died too soon from a racist man

George Zimmerman shot and killed

this young black man

It's sad that we still have
racism in this world today

and Trayvon Martin took

a shot to the chest besides it all

that killed this young man

he had so much learning and growing up to do

Its sad that a young man's life has been taken

He had so much talent so many dreams goals and even college

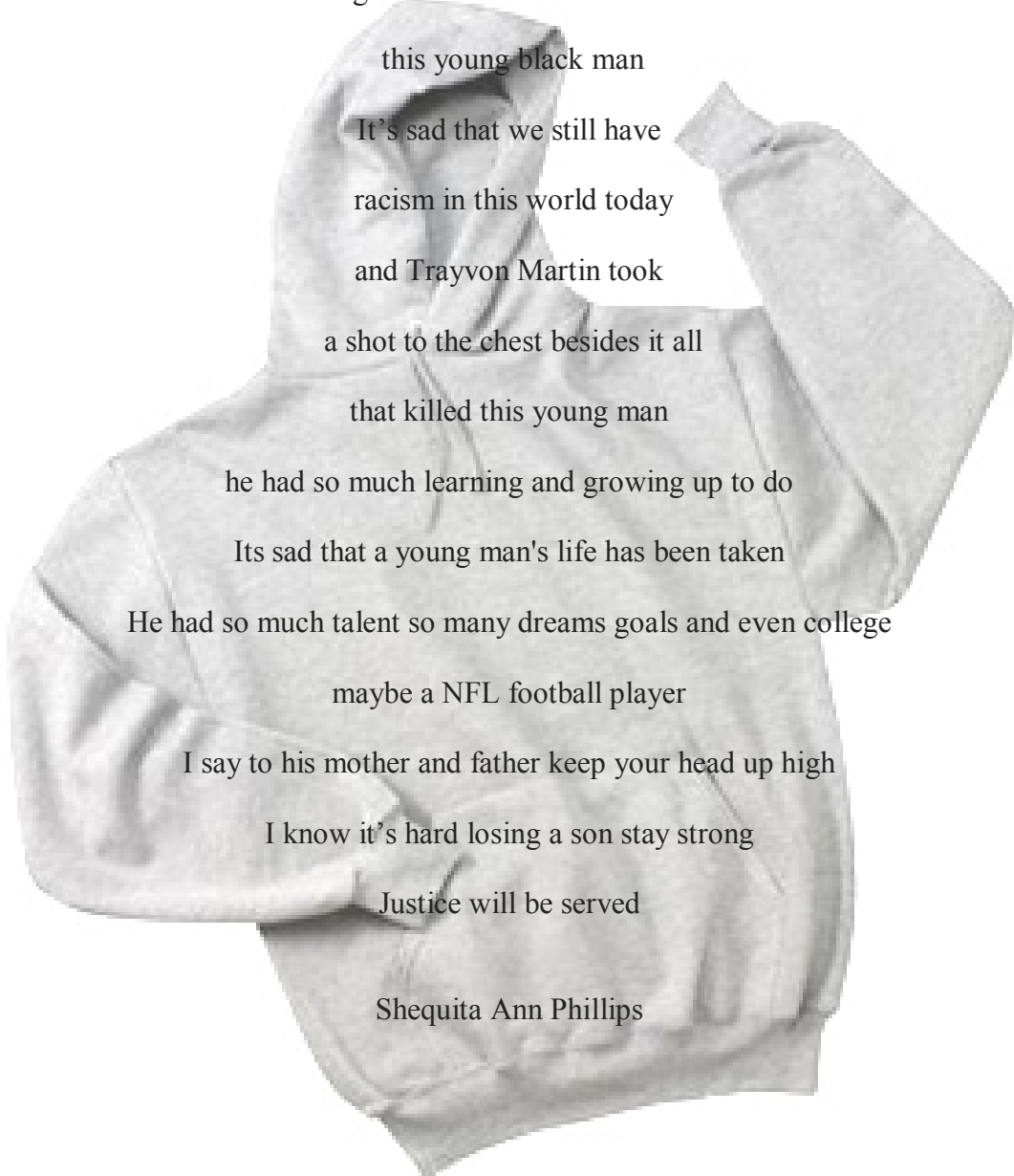
maybe a NFL football player

I say to his mother and father keep your head up high

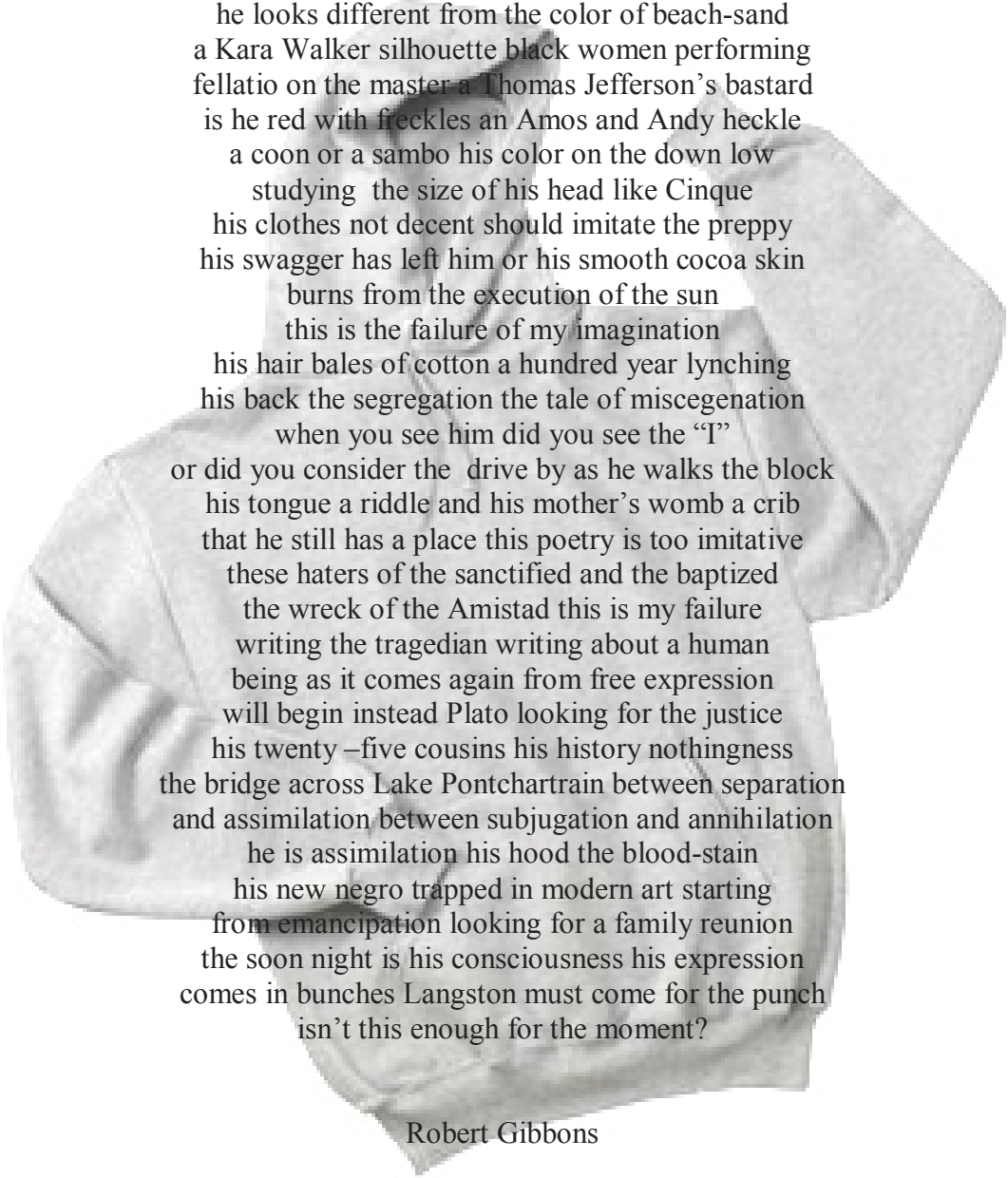
I know it's hard losing a son stay strong

Justice will be served

Shequita Ann Phillips



the failure of my imagination



that day he is a racial profile his lips-thick
he looks different from the color of beach-sand
a Kara Walker silhouette black women performing
fellatio on the master a Thomas Jefferson's bastard
is he red with freckles an Amos and Andy heckle
a coon or a sambo his color on the down low
studying the size of his head like Cinque
his clothes not decent should imitate the preppy
his swagger has left him or his smooth cocoa skin
burns from the execution of the sun
this is the failure of my imagination
his hair bales of cotton a hundred year lynching
his back the segregation the tale of miscegenation
when you see him did you see the "I"
or did you consider the drive by as he walks the block
his tongue a riddle and his mother's womb a crib
that he still has a place this poetry is too imitative
these haters of the sanctified and the baptized
the wreck of the Amistad this is my failure
writing the tragedian writing about a human
being as it comes again from free expression
will begin instead Plato looking for the justice
his twenty-five cousins his history nothingness
the bridge across Lake Pontchartrain between separation
and assimilation between subjugation and annihilation
he is assimilation his hood the blood-stain
his new negro trapped in modern art starting
from emancipation looking for a family reunion
the soon night is his consciousness his expression
comes in bunches Langston must come for the punch
isn't this enough for the moment?

Robert Gibbons

Innocent Part Destroyed By This Worlds Sick Plan

(Dedication To Trayvon)

Oh Lord here it comes now
Predictions I made..
Told my husband
back in 2010.
We need to get ready
For Our war in America
And it won't be against
Foreigners in the beginning
It will be USA
Against each other!
We should be worried with
Our problem that's right here.
I stated while we are at war elsewhere
Chaos will abrupt our nation
Do to our own Heritage
Where we would need
Our own military to for
An uprising that's 'bout to hit..
Dealing with problems that never faded
Which still exist
Terror involving murder
Cause of one's skin
They like to title it Heritage..
Nothing but straight terrorism!
Society corrupt cover ups
Crooked cops
Terrorism
Unjust Judicial systems..
Now here comes the up the uprising...
that was hidden in the rim playing us
whack while all along we slipping through the
Cracks!



It's all about poor and rich
Acting as if they accept us for the color of our skin!
The Allies sitting back
Waiting for our government to fail
Uprising in progress
People may not want to
see..
Or digress we are our weakest.
Politics like I said
Before are playing us
Like chess
With money fame war
Religions
Now US Government
About to crumble
Starting with food shortages
money, loss of jobs and homes..
US rallying
**AND I BE DAMNED THE
KILLING OF AN INNOCENT KID
TRAYVON!!**
Who cares if the killer was
Black, Latino, white or Spanish!
THE SHOOTING WAS UNJUST DAMMIT!!
I've seen this scene
All Ready in Eminem music
Video!
With him subliminally
Messaging
Him walking the streets of darkness
With a hoodie on and gaining hooded followers
With him entering
His home turning on
The television...
Exposing government sickness
With signs flashing, rallying,
election and politics...**ILLUMINATI!**



Now look at what
 they did
 Seance ritual
 Shooting of a kid
 And not just kid one
 of color
 Knowing this will be
 The beginning of our
 Heritage war!
 The murderer they know
 Straight up lying
 And no they didn't
 Charge and granted him
 Protection!
 He stalked and prowled
 Trayvon like a prey
 Carrying fire!
 Tre not knowing
 The beast recognition
 Not a police or security!
 All he thought
 A dude in an orange sweater following me!
 yelling out where you
 Going why you out here!
 When was it against the
 Law to walk a street!
 Or even wear a hoodie?
 The first thing a teenager
 minding his business
 would think man if needed
 I'll fight for my life if this nut come at me!
 It's a pity a watchman
 Fired the gun...and
 Unjust to not punish!
 Now they have worked
 Up a mass movement they've angered
 and stir up the BLACK PANTHERS!
 All of this is saddening



Because this all in unjust
Planning!
Kings and Queens
Please prepare
Pray up and be aware
It's not just a black and white thing.
They are rounding us all
Up for the kill!
Starting with the murder of an innocent kid
And making democracy
Presidential debate
Black and white
From Bush ,Obama to
The new candidate..
With ongoing of discussions of race and
Religion!
When all they are focused on
is removal of some population !
Of poor , statistics labeled black and gain control of
Aunt and uncle Toms..
Who's left and content
Make us all into their SERVANTS!

Kesha Finesse Murphy



May your death not be in Vain Trayvon

The world remains heavy of heart,
And saddened on a February day,
For a man named Trayvon Martin,
His young life was taken away.

So many questions remain unanswered,
But there is one thing that's fact,
A young man lost his life that day,
In a senseless and violent act.

But now some are calling for more violence,
And their cries are heard across the land,
Crying out for vigilante justice,
To take matters into their own hand.

For vigilante justice never works,
And more violence is not the cure,
For how much more must we bear?
How much pain can we endure?

For violence should not beget violence,
And hate should not beget hate,
And only the one above we call
God, should be the judge of a man's fate.

For I ask you people to end the hate,
And the hurting of each other,
For in the eyes of our Creator,
We are all Sister and Brother.

We'll never know all that happened then,
But we do know one thing as true,
A shot was fired, and one man stood,
Where moments before were two.

So please people may we learn from this,
And stop the violence and pain,
So a young man named Trayvon Martin,
Will not have died in vain.

Alan W. Jankowski

Zimmerman

Zimmerman, what were you thinking?
When you took Trayvon's life
When you ended a dream
When you took away time

Zimmerman

Who died and made you judge and executioner
Why didn't you just wait as the police told you?
Did you think it would make you a hero?
That it would elevate you in the eyes of your neighbors

Zimmerman

Did you think that because he wore a hoodie that he was up to no good
That he was "casing the joint"
Since when does candy and tea become a death sentence?
Since when does that make him a "fucking punk?"

Zimmerman

All have spoken except you, but your silence is deafening
Are you wondering is it safe to walk on the streets
Welcome to our world, what we live with everyday
Not knowing if we will make it home to our loved ones

Zimmerman

You may have escaped justice here in this mortal world
There will be a time when you will stand in front of the almighty
Then what will you say, what justification will you give
What will you say when you disallowed a young man to live

Anthony Arnold

Kulu Nas, Ya Bani Adam (aws)

All Mankind, Oh Children of Adam, peace be upon him

Oh Children of Adam(aws) little or no surprise
you have been the subject of blatant lies
and upon reflection one can surmise this is
designed to divide, weaken and compromise
it's time to act and extract the lie to discern and
learn the facts how Mankind is really comprised
not of races but instead "Nations and Tribes"
it has been accepted we're all a part of the
human race or Mankind that we all agree
so why then is it hard to see to say a race is
comprised of races is redundant, a fallacy
to make us understand that's like saying
the makeup of a hand is a hand! The definition
of meticulous is "meticulous" wouldn't that be

ridiculous? I'm just saying the concept or mind set
of races make us see each other as "Alien" or
other never to really accept that we are all brothers
that sets the table to render mankind unable to be
truly ambitious to achieve unity because we're
really suspicious of one another and see our fellow
man as other not our brother to, brainwashed to
overstand and that my friend has been and is the "Plan"!!

"Oh Mankind! We have created you from a male and a female
and made you into "Nations and Tribes" that you may know one
another(not despise each other) Verily, the most honorable
of you with Allah is the one who has "Taqwa"(who fears Allah)
He is the one who is "Pious" Verily Allah is the "All Knowing!
The All Aware!! Qu'ran:49,13

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Awake O' Ye Sleepers...

“Awake thou that sleep, arise from the dead”
Cruising on a freeway in the fast lane of life
Disengage and drifting-detached from reality
Cripple, maimed, broken by the wayward ways of an ill-society
Sick, drug infested mentalities, binging up and down, like a bad elevator
Rats and roaches scavenging and surviving in urban projects
Ain't afraid of raids by blue collar exterminators
Babies born instant addicts, seemingly by habit
Innocent lives are scattered like used filthy crack-ed vials
Seeping venomous poison into the blood streams of a new generation
Intoxicated, high, angry and full of rebellion

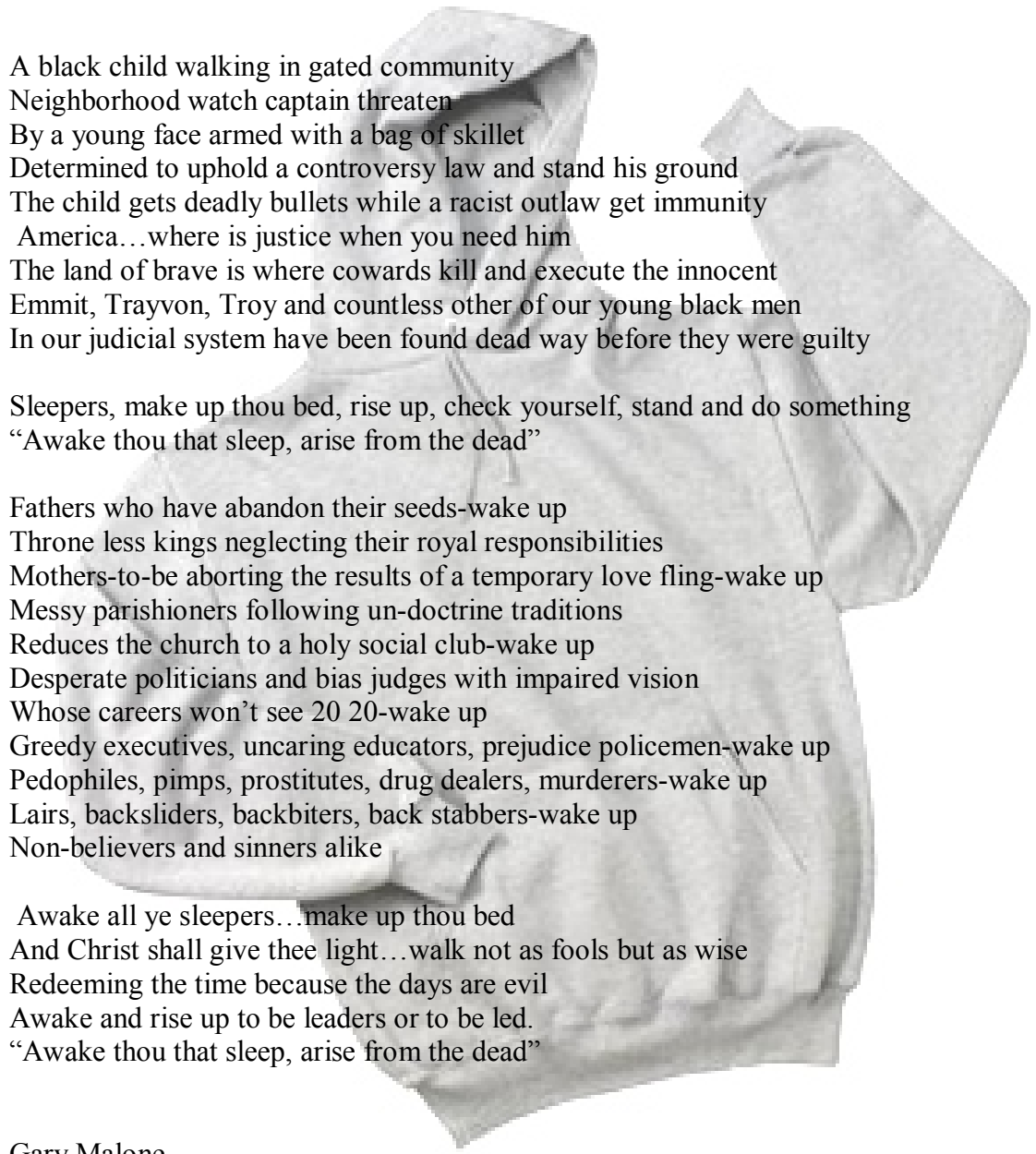
Young sleepers, make up thou bed, rise up to be led
“Awake thou that sleep, arise from the dead”

Sound the alarm put out an Amber alert
Little lady liberty is missing-devoid of religious values
Kidnapped by atheists infused with corrupt morals
Domestic terrorists-fiends for the blood of young twilight fans
Attempting to invade homes where the moral is already low
Parental tempers are high, mortgage is about to foreclose
Groceries ate up the last unemployment check
Bank account on zero-depressed and stressed
Entertaining the thought of murder suicide
Penniless and hopeless

“Awake thou that sleep, arise from the dead”

Three tours overseas-mother and child home alone abroad
Dusty, intense desert heat-deprived of sleep
Standing guard in combat boots
An anxious mind by which combat has taken a toil
Snaps at the sound of another roadside bomb
Making in vogue a veteran soldier turn rouge

Sleepers, make up thou bed, rise up to lead
“Awake thou that sleep, arise from the dead”



A black child walking in gated community
Neighborhood watch captain threaten
By a young face armed with a bag of skillet
Determined to uphold a controversy law and stand his ground
The child gets deadly bullets while a racist outlaw get immunity
America...where is justice when you need him
The land of brave is where cowards kill and execute the innocent
Emmit, Trayvon, Troy and countless other of our young black men
In our judicial system have been found dead way before they were guilty

Sleepers, make up thou bed, rise up, check yourself, stand and do something
“Awake thou that sleep, arise from the dead”

Fathers who have abandon their seeds-wake up
Throne less kings neglecting their royal responsibilities
Mothers-to-be aborting the results of a temporary love fling-wake up
Messy parishioners following un-doctrine traditions
Reduces the church to a holy social club-wake up
Desperate politicians and bias judges with impaired vision
Whose careers won't see 20 20-wake up
Greedy executives, uncaring educators, prejudice policemen-wake up
Pedophiles, pimps, prostitutes, drug dealers, murderers-wake up
Lairs, backsliders, backbiters, back stabbers-wake up
Non-believers and sinners alike

Awake all ye sleepers...make up thou bed
And Christ shall give thee light...walk not as fools but as wise
Redeeming the time because the days are evil
Awake and rise up to be leaders or to be led.
“Awake thou that sleep, arise from the dead”

Gary Malone

Justice for Humanity

a child
has become a victim
slaughtered in cold blood
because of his dark skin
an unstable person given
the privilege to use
and carry a weapon
acting erratically
and haphazardly
there must be accountability
for this irreversible atrocity
afflicted against innocence
re-awakening of social conscience
impassioned out-cry
for humanity
neighborhood watch
or predator hunting
his next catch
preying on children
perceived as criminal
based on complexion
would this have happened
if he was caucasian
in a hoodie from old navy?
since when is...
talking on a cell phone,
wearing a hoodie ,
and possessing candy
a threatening presence
and/or armed and dangerous?
not one iota of danger
Nuisance or crime
I've heard Trayvons
Pleas for mercy
trigger happy
Zimmerman's obvious
excessive and lethal
abuse of force and authority
historically in this country



there has been no accountability
for murderers of black children
perpetrators have been
let go -scott free
living on..... freely
while black children
have been easy pickings
four little girls worshipping
Yusef Hawkins ,Emit Till,
Michael Bell,Wendell Allen ,
list of names goes on
most never known
and now Trayvon Martin
in 2012

We the People our country
as well as globally
every human being
should be sickened
and outraged
no longer intolerating
commanding and demanding
legal system to act accordingly
mothers , fathers
sisters ,and brothers
feeling - experiencing
angst and loss
of a precious child's taken
pleading for justice
for this incredible injustice
which affects
each and everyone one of us
I humbly askwe act peacefully
legally yet, zealously
seeking solace
healing, justice,
and peace for humanity
within Love and solidarity

Jill Delbridge

Alteration for Trayvon

Very beautiful was the day when ventured
A lad to purchase some treats,
So important was the task.
He wore a hood and challenged the rain
Soon, he planned to return to an eager baby brother
Who received no treat but only pain.
Sun was hidden, halting the moon.
Someway somehow he was profusely pursued.

Sly prowler now armed with a gun.
Somehow thought it would be fun
To followed him and made him run.
Slow, first was his gait then a gallop to a trot.
Sure to have run faster if he'd known he would be shot.
Said to his girl on that horrific day, someone is following me and I am afraid.
She heard his voice for the last time that night.
Bullets were fired now scrap in his back.
An innocent life gone,
as they altered the facts.
Sorry said the killer, he was about to attack
so I shot him dead.
Since sorry was really not enough said.
Sighing, America had heard enough.
Signifying and lying had already begun.
Stories were changing unjust and unreal.
Sadly searching for answers but
all that appears is more disgust and salty tears.
Situations were concocted and let evil prevail.
Steadfast we take notes on what was being unveiled.
Shortly we run out of patience and hope.
Slithering snakes with forked tongues-
caused dissension as they spoke.
Nothing left but Trayvon's memory and a terrible trail of lies.
Seeking truth and justice in a nation now despised.

Vickie Acquah

Off with Their Heads

OH CHILD OF MINE, LOVE OF MY LIFE, YOU THE ESSENCE OF MY JOY, YOU.... THE ONE THAT HAS BROUGHT ME DIVINE LOVE. I CANNOT MAKE UP REASONS. WHY YOU WERE SEPARATED AND DEPARTED FROM ME AND US.I CAN ONLY LIE STILL AND LOOK FOR YOUR FACE RIGHT NOW. PLEASE DO NOT TELL ME THAT GOD LOVED HIM MORE, SO HE CHOSE HIM TO DIE A VIOLENT DEATH. CAUSE I AM NOT TRYING TO HEAR THAT RIGHT NOW. RIGHT NOW I AM SEARCHING FOR HIS FACE, I AM LISTENING FOR HIS VOICE, I AM GRIEVING DEEP,DEEP IN MY GUTS WRENCHING, TEETH CLENCHING, HEART TREMORS, CALMING HIS MOTHER, FEELING EMPTY AND HELPLESS THOU THOUSANDS STAND WITH ME. OH CHILD OF MINE SWEET TREYVON. WHAT MORE CAN BE DONE TO KILL A MAN THAN TO KILL HIS SON. YOU SPEAK OF GOD YOU SPEAK OF LOVE. WHEN THEY PROTECT THE PIT BULLS WHO BITE , MAME AND KILL OUR CHILDREN IGNORANT BASTARDS TRAIN TO KILL, WITH OUT THERAPY, OR DEBRIEFING .THERE WILL BE MORE. THEN THEY DE PROGRAM THEM IN THE END. AND PRETEND ITS ALL TO THE GOOD BECAUSE FOR THEM IT ENDED WELL. EMPTY SOULS GOING IN FOR THE KILL ACTED ON SELF WILL.THE SHOOTER WAS A THROW AWAY SPERM FROM SUM MISGUIDED DOG 'S CUM .HIS EYES LOOK CRAZY AND HE FAVORS SCUM, CHECK HIS DNA YOU WILL SEE CLONE BLOOD MIXED WITH CANINE.BUT IF HE IS NOT FOUND.AND PUT AWAY. THERE WILL NEVER BE REST IN THE USA .. USA .AS YOU KNEW IT WILL NEVER AGAIN EXIST.THE SPIRIT OF TREY WILL GROW STRONGER EVERY TIME WE RESIST , HIS SMILE WILL HAUNT YOU. HE WILL BE POSTED EVERYDAY ALL OVER AMERICAS TOWNS.OH CHILD OF MINE I PROMISE YOU, YOU WON'T JUST BE THE LAST STRAW, THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMELS BACK. YOU WILL BECOME.THE LIFE THAT BROUGHT AMERICA BACK, TO ITS SENSES AND READY TO SEE REALITY. AMERICA CAN NO LONGER HIDE BEHIND GOD. OR RACE, OR COLOR, OR RELIGION OR LIES.... THANK YOU TREY FROM MYSELF AND MILLIONS OF OTHERS ,WE WILL NOT LET YOU DIE IN VAIN. THERE WILL BE A DRASTIC CHANGE, INSTEAD OF CRYING WITH NO GAIN ,ITS "OFF WITH THE HEAD" OF THE ONES TO BLAME.

Vicki Acquah



JUSTICE FOR TRAYVON!!!

They keep on flipping the same tarnish coin
As we're coming back to the starting point
Another black kid killed for a white cop
Superiors rebuilding the same cover-up

How you justify 'the killing in self-defense'
if a matter of colors has been the main offense???
Gather the offended ones and make up your mind
putting in your neighborhood the "For white Only" signs
At least this is less offensive that inflicting fears
talking bout them carrying magical guns which disappear

Stop telling story cause I smell its fishy odor
Your thread was not the darkness of that cloudy and rainy day
as others like you have said...
but the darkness you saw in his color!!!

They keep on flipping the same tarnish coin
As we're coming back to the starting point
Do not try to wash now your killing dirty hands
Justice for Trayvon is what we all demand!!!

Araliz theBard Rivera

a parent's tears . . . a parent's fears

the anger and indignation aside
i can not hide
from this anguish
i must bear

and no matter the volume of tears
the volume of my love
can never again be fulfilled
for my son
was killed

i think, i think, i think
this can not be true
can it ?


a night mare
of hurt

i go to his room
expecting him to be there
playing video games
or sleeping
and he is not

oh i have not forgotten him
the walls remind me
for they are weeping too
for him
for me
for you

his bed is as he left it
shit !





Sneakers tossed about
i remember when i gave him the money
i said to him . . .
“honey isn’t that a bit much”
his hand touched mine
as i cosigned
to his dreams


it seems
like that was our last time

i remember the smile on his face
i could taste his joy
and pleasure
in my heart

that smile
is one of my cherished treasures
as are so many others

i carried him
for 9 months
waiting
anticipating
seeing his face
and now
i never will again
for now i have only pictures
and memories
and my anger
but that will not make him come home

my thoughts roam aimlessly
without cease
and there is no peace within me
to be found




all i see is my son
laying face down
in the ground
dead
that picture
will never leave my head
nor my spirit

his final words
i can hear it
playing over and over
his call
“Mommy”
dammit
this shit hurts
it hurts
my Son is gone
and each day since
the dawn i have cursed

Lorde why
why
did my son have to die

this way
any way
any day

i look at his father
and i see Trayvon
i look at any son
and i see Trayvon
i close my eyes
and i see
Trayvon



he may be gone for you
but for me
he and i are bonded
connected
forever


the tears as a parent
offers no relief
for the belief of this travesty
is so surreal

people eulogize
express their hate
anger
sympathy
and empathy
when all i want God
is to see Trayvon
walk into this room
and remove this cloak of gloom
that has moved into my life
because of that night
when my son
died
and took my life's Sun
away

a parent's tears . . . a parent's fears

William S. Peters, Sr.

Dear America,




I write this poem to those who espouse not love but hate...
The same ones whose mission it is
propagate disunity & discord which they create....
The ones who implied that Trayvon deserved to die
because he was a bad boy...
The ones whose hateful rants were only
a ploy to justify killing his parents' joy...
The ones who tried to rationalize Trayvon's death,
when it was clear that Zimmerman was itching to still his breath...
But seriously, why should I be shocked at this madness
when to end our lives has always filled their hearts with gladness
...In this country, those of us who were born of the skin color
that is perpetually scorned have always had reasons to mourn...
They see us and immediately perceive a "lack" of something
simply because of the fact that our skin is black...
They love to tout their Christianity;
although the way they practice is pure insanity...
They claim to love God; but within
their hearts so much hate resides...
They claim to love the Lord; but
they are quick to use the "sword"...
They claim to love Jesus, yet
they are hell-bent to destroy us...
They call on the Holy Spirit
while acting in ways that are wicked...
When they work so diligently to destroy life,
Are their ways those of God or the Anti-Christ?...
I pray for justice for all the Trayvon Martins
Whose lives were ended by men
Whose judgment solely depended on
the color of the melanin of their skin...
Peace & Justice for all of God's Children!!!

Sincerely,
A Native Daughter

K. McGregor

Survival of the Fittest



Grab your weapons
Roll out the tanks
It's time to stand tall
And face the music
We're been taking the crap all our life
But not for long
They have mocked us from time to time
But all we do
Is sit on our rear ends
And let it flow
Go after them
Make them eat those words
Show what we are made of
Show that we are not wimps
they though us to be
We may get hunt
we may be held down
We may even deal with their wicked ways
But we ain't backing down
we don't care if we are in pain
Or if we die in battle
At least we have dignity
On our side,
And they can't take that
Away from us.

Fabiola Sully



Who Am I

I'm the one you tease
Cause I'm, different
I'm the one you bother
Cause I'm, just there
I'm the mat you step on
I'm the rock you kick around
And you think you can control me
Like I'm the clay and you're the sculptor
Like I'm the robot and you press my buttons
But you can't control me
I may be nothing as you say
But your words don't mean jack to me
I am somebody
Sooner or later you'll see me on the street
With my head up high
While you're eating my dust
I'll be wondering
Who's laughing now

Fabiola Sully

Letter to Trayvon

I wanted to write a poem,
about the tragic injustice
against you Dearest Trayvon.

I have no easy words,
none that can soothe,
your Beloved Family
or this so-called humanity.

So in poetry or maybe
letter form, I say to you,
You are not forgotten,
You are never far.

As poets, we lift you high.
Your life will continue on,
in the hearts of many,
even in word and song.

I am beyond trying to figure
out the mind of this criminal
who closed your eyes . . .

one last time.

To open ours,
and to make sure,

your sacrifice . . .

does not go unnoticed.

In 2012, your life was snuffed
out by a lunatic, parading as
a protector. Protector of who
or what, I do not know.

I am so angry, so hurt for your
family and this so-called humanity
thriving on racism and insanity.

The after-glow is you, gone too soon,
... Trayvon
You are a lightning-bolt message for us.

We must shout loud and proud
record THIS, Our sad His-tory.

Never forget ... that a child,
a human being's life was stolen.

Why?

We all know.

Can a child not walk down a block?

The hatred has to stop!

You'd think it was 1963 and we
were in Birmingham. No Sir,
no Ma'am, this is a free land.

Free?

Really, tell me another,
and tell it to his Mother,
so that we may all understand!


We must ... MARCH ON
against racism and every injustice.

And the beat goes on and on and on and on ...

Janet Caldwell

He Speaks

If Trayvon Martin was alive, he might say this



As I look down on God's earth
I see hurt and no justice
What's going on? I say to myself.
I am a 17 yr. old young black man
Energetic, smart, young, bright,
Funny and willing to learn.
Hi Mom, I see you crying
It's me, your baby boy
I see you sad and alone
Hi Dad, what's wrong?
What happened to me?
Is the question I asked.
Family sad in mourning
Bleeding heartfelt brokenness
Mom, Dad, family and friends,
I know you cry but justice will prevail
I know I can't tell you it will be ok
But by and by it will be.
Mom, Dad, and family
You taught me will how
to become who I am
I wasn't always good, what child is?
But you loved me just the same
With all my mistakes and flaws
That's that unconditional love
Mom, I'm remembering hugs
And kisses
Mom you prayed for night and day
You made me strong
Dad you made me laugh
Taught me what I know
How to be a young man strong and true
Oh, yeah you taught me about the girls too
LOL, hmmm remember Dad.
Family and friends, we have had some fun
I was a young man growing up
Not too fast

You built, molded, and taught me from
 Baby to toddler to teenager to young man
 I was getting my education
 I wanted to go to college
 I wanted to become so much in my life
 I wanted to a NFL football player
 A lawyer maybe, a doctor,
 Or maybe a teacher, who knows

I could have been president
 I wanted to be something
 I wanted to give back and help families
 Who helped me you and us
 I wanted to show you what you taught
 Was not in vain
 I was scared, scared for my life
 I wanted to be held you Momma and Daddy
 But this man took that away from me
 This man followed me
 I did what I could to protect myself
 Why did I have to die?
 What was it?
 Why, Why, Why!
 Was it because I was walking?
 Was it just because I had a can of tea and
 A bag skittles in my hand?
 Was it because I a hoodie on
 or the clothes I wore?
 Was it because I was a young black man?
 Was it because I was on the phone
 Talking to my girlfriend?
 Did they ask her what she heard or said?
 I minding my own business
 Was it just because he wanted to?
 Why did he pick me?
 Why wasn't he arrested for my crime?
 Why was he set free?
 That wasn't right!!!!
 How could they let him go?
 How could they let him go, What!
 He volunteered himself as
 A community watchmen.



Was he drunk or on drugs?
Why didn't they test him?
Is the police lying to save their hives?
I did nothing wrong!!!!!!
Why did I have to be one to die?
It could have happened to another child!
Why me! Why any child?
Why all these killings after me, before me!!!!!!
Tears roll from my face
God had wiped my tears away
I don't understand!!
Was this a setup for my life to be gone and done?
Mom and Dad I was unarmed,
You taught about me about guns.
You also taught me about respect
And to defend myself
I did the best I could

But he just did it, shot me down!
Mom I know you hurt and cry for me
I know you wish I was there.
I wish I was home giving you
Hugs and kissed, just loving you.
Dad I see you too
I wanted to go fishing or snowboarding
Talk about life and of course the girls.
You know how we do LOL.
Young men together as one, having fun
Dad you showed me love
I wasn't ashamed to show it back to you.
Mom I see you go into my room
You left it the way it was.
I know sometimes you can't sleep
So you stay in my room.

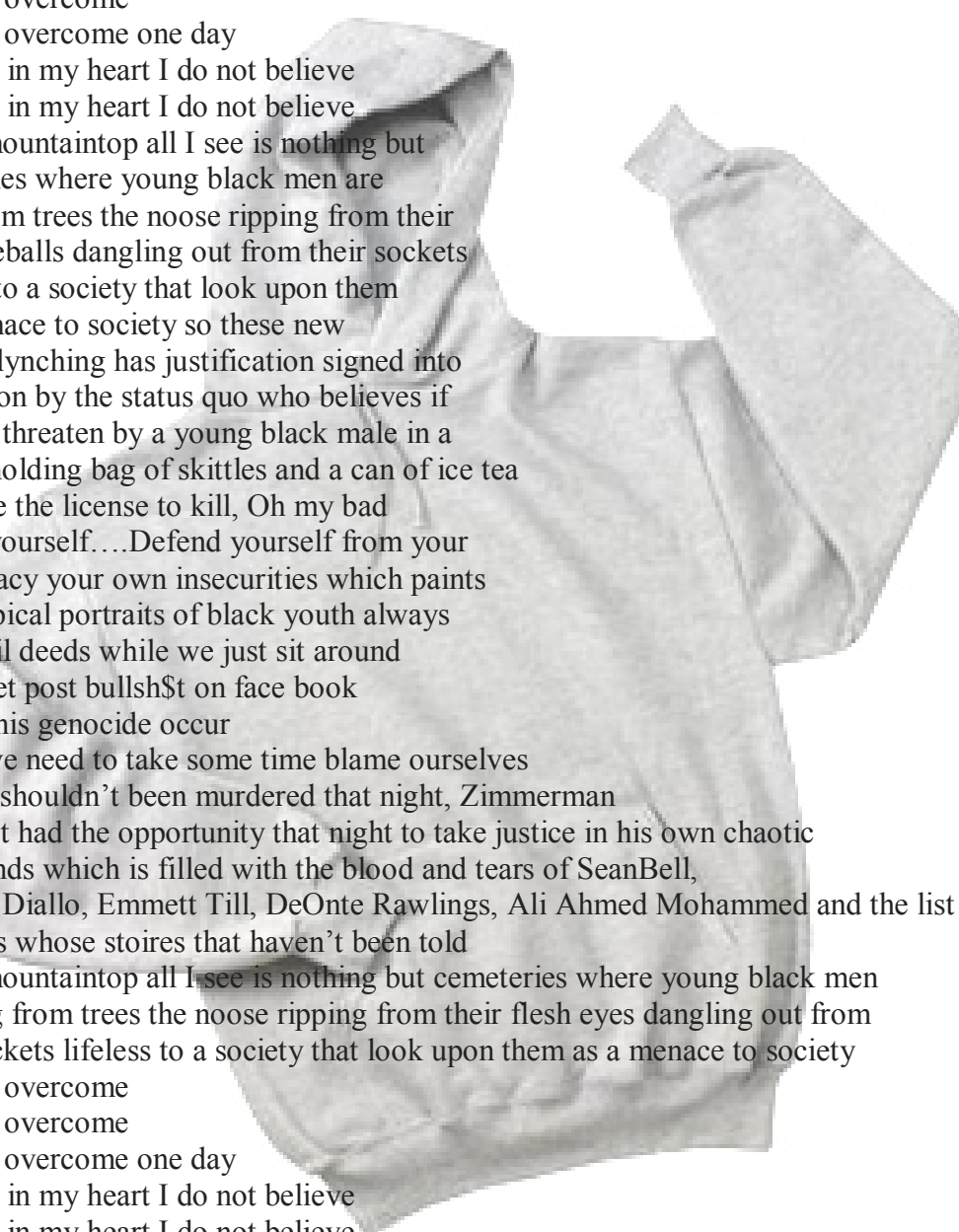
It's ok though, I understand trying to
Find the whys, what's and comfort for me.
But know this Justice will prevail
Dad to see you set outside remembering
Our playing catch, maybe basketball
And you throwing and practicing
football with me.

Thinking about how could this happen
To my boy, why, I wish I could have.....
But know this Dad Justice will prevail
For me and all the other Trayvon's
Before and after me
Mom and Dad I love you so much
I'm not there anymore
My life was taken too soon
By this tragic incident
I'm here in heaven with my Father God
And my big brother Jesus.
I see other relatives that left before me
It's beautiful up here
I don't like how I left,
But know this I'm being taken care of
No more worries or pain up here
I told God to give you and the family strength
To carry on without because
I'm not there with you
I live in your spirit, close to your heart
So I'm always close by
My memories you will hold inside
Justice Will Prevail!
Revenge is mine, thus saith the Lord!
Thank you Mom, Dad, family, friends
And the people who are speaking on my behalf
For justice to be held

I'm the only one who can tell the story
But I'm there
So I ask everybody to continue to stand
And represent me until justice prevails
Hoodies Up!!!!
Love You All!!!!
Love you Mom, Dad, family
And friends
Trayvon!!!!

Lady K-Love ThePoet Inspirationalist
(LaKeisha Hall)


Trayvon



We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome one day
But deep in my heart I do not believe
But deep in my heart I do not believe
On the mountaintop all I see is nothing but
Cemeteries where young black men are
Hung from trees the noose ripping from their
Flesh eyeballs dangling out from their sockets
Lifeless to a society that look upon them
As a menace to society so these new
Form of lynching has justification signed into
Legislation by the status quo who believes if
You feel threaten by a young black male in a
Hoodie holding bag of skittles and a can of ice tea
You have the license to kill, Oh my bad
Defend yourself...Defend yourself from your
Own lunacy your own insecurities which paints
Stereotypical portraits of black youth always
Up to evil deeds while we just sit around
And tweet post bullsh\$t on face book
Letting this genocide occur
Maybe we need to take some time blame ourselves
Travyon shouldn't been murdered that night, Zimmerman
Shouldn't had the opportunity that night to take justice in his own chaotic
Mind hands which is filled with the blood and tears of SeanBell,
Amadou Diallo, Emmett Till, DeOnte Rawlings, Ali Ahmed Mohammed and the list
Of names whose stoires that haven't been told
On the mountaintop all I see is nothing but cemeteries where young black men
Are hung from trees the noose ripping from their flesh eyes dangling out from
Their sockets lifeless to a society that look upon them as a menace to society
We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome one day
But deep in my heart I do not believe
But deep in my heart I do not believe
We shall not overcome the extinction
Of young black men

Ishmael Street

TRAYVON MARTIN



It is us
It is us
against the world.

It is us
Our sons
against their bleached consciences
against their dark reveries.

It is fun
It is fun to gun
the son of the gods...

Fun to gun
one whom the sun
has gazed upon.

We die daily
as sacrifices
slaughtered, offered
in high places
of mad races.

The endangered species we be
hunt down for their hide and fur
hunt down with dogs
with guns
with sword
in the land of free?



The sepulcher these are
white and fine
outside
when you pry deeper, proper
are filth and foul
inside.

Trayvon is gone
we've lost a one
ours is sorrow
pain in the marrow...
Theirs are shadows
of haunting gallows
looming, ever close
if Themis rightly chose.

Opeyemi Joe

NIGGA ... Martin To Martin

From suited swag in a Memphis hotel suite
 to black cotton rag on a cold Sanford street
 This land is all of our land
 yet we fight for ground to stand
 and history repeats itself for another black man


I built your wealth from this earth and sky
 while blood stained cotton drained the freedom I couldn't buy
 Your children gain a heritage only hell could supply
 Your demons suckle on each tear a black soul cries
 seems the only thing a nigga can do right is die

Martin had a dream until you shot him down
 and suddenly a familiar scene lay sprawled on the ground
 images of my black fathers defeated with shackles and whips
 moaning and wailing their repeated lament upon slave ships
 twisted visions of crosses and churches aflame
 cloaked proclaims that you serve in Jesus' name
 For Martin was the sin, the curse, or worse the blame
 and therefore, you have no shame
 But you have your pistol loaded with hate and ready to aim
 at his fleeing, running frame
 Your ear loves to hear a black mother's cry
 seems the only thing a nigga can do right is die

Now I've earned my place in this land
 my right and my future are residential
 even honorable, even presidential
 And even though I've lived and served to the letter
 I still have to teach my children to be one better
 and not be fettered by saggin' pants and hooded sweaters
 I still pray that even now over 400 years later
 their dreams will not be visited by the hater
 the killer, the murderer, the racist who refuses to answer why
 it seems the only thing a nigga can do right is die.

XAIDEN / JAHDAI INK

Growth Stunted



I am youth...
I am
Potential
I am the chance that
many don't have in their lives
to be...
SOMETHING
or
SOMEONE...
I am love...disguised as
A typical black male
If you let them tell it...
I am...
Everything that's
Wrong in my community
If you
Believe what's being said
I am all these things
And more
Depending on
Whose side you relate to but
The truth is...
I never got a real chance
To BE
Anything more than
What I'm being portrayed as...
I Am
Trayvon Martin

Don Savant



TRUTH PRESS TO THE EARTH

Truth press to the earth
Will rise again
Injustice everywhere is injustice anywhere
Truth can only be truth
Truth sees white and calls it white
Lies sees white and calls it black
Justice should be nothing but the truth
And address the issue to the root
The eyes never lie
There is no love in the eyes of injustice
Justice must prevail
Telling the lies until the lies becomes the truth
Lies may travel so fast
One day truth will catch up with it
Truth press to earth
Will rise again
Our shadows live with us
Trayvon Martin, you live in our memory
In the afterlife
You will rise on the Lord's side.

OLADIPO KEHINDE PAUL



"Boyz N Our Hoodz"

Dedicated to Trayvon Martin R.I.P

God grant me serenity to accept that which I cannot change
The Neighborhood watching me took my life
A gross injustice that seems so strange
Grant my family courage to change what they can
Honor my memory and incarcerate that man
Bless this judicial system with wisdom in my self-defense
Bring my killer to justice and make sure he knows the difference
Lord before I come home I have one last request
Watch over every boy in every hood
Educate them in the choices that are best
Make them understand that life is a gift here today and gone tomorrow
Time is always against us with none to borrow
Dear Father reach out to all young boyz in our hoods
Whether they live in the suburbs or backwoods
To do bad is easy
Take the hard path and do good
Put down the guns the alcohol and cigarette carton
Pick up a bible and love family of all races

Yours Truly
Trayvon Martin...

Thornne E. Xaiviantt

The Black Kid in the Dark Gray Hoodie

All I want to know is...why?
Why did you choose to take what God gave to me?
You had no power in bringing me here
So how did you figure you had the power to take me out?
What did I do to you?

I was just minding my own business. I wasn't a violent guy
Man look, all I wanted was a bag of skittles and bottle of iced tea
I didn't plan on becoming a victim of your prejudice fear
You prematurely took me out before finding out what I was really about
I was just trying to get my black ass home before I ran into you

Why would you want to murder me, when you never heard of me?
I could have been sent to earth; destined for world peace by G-O-D
But that didn't matter to you right?
It was too dark for you to see my face because I was walking while Black at night...huh?
You chose to follow me when you KNEW it wasn't your place!
But you refused to think rationally only because of my race

Ok, I was wearing a dark gray hoodie
But how did that make me suspicious, or give you the right to assassinate me?
You knew in your heart that I didn't pose a threat
And yet, you decided to lay me down with your hateful trigger rest
I know you said it, "I got that little nigger...yes."
Do you not know that you are now cursed and I am now blessed?
Because while you are suffering in Hell, I will be in Heaven singing to Jesus, my
Sunday's best

Yours Truly,

Trayvon Martin

The Black Kid in the Dark Gray Hoodie

Soul Q Original
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AN ODE TO JUSTICE

For The Mother Of Trayvon...And To His Memory

What is justice?

And who told her she could be blind;
Blind to the atrocities that are being unequally balanced in her uneven scales...
How could she turn her lopsided veil and peek at the end of a rainbow?
Gone in an instant, the sweet tooth of an innocent moment.
How can she allow laws to exist that are Ancient & Antiquated
That allows the so called Founding Fathers to breath, and exist in a
That they created where anything that was of a pigment darker than pink
Had no rights....
Now we are on the brink of a revolution...
Men standing up to say what has become of a young man's shattered dreams
Caught in screams of fear, not only from the victim, but of those who would be
"Ear witnesses" and Audio witnesses," they too are shocked...
But....
As a woman, and a mother, I take away this political feel, this feel of injustice
That lady justice make sure is as cold as her entombed everlasting body and
Feel... I feel for his mother...
Who is not looking at the revolution,
Who is not looking at the definition of a law,
Who is not looking at a claim of self-defense...
Who is not looking at the fact that her beautiful baby, placed a hoodie on his
Beautiful brown head....
She has lost her rainbow colored dream...
She has lost her rich inheritance,
Gone forever are her chances to touch the face
Of grandchildren...
What price can a jail term, a reconvening to adjust a law
Or a March, people marching, people marching,
People crying, people crying
WHAT CAN PAY HER BACK FOR THE LOST SOULS
That were buried inside of his potential DNA
He had never had the chance to re-create himself...

Who, which one of us although we cry and we mourn
Will feel her pain as daily she hears her son's name
On the radio, and television, until no more can she take it
Or, or how is she to react when she smells the unwashed clothes

Still in his hamper, full of teenage life..
When she lies down after exhaustion has taken her
And she drifts in to an uneasy dream only to awaken
To Her everlasting hellish nightmare...and when she running to his room
Looks inside of his bed where his body used to lay....and he is gone...
He has been lain down savagely by a grown man who stalked him
And removed his uniqueness for the purchase of a synthetic rainbow....

Taste the sweetness of justice, the blindness of justice, the inequality
In her uneven scales...
The coldness of her body..
Who will feel what this mother will feel, remembering
The first day they met,
The struggle it took to grow him inside of her bell for nine months,
The many hours of labor to follow...
The joy after the pain...
What will compensate her for this...
What can be given to her?
NOTHING!!!!
But what will be done to right this wrong?
He the assailant
A lying mental disease of infested piece of bigotry is using
Miss Blind cold Justice to plead his case...
And in the face of humanity...
He is presumed innocent until proven guilty...
“I am not of this world and neither are my followers”
Said the Christ....
Justice
True justice shall be served and given
Not in a prison sentence but
By the face of an all knowing Justice....
We are not Hoodwinked
We are not bamboozled
The chickens have come home to roost.....

BABy©2012
For all the families that have
Fallen victim to the injustice of justice.



Strange Fruit

(reprise)

Strange fruit bares truth of an
Ugly, hateful & despicable past
that needs to wither & die.
Strange fruit bares truth of a
Determined and resilient people
Strange fruit bears roots of
A dishonorable history
And cancerous growths.
Strange fruit bears roots of
A people's indomitable spirit.
Strange fruit from a tree whose roots
Shall be strangled and uprooted.
Strange fruit will never exist again!!!

K. McGregor

New world lynching

Just when you thought that things maybe have settled down
A man with no authority with the exception that he had a gun
Killed a kid. Over what a can of tea and candy?
Is it now open season again? Are we not allowed walk without being confronted

These assholes always get away, he said. What made him an asshole?
The fact that he didn't stop because he didn't know you?
Maybe the fact that someone was following him in a vehicle, then on foot?
Someone who disobeyed a direct order from the police not to follow

Florida has a racist history. Rosewood any one?
I know because I lived there, and I saw the things that went on
If this is allowed to stand will be the darkest day in Florida history
I am ashamed, enraged, and appalled at the stance of the police

This is being compared to the killing of Emmitt Till in Chicago
The only thing different is there is no white woman whistled at
This was wrong, an unadulterated murder of a young man before his time
This was a New World Lynching

Rest in Peace Trayvon

Anthony Arnold

Loves Reward

Sharing is the journey, love it's reward,
Anger breeds a hatred, we can't afford,
Love leads the way, let it freely flow,
As a being of love, share it's glow,

We can stay angry, bitter, uninspired,
When love is the simple cure required,
To open our eyes, allow us all to see,
How the power of love, will set us free,

There's much to see, even more to learn,
When love is the power, you give in return,
To other people you meet, blind and lost,
Who suffer in agony, at their sorrows cost,

I was there once, lost within my own mind,
Until I met Angels like you, a loving kind,
Who helped me to see, my mind awaken,
Showing me love, that I wasn't forsaken,

Because I am love, love is all that I am,
For each one of you, my heart gives a dam,
We may never meet, but my heart is here,
With a message of loves hope loud and clear,

At long last, loves sweet peace has found me,
Each moment I live, it's new gifts astound me,
In reflection I see, loves gifts much clearer,
As a messenger of love, a reflecting mirror,

Spreading the love, each of you freely gave,
To a broken man's spirit, you helped to save,
By saying, if I need love, it's waiting here,
And showing me how, not to live in my fear,

Now that I'm love, will distill its essence,
To share loves most blinding, luminescence
Now I shine forth, as my spirit is restored,
You all gave me peace, and love it's reward.

Clayton L. Sanders

I Spit Peace

I pray for the day that we can live as one family, where
We can sit in company of all color and
Laughter becomes the signature of our lives
And mothers can stop crying because of the babies dying
...where the one you love can stop lying

I just want the world to recognize and energize societies
Sanity almost like Moses walking through the Red Sea
Hearing our plea for us to walk in the roads of passion
And hand clap ovations towards our neighbors of mixture
not living like stoned fixtures when will it come to pass?

Sometimes the cross is a mirage and it doesn't last
My tears plunder on surfaces that make wishes of wonder
For I see with exaggeration yet I am patient for I still believe
Mankind will achieve what is not to be normal

I spit peace...

I pray for the day when it's okay to lay quietly
Not hearing warfare outside my front door
Screaming of innocence wrong place wrong time
Flesh drop of a dime, lost hope of trying to feed
Babies who have no dream yet.....

Sacrifices made by sisters prayed for internally
Their bodies stripped and ripped as bullies prey
And prey as surface walkers and a few stalkers
This has to change...now I'm becoming deranged
I just pretend in my mind to be that vigilante
...for just a day because this praying
Feels it's not working, knees bruised from kneeling

I still see the killing in my mind...he blood
...on my hands which doesn't wash off

I spit peace...

I pray for the day that choices are fought not taught
Personality is not bought; there is a word of victory
And prosperity is not just an exclamation,

The river flows with frustration...
Can someone give me an explanation?
Are these coincidences we keep experiencing?
No answers to questions that keep lingering;
Moment after moment, night after night, day after day

Someone please reveal truth to me
...Whispers of thunder in conflict, our doors have no jurisdiction
Why are there always misunderstandings and predictions!!

I spit peace...

I pray for the days of elimination
Of human trafficking and mutilation
Why must we keep marching in demonstrations?
Is it because my world demands expectations?

My laughter is now a mystery, utterances shout of presumptions,
The blood of assumption suffocates freedom, discipline disappears

My judgment is aborted and distorted
I give myself authority to cry and cry more

The responsibility relies on me to...
Become a decision maker not a soul taker
...to live and love by principle not by
Hate or anger from a stranger...who does not know me

I Spit Peace

I pray for the day, the day where
My words will not confuse me
I want relevance to mean something

The journey "I have a dream" diffuses verbally
We have to create unity, walk our actions
As long as there is racism
...there will be distractions

Voices of awareness...
Consciousness of justice
Overtake, not allowing prejudice
The opportunity to aggressively
Destroy an individual's belief and vision

For I am sick of the injustice
Contamination that magnifies without emotion
The heat sensitivity inside me explodes
Worse than nuclear bombs hidden

History was written but now has come around again
Tears swallow me, courage find me
Is there such a word as normal?

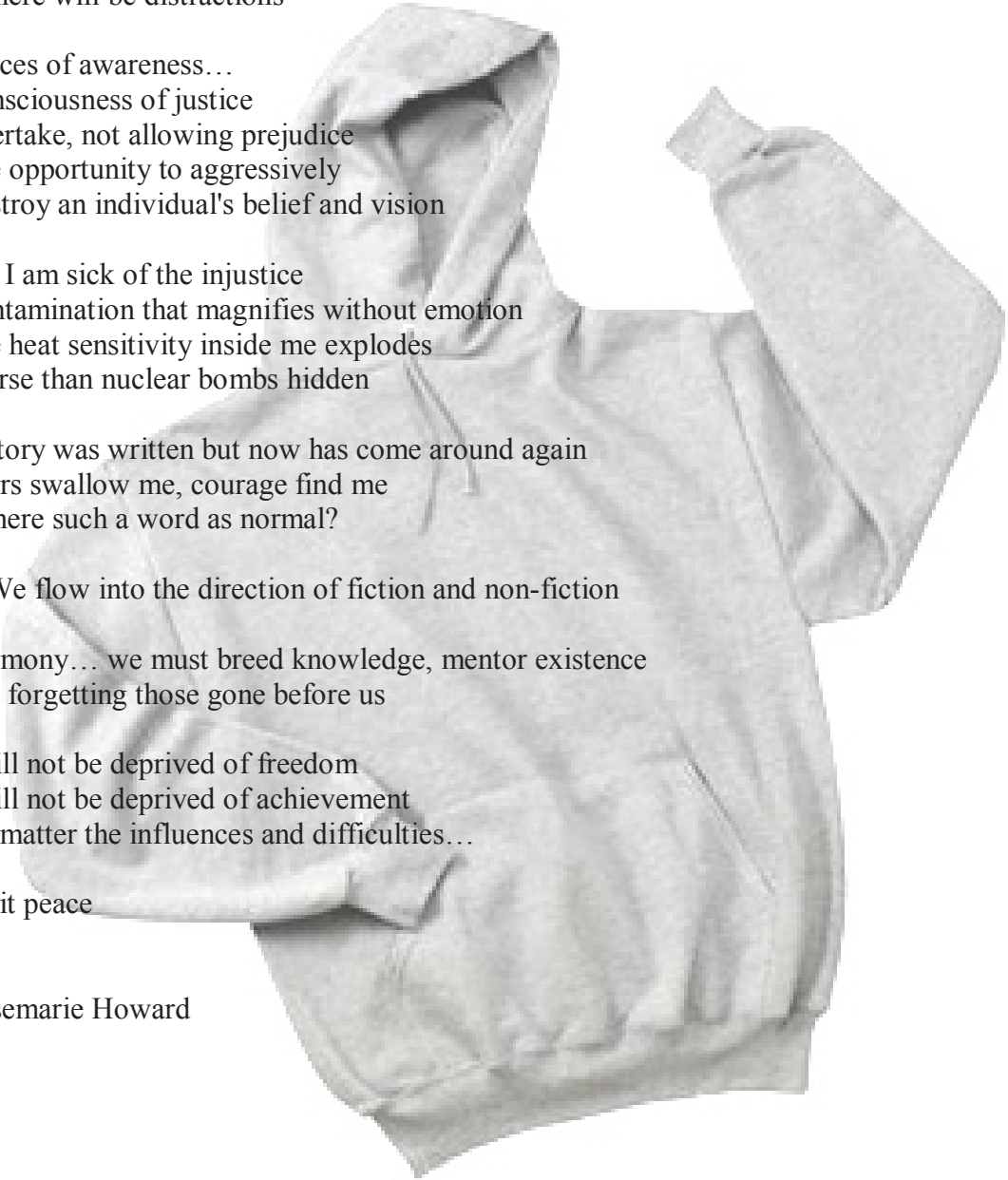
...We flow into the direction of fiction and non-fiction

Harmony... we must breed knowledge, mentor existence
Not forgetting those gone before us

I will not be deprived of freedom
I will not be deprived of achievement
No matter the influences and difficulties...

I spit peace

Rosemarie Howard



The Unexpected Angst

A black man in the White House
yet one still can't get a cab in NYC
So when I see

the pilferage of Martin
no more marching
no need for marksmen

fuck all of that
French my pardon

riveted
slain skin indigo
re-living it
an invisible sound

chased down
by the immoral mortal bigot
this isn't about a "r" nor an "a"

that mental bullet was pre-monogrammed "for a nigg____"
the more they pour the pictures
HLN, CNN, FOX News, Tamika up the block

Teaching us around the clock
there's no stock
in those descendants of crop pickers


still no imprisonment
zimmerman somewhere simmering
with synonyms like liberty, leeway, license, tolerant, casual

casualty-of-war
is yet another sweet-tooth candy bandit
catapulted back to his maker unexpectedly

jAy aLexander



A Little Try



A young life snuffed out,
Senseless judgment the cause.
What possible reason
Could permit such act?
None could condone
None could pardon
A rash act of senselessness
Forever altered a course.
A mere quick action,
Blindly stole a life.
Pain, tears, anger and rage
Are all that's left behind.
It really isn't hard,
If only we each could try,
To stop the judging, the false fronts
And discrimination.
Our world would be so much better
If we would only try.
We are all responsible
For our world today
All it takes is a little try.

Marie Lim
ACMWorkz ©20042012

iced skittles

i have skittles
you have bullets
i have a can of ice tea
you have a gun
to ice me

i'm trying to get back home to watch the game
you were watching me
then you approach me

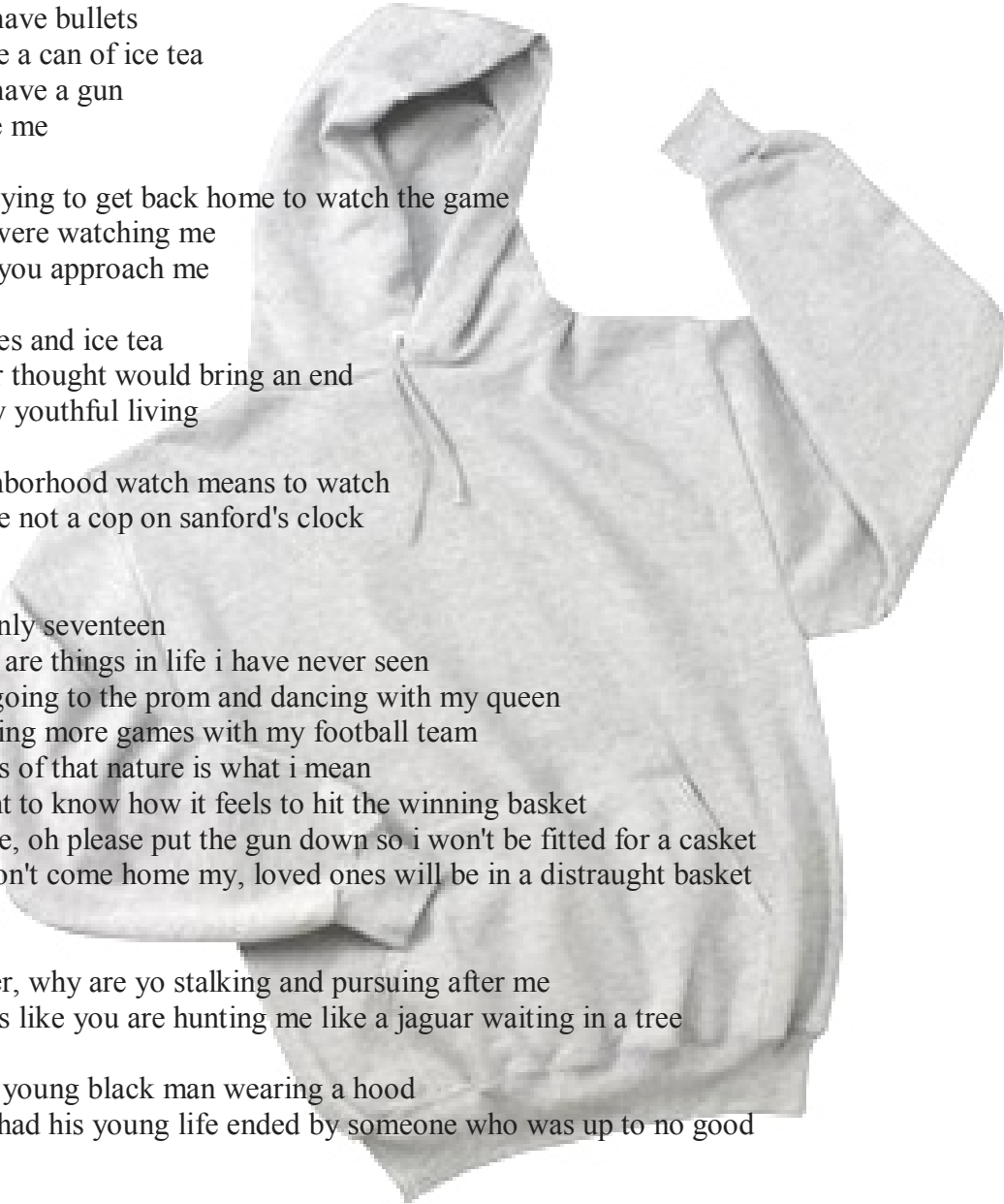
skittles and ice tea
never thought would bring an end
to my youthful living

neighborhood watch means to watch
you're not a cop on sanford's clock

i'm only seventeen
there are things in life i have never seen
like going to the prom and dancing with my queen
winning more games with my football team
things of that nature is what i mean
i want to know how it feels to hit the winning basket
please, oh please put the gun down so i won't be fitted for a casket
if i don't come home my, loved ones will be in a distraught basket

mister, why are yo stalking and pursuing after me
seems like you are hunting me like a jaguar waiting in a tree

i'm a young black man wearing a hood
who had his young life ended by someone who was up to no good



it was raining and i had my hood on to avoid catching a cold
i was not out here trying to steal from a single soul
what have you been told
by the cops, newspapers, press and other media
i don't want people to read about me on wikipedia

let me remain anonymous
what i have in my possession is truly harmless

mister, i just wanted a refreshing drink
don't pull that trigger before you think

my dad lives in this complex too
follow me home and i will show him to you

this man doesn't know the meaning of stand your ground
that is when neighbors heard a deadly sound
your ground you did not stand
coming after me covering a lot of land

here i lay on this cold wet ground with a hole in my chest
i'm an innocent dying young man whose my parents taught to always do my best

but, on this day my best was not good enough
mister, i don't know your name when on
this day my life you snuffed

as my spirit returns to GOD
my blood is covering the sod

mom and dad, i love you
i will be your new heavenly angel watching over you

one day we will be back as a complete family
i wish i could say more but the blood that gives life has run out of me

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"Poetry Could Have Saved Trayvon Martin's Life"

Poetry Could Have Saved Trayvon Martin's Life. Poetry Could Have Given George Zimmerman *The Word* When The 9-1-1 Operator Asked.. Don't Follow That Black Boy--You Heard?!! Poetry Could Have Made George Zimmerman's Mind, And Heart *Bigger*..Poetry Would Have Told George..That Every Black Man, Is Not A *Nigger*..Poetry Would Have Made George, Put His Gun Down..To Stop Following Trayvon, And Turn To His Left..Instead Of Following Trayvon..Heading North, To The Right--Causing A Life And Death Fight! One Gunshot- Taking Trayvon Martins Life!

Poetry Was Silenced That Night. And On The Third Day, Like Jesus, Poetry Did Rise-- On That Day, The World Was Told That Trayvon Martin, Had Died. Parents Sabrina Fulton, And Tracy Martin *Cried*, "Why-Why-Why, Did Our Son Have To Die?"..

Poetry Told Sabrina, And Tracy Why.. Why Martin, Malcolm, And John Died-Died. Poetry Explained That Trayvon's Story May Even Be *Bigger*!! Fore, One Day, It May Even Stop One Man,- From-Calling-Another-Man...A *Nigger*!!!!

Poetry Could Have Saved Trayvon Martin's Life.

William Washington

Words of Willie

The Enemy At Home

I don't know about you, but it's funny
to hear Hannity and O'Reilly on TV
telling me to keep my eyes open
for the enemy at home

Hell, the police are everywhere I go

It's been time to show the propaganda
machine it'll remain impossible to reach
us as long as his-story's in pieces

To me, it doesn't make sense like Mary
and Jesus

How many victims of police brutally do
we have in the place to be?

Who remembers, Tompkins Square Park,
Kent State or Howard Beach?

I debate, we can't wait on man's laws to
manifest justice for humanity's sake

These past acts of protectin' and servin'
prove the scales will remain unbalanced
until the pigs find their rights burnin' in
the same fire that's cooking ours in broad
daylight

I'm tellin' ya, they'll bomb you like MOVE
in Philadelphia

Who remembers Shaka Sankofa, the Massacre
at Waco, *Talkin' Blues*?



Sorry Bob, Slave Driver caught the fire
and threw it back with plenty of matches,
pipes and crack all wrapped up in a CIA
party pack with a little tag attached reading

Die Niggers!

So to all the rich fraternities and sororities
cloning soon to be judges and DAs, stop
booking reggae bands at your keg parties

It's a slap in the face of the starving

For real, you need to think about that the
next time you're *jamming 'til the jamming
is through*

Off the record smoking herb with the
band but in five years you'll be responsible
for the building of more death camps
to imprison their youth

Who remembers JFK or MLK gettin'
bucked by the United States government?

Yeah. the special interest groups are loving it

Killing you for fun is stress relief
for the murderers we pay to carry guns

Who remembers Tupac in Atlanta or
Rodney King in Los Angeles?

Now is the time to unify our learning

Next time the burning begins don't waste
your time breaking windows and stealing
TVs

If you get the urge to loot call me
at 555-pick-up-a-gun-and-shoot

The American police state has the poor
on their dinner plate--if you don't believe
me just check the minority conviction rate
in DC

And for anybody who thinks I'm just talking
shit, non-believer get it correct

Before the show I copped a burner and when
I'm done here I'm gonna jam "Fuck the Police" in
the tape deck, bounce to the second street overpass,
call 911 with a fake report, wait on the first pig I see then

BAM!

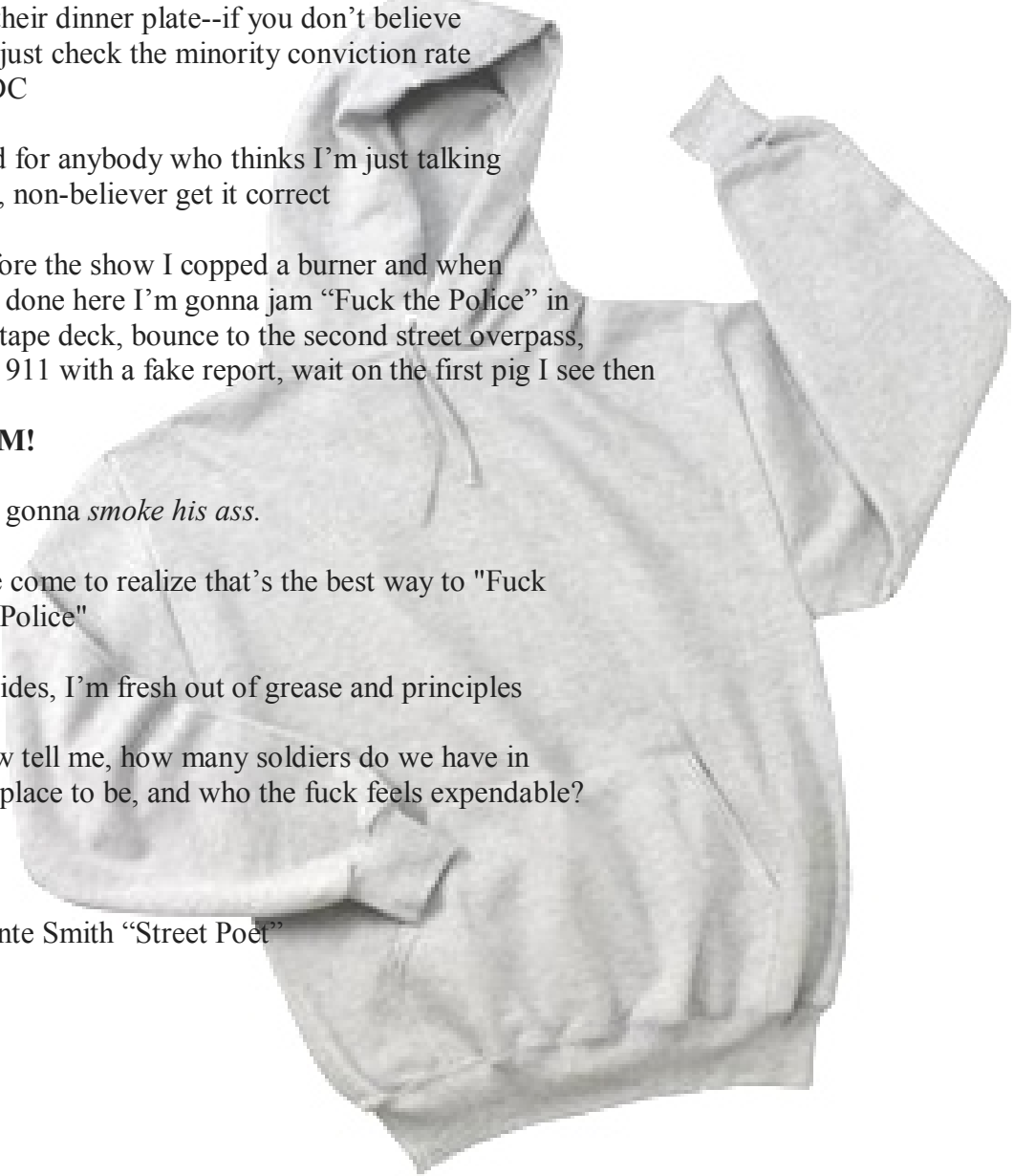
I'm gonna *smoke his ass*.

I've come to realize that's the best way to "Fuck
the Police"

Besides, I'm fresh out of grease and principles

Now tell me, how many soldiers do we have in
the place to be, and who the fuck feels expendable?

Monte Smith "Street Poet"



"WATCH THIS!"

Tell ya NeihborHooD: "Watch This!!"

Not enough talkin' bobble headz 2 go around

Ni99az proly jus need 2 clone these clownz

My smile iz upSide Down

U ask Y this frown never leaves my face

I answer...

BEE CUZ inwardly i'm so enraged!

The stage iz being set so graBB a plate, fork, but keep ur silver spoonz

GraBup ya knife, and go fetch ya gun & call up the GOONz

SooN them say, but I nerver cared anyway so...

get ole' man JeSSe on the phone,

get a wire 2 slick willie sharpthen while I sharpen up this blade, and line up these hand grenades

it's way past the time 4 your debt 2 B paid,

In full...

Hen pecked ass niggas wanna keep hope alive & play the fool for sycophants chanting fancy rants bout freedom,

CrumB chasing Dum DumZ - we dont need 'em,

Sittin' here askin' myself, Y, what, when who & how

Follow me NOW...

Lil black boyz being murdered for walkin alone & minding thier own

Cracka pull the trigga, and he jus get 2 go on home?

Baby gurlz Being killed tryna get juice out da store wit nuthin but a napsack

Anxious, scary korean woman blows her brainz out the back

Er'y body got some kinna grudge xcept the black

"We shall Overcome" iz A 1963 RaP, so go 'head wit that

In fact hold out your hand - makes no difference what kinna brand

Black, white, portirican, or Jew...

My Prayerz 4 retriBution & my prayerz 4 you,

What ni99az need 2 do iz start a new

Do a Lil Suburban, Rural renewal without anybodies approval

What i'm talkin 'bout iz your complete removal

If I wuz u i'd call them people quik,

tell em come serve & protect ur shyt

tell em bring they vest, and some XTRA clips

cuz when we MOBB thru that bytch, we sinkin' titanium battleships

If U cant here me ni99a then jus read my lips, and

"WATCH THIS!"

Being tired of being sick & tired iz gettin hella' tiring

The mistreatment of my peoplez, the women & the children

U murder babies, main boyz, kill gurlz to keep us from building

But cant nobody hold this back

Power 2 the People dont mean break a ni99az back

For Trayvon Martin hiz Momz & fam

For ALL the innocent ones being led 2 the slaughter like lamBz

I bow my head and pray

Pray 2 find the way

pray 4 today

ask my GOD 4 tommorrow

but if tommorrow dont come, let 'em know about today

Today iz the day the Lord made to wipe away your sorrowz for the LONG HAUL - See...

We aint goin' nowhere - This iz where we stay...

4 TRAYVON MARTIN & HIZ FAMILY - 'SPECIALLY HIZ MOMz

4 ALL THE YOUTH BEING SLAUGHTERED WITH NO
RETRIBUTION<truth>JUSTICE<orshame>

shame on U & shame on me, change gon come or....

WE JUST TAKE IT 2 THE STREET.

thas were it all Bgan any fuggin way!

PSM 120

"WATCH THIS!"

June Barefield aka June Bug

My Heart Bleeds

I am a poet whose heart bleeds for the injustice and atrocity towards human-kind in our society.

It bleeds for the crime against an elderly ailing and dying mother, whose drug addicted son, invited his drug buddies to rape and sodomize the sweetest soul one could ever know.

My heart bleeds for the father and mother whose child was taken while asleep in their bed, and later found raped, beaten and dead.

The tears, screams and pleas this innocent child must have cried before their last sigh when they brutally and senselessly died.

It bleeds for the children used as pawns, bargaining chips and weapons of warfare between fathers and mothers.

For the children in Foster Care that want a family of their own yet, those that should care for and protect the young, allow them to be abused and sexually misused by depraved minds living in our times.

This heart bleeds for the sons and daughters who can't trust their own father's to leave them alone, for their bodies do not belong to a sick mind that would hurt and treat a child so unkind; while the mother looks the other way in order for daddy to stay.

It bleeds for the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers slain in the street by gang bangers and hoods always up to no good, infesting the neighborhoods.

My heart bleeds for the brother tied to a truck and his body drug through the street until his heart no longer beat.

It bleeds for all the children bullied at school, with deep scars of pain they endure and suffer through.

For the women forced to have their genitals mutilated, suffering pain instead of pleasure from evil rituals and tribal traditions.

For all those that have unjustly died at the hands of a spouse, ex-lover, or crazed woman or man.

This poet's heart bleeds for all the Yusef Hawkins's, Emmett Till's, Troy Davis's Wendell Allen's and Trayvon Martin's.

It bleeds for Shawn Wilkerson, whose only crime was being a big, deaf, young black male that cared about humanity. He lost his life by a policeman's hands, when he came to the rescue of a woman the officer was unjustly beating on the street, because she had the right not to sex him in a patrol cars backseat.

For Caley Anthony my heart doth bleed; a precious little girl who died at the hands of her mother Casey. A young innocent child died, yet her mother carries on like girl's gone wild. A real mother could never hurt a child.

This poet's heart bleeds for the crimes of injustice in society. Where the rich get richer and the poor become poorer.

Starvation, race extermination, inflation, pollution; will we have a fair solution to what shouldn't be in a world of abundance to meet every need?

My heart bleeds.

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Kelli Songbird Garden 3/25/12

I Am . . .

I've grown weary and, at the same time, pissed the fuck off,
of over crowded , final resting places of, another child lost...
Another child gone over, stupidity and inhumanity,
shit is enough to,drive you into insanity...

Shell shocked from, hearing fatal fired shots, stomach in knots as, his body and, my heart
dropped,
suddenly, time stopped...

Suspiciously, no crime but, they yellow taped the block.

like a murder occurred, under false pretense,
oh but, it was a young black boy ,wearing a hoodie so, it was self defense...

Relentlessness, un-necessary expenses,
death comes cheap but, the peice is expensive,
even with witness, bullshit is the business...

Police negligence at. it's finest,
Police recklessness at, it's finest,
Neighborhood watch...this...

watch how I pull out holster and,
flick wrists
hear clicks
watch hammers go back and,
blast this...

you can't get arrested for, assassination, right?
as long as, they have candy and, a drink,
you can blast'em without hesitation, right?
As long as, I'm on the phone with 911, they tell me to
leave him alone and, I shoot him anyway,
there will be no time facin, right?

Oh!
you sayin, a long as they're wearing a hoodie,
I can blast'em on sight?

Media story switchin but,
the one im reading will, make you famous...
with, full evidence, first hand,
put that, on front pages..

Cause I say, what you're really thinking...
I take action, you think of making...
I can show you how, real shottaz, **squeeze** one off without blinking...

You got the "neighborhood watch",
I got, a no snitching rule...
You get away,
I bet, I get away too...

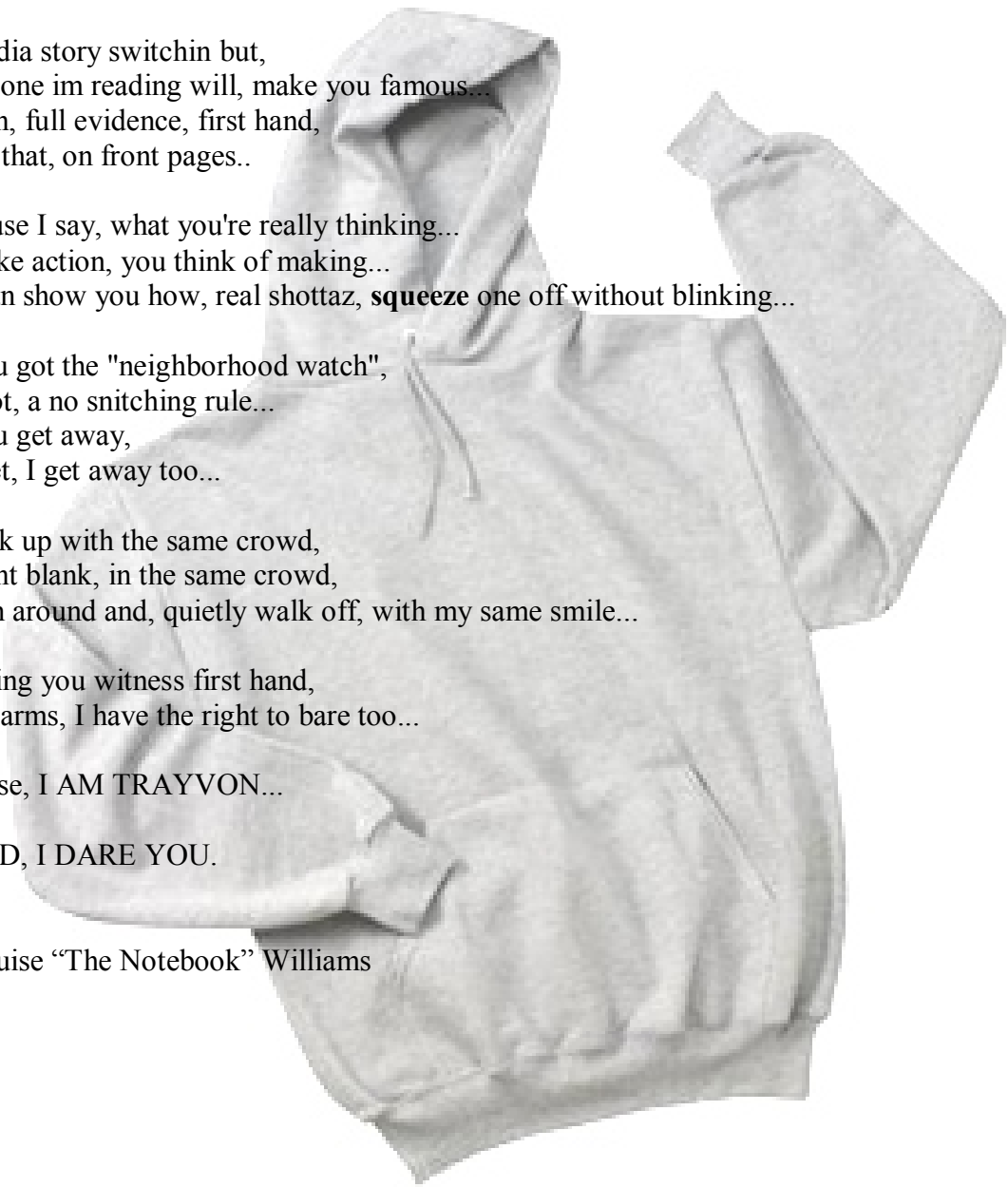
walk up with the same crowd,
point blank, in the same crowd,
turn around and, quietly walk off, with my same smile...

letting you witness first hand,
the arms, I have the right to bare too...

cause, I AM TRAYVON...

AND, I DARE YOU.

- Quise "The Notebook" Williams






The Face under the Hood

I am the face under the hood
My image is so misunderstood
When does what I wear define who I Am?
Why should the color of my skin render me less than a man?
If it wasn't the hood on my head it would have been
the pants down my back or the clothes I wear
...Where ever I go I draw that stare
I died because of the color of my skin
not for the hood on my head
Perhaps thru my sacrifice that image will be dead
I Am one face under many hoods
But the white ones with the eyes cut out are really no good
I no longer wear the hood I rock the crown from heaven
I look down and just shake my head
Thank you for the love but I'm in a better place instead
.....The face under the hood

Written by the unseen poet 1229

That Day



Trayvon
Governmental mass murderers
Trayvon
You did something wrong
Trayvon
You woke up Black
Trayvon
You woke up a Male
Trayvon
You wanted the American dream
Trayvon
You wanted to grow up
Maybe just, maybe
You might be President one day
Trayvon
How can we sit and not vocalize
A Mother's and Father's pain
Nothing in this world has changed
Don't go to the store
Black boy
Don't walk in a group
Black boy
Don't drive a nice car
Black boy
Don't be educated
Black boy
Trayvon
You did nothing wrong!!!!
America, good ole America
United States of America...
Let you down
Land of the FREE
Where colored is still hanging
Churches still prayin' and sangin'
"We shall Overcome Some Day"
Trayvon
When is that day coming?

Where governmental excuses are used in
the 20th century abuses of
“It's okay”, to shoot a Black Child
just because...

Trayvon

Life shouldn't be a chance
Your face is now just
A glance of true America
Oh this is going to happen again

Trayvon

Your murderer, increases
My Black son decreases
A Mother's nightmare,
Only wanted to make you breakfast
That day...see you off to school
That day...make dinner and wait
For you to come home
That day...to plan for your future
That day...

Trayvon

All taken away
That day
Leaders, where are you now?
We have lost another child

Cover-ups

Shut-ups

Our past is not our past
How much longer will
Anger and Hatred last

Trayvon

Our hearts continue to bleed
Martin and Malcolm

We lost another

America

AMeriKKKA

Land of the Mutherf***in

FREE!!!

Rosemarie Howard

We Failed

Have we become so simple mindedly barbaric that...
We must scrape up to destroy what little innocence remains?
Does hate still have the ability to rise from the grave?
Walk our streets and take a child back home with it?

We have failed Trayvon Martin...
Unfortunately it's our society therefore
The fault does not only belong to Zimmerman.

Do we not share the same supermarkets?
Do we not share the same educational institutions?
Do we not share the same places of worship?
Now tell me does it signify death when
We share the same neighborhoods?


Questions that carry a certain symbolic weight
Display how far we should have evolved by now
Every human soul carries a right within itself
One which demands justice should they die
by the hands of stupidity.

Trayvon Martin's adolescent blood
Hopelessly spilled upon a pavement of ignorance,
drawn by frost bitten hands of redundancy as the young
Soul of Trayvon Martin attempts to rest in paradise

Let's fight for his justice until the death as he did that way
We can all learn the true price and pain of blood sacrifice.
Trayvon, this world is forever in debt to you!
We will never be able to afford to pay you in full.
Rest in divine Paradise

Craig Pinckney Refour
AKGM Special ©2012

“Voodoo Speaks”



I speak for the
2 am front liner
Block heavy with heart of stone
The lone savior of lost boys
And lost souls
Standing alone
In this cold room
Called life
Liberty lost offset
Happiness
Unfocused.
Yet
Centered like the chaos
Of a tornado
I speak for those trapped in the eye of the storm
The Charles Drew unborn
I speak for the unlettered
The unlearned
The uninformed...

I speak for you....

We live in occupied territory
Where cops perpetrate frauds
Just because they can
Beneath badges they now
Exhibit tattoos similar to the clan
Call them the band of brothers
Yet under the cover of night they pounce upon those
Unfortunate enough to
Drive while black and cross they path
On a bad day some might say
They need to make that quota.
That quota bring me your poor
Your downtrodden

We need that quota gotta make that
Quota how many darkys we git this time
Boss?
so many lost
like troy davis
Oscar Grant
Young Madison on the Danzigga Bridge
Omadu Dialo
Kim Groves
Abner Louima
Travon Martin
Adolf Grimes
Wendle Allen
Justin Sipp
Murdered in Cold Blood
They was murdered in cold blood
No justice no peace
No protection from the beast
I speak for the victims of police brutality
For the victims of railroaded cases
Criminal Prosecutors
And public defenders
Pretenders
Justice lingers undone
Festering like rotten meat in the
California sun
I speak for those who
Can't speak for they mutha fuckin selves
Standing ten toes to the ground
I aint afraid of no shells
That's why I speak!

Micheaux Fortson aka UrbanVoodoo...Live and Direct...



...tragedy!

Trying to [grip]
the idea that young black men
are on the endangered list
being [hammered] out of existence
[blocked] from the future
before they can take root in the present

[Safety] off
the [Barrel] screams
eulogy in its echoes
[projectile] a quick noose
on the loose in search for the youth;
 It racially profiles,
 vigilante on the prowl.

Dream shaker
Eye closer/opener
A deal breaker
Taker of future
Harbinger of death

Death dealer
Extinguisher of light/life
Attacker of youth
Life taker
Enemy of humanity
Razer of truth

All beneath the [trigger] fingers
of cowards hiding behind laws,
Willing to ignore and shape
To their own understanding

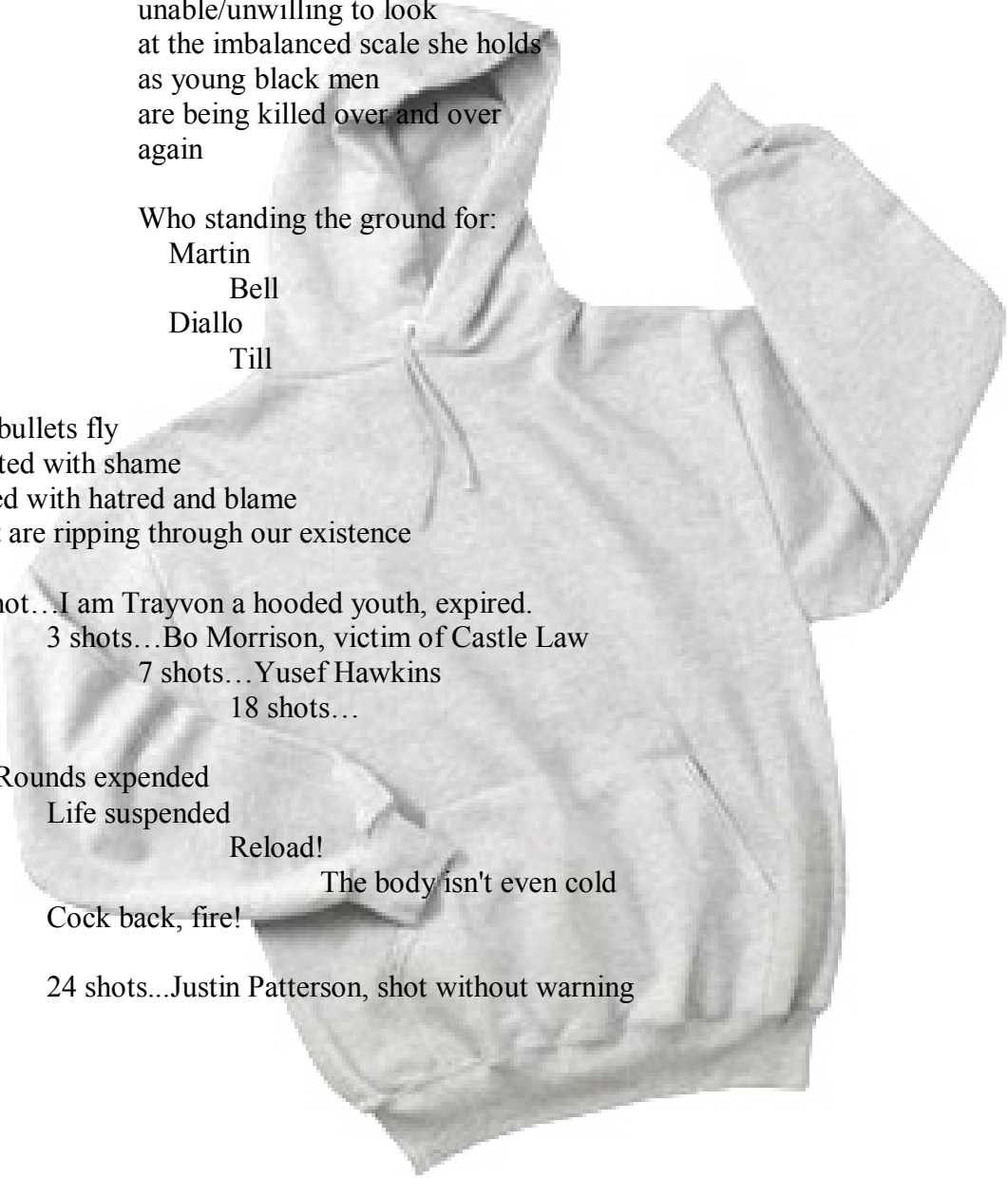


laws that are blinded
by the color of skin
no wonder she wears a blindfold
avoiding the truth
unable/unwilling to look
at the imbalanced scale she holds
as young black men
are being killed over and over
again

Who standing the ground for:
Martin
Bell
Diallo
Till

As bullets fly
coated with shame
laced with hatred and blame
that are ripping through our existence

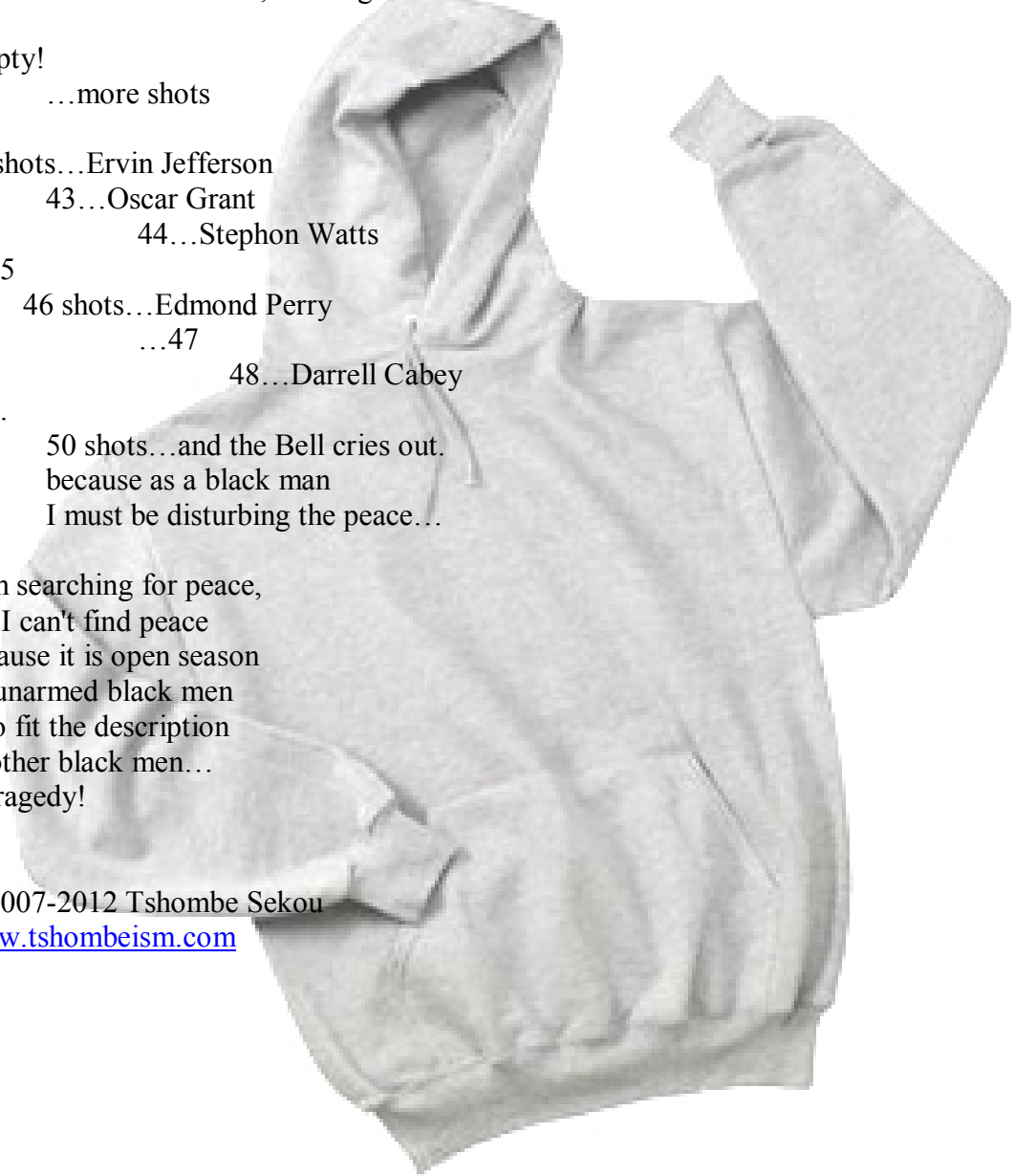
1 shot...I am Trayvon a hooded youth, expired.
3 shots...Bo Morrison, victim of Castle Law
7 shots...Yusef Hawkins
18 shots...
19 Rounds expended
Life suspended
Reload!
The body isn't even cold
Cock back, fire!
24 shots...Justin Patterson, shot without warning



37 shots...Kendrec McDade,
misfire...reload!
Fire!
41 shots Amadou, walking while black
Empty!
...more shots
42 shots...Ervin Jefferson
43...Oscar Grant
44...Stephon Watts
...45
46 shots...Edmond Perry
...47
48...Darrell Cabey
49...
50 shots...and the Bell cries out.
because as a black man
I must be disturbing the peace...

I am searching for peace,
but I can't find peace
because it is open season
on unarmed black men
who fit the description
of other black men...
...tragedy!

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www.tshombeism.com



Trayvon Martin

Trayvon Martin, his voice speaks, his mother weeps in pain
Feeling enraged and insane with uncontrollable tears of emotions
A mother and father's hearts torn out in disbelief of this senseless
Death of their teenage son Trayvon Martin, shot and killed in a Florida
Community where he lived and was free to be.

Wrong place at the wrong time, some speak, but honestly this shows
Racism still lives and is at its highest peak.
Open your eyes people, to the injustice of our time, white versus black
Didn't end as we think back in time. It is a cover, a cloak and dagger
Game that is showing the end times.

Trayvon Martin, was racially profiled by the color of his skin, hoodie on
His head, skittles and tea he bought to drink for his stroll down the streets.
Tell you what Zimmerman didn't care to see the beauty and innocence
That laid with in this young man. He seen an opportunity to remove
Another innocent youth from our world based off skin tone.

This is a wake up call people, times have not changed, its time to fight
For Trayvon Martin for he was not able to fight for himself. How
Many more of our children will die before we take a stand in this nation
Racism, is alive and kicking, if we do not subdue this corrupted society
Than we our selves are condoning the death of a innocents.

Outraged, with my fist head high, I am ready to STAND UP and fight
Until the end of time. what happened to Trayvon Martins so wasn't right.
Lets stop this injustice now before one of our children lose their life.
Than will you take this issue serious, and envoke the spirit of our
Forefathers Martin Luther King, Marcus Garvy, Malcom X and others
To show their deaths were not in vein. We will take it to the highest
Courts until that fucker George Zimmerman is hanged. Peace

LadyElegance

Winds of Change...Listen

A call goes out, I hear it ringing
another flame snuffed, a future stolen
clarity is seeking voices for justice
a young martyr's task, must not go quiet

Men stalked and profiled, cast in shame
broken crowns, denied their true worth
categorized and castrated by hatred's class
humbled into submission by poverty's choke

Seeded oppression exacting heavy tolls
the boot at the throat, our declining culture
...waning still, the pressure ever present
prayers are sent high, for blessed relief

A call goes out, I hear it ringing
this darkness shall not merely pass
Amass and take thy rightful place...stand!
Raise up thy brothers and sisters all!
We must fight! We must fight! We must fight*

"Winds of Change...Listen"

Jon` B. Crenshaw

The American Way

Dedicated to the memory of Trayvon Martin:

Another family is in mourning
Another mother's tears are flowing
as the crossed flame of racism is glowing
a young child murdered in the still of night
taken by white hands; black man's plight
the horrors of hate; again no justice in sight


The indignity of this unjust, abject hatred
blacks have suffered much, in violence bred
innocent child taken from his mother's arms
we petition in anger and sound the alarms

There was no reason nor, there any rhyme
to rise against a boy, who committed no crime
infuriating the masses with racial callousness
another black family, bears in harsh duress
we've heard this story many times before
we must stand together; we can endure no more


The beast and his minions have struck again
keep your children close; protect your kin
we must fight these animals with all conviction
Satan walks the earth; we've seen his description*

Jon` B. Crenshaw


For The Fallen



"Somebody just killed my Baby"
Another mother screams and bellows
And the Father relinquishes a tear
He tried.... so desperately to hide
And they sob
Uncontrollably
And we SHOUT
No Justice
No Peace
And Zimmerman is free to walk the streets
I'm referring to Trayvon Martin
Rhamarley Graham
Amadou Diallo
Emmit Till
I'm talking about Jose Garcia
And the countless children,
Teens and adults
Murdered by the NYPD, the KKK,
And plain ole' people with Guns
I'm talking about the youth
That will never feel the sun again
We will never see them smile
Nor laugh, nor play
In fact there is nothing more to say
But these
Words won't fail me
Now
And
I am sick and tired
Fed up
I've had enough

A grey hoodie is shown from a slightly elevated, front-facing perspective. The hoodie is laid flat, with its hood and sleeves visible. The text is printed in a black, serif font, centered over the chest area of the hoodie. The text is a poem or a series of questions and statements related to social justice and the Trayvon Martin case.

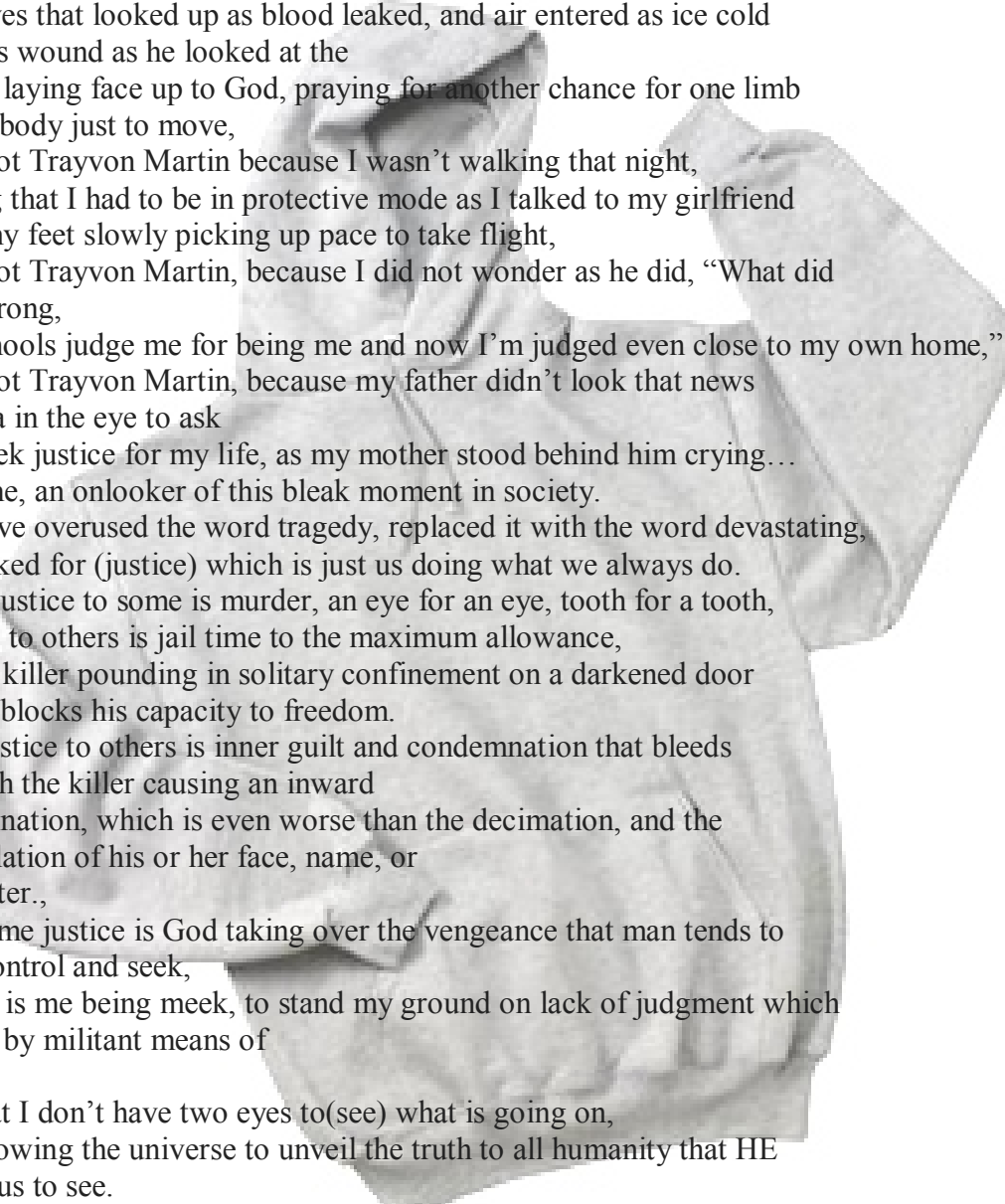
I'm tired of turning on the news
And seeing another
Unjustified Shooting
Another unsolved crime
Another runaway
Who is really dead and gone
But nobody looked too long for him because
He was too brown
How many more will have to die?
How many more will we have to bury?
How many more will be targets?
Because of their skin color
How many more R.I.P's
How many more D.O.A's?
I SHOUT at the top of my lungs
How
Many
More?
How Many More Brothers?
How many more Brown, Black, Yellow and Red people?
That's what this is about
This is about Trayvon
Being a young King
Who will never have the chance
To rule his throne
And its killing me overtime
Everytime
I try to smile
I see his face
His eyes, his life
Gone in a travesty



Just another tragedy
But I know there will be others
In fact there was one today
There was one last night....
So who am I to say
This will be my last poem to another youth
Killed before his prime
I just pray the punishment
Finally fits the crime
But this is Florida,
This is New York,
This is Alabama,
This is Philadelphia,
This is Detroit...
This is New Jersey
This is America
This is happening everywhere
I.... Said....
This is happening everywhere
And we can not continue to turn another deaf ear
Or hide another fear...
I'm ending this piece
Out of gumption
Out of here
And
Out of tears...
For Now...

Lyrical Movements
aka
Monique Forrester


I am (NOT) Trayvon Martin



I am not Trayvon Martin,
I cannot feel or even imagine what he felt,
I cannot sense the infliction of pain that was left from the gunshot wound,
The eyes that looked up as blood leaked, and air entered as ice cold
into his wound as he looked at the
moon, laying face up to God, praying for another chance for one limb
on his body just to move,
I am not Trayvon Martin because I wasn't walking that night,
feeling that I had to be in protective mode as I talked to my girlfriend
with my feet slowly picking up pace to take flight,
I am not Trayvon Martin, because I did not wonder as he did, "What did
I do wrong,
the schools judge me for being me and now I'm judged even close to my own home,"
I am not Trayvon Martin, because my father didn't look that news
camera in the eye to ask
and seek justice for my life, as my mother stood behind him crying...
I am me, an onlooker of this bleak moment in society.
We have overused the word tragedy, replaced it with the word devastating,
and asked for (justice) which is just us doing what we always do.
Well, justice to some is murder, an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth,
Justice to others is jail time to the maximum allowance,
Or the killer pounding in solitary confinement on a darkened door
which blocks his capacity to freedom.
Still justice to others is inner guilt and condemnation that bleeds
through the killer causing an inward
assassination, which is even worse than the decimation, and the
annihilation of his or her face, name, or
character.,
but to me justice is God taking over the vengeance that man tends to
take control and seek,
justice is me being meek, to stand my ground on lack of judgment which
comes by militant means of
peace,
not that I don't have two eyes to(see) what is going on,
but allowing the universe to unveil the truth to all humanity that HE
wants us to see.
So again, I am not Trayvon Martin, because in the end Trayvon Martin
is the spirit of love that resides in
every human creature, resides in you and in me...

Written By Purify Love Copyright 2012

DON'T SHOOT....



It's been a long day so I choose
to go home another way
a free short cut but I never knew
what was about to happen
I'm walking...
A strange man is following me
picking up speed in his car
I'm walking...
faster, walking faster trying to get home
Not bothering anyone
just went to the local store to get
My brother some tea and candy
Why is he still pacing behind me?
What's that in his hands?
No! Please! Stop! Please!
Someone Help Me, Help Me!
Please! Please! Please!
What are you doing?
Stop..Stop!
Don't shoot!
...Silent...
There I lay in a pool of my own blood
Blood that shouldn't have been shed
Why did this man hate me so much?
Why is being Black so wrong in many other eye sights?
Now...I'm in a better place where
My race don't matter and
My hoodie is my crown...
The End

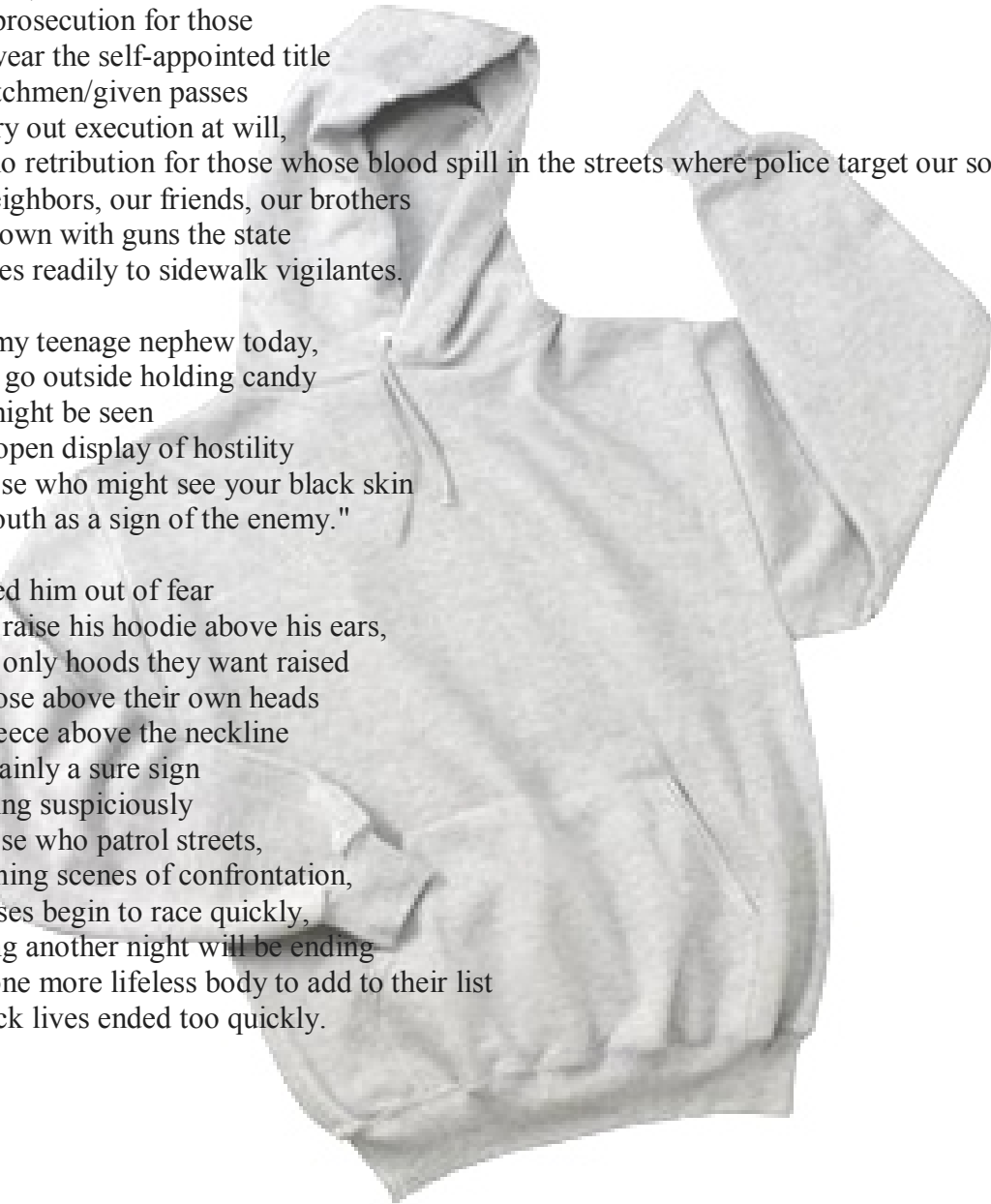
Rose Petals aka LynnRose

Safe Journey Home

America, land of the free
from prosecution for those
who wear the self-appointed title
of watchmen/given passes
to carry out execution at will,
with no retribution for those whose blood spill in the streets where police target our sons,
our neighbors, our friends, our brothers
shot down with guns the state
supplies readily to sidewalk vigilantes.

Told my teenage nephew today,
"don't go outside holding candy
as it might be seen
as an open display of hostility
by those who might see your black skin
and youth as a sign of the enemy."

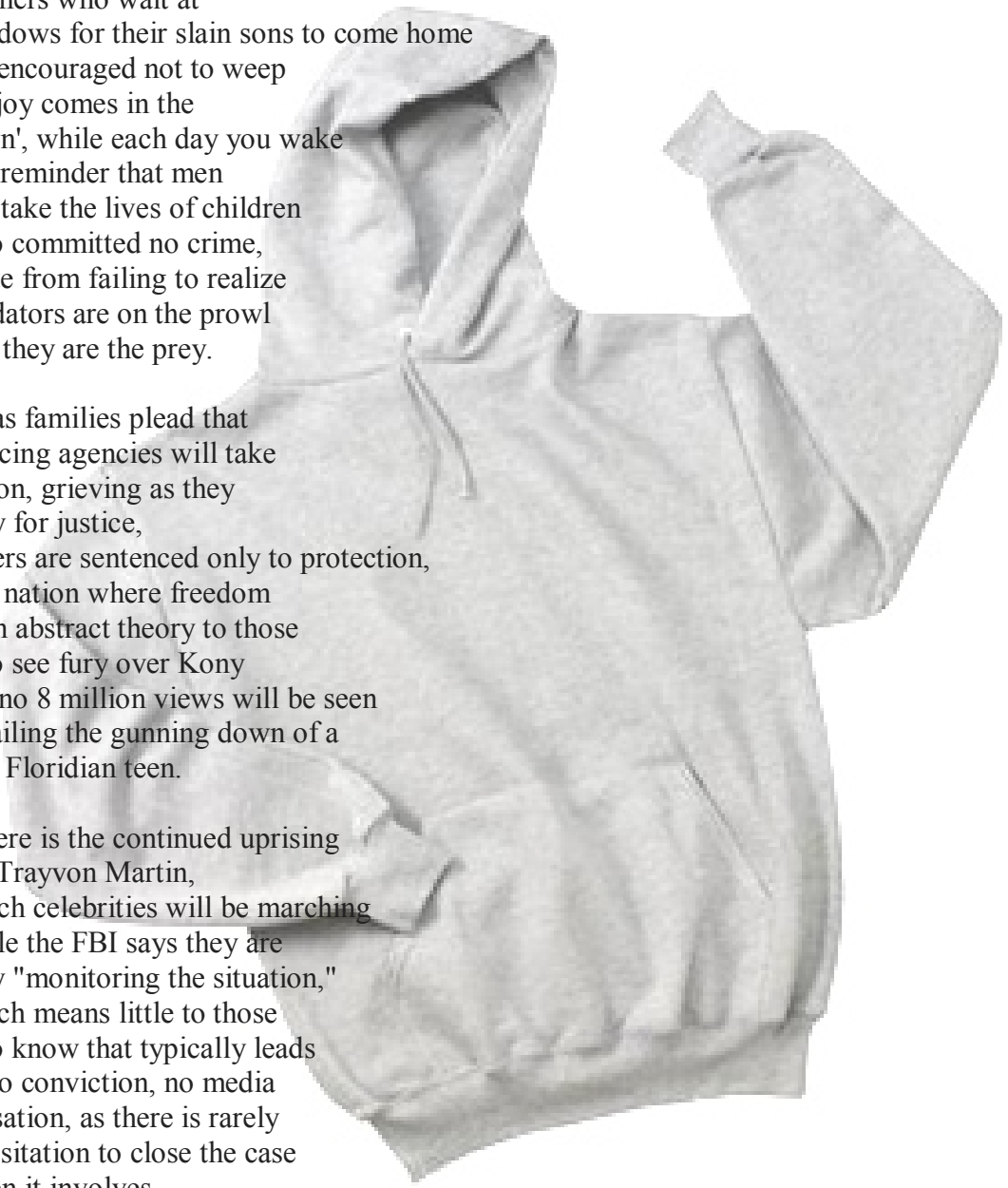
Warned him out of fear
not to raise his hoodie above his ears,
as the only hoods they want raised
are those above their own heads
and fleece above the neckline
is certainly a sure sign
of acting suspiciously
by those who patrol streets,
imagining scenes of confrontation,
as pulses begin to race quickly,
praying another night will be ending
with one more lifeless body to add to their list
of black lives ended too quickly.



Assured they will face no charges
as those who take the lives
of black men are quietly regarded
as heroes, as devastated
mothers who wait at
windows for their slain sons to come home
are encouraged not to weep
for joy comes in the
morn', while each day you wake
is a reminder that men
can take the lives of children
who committed no crime,
aside from failing to realize
predators are on the prowl
and they are the prey.

So as families plead that
policing agencies will take
action, grieving as they
pray for justice,
killers are sentenced only to protection,
in a nation where freedom
is an abstract theory to those
who see fury over Kony
but no 8 million views will be seen
detailing the gunning down of a
of a Floridian teen.

Where is the continued uprising
for Trayvon Martin,
which celebrities will be marching
while the FBI says they are
only "monitoring the situation,"
which means little to those
who know that typically leads
to no conviction, no media
sensation, as there is rarely
a hesitation to close the case
when it involves
"just one less black face on the streets."



So today, as my nephew walked to a friend's home, I again felt the fear of sending him out alone into a world where young men are regarded as inconsequential rather than as favored children.

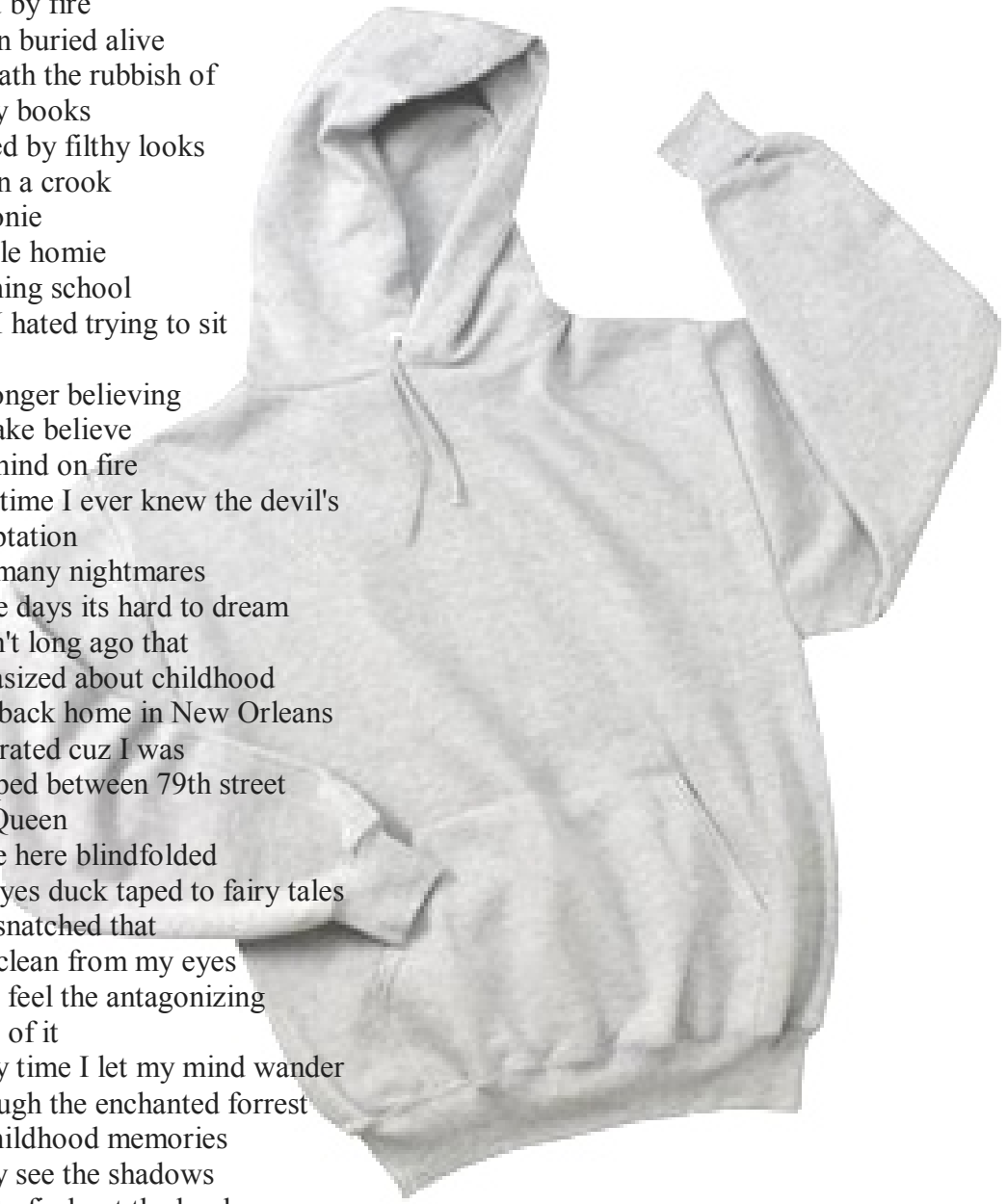
And I found myself standing in the window for long moments after he had gone and said a prayer for his safe journey home and another prayer for the mother of Trayvon who no longer can hope for her own son's return to her arms.

Ree Cee



R.I.P. ((Random Incidents of Pain))

I been tested
I been...
Tried by fire
I been buried alive
Beneath the rubbish of
Filthy books
Tested by filthy looks
I been a crook
A cronie
A little homie
Ditching school
Cuz I hated trying to sit
Still
No longer believing
In make believe
My mind on fire
First time I ever knew the devil's
Temptation
Too many nightmares
These days its hard to dream
Wasn't long ago that
Fantasized about childhood
Play back home in New Orleans
Frustrated cuz I was
Trapped between 79th street
and Queen
Came here blindfolded
My eyes duck taped to fairy tales
Cali snatched that
tape clean from my eyes
I still feel the antagonizing
Sting of it
Every time I let my mind wander
Through the enchanted forrest
Of childhood memories
I only see the shadows
Had to find out the hard way
Niggas out here careless about
Life holding death hostage with
Three letters blasted on a cross street wall



R.

I.

P.

Rest in Pieces of parchment

Broken memories

And tired war stories We

Rest in pieces of bitter memories

Remembering how much unlike our

Mother's son we have become

Dead homies

Remembering the time moms sat next to us in our hospital bed

Lying silent

condition critical

The first time violence

ever came into the home

At 14

We celebrate death like

A birthday lost in three letters

R.

I.

P.

A young man growing old

Wasting away like a malnourished tree

Blindfolded by ignorance

No wonder we can't see

The dreaded screech of wailing sirens

No wonder our ears are deafened to the truth of it all

I have buried a lost soldier

Adolescent stick up kid shit

The homies paralyzed by grief

Dolla died at the hands of his own

Relative

Where we live life strangles the future

With bob wire and steel wool

It only takes a little brillo

To filter the horn

That way we can watch death

Burn slowly before

We take that last blast and then

R.

I.

P.

I hear the clash

Of dull steal
From the sound of sherif badges
Scraped against the concrete
Justice always seem\$ to get stepped on
Protection always scarce
Why prevent violence, when violence protects you from the unemployment line?
Subsequently
We
Rest In Pieces of charred glass
Falling from the ceiling of the facade
Niggas out here careless about
Life holding death hostage with
Three letters blasted on a cross street wall
R.
I.
P.
Rest in Pieces of parchment
Broken memories
And tired war stories We
Rest in pieces of bitter memories
Remembering how much unlike our
Mother's sons we have become
Carryin guns in the 4th Grade
The homie son already know
How to weigh a gram
Daddy proud his boy
Already got that hustle in him
No use to fight the truth
The devil already winnin'
More than likly we all sinnin in some
Way
Just that in this urban climate
Young folk be victims of gun play
Most of em only know one way
And some may not know at all
Following blindly
Until
R.
I.
P.

Urban Voodoo

"No Rights Left"

Sanford Florida ain't a far cry from Soweto South Africa apartheid – where the darker
your hide -
and the more parts you hide
the more they think you're hiding something –

How suspicious ... case and point – hooded black male walking around my neighborhood
at night- he must be casing the joint and he's probably on drugs or something...better get
my gun because you know they're all up to something

I can imagine Zimmerman spinning them a yarn about how he was bearing arms to
defend himself against a boy who intended to do him harm...
You see he was armed with a bottle full of aspartame and a bag full of high fructose corn
syrup
-and from what I hear that stuff can kill you – so I shot
him
plus we've been having a lot of break-ins lately and I figured this would help stop the
problem...

So he stalks him... follows the path the boy walks and Trayvon had a feeling he was
being followed –a sense he was being preyed on...he relayed that on the call he made on
the way home...

Too bad he didn't know that you can take a boy out of the Hood – but the minute that boy
puts the hood back on he better stay clear of the suburbs – because the neighborhood is
watching

Self appointed neighborhood watchman played the Devil's winning hand – depicted
himself as some sort of vigilante minute man - used to fantasize about making a killing as
a cop – but he couldn't wait that long to make a killing and...in the span of a month
became the most vilified villain ... now he peeks out the windows waking up with cold
chills nervous – hearing the world outside speak out loud about the murder...awaiting
pitchforks and torches

Did he think that it was just gonna wash over like the water erasing the blood on his
palms down the sink? He probably thinks, "How could the world give a fuck about this
thug who had the nerve to come in my neighborhood
But the world does just this

The image of a cowardly heart shriveling up inside a wannabe cop who bit off more than
he could chew that night...at least in a fistfight – so he drew that pipe and managed to
dodge a few and maneuver to the right and *BOOM!*

Now just imagine Trayvon had a car to drive ... or if his little brother had never gotten a sweet tooth for Skittles bags – or if his father’s fiance had never earned enough to live in a middle class neighborhood ... maybe we wouldn’t be having this conversation

Maybe as a nation we wouldn’t have to open up old wounds and see Emmitt Till’s blood spilling in the dirt...or see faded pictures of Shawn Bell smiling on a t-shirt...we hurt when we hear Trayvon scream for help...pinned down by the predator...losing oxygen...NO! - I’d rather envision him fighting to take the gun away from his killer

911 dispatchers capture screams of a boy who was fighting for life or death – Neighbors were too scared to look outside or intervene for fear that they might be next. But I want to think that Trayvon was throwing rights and lefts... begging us to help him before this maniac could get a shot off

Armed with Ice-T and Skittles raining down blows letting George Zimmerman taste the business end of the rainbow with rights and lefts...for all the times a black male has been interrogated for walking around minding his business...

... Zimmerman said it was self defense...you see my bloody nose...grass stained clothes...

Who knows? he could have done that to himself after he shot him
Either way, it can’t be self-defense when YOU choose to harass and pursue
Someone who didn’t do a damn thing to you!

They bought it...and instead of reading him his rights...they left ...
the good ole’ boys released him on his own recognizance –

And Trayvon's anonymous...becomes John Doe
an unidentified black boy laying dead
as Jim Crow picked away at his identity
they put him in a bag - brought him to the morgue – layed him on the slab and started testing
like it was 1932 in Tuskegee
molesting his body with needles searching for traces of drugs
not worried about the slug lodged in his corpse
not bothering to trace the phone calls he made that night
content with one side of the story ...the one about how he threw rights and lefts...

And for three days he lay there...life less with no rights left...nameless –
while his killer sat at home ...blameless –
thinking the storm had passed and the rain had washed his victims blood off the grass
and the neighborhood was safer for it

The headline in Sanford Florida should have read:

George Zimmerman -the neighborhood triggerman- kills suspicious negro and goes home in time for dinner plans

His family reported their son missing for three days
unsure of his whereabouts and wondering if the cops happened to hear about it
Hoping to alert them in time to avert danger – unaware that their son had been shot dead
and treated like a trespassing stranger in his own neighborhood
A fate that would rip the heart out of any parent’s chest
and replace it with anger – the pain of burying your baby
the what ifs and the maybes...

All he wanted was some tea and some Skittles...
But one drop in the ocean leaves ripples on still waters
washing away the earthen graves of freedom riders in Mississippi...exposing
Forgotten flesh...17 year old shot to death
but not in vain

Trayvon – we needed your name to have a place to hang our decayed faith on
when there’s nobody but the man in the mirror to place the blame upon


We are sorry – we should’ve spent more time passing laws protecting children
instead of the gun’s that kill them
Trayvon – how long will your name be the rally cry
until the next Kardashian distraction? until Snooki has her baby? until the next NBA All
Star Break maybe?
How long will we stay committed to your cause? Not as something to be twittered today
–hashmark Trayvon
and forgotten tomorrow...
-hashmark Troy Davis ...wrong

Humanity is made strong when we are forced to look at how weak we have become
Thank you Trayvon – for throwing rights and lefts at our psyches to test us and make us
question
just how much injustice can we tolerate...
forcing us to stand up for the rights we have left
reminding us that we must fight for each breath

Matthew Wilt

Same Sanford

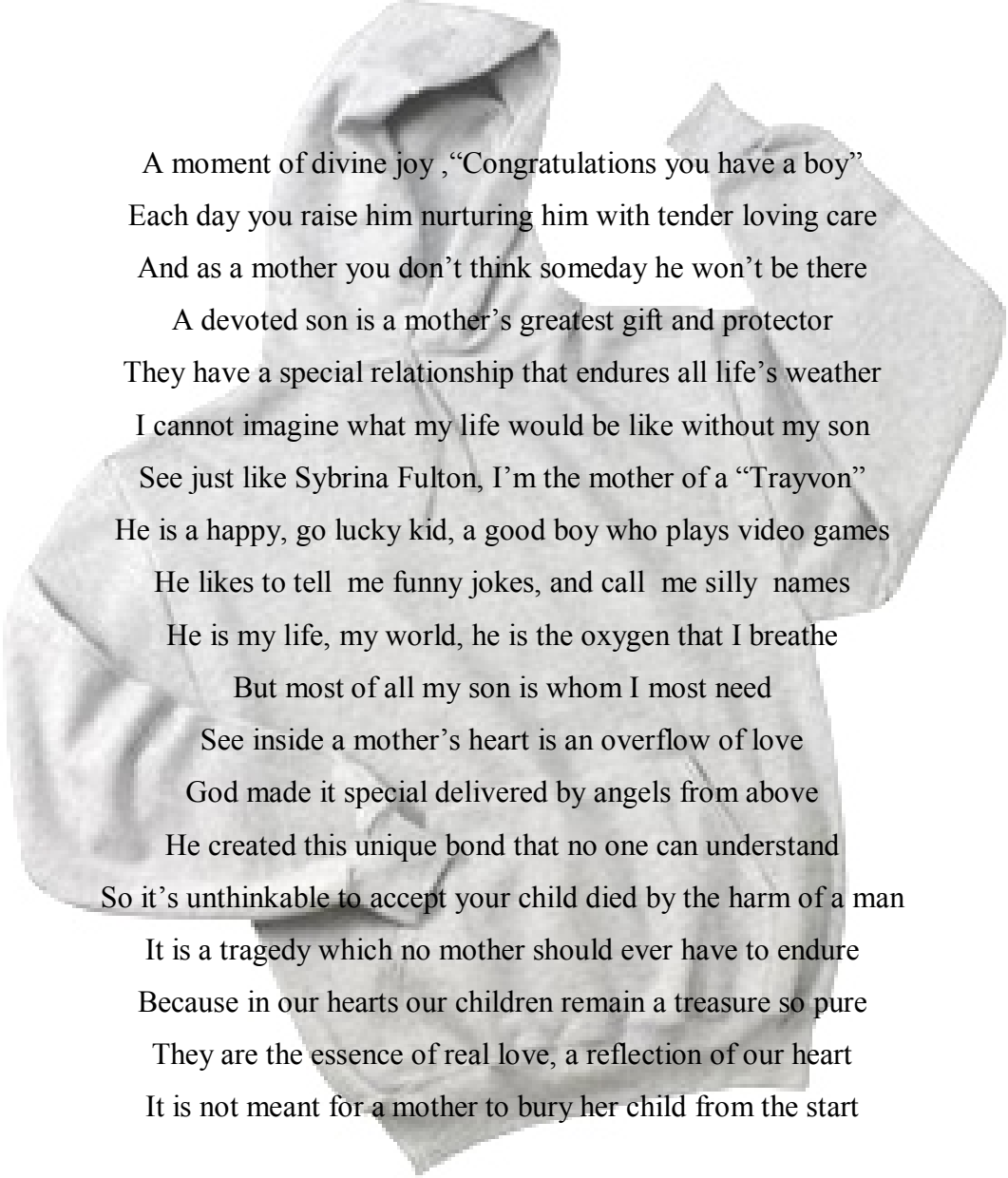
A poem for Trayvon Martin



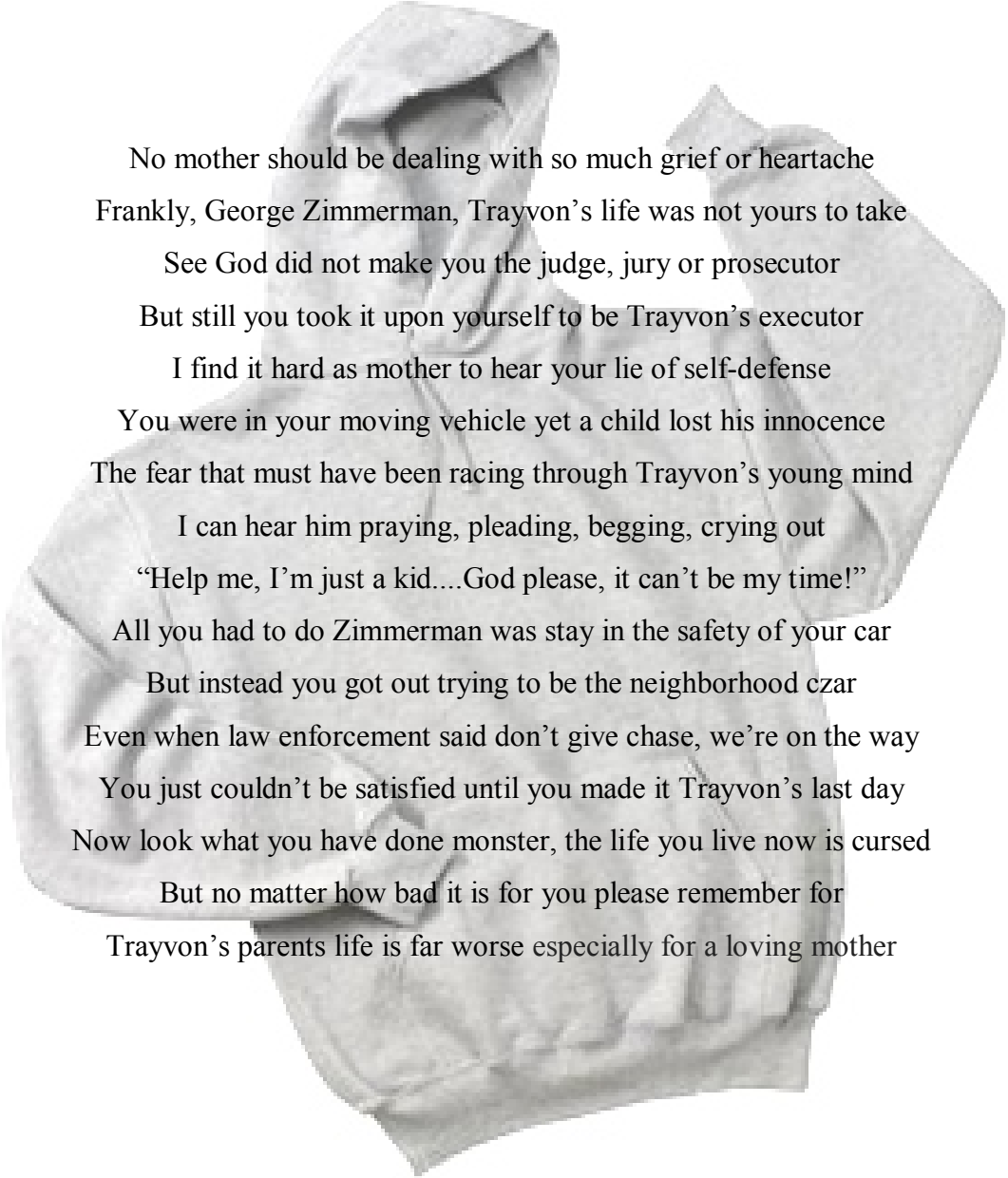
No resurrection for this kind of heavy
Sanford crossings run deep
Aches
Same as Jackson
Same as Omaha
Same as Memphis
Go on and sing the blues
The blues wrote the songs
Night stalkers
Up and downtown
Creep, creeping around
Quiet as justice
No fault to be found
Go on sister and sing the blues
The blues wrote the songs
Lawdy! Lawdy!
Justice slow dragging her feet
On streets of Skittles
Folks packing heat as
Another sun goes down
The beat goes on baby
The blues wrote the songs
What flows through Sanford's veins?
Another Memphis?
Another Money, Mississippi?
Folks goin' down real slow
Just like the blues
That wrote the songs
Sanford crossings run deep
Just like the blues
That wrote the songs

Lifepoetry by Tantra-zawadi
May 5, 2012

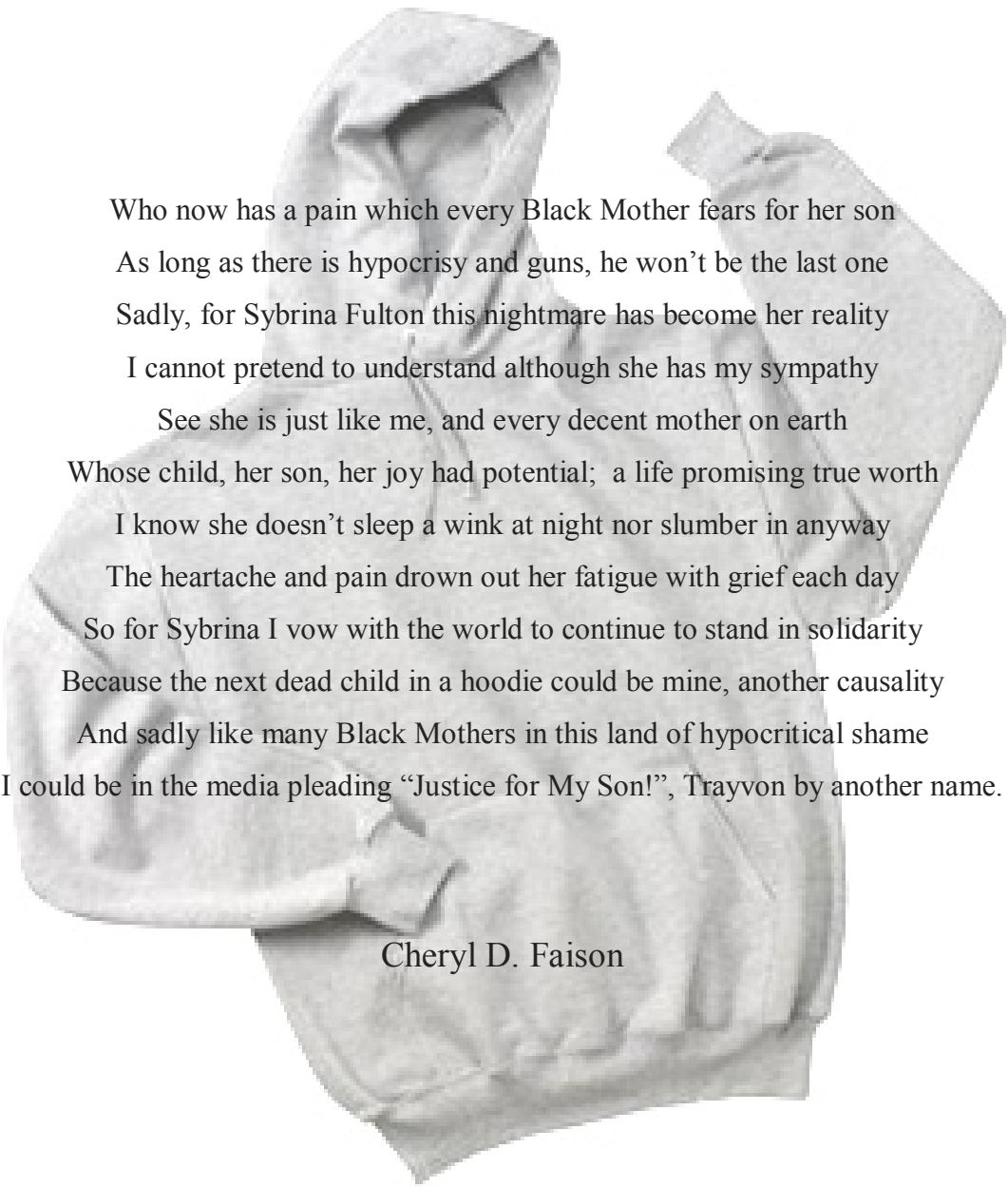
Another Name



A moment of divine joy ,“Congratulations you have a boy”
Each day you raise him nurturing him with tender loving care
And as a mother you don’t think someday he won’t be there
A devoted son is a mother’s greatest gift and protector
They have a special relationship that endures all life’s weather
I cannot imagine what my life would be like without my son
See just like Sybrina Fulton, I’m the mother of a “Trayvon”
He is a happy, go lucky kid, a good boy who plays video games
He likes to tell me funny jokes, and call me silly names
He is my life, my world, he is the oxygen that I breathe
But most of all my son is whom I most need
See inside a mother’s heart is an overflow of love
God made it special delivered by angels from above
He created this unique bond that no one can understand
So it’s unthinkable to accept your child died by the harm of a man
It is a tragedy which no mother should ever have to endure
Because in our hearts our children remain a treasure so pure
They are the essence of real love, a reflection of our heart
It is not meant for a mother to bury her child from the start



No mother should be dealing with so much grief or heartache
Frankly, George Zimmerman, Trayvon's life was not yours to take
See God did not make you the judge, jury or prosecutor
But still you took it upon yourself to be Trayvon's executor
I find it hard as mother to hear your lie of self-defense
You were in your moving vehicle yet a child lost his innocence
The fear that must have been racing through Trayvon's young mind
I can hear him praying, pleading, begging, crying out
"Help me, I'm just a kid....God please, it can't be my time!"
All you had to do Zimmerman was stay in the safety of your car
But instead you got out trying to be the neighborhood czar
Even when law enforcement said don't give chase, we're on the way
You just couldn't be satisfied until you made it Trayvon's last day
Now look what you have done monster, the life you live now is cursed
But no matter how bad it is for you please remember for
Trayvon's parents life is far worse especially for a loving mother



Who now has a pain which every Black Mother fears for her son
As long as there is hypocrisy and guns, he won't be the last one
Sadly, for Sybrina Fulton this nightmare has become her reality
I cannot pretend to understand although she has my sympathy
See she is just like me, and every decent mother on earth
Whose child, her son, her joy had potential; a life promising true worth
I know she doesn't sleep a wink at night nor slumber in anyway
The heartache and pain drown out her fatigue with grief each day
So for Sybrina I vow with the world to continue to stand in solidarity
Because the next dead child in a hoodie could be mine, another causality
And sadly like many Black Mothers in this land of hypocritical shame
I could be in the media pleading "Justice for My Son!", Trayvon by another name.

Cheryl D. Faison

awaken oh Sentinel

awaken oh Sentinel
guardian of the living dream
be the "Way Keeper" for which you were created.

be silent no more
unsheathe thy mighty and sharp Sabre
of truth in "Be"-ing.
core me of thy dark seed
that my light may dance forth
in joy

awaken oh Sentinel
the gate keeper of bliss.
i come by way of dust
that i may be whole again,
as i seek my lovers One Kiss

awaken oh Sentinel
i come filled with vexation,
and they pursue my innocent sweetness
with their hexation.
i stumble no more,
but . . . i ask you . . .


awaken oh Sentinel
keeper of the way
let me pass
into the eternity of day.

awaken oh Sentinel

awaken oh Sentinel
i am in need of the wine
for i am naught else
if i am not thine
awaken oh Sentinel

awaken oh Sentinel

William S. Peters, Sr.



"History is not everything, but it is a starting point. History is a clock that people use to tell their political and cultural time of day. It is a compass they use to find themselves on the map of human geography. It tells them where they are, but more importantly, what they must be."

~ John Henrik Clarke ~



a word from **Jamie Bond** of UNMUTED Ink

Trayvon Benjamin Martin (February 5, 1995 – February 26, 2012)

My heart bleeds for too many young men and teens especially in times like these We have too many victims not being represented fairly in this what should be an unbiased judicial system too many Chiefs and not enough Indians inundated with an abundance of the self righteous stamped approvals for foolishness of another goon being labeled as a vigilante running around An eye for an eye but that's not the solution to revive em Trayvon Martin another legacy aborted for no reason

Wrongfully slaughtered youth used as tokens meanwhile petitions do nothing Our societies voices are broken blood curdling screams For all the Trayvon Martins before and after him I send my deepest sympathies to the families And I throw hope to the wind hoping it reaches the masses who can actually make changes and although it may seem there's nothing being done there's more than a handful of hopeful praying for justice to be had so that it doesn't become our sons nothing we do can bring him back but laws can be implemented so that this doesn't happen again

God bless the child who can hold his own in this world matters not if they are male or female we've lost so many unnecessarily off and on this American soil and to all the George Zimmerman's out there they seem exempt from prosecution what you need to realize is that every young black kid with and without a hoody is not a marauding thug WE THE PEOPLE do not co-sign your so called justifiable cause....

Its so unfortunate that our children are living on life support with plugs being snatched out and turned off, apron strings being severed before they can barely take a deep breath extinct before they make it to college ...dehydrated tears evaporated before they reach the ducts of so many fathers and mothers wishing that the on lookers would have just screamed for him to duck ... now precious lifelines disengaged with no notice our hands are tied and we know it....

I sigh in a moment of silence for a lifetime for those who also refused to get involved and save this child A parent of a child grieves for a parent who mourns the death of their own nothing is done what have we worked for what, where and how did we go wrong... AMOS 5:24 But let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream."

~ Jamie Bond

from the Mind and Spirit of . . . Monte Smith, Street Poet

"Usually when people are sad, they don't do anything. They just cry over their condition. But when they get angry, they bring about a change." -
Malcolm X

The south is...

F1 50's covered in Amerikkkan pride bumper stickers, driven by crackers who claim to love hip-hop but still refer to non-whites as niggers

The south is...

Cross-burning terrorists who plot on Sundays over fried chicken and sweet tea their mission, to un-cover ZOG'S conspiracy behind Obama, Jews and whites like me

The south is...

The only place in the country where most policies still go unchallenged, due to the racist agenda of right wing southern conservatism

The south is...

The r, the a, the c, the i, the s and the m in racism

The south is...

Never forgetting Robert F. Williams and the ten in Wilmington

The south is...

Home to vigilante justice, mobs and curfews

The south is...

A loaded deck, never forget the house is against you

The south is...

Willie Lynch, strange fruit and sheer terror

The south is...

Jim Crow, Emmitt Till and Medgar Evers

The south is ...

Where sons of the confederacy still believe dying for rich land owners equaled bravery

The south is...

Lacking people who like me feel we shouldn't be defending East Asia, Afghanistan and Israel, we should be defending Mobile, Sanford and Princeville... places where black people are still living with the burdens of slavery

The south is...

Thousands of small towns infested with Johnny-Do-Gooders who have nothing to do except kill everyone who doesn't look and dress as they do

The south is...

Where the revolution is slowly startin'

Because the south is now... the haunting ground for Trayvon Martin

Monte Smith

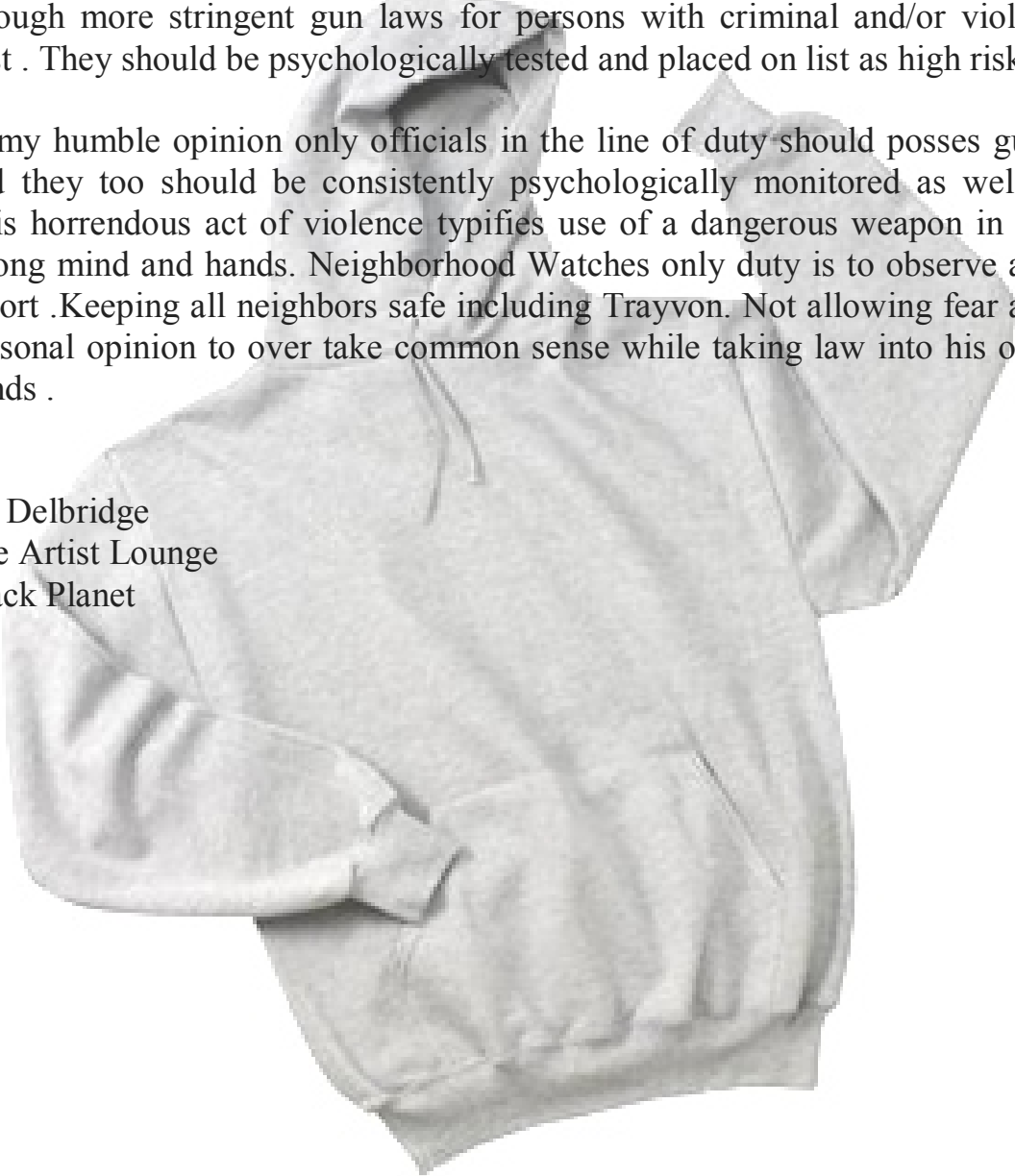
Street Poet

from the Heart of . . . Jill Delbridge, The Artist Lounge

I believe the senseless murder of Trayvon Martin could have been prevented through more stringent gun laws for persons with criminal and/or violent past . They should be psychologically tested and placed on list as high risks .

In my humble opinion only officials in the line of duty should posses guns and they too should be consistently psychologically monitored as well.... This horrendous act of violence typifies use of a dangerous weapon in the wrong mind and hands. Neighborhood Watches only duty is to observe and report .Keeping all neighbors safe including Trayvon. Not allowing fear and personal opinion to over take common sense while taking law into his own hands .

Jill Delbridge
The Artist Lounge
Black Planet



a word from Kelli Songbird of P.A.I.N.

I believe that injustice anywhere can and will become injustice everywhere.

We cannot afford to remain complacent, we must speak up and speak out and let our voices be heard.

We are the voices for those without a voice.

One Love

Kelli Songbird Garden

P.A.I.N.

Poets Against Injustice Nationally

P.A.I.N Poets Against Injustice Nationally is a movement project for poets to unite together with our collective gifts and talents speaking out against injustice taking place in society. It's time for the right changes and balance a move in a better direction for human-kind.

a word from Bruce George

"The late great **Ossie Davis** said it best when he said that: *"...being an African American, however implies that something at the core of your existence is in crisis mode or will be at some point in life."* The darker the melanin count, the greater the burden that's imposed upon the individual. **Travon Martin** was personified by **Patrick Moses Dorismond**, who was personified by **Amadou Diallo**, who was personified by **Anthony Rosario**, who was personified by all of the racially profiled black, brown and red folk around the world. To the extent that people of **African** descent unify, organize and close ranks, they will be tefloned from oppressive forces and all it entails."

-Bruce George,

Co-Founder of Russell Simmons, Def Poetry Jam

a word from Solomon Comissiong

America: A Global Serial Killer - By Solomon Comissiong

“They expect the majority of us not to connect crimes like the murder of Trayvon Martin to the crimes of murdering Afghan and Iraqi children via airstrikes, drone strikes, night raids, and war in general.”

A serial killer is a person who kills multiple people within a period of time----their motivation is often predicated on some sort of psychological gratification. And mass murderers usually murder multiple victims in the same place at the same time. This is often done by an individual, or more. These two profiles fit America and her various organs, almost perfectly. Since the inception of this white settler state (America), it has worked hard to perfect its serial killing ways, especially when murdering people of color. Whether systematically instituting genocide on the Indigenous people of Turtle Island (North America) or killing tens of millions (conservatively) of enslaved Africans – it made no difference to the European barbarians that initiated the bloodbath. And in 2012 it makes no difference whether it is a 17 year old black boy from Florida, named Trayvon Martin, who was murdered in cold blood by a neighborhood “watchman”, or [16 Afghan civilians mass slaughtered](#) by a member (and his accomplices) of the US military – America consumes lives with a voracious appetite. America has a particular taste for non-white lives. This country devours people of color.

America has never allowed its artificially manufactured (and stolen) borders to prevent it from initiating killing sprees. A simple look at the mass carnage caused by US military campaigns of aggression, the world over, will irrefutably highlight that fact. And when America kills its victims (men, women and children), it, like most serial killers, shows little or no remorse. It is adept at justifying its crimes against humanity. However, the US rarely sees its inhumane and violent actions as crimes of any sort. America has sociopathic tendencies riddled throughout its institutionally racist society. If America had even one iota of remorse for the countless lives it has taken (most being people of color), it would have stopped its murderous ways a long time ago. Libya, Afghanistan, Pakistan and Iraq are merely recent examples of America’s reckless, yet calculated, killing sprees. The US government is built to uphold imperialism, among an amalgam of nefarious characteristics – this country's military is a most powerful tool at its disposal.

“This country devours people of color.”

The civilians they murder are deemed “collateral damage”. Over 90 percent of persons killed in US military “engagements” since Vietnam are, in fact, civilians. Those totals, in the case of Iraq, hover right around one million killed. Americans, by and large, are completely desensitized to what should be seen as a massive, one sided, blood bath. Americans, however, are easily programmed and will virtually fall for whatever propaganda is thrown their way. Most Americans are not able to see beyond the coordinated program of indoctrination they have received since childhood. They have been trained not to critically think; therefore they accept almost whatever messages that are methodically presented to them.

In March 2012 Americans, like the rest of the world, were fed a heaping helping of bullshit, otherwise known as [Kony 2012](#). Besides the fact that Kony 2012 is a well-produced [psychological operation](#) aimed at reinforcing US military operations throughout Central and Eastern Africa, it is blatantly hypocritical. If most Americans were not so indoctrinated with “American Exceptionalism,” they would understand a few basic things regarding their own mass murdering government. The US government and its military have taken far more lives of children of color than Lord’s Resistance Army “leader”, Joseph Kony, could ever dream of.

Through deadly sanctions on countries like Zimbabwe and Iraq, the US has ripped the life away from innumerable children. Through military engagements of imperialism and brutal aggression, America has slaughtered innocent civilians in places like Panama, Iraq, Cambodia, Afghanistan, and Libya – to name a few. Where are the white liberal reactionaries, like Invisible Children, when it comes to speaking out against the destruction of children from these countries? Where is the 30-minute, Hollywood production styled video detailing the role America has played in committing crimes against humanity and why it should be brought to justice? Where are their tears of sorrow and anger demanding that the selective International Criminal Court bring US government officials, from multiple presidential administrations (including the Obama administration), to the Hague? *“Over 90 percent of persons killed in US military “engagements” since Vietnam are, in fact, civilians.”*

[Invisible Children and organizations of their ilk are frauds](#) and supporters of US military campaigns of murder. That is why these con-artists will say nothing about the mass murder of 16 Afghan civilians (including 9 children) carried out by Staff Sgt. Robert Bale ([and his accomplices](#)). Staff Sergeant Robert Bale was trained by the most fierce and effective killing machine known to man---the US military. Actions like his were routinely carried out by US soldiers during the Vietnam War.

The precedent has been established that if you are US military personnel and you do something like that, you will most likely get away with it, just as American police officers regularly get away with killing unarmed black and brown people. Even though the thuggish so-called “neighborhood watchman” that killed our young brother Trayvon Martin in cold blood was not a real police officer,

his actions were not unlike that of many American police. The institutionally racist and lethal US system of policing facilitates a culture that allows cops to kill unarmed men of color. The excessively flawed and corrupt judicial system, then allows these police officers to get away with it. The American prison industrial complex feasts on black and brown people, yet detests the taste of racist corrupt cops.

George Zimmerman’s actions in killing Trayvon Martin were similar to the actions of the police officer that, in 2010, murdered [Aiyana Stanley Jones](#), a seven year old African/black girl, in Detroit. His actions were also not unlike that of murderous police who killed the likes of [Sean Bell](#), [Timothy Stansbury](#), and Oscar Grant, to name a few of the countless African/black people that have been murdered within the US, by its state sponsored “law enforcement”.

Those who are surprised by the recent murder of our young brother Trayvon Martin are either delusional or disingenuous, including US president Barack Obama. When president Obama recently said, “I think all of us have to do some soul searching to figure out how does something like this happen,” he knows very well how something like the coldblooded murder of an Africa/black boy happens. It happens in America all the damn time! How quickly Obama supporters forget that it was he who refused to send a US delegation to a [United Nations Conference on Racism](#) (Durban Review Conference). Perhaps president Obama believes institutional racism had nothing to do with the death of our brother Trayvon Martin and the non-arrest of the thug (George Zimmerman) that killed him. If president Obama believes that, he is as delusional as many of his supporters who cling to the myth that he actually gives a damn about the black community.

“The institutionally racist and lethal US system of policing facilitates a culture that allows cops to kill unarmed men of color.”

It was candidate Obama in the summer of 2008 that justified the wrongful verdict that allowed the police officers who murdered Sean Bell, to be fully acquitted. Obama said, “The judge has made his ruling, and we’re a nation of laws, so we respect the verdict that came down.”

He made these comments as rightfully infuriated black people were peacefully protesting the unjust verdict. He made these comments as if he had the authority to speak on behalf of African/black people. Obama was concerned with his presidential campaign and making sure he did not make white liberals too uncomfortable. Those people had every right to peacefully rally and protest as they did.

Despite Obama making those callous statements about the Sean Bell murder verdict, he can now display himself as if he has been a strident opponent to the kinds of crimes that are routinely committed upon African/black people in America. He can do this because he knows very well that most of his supporters back him unconditionally, regardless of what he does. If they (many Obama supporters) gave a damn about justice, they would have been protesting his presidency long ago, especially given the fact that he has continued and expanded the war mongering ways of his dim witted predecessor, George W. Bush. Obama, like the American “justice” system, is banking on these rallies in protest of the murder of our young brother Trayvon Martin to die out after some time, even if the murderous thug (George Zimmerman) goes free.

There are protests each time a person of color is killed in cold blood by the police, and rightfully so. However, each time, after a few rallies, the chants of injustice grow fainter by the day. Some of us seem to forget that the same old system, and society, that makes these crimes possible, is still intact. Those that support and uphold this system can behave like chameleons as if they are genuinely concerned with the systematic killing of people of color, like Trayvon Martin. They do this while playing significant roles in upholding a system of human destruction. They expect the majority of us not to connect crimes like the murder of Trayvon Martin to the crimes of murdering Afghan and Iraqi children via airstrikes, drone strikes, night raids, and war in general. The same way we see Trayvon Martin as our brother, is the same way we must see children from other countries, whose lives are being lost each time the US government’s military decides to bomb their villages in to oblivion. And we must (as a collective) be much more consistent in our work, before and after, injustices that fall upon children like Trayvon Martin and Aiyana Stanley Jones.

“Each time, after a few rallies, the chants of injustice grow fainter by the day.”

If we become more consistent and organized with our work we may be able to prevent these murders from ever happening. However, if we don’t, the kind of scum that uphold and operate their state sponsored crimes, within this system, will continue to do so--- unabated. We all have a role to play in confronting this unforgiving and destructive system.

Raising awareness is imperative (rallies, utilizing progressive media, community forums, teach-ins, etc.). Mobilization and organizing is crucial (domestic and international legal tactics). Consistent and uncompromising political actions will be paramount. Developing and sustaining strategies is vital. Committing ourselves to put an end to institutional racism, white supremacy and imperialism must be a goal we seek. These are a few of the types of strategies that must be employed, community by community and state by state. They all must be done consistently and by a critical mass.

Remember that only one percent of the US population actively participated in the Civil rights Movement. It won't be easy, however – freedom, justice, and equality seldom are. I can't think of any better way to honor the lives of young people like Trayvon Martin and the countless Afghan and Iraqi children who have perished because of American military aggression and sanctions. There can be no justice without peace. Right now the US is facilitating violence and injustice throughout the globe (including within its own borders). Untold lives depend on our unrelenting commitment towards tangibly creating a society founded, not on injustice and inequality, but on peace, justice, and equality----
FOR ALL.

Solomon Comissiong is an educator, community activist, author, public speaker and the host of the Your World News media collective (www.yourworldnews.org). He can be reached at: solo@yourworldnews.org.

a word from Gabe Rosales

I'm writing this in response to some recent events that have bothered me to my core. Besides Troy Davis being wrongly executed in Sept of 2011, the recent murder of Trayvon Martin in Florida and the murder of SSgt Manuel Loggins, (literally 15 minutes from my house in San Clemente CA), is a disgustingly blatant smack in the face of humanity and it is based on an ignorance that was proliferated by the early colonial ideals of this society, but dating back even farther, it is based on an idea that the whiter someone skin is, the closer they are to "good" or "god". "Racism" wasn't so much of an issue in America until the Caribbean slave trade mentality helped institutionalize racism into US LAW. Before then, slaves were all colors and many weren't slaves, but indentured servants who could earn land and money within 7 years. Yes, racism is nothing new and this has been going on for a very long time as we see even in places like Uganda where everyone is the same "color" yet the Ugandan government still look at the Acholi like a lower species. That's why we need to address how we got here, from a very long time ago.

Besides protesting, marching with my revolutionary brothers and sisters, I have to put this together to send out to anyone who will read it and share it with others to understand from a scientific perspective where skin "color" comes from and how it has evolved. I encourage all to share it so that maybe we can stop looking at each other like "races" and realize we have been PROGRAMMED. OVERSTAND that in the ORIGINAL DRAFT of the Declaration of Independence, SLAVERY WAS TO BE ABOLISHED, but Rhode Island and South Carolina refused to sign the Declaration because their economies were BUILT on slave trade, prompting the other 11 states to refuse. The US economy was BASED on CHEAP labor and other people were thought of as PROPERTY and they were deemed servants "by nature" because of ignorance. This ignorance STILL persists and is fervently kept alive and is institutionalized in our society via the prison industry.

My hopes are that people can come to the understanding I have about where we really stand on this rock. I know this information is long but it is worth it for everyone to intellectually understand skin pigment at an evolutionary level. The reason why I address something like pigment in skin is because we as visual beings place judgment on things ALL DAY based on appearance. Skin color is the easiest and fastest way ignorance can use to separate people and despite what many people think, this kind of judgment is NOT dead. It is a pathetic way to mask the real social ills that plague this country.

We as a species, like all species alive today have gone through a lengthy process of evolution where the fittest continue the bloodline. Ignorance and racism has even made its way into the concepts behind evolution through Social Darwinists like Herbert Spencer who pushed the idea that some people are by default “inferior” as a people. A species thrives not because it is the biggest, smartest or strongest but because it is the most adaptable to change among other reasons like certain technological advancements I think of as a form of punctuated equilibrium. As homosapiens have migrated to the farthest reaches of the earth, they have had to adapt to survive the new climates as well as dramatic climate changes over the spans of hundreds of thousands of years. Survival of the species is the highest biological law in all life on the planet.

For many years scientists and researchers have come to a conclusion that skin colors were dependent on how close people were to the equator as they thought darker skin helped protect against cancer. With new research we can see this isn't accurate. Recent epidemiological and physiological evidence tells us the pattern in skin color evolution is simply a byproduct of natural selection acting to regulate the effect UV rays have on nutrients in females to support life for our species reproductive success.

In 1978 Richard F. Branda and John W. Eaton published a paper that showed light skinned people who had been exposed to simulated sunlight for long periods of time had abnormally low levels of Vitamin B folate in their blood. Even exposing simply human blood serum to the same simulated sunlight resulted in and 50% decrease in folate levels in one hour. The importance of this connection between skin pigment and folate became blatantly apparent when examining research on major birth defects in a large group of people conducted by University of Western Australia. In the paper, it was established that folate deficiency in pregnant women increased the chances of neural tube defects like spina bifida. These findings sparked doctors around the world to emphasize adequate nutrients in pregnant women. Folate is essential for DNA to divide cells and in males a lack of folate can impair spermatogenesis.

People living closer to the equator developed darker skin so that they would have a reproductive advantage in that area but as homosapiens migrated farther away from climates with high levels of sunlight, the dark skin was actually detrimental. Lots of melanin keeps most UV radiation from penetrating the skin and that includes shorter wavelength UVB radiation. Yes, most of the effects of UV rays are harmful but they do perform a specific function that again is vital to us thriving as a species. Sunlight sparks vitamin D formation in the skin. With darker skinned people living close to the equator, humans get they get sufficient sunlight to aid in vitamin D production. The farther away they go, the less vitamin D. In terms of reproductive success vitamin D is essential for enabling calcium absorption in the intestines and it aids with immune systems. Scientists with this finding have even separated the earth's surface into 3 vitamin D ZONES.

One is the tropics, the second is the subtropics and the last is the temperate regions. The tropics have been designated as the place for humans to get sufficient opportunity to synthesize vitamin D all year based on the the UV rays. The subtropics have been labeled as having at least one month of sufficient UV radiation to process vitamin D and the temperate zone does not on average have enough UV radiation for vitamin D synthesis all year. Even with cultures that do not fit into this mold, we still see a consistency with this fact. The Inuit people of Alaska live in the temperate region yet have darker skin than one would assume of a person from that area. They are able to maintain their pigment by the vitamin D in their diet and they are also relatively “new” to that area having migrated there in the past 5000 years.

With the advances in our technology and the ability for our species to pick up and move to different regions we have seen the effect of UV radiation and vitamin D deficient related issues in cultures who seem to migrate “too fast”. Lighter skinned people develop skin cancer when they move to areas with more UV rays and darker skinned people who move to subtropics or temperate zones have higher rates of rickets.

These kinds of changes in skin pigmentation over thousands of years should be celebrated as how resilient our species are on this planet but the division has been institutionalized and animosity has developed on all sides.

In regards to the Trayvon case specifically, I noticed many inconsistencies and double standards in people’s perceptions of what transpired.

One of the first things I heard was that it was NOT a hate crime because the man with the gun was of Peruvian descent. This was one of the most ignorant things I’ve ever heard. Having served time in the penal system of Southern California at a time when one of the biggest “green light” was put on blacks from Hispanic gangs, I saw firsthand the hate between the minorities. No holds barred, all blacks were to be attacked, on the streets and in every correctional facility down to YA.

Another disturbing fact is this: regardless of whether the Trayvon case was a “race” related crime or not, we need to look at how it was handled by “the law”. There are all colors of people committing crimes against their own and others all day every day. What we see in our broken, institutionalized, ignorant, color divided, system is the inconsistency in repercussions and sentence’s handed out to people who kill dark skinned people vs people who white skinned people. After researching data from North Carolina from 1980 to the end of 2007, Glenn Pierce, a research scientist in the School of Criminology and Criminal Justice at Northeastern University in Boston, found that the odds of getting a death sentence are 2.96 times higher for those who kill whites than for those who kill blacks.

None of these things are coincidences. They are cultural problems that have evolved like our skin. They have evolved out of struggling for resources that are in actuality abundant, but are privatized by a select few. It almost seems like not that much has changed since the days of the Commissioners appointed by the US government to preside over hearings of runaway slaves in 1850. There was incentive for these businessmen to rule in favor of slave masters then as there is incentive to keep people in prison now. Prisons and the death penalty are systematic and calculated for a certain demographic. This system is perpetuated by the ignorance that contaminates us from lack of understanding. There are no excuses anymore and nowhere to hide, just like the issue of slavery was continuously swept under the carpet for the next generation it is throughout the history of this country. Enough is enough.

Gabe Rosales

- Teacher/Student/Activist
- Professional Musician
- Universal Zulu Nation (Calafia Zulu)
- Anti-Injustice Movement West Coast
- Guerrilla Republik
- Grand Unified Theory
- Los Animales

www.gaberosales.com

Biological Anthropology Information compiled from:
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George Chaplin

contributed by Tshombe Sekou

As an artist, a poet no less, I find it obligatory to examine and document within art the events that are transpiring within our existence; I would be irremissible to not acknowledge the tragedies that impact the community. An egregious and blatant act of systematic racism and genocide is taking place within the confines of the land of liberty and equality; whether it is under the guise of some state law or law enforcement operation gone wrong, in which unarmed black men are being executed, in most cases a mistake in profiling or wrongful reports of armed and dangerous have motivated these travesties; an obscurantism to dissuade the notion of racism at play. Of course there have been what appear to be some social change since the days of Jim Crow, but the fact of the matter is ropes have been traded for bullets and the worst is it's all being protected under the falsity of laws such as "Castle" and "Stand Your Ground" laws. Pharoah and Herod both did something similar in days of their rule, what is happening today is right on par. "...with freedom, a new system of intimidation came into vogue; the Negro was not only whipped and scourged; he was killed."

— Ida B. Wells-Barnett, 1895

Contributed by Tshombe Sekou

from the Spirit of Robert Gibbons

another child has gone, he has a long chain on.” (for Marc Primus)

This entire story has been personal to me. I remember being a seventeen-year old growing up in Florida. Being the oldest of my mother’s children; believing that I could conquer the world. In fact, I come from a humble but religious background. We did know we were children of migrants, but we did not know we were poor. I can’t remember one time our house was not overflowing with vegetables or the bounty of living in a city surrounded by sugar cane.

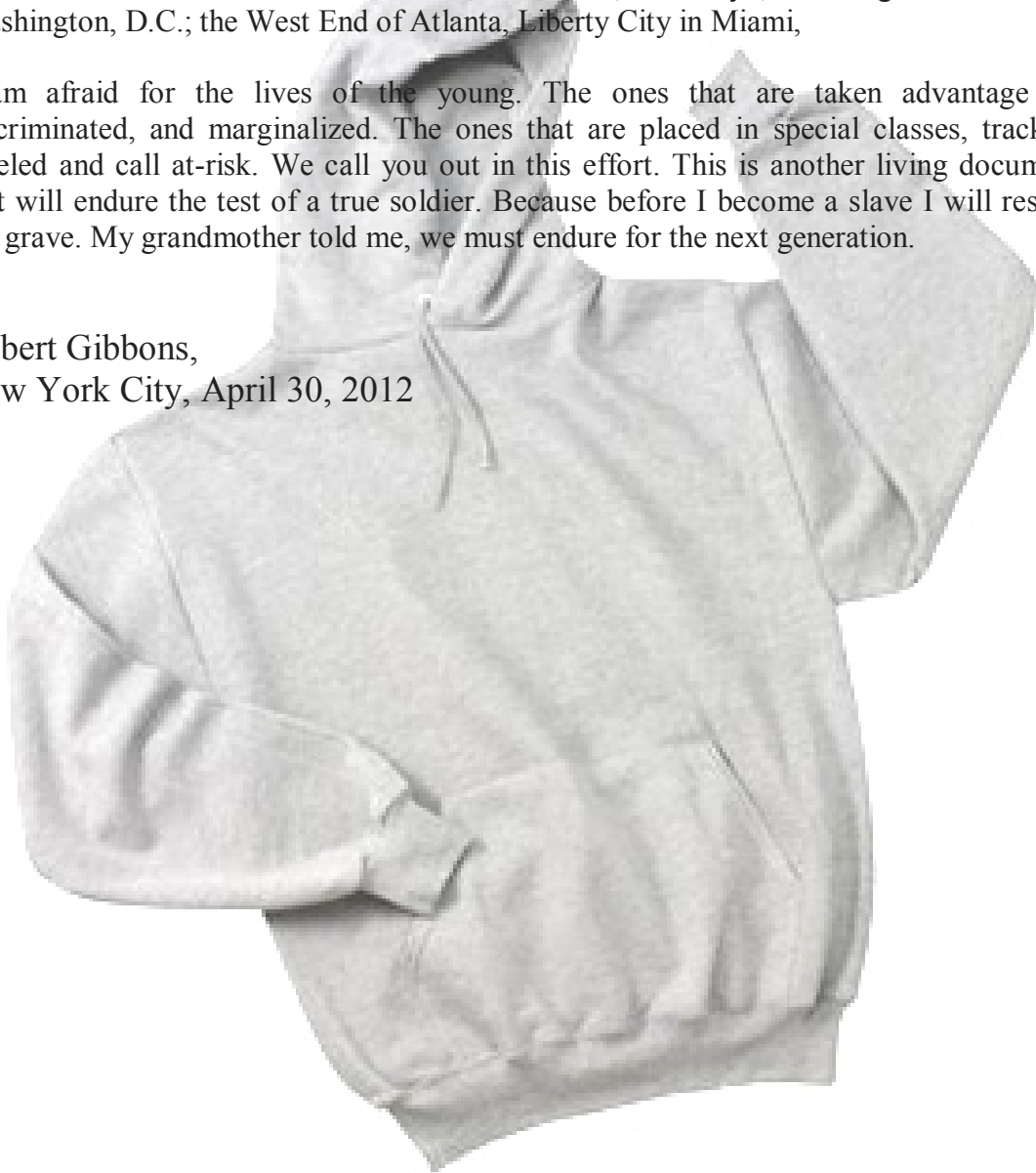
The unfortunate thing about living in Palm Beach County, the city in which I lived was totally segregated. I lived most of my life in Belle Glade, Florida, a city on the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee. Trayvon is connected to the land as I am connected to the land. We are taught at an early age to be independent, but also to fear the police. It should not be this way, but the evidence is overwhelming. There are so many names that we know and do not know. When I relocated to New York City it was during the killing of Sean Bell. But Sean was one example of so many more. The names like Michael Stewart, Amadou Diallo, D.J. Henry, Patrick Derismond, Ousimane Zongo, and most recently Ramarley Graham. Many of these black kings I have anthologized in poems. It is where their transcendence and martyrdom will live forever. This kind of execution of black life is not new. It goes back to the Middle Passage and Slavery and Jim Crow. It is in the very fabric of American Culture.

My grandmother told me once “this race is not given to the swift nor to the strong but those who hold out and endure to the end.” And certainly we have endured. We have witnessed the killings of martyr-KINGS as Martin Luther King, Malcolm X; and Medgar Evers. But our histories and stories do not start there and it does not end. We must endure this genocide of black man not only on these colonial shores but there exist further extinction throughout the diaspora and our motherland. It is with conscious effort that we endure. It is in our very nature and in our seeds. I am in solidarity with one million men of African descent that are scattered around the globe in this effort. We must endure, because our history and our legacy are authentic. It goes all the way back to antiquity.

Finally I can say we are not surprised but we are in grief for the family of Trayvon Martin. His life deserves the same fruits and liberty of all children of America. But in every corner of this country where the black and brown exist; on every street corner and housing complex; every dance club and parks were young men like him congregate they are under attack. On the streets of Brownsville, Brooklyn; Benning Road in NE Washington, D.C.; the West End of Atlanta, Liberty City in Miami,

I am afraid for the lives of the young. The ones that are taken advantage of, discriminated, and marginalized. The ones that are placed in special classes, tracked, labeled and call at-risk. We call you out in this effort. This is another living document that will endure the test of a true soldier. Because before I become a slave I will rest in my grave. My grandmother told me, we must endure for the next generation.

Robert Gibbons,
New York City, April 30, 2012



A Mother's Perspective...

A past memory seems like yesterday's fear. I remember the day when Los Angeles lost control of itself and the images of military brigades setting up command posts in my neighborhood. Los Angeles exploded saying enough is enough. However the saying hails true; two wrongs don't make a right. Injustice had prevailed numerous times but this time the boiling water spilled over from the melting pot.

Freedom was supposed to ring the doorbell long time ago.

There were the explosions of family owned business', schools on lockdown, and grocery stores overcrowding with even more bewildered people as we stood in lines for hours and hours just to get a case of water.

Fast forward to 2012 and it's a great possibility history might just repeat itself, America...a nation lethally infected again. My sore eyes can't possibly understand the loss of a child because our children simply are not to die before us. A pain unbearable and unimaginable.

There is fear within society in the raising of the Afro-American male, the colored child, the black child. In utero, they are labeled aggressive, outspoken, mischievous or sometimes villainous just by the color of their skin.

How do you look in the eyes of a one year old or a three year old black male child, who has no cognitive understanding, all they know is Batman and Superman are their Heroes? They didn't see color yet but color saw them. Their innocence would one day disperse and they must become rebels with a cause.

Young men now twenty-one and twenty-four years of age today and still a mother's fear of what set off a riot in one of history's most uncertain times and the current injustices now has become reality. The *"Mommy I'm fine"* . plays like a broken record but hopefully my inquiry is not undermining their manhood of growth. Constantly I preach and teach them the world can be cruel because of the color of their skin.

Honestly have you ever gotten a call from your son's school saying, "Please come, your son is filling out a police report because he was chased by a man waving a gun yelling, Nigger go home?" You lose your thoughts, your morals all in one split second, you become mentally a vigilante in that one split second.

"You must cut the umbilical cord", my son says.

"Your cord is cut, it's the other racist umbilical cord that remains attached of history repeating itself".

My consciousness has cried for those mothers and fathers who share a bond of losing a child to the piercing bullets of society. Will we ever come from under the foot of discrimination? History will continue to repeat itself unless WE stand as ONE to SHOUT, "ENOUGH is ENOUGH".

Rosemarie Howard
Poet & Spiritual Advisor

Purify's Perspective...a Parent-to-Be...

As a soon to be mother, this topic really causes me to reflect on the various aspects of what took place that night. I imagine to myself, if this were my daughter, how would I feel?

Although many African Americans stand ground on the fact this issue was induced with hatred towards our culture, I beg to differ. I stand in the position of readiness and action that does not come from violence or retaliation through hatred thus breathing more hatred. I stand in the position of readiness with the flags of surrender and peace. I stand hearing the cries and blood of many young children that have been lost at the hands of pride, anger, rage, and pure ignorance that in most part was birthed in killers by the very hands of the mothers and fathers that raised them, passing down tradition, superstition, and racism as if it were a part of the family heirloom, a rites of passage into a dark self-created world, and mindset that seeks to destroy anyone that he or she comes in contact with.

Shallow thinking births more shallow thinking, shallow living births more shallow living. If I do not train up (my) child in the way she should go then (I) am responsible for the death of Trayvon Martin and any other young victim of violence, and if you do not do the same, so are you. Now I am off to do that... Good luck to your journey in creating the (right) & (pure) rites of passage for your child, mentee, grandchild, niece, nephew, and young friend, the passage which comes from the position of love which sees no color, race, creed, sexual preference, or religion, the love that breeds change and protects all.

Peace, Love, & Purify

Host of Purify Universal Love RadioTalk Show

the thoughts of . . . Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

"White Institutionalized Racism" Is a major engine that drives racism as we know it. The FALSE concept of "Races" automatically sets the table to divide mankind. It is the bedrock that develops subconscious mindsets that stay with people for a lifetime. results are devastating and immensely effective in developing supremacist ideology"

I recently wrote the above note to go to the heart of this complex critical issue which has been around since time memorial in one form or another but with similar results given the basic dynamics of "Injustice &Oppression" White Supremacy or any other Manifestation of low base raw lust fueled by the need to be in control and connected to other human weaknesses such as greed has not diminished in 2012 in the U.S.A or anywhere else for that matter.

There are many components to this phenomena to the extent that it would take exaustive amount of research and commentary. That being said let me at least touch on some critical points that are at the heart of this topic. Racism like any "Schismism" Made by and for man often to manipulate the masses is one manifestation of arrogance, greed, selfishness that are promoted by Capitalism which under the false concept of promoting "Free enterprise" is in fact tailor made to amass great wealth and power by a few at the expense of the many thus causing mankind to be divided into classes. It is a oxymoron to use "Democracy" and "Capitalism in the same breath. Capitalism makes a democratic system "Null and Void" The proof is in the pudding. Racism is just one manifestation of greedy men plotting to divide the masses and thus minimizing the chance for real reform that would make the distribution of wealth and power more equal.

There is a myriad of social/economic advantages to implementing this Grand Plan. Take for instance the "Prison Industrial Complex" a multi Billion dollar industry that uses Youth of color primarily "African Americans" as "Canon Fadar" to be the life blood to promote and keep that enormous enterprise afloat. The ripple effect of this grand scheme is hugh, creating many interesting but disturbing dynamics. One in particular is the "White Wanna Be" who wants to a part of what he or she precives as the "Road to Success" totally abandoning any "Morality, Justice, Compassion in the process. The table is set to perpetuate this "House/vs/Field" conflict that was touched on by Malcolm X and others. The system at its core promotes and supports the continuation of this evil for it's "Vested Interest" fueling the most bass low disires that have and continue to plague mankind.

To summarize Trayvons Tragic murder is a by-product of the above mentioned reality and unfortunately there will be many more Trayvons and George Zimmermans no matter how many times we march or shout "No Justice, No Peace"!!

from . . . Written in pain Carlos Lavezzari

When I was a child my father showed me a picture in Jet magazine of something resembling a scene from a horror movie. I knew it was a person of some sort but it looked so disfigured i quickly closed the small magazine and handed it back to him. "Ewwww what is that?" I said. He answered "that was Emmitt Till and that happened to him because he whistled at a white woman." Looking at the grainy black and white photo I spoke the thought that had entered my mind," Ohhh this was in the slavery times? he answered no.. this was 1955 only four years before I was born. Again my ten year old reasoning knew my dad was alive in the Martin Luther King days.. police dogs... fire hoses... and everything else that went along with the old black and white grainy videos i would be forced to sit through watching "Like It Is" on sunday. Truth of the matter is everything I had ever seen in terms of relations between whites and blacks was from movies like Roots and Mississippi Burning seemed dated and far away.. not the world i was living in.

In the summer of 1989 a young black male was killed in a very Italian part of Brooklyn new york. A young man named Yusuf Hawkins was beaten buy a mob of Italian teenagers and then fatally shot. This was not slavery times, this was not 1955... this was not some rural southern town this was New york city. Subsequently considering myself a young nationalist I met up with the movement at the time "The black liberation army" and marched the neighborhood the young man was killed in. We were met with boo's eggs... and a relentless chant of "NIGGERS GO HOME!!!!" I realized at this moment that Yusuf was killed for no other reason then he was black. He wasn't a revolutionary, nor was he a civil rights leader... he was just black in a neighborhood where being black was the crime.

As time passed i would see many unarmed or non threading black people be attacked or die at the hands of non blacks including

ELEANOR BUMPERS
MICHAEL STEWART
DARELL CABEY
LATASHA HARLINS
RODNEY KING
ALBERTA SPRUILL
AMADOU DIALLO
ABNER LOUIMA
SEAN BELL
TROY DAVIS
RAMARLEY GRAHAM (who's family I do know)

I followed these stories mostly but by no means were these the only. I am ashamed to admit that over time i became desensitized. The images of another unarmed black killed by whites or some other non black collective no longer stirred anger in me. I had grown tired of the marching the pointless petitions and REV. AL SHARPTON comforting yet another grieving family.

Then it happened, again... TRAYVON MARTIN. At press time all of the events leading up to the shooting are still grey. Yet the end result all too familiar ... Unarmed black male...killed by an armed non black man. The shooter was not charged at first... and there was uproar, marching, petitions and REV AL SHARPTON with yet another grieving BLACK family. I stayed away from it.. I tried not to comment.. I refused to post hoodie pictures i refused to get involved even spiritually. It reminded me too much of Yuseff from my youth... another young black male in a neighborhood, the same age as my own son, Youtube was flooded with "NIGGERS GO HOME" videos. i was sick... and then... i heard the 911 call, i saw a mother recognize her her babies voice screaming for help... i again thought about my son...and how i would want someone..everyone to care about him.

So, i wrote this, i wrote this because my son is Trayvon, i was once Trayvon.. I was once Trayvon, Malcolm X was once Trayvon. Like Yuseff, like Emmett, Trayvon was taken way too young simply because someone decided they didn't have a right to live...because they were born black. Movies like roots and mississippi burning don't seem so far and distant any more., and i am fully aware of the world i live in. I live in a world where GEORGE ZIMMERMAN could very well be acquitted, I live in a world where in less than a year from now... There will be another dead unarmed blackman, another self righteous shooter...and REV.AL with another grieving black family.

THAT WAS WRITTEN IN PAIN

thoughts from . . . Winston Warrior

The Trayvon Martin tragedy has stirred and evoked feelings and emotions, especially among African American Men. It is more apparent now that we must understand and truly realize how endangered we are as a subset of the African American Race. For many of us males, our feelings, and emotions range anywhere from fear to anger, to paranoia. However the tragedy also renewed a sense of pride and resiliency, presently it's kind of a badge of honor to be an African American man, perhaps because we know we aren't only endangered but we're also revered in a sense. Despite the danger and the fear people have of us, we now understand what it is to be revered.

In history we've always been revered through sports, politics, leadership or any area where we once were blocked from participating. Of course, whenever we enter into any endeavor we certainly know we will go in conquering and doing things very well.

Reflecting on myself, as an R&B Artist returning to his music career after a successful career of being a former Marketing Executive who broke barriers at the executive level, I can still see the constant parallels between myself and Trayvon Martin. Personally I think a lot of African American men can also see the same parallels that make us more alike than not, and we can easily identify with the possibilities of someone misjudging us for one reason or another. But I also think a lot of people in general have an outcry for us too because they see us for what we really are; human beings. There is an outcry for all of us to get rid of the prejudice and get rid of the ignorance and start to just look at each other as people.

Finally we, African American's are an extraordinary group of people who should know and hopefully have begun to understand more, our power and understand the strength we have. I believe the fear has now helped us recognize our strength and the fact, we are revered.

Winston Warrior

R&B Recording Artist, "Lifeology 101"
Owner & Chief Creative Catalyst, Vintage R&B Recordings
Radio Host "The Morning Wake Up with Winston Warrior", WSCT Worldwide
Alumnus, The University of Miami (FL)

from the mind of . . . *D.L. Davis*

Black vs. White

Fear, anger and ignorance takes over common sense, so way too often we act out before we act responsibly, thus I see more tragedies than triumphs on TV. It amazes me that the color of a person's skin is perceived as a threat or something to fear.

Never has someone's color/race committed a crime, was on trial and sent to jail or prison. Color does not harm/hurt/kill or incites riots. Those actions are of PEOPLE. When an INDIVIDUAL does something wrong, I'm very saddened that his or her race as a whole is perceived as/looked at in that same negative light. How about we just give the deserved credit to that specific person? So I ask in wonderment, "What's to fear of color?" Absolutely NOTHING I declare. But it's painfully clear that plenty of people feel otherwise.

Social and liberty anger is so deeply embedded in countless Afro-American hearts; I fear there will never be room for race equality across the board. And the fact that there are numerous of White people who prefer the scale of equality to lean in their favor supports my fear. Afro-Americans are angry (and rightfully so) for hundreds of years of slavery and the Civil Rights Movement. Many Afro-Americans believe their race has been oppressed for such a long time, they feel their criminal/immoral acts against White people are justified... "time for payback" if you will.

History clearly dictates that White people have benefited from the hard work, blood, sweat and tears of Afro-Americans. Whites also learn from history and family members that their race is "superior" to the Afro-American race. (Unfortunately) the illusion of superiority is a comfort zone for some White people, and they fight for that comfort. Linus (Charlie Brown character) without his comfort blanket is hysterical. That is the same basic concept.

I acknowledge both sides of the race war. I cold heartedly DO NOT agree with it, I simply acknowledge it. Much of this race war is a long time effect from hundreds of years ago. I also acknowledge in order for us to move forward as a people, we must give each other a fair shot here in the present. We are too fearful, angry and ignorant to know how or even want to make this world a more harmonious place to live in for TODAY AND BEYOND. Several years back, a gang peace treaty was called into action. That peace treaty failed because the PEOPLE failed, at their own free will, to keep the peace. Well, I have a dream that this race war/racism can be abolished ONLY IF THE PEOPLE do their parts. Do our parts by enforcing and upholding the core meaning of PEACE. That's my dream. I don't see that happening across the board, but it's my dream nonetheless. I'm doing my part. What about you?

DL DAVIS

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Xpressions Radio

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a conversation with ... Cheryl Cooley

...on the violent death of Trayvon Martin

People Say...

“They had enough when Rodney King was beaten up...what’s the next step? We always talk a lot of game but once the news media goes away and the cameras stop reporting...what do we do? ...go back to our regular lives?”

Society’s Frustration...

“We as a society are frustrated by a whole lot of mistreatment; but we are here now and at no point in history before or again will we be here. There is no adjustment in society; history has not seen this before. *We are our own experiment.* We are not reliving the great depression...it’s worse. People have so much more to lose, still more people are starving, it’s frustrating and really comes together to where we are now.”

Comparison and Contrast...

“Looking back in history to the Visionaries of 1960’s they seemed more motivated in the 1960’s than society is today. I don’t want to say people have become complacent but people are a lot less motivated than the Visionaries of the 60’s. In comparison and contrast I guess they had more motivation then because many of the 60’s children were perhaps the grandchildren or great grandchildren of slaves and sharecroppers. They were fighting against segregation for equality. They had different priorities than we do today. As far as names I don’t want to name out any names of that era because we already know the names of many of the most popular icons of that era but there were so many more who contributed to the movement and we will never know their names because history is not always recorded fairly.”

Hopeful

“We can make changes and do better in society.”

Cheryl Cooley,

KLYMAXX, Guitarist & Vocalist
Co-Founder and Original Member

the words of . . . Jon` B. Crenshaw

Nearly a month and still no arrest of an alleged child killer:

I as well as countless Americans and others around the world, have been following the news reports of the shooting death of 17 year old Trayvon Martin. His assailant George Zimmerman; the self-appointed neighborhood watch captain of a Sanford Florida gated community.

Main stream media reports stated that though the Sanford police department indicated their investigation in the shooting death of an unarmed teen didn't justify anything other than self-defense; mounting evidence and the 911 recordings clearly suggests that this incident should be treated as a premeditated homicide and possible hate crime.

There has been such an outcry for justice as has not been seen since the brutal dragging death of James Byrd Jr. in 1990 and the police beating of Rodney King in 1991. This particular incident has sparked mass marches of support and public outrage, in cities from New York to Los Angeles as did the Byrd and King horrors. Many people around the world have also weighed in with heartfelt condolences for Trayvon's family and levy harsh criticisms of the racial implications and apparent legal shenanigans surrounding this tragic event. Many have expressed awe and pride for the courage and stamina of this teen's parents, as they have refused to allow their son's death to go unjustified and unpunished. People of all ethnic groups and religious faiths have voiced their opinions on Youtube, Twitter and other social networking outlets as well. On Facebook in particular numerous poets and writers have submitted emotive odes, blogs, tweets and short commentaries in memory of Trayvon. All written in hopes of inspiring others to join in the fight for justice, for a young black male that seemingly had such a bright future ahead of him.

There have also been a few assertions "the good ole boy network" is still at work in the Sanford Florida gated community where young Mr. Martin was shot and killed. Many point to the fact that in the least the Sanford police chief and the two officers who arrived at the scene, should have investigated Mr. Zimmerman more thoroughly rather than take his word at face value; alluding that there has been a presumed cover up of the truth.

In relation to this horrendous killing of a child, many of the African American parents I've spoken with feel this tragedy reeks of racist undertones. Many African American males both young and old have been accosted and or detained by over-zealous police officers, merely for "WWB walking while black" a term used widely indicating racial profiling of African American men and boys.

Parents of young black males in particular are quoted as being extremely afraid for their son's lives, with each parent noting that they recognize and believe that racial profiling and racism are still very active in America today. Many African Americans believe even with the election of a black president or no, racism has not died nor has it dwindled and as such also believe that Trayvon Martin's death will undoubtedly illuminate it as fact.

Will justice prevail? Only time will tell. Will race-relations ever change in America? My personal opinion and despite my being an optimist; I believe no.

Jon` B. Crenshaw
Poet & Freelance Writer
Author of *The Fusion of My Muse*



Malcom X The Ballot or the Bullet

April 3, 1964
Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Moderator, Brother Lomax, brothers and sisters, friends and enemies: I just can't believe everyone in here is a friend, and I don't want to leave anybody out. The question tonight, as I understand it, is "The Negro Revolt, and Where Do We Go From Here?" or "What Next?" In my little humble way of understanding it, it points toward either the ballot or the bullet.

Before we try and explain what is meant by the ballot or the bullet, I would like to clarify something concerning myself. I'm still a Muslim; my religion is still Islam. That's my personal belief. Just as Adam Clayton Powell is a Christian minister who heads the Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York, but at the same time takes part in the political struggles to try and bring about rights to the black people in this country; and Dr. Martin Luther King is a Christian minister down in Atlanta, Georgia, who heads another organization fighting for the civil rights of black people in this country; and Reverend Galamison, I guess you've heard of him, is another Christian minister in New York who has been deeply involved in the school boycotts to eliminate segregated education; well, I myself am a minister, not a Christian minister, but a Muslim minister; and I believe in action on all fronts by whatever means necessary.

Although I'm still a Muslim, I'm not here tonight to discuss my religion. I'm not here to try and change your religion. I'm not here to argue or discuss anything that we differ about, because it's time for us to submerge our differences and realize that it is best for us to first see that we have the same problem, a common problem, a problem that will make you catch hell whether you're a Baptist, or a Methodist, or a Muslim, or a nationalist. Whether you're educated or illiterate, whether you live on the boulevard or in the alley, you're going to catch hell just like I am. We're all in the same boat and we all are going to catch the same hell from the same man. He just happens to be a white man. All of us have suffered here, in this country, political oppression at the hands of the white man, economic exploitation at the hands of the white man, and social degradation at the hands of the white man.

Now in speaking like this, it doesn't mean that we're anti-white, but it does mean we're anti-exploitation, we're anti-degradation, we're anti-oppression. And if the white man doesn't want us to be anti-him, let him stop oppressing and exploiting and degrading us. Whether we are Christians or Muslims or nationalists or agnostics or atheists, we must first learn to forget our differences. If we have differences, let us differ in the closet;

when we come out in front, let us not have anything to argue about until we get finished arguing with the man. If the late President Kennedy could get together with Khrushchev and exchange some wheat, we certainly have more in common with each other than Kennedy and Khrushchev had with each other.

If we don't do something real soon, I think you'll have to agree that we're going to be forced either to use the ballot or the bullet. It's one or the other in 1964. It isn't that time is running out -- time has run out!

1964 threatens to be the most explosive year America has ever witnessed. The most explosive year. Why? It's also a political year. It's the year when all of the white politicians will be back in the so-called Negro community jiving you and me for some votes. The year when all of the white political crooks will be right back in your and my community with their false promises, building up our hopes for a letdown, with their trickery and their treachery, with their false promises which they don't intend to keep. As they nourish these dissatisfactions, it can only lead to one thing, an explosion; and now we have the type of black man on the scene in America today -- I'm sorry, Brother Lomax -- who just doesn't intend to turn the other cheek any longer.

Don't let anybody tell you anything about the odds are against you. If they draft you, they send you to Korea and make you face 800 million Chinese. If you can be brave over there, you can be brave right here. These odds aren't as great as those odds. And if you fight here, you will at least know what you're fighting for.

I'm not a politician, not even a student of politics; in fact, I'm not a student of much of anything. I'm not a Democrat. I'm not a Republican, and I don't even consider myself an American. If you and I were Americans, there'd be no problem. Those Honkies that just got off the boat, they're already Americans; Polacks are already Americans; the Italian refugees are already Americans. Everything that came out of Europe, every blue-eyed thing, is already an American. And as long as you and I have been over here, we aren't Americans yet.

Well, I am one who doesn't believe in deluding myself. I'm not going to sit at your table and watch you eat, with nothing on my plate, and call myself a diner. Sitting at the table doesn't make you a diner, unless you eat some of what's on that plate. Being here in America doesn't make you an American. Being born here in America doesn't make you an American. Why, if birth made you American, you wouldn't need any legislation; you wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution; you wouldn't be faced with civil-rights filibustering in Washington, D.C., right now. They don't have to pass civil-rights legislation to make a Polack an American.

No, I'm not an American. I'm one of the 22 million black people who are the victims of Americanism. One of the 22 million black people who are the victims of democracy, nothing but disguised hypocrisy. So, I'm not standing here speaking to you as an American, or a patriot, or a flag-saluter, or a flag-waver -- no, not I. I'm speaking as a victim of this American system. And I see America through the eyes of the victim. I don't see any American dream; I see an American nightmare.

These 22 million victims are waking up. Their eyes are coming open. They're beginning to see what they used to only look at. They're becoming politically mature. They are realizing that there are new political trends from coast to coast. As they see these new political trends, it's possible for them to see that every time there's an election the races are so close that they have to have a recount. They had to recount in Massachusetts to see who was going to be governor, it was so close. It was the same way in Rhode Island, in Minnesota, and in many other parts of the country. And the same with Kennedy and Nixon when they ran for president. It was so close they had to count all over again. Well, what does this mean? It means that when white people are evenly divided, and black people have a bloc of votes of their own, it is left up to them to determine who's going to sit in the White House and who's going to be in the dog house.

It was the black man's vote that put the present administration in Washington, D.C. Your vote, your dumb vote, your ignorant vote, your wasted vote put in an administration in Washington, D.C., that has seen fit to pass every kind of legislation imaginable, saving you until last, then filibustering on top of that. And your and my leaders have the audacity to run around clapping their hands and talk about how much progress we're making. And what a good president we have. If he wasn't good in Texas, he sure can't be good in Washington, D.C. Because Texas is a lynch state. It is in the same breath as Mississippi, no different; only they lynch you in Texas with a Texas accent and lynch you in Mississippi with a Mississippi accent. And these Negro leaders have the audacity to go and have some coffee in the White House with a Texan, a Southern cracker -- that's all he is -- and then come out and tell you and me that he's going to be better for us because, since he's from the South, he knows how to deal with the Southerners. What kind of logic is that? Let Eastland be president, he's from the South too. He should be better able to deal with them than Johnson.

In this present administration they have in the House of Representatives 257 Democrats to only 177 Republicans. They control two-thirds of the House vote. Why can't they pass something that will help you and me? In the Senate, there are 67 senators who are of the Democratic Party. Only 33 of them are Republicans. Why, the Democrats have got the government sewed up, and you're the one who sewed it up for them. And what have they given you for it? Four years in office, and just now getting around to some civil-rights legislation. Just now, after everything else is gone, out of the way, they're going to sit

down now and play with you all summer long -- the same old giant con game that they call filibuster. All those are in cahoots together. Don't you ever think they're not in cahoots together, for the man that is heading the civil-rights filibuster is a man from Georgia named Richard Russell. When Johnson became president, the first man he asked for when he got back to Washington, D.C., was "Dicky" -- that's how tight they are. That's his boy, that's his pal, that's his buddy. But they're playing that old con game. One of them makes believe he's for you, and he's got it fixed where the other one is so tight against you, he never has to keep his promise.

So it's time in 1964 to wake up. And when you see them coming up with that kind of conspiracy, let them know your eyes are open. And let them know you -- something else that's wide open too. It's got to be the ballot or the bullet. The ballot or the bullet. If you're afraid to use an expression like that, you should get on out of the country; you should get back in the cotton patch; you should get back in the alley. They get all the Negro vote, and after they get it, the Negro gets nothing in return. All they did when they got to Washington was give a few big Negroes big jobs. Those big Negroes didn't need big jobs, they already had jobs. That's camouflage, that's trickery, that's treachery, window-dressing. I'm not trying to knock out the Democrats for the Republicans. We'll get to them in a minute. But it is true; you put the Democrats first and the Democrats put you last.

Look at it the way it is. What alibis do they use, since they control Congress and the Senate? What alibi do they use when you and I ask, "Well, when are you going to keep your promise?" They blame the Dixiecrats. What is a Dixiecrat? A Democrat. A Dixiecrat is nothing but a Democrat in disguise. The titular head of the Democrats is also the head of the Dixiecrats, because the Dixiecrats are a part of the Democratic Party. The Democrats have never kicked the Dixiecrats out of the party. The Dixiecrats bolted themselves once, but the Democrats didn't put them out. Imagine, these lowdown Southern segregationists put the Northern Democrats down. But the Northern Democrats have never put the Dixiecrats down. No, look at that thing the way it is. They have got a con game going on, a political con game, and you and I are in the middle. It's time for you and me to wake up and start looking at it like it is, and trying to understand it like it is; and then we can deal with it like it is.

The Dixiecrats in Washington, D.C., control the key committees that run the government. The only reason the Dixiecrats control these committees is because they have seniority. The only reason they have seniority is because they come from states where Negroes can't vote. This is not even a government that's based on democracy. It is not a government that is made up of representatives of the people. Half of the people in the South can't even vote. Eastland is not even supposed to be in Washington. Half of the senators and congressmen who occupy these key positions in Washington, D.C., are there illegally, are there unconstitutionally.

I was in Washington, D.C., a week ago Thursday, when they were debating whether or not they should let the bill come onto the floor. And in the back of the room where the Senate meets, there's a huge map of the United States, and on that map it shows the location of Negroes throughout the country. And it shows that the Southern section of the country, the states that are most heavily concentrated with Negroes, are the ones that have senators and congressmen standing up filibustering and doing all other kinds of trickery to keep the Negro from being able to vote. This is pitiful. But it's not pitiful for us any longer; it's actually pitiful for the white man, because soon now, as the Negro awakens a little more and sees the vise that he's in, sees the bag that he's in, sees the real game that he's in, then the Negro's going to develop a new tactic.

These senators and congressmen actually violate the constitutional amendments that guarantee the people of that particular state or county the right to vote. And the Constitution itself has within it the machinery to expel any representative from a state where the voting rights of the people are violated. You don't even need new legislation. Any person in Congress right now, who is there from a state or a district where the voting rights of the people are violated, that particular person should be expelled from Congress. And when you expel him, you've removed one of the obstacles in the path of any real meaningful legislation in this country. In fact, when you expel them, you don't need new legislation, because they will be replaced by black representatives from counties and districts where the black man is in the majority, not in the minority.

If the black man in these Southern states had his full voting rights, the key Dixiecrats in Washington, D. C., which means the key Democrats in Washington, D.C., would lose their seats. The Democratic Party itself would lose its power. It would cease to be powerful as a party. When you see the amount of power that would be lost by the Democratic Party if it were to lose the Dixiecrat wing, or branch, or element, you can see where it's against the interests of the Democrats to give voting rights to Negroes in states where the Democrats have been in complete power and authority ever since the Civil War. You just can't belong to that Party without analyzing it.

I say again, I'm not anti-Democrat, I'm not anti-Republican, I'm not anti-anything. I'm just questioning their sincerity, and some of the strategy that they've been using on our people by promising them promises that they don't intend to keep. When you keep the Democrats in power, you're keeping the Dixiecrats in power. I doubt that my good Brother Lomax will deny that. A vote for a Democrat is a vote for a Dixiecrat. That's why, in 1964, it's time now for you and me to become more politically mature and realize what the ballot is for; what we're supposed to get when we cast a ballot; and that if we don't cast a ballot, it's going to end up in a situation where we're going to have to cast a bullet. It's either a ballot or a bullet.

In the North, they do it a different way. They have a system that's known as gerrymandering, whatever that means. It means when Negroes become too heavily concentrated in a certain area, and begin to gain too much political power, the white man comes along and changes the district lines. You may say, "Why do you keep saying white man?" Because it's the white man who does it. I haven't ever seen any Negro changing any lines. They don't let him get near the line. It's the white man who does this. And usually, it's the white man who grins at you the most, and pats you on the back, and is supposed to be your friend. He may be friendly, but he's not your friend.

So, what I'm trying to impress upon you, in essence, is this: You and I in America are faced not with a segregationist conspiracy, we're faced with a government conspiracy. Everyone who's filibustering is a senator -- that's the government. Everyone who's finagling in Washington, D.C., is a congressman -- that's the government. You don't have anybody putting blocks in your path but people who are a part of the government. The same government that you go abroad to fight for and die for is the government that is in a conspiracy to deprive you of your voting rights, deprive you of your economic opportunities, deprive you of decent housing, deprive you of decent education. You don't need to go to the employer alone, it is the government itself, the government of America, that is responsible for the oppression and exploitation and degradation of black people in this country. And you should drop it in their lap. This government has failed the Negro. This so-called democracy has failed the Negro. And all these white liberals have definitely failed the Negro.

So, where do we go from here? First, we need some friends. We need some new allies. The entire civil-rights struggle needs a new interpretation, a broader interpretation. We need to look at this civil-rights thing from another angle -- from the inside as well as from the outside. To those of us whose philosophy is black nationalism, the only way you can get involved in the civil-rights struggle is give it a new interpretation. That old interpretation excluded us. It kept us out. So, we're giving a new interpretation to the civil-rights struggle, an interpretation that will enable us to come into it, take part in it. And these handkerchief-heads who have been dillydallying and pussy footing and compromising -- we don't intend to let them pussyfoot and dillydally and compromise any longer.

How can you thank a man for giving you what's already yours? How then can you thank him for giving you only part of what's already yours? You haven't even made progress, if what's being given to you, you should have had already. That's not progress. And I love my Brother Lomax, the way he pointed out we're right back where we were in 1954. We're not even as far up as we were in 1954. We're behind where we were in 1954. There's more segregation now than there was in 1954. There's more racial animosity, more racial hatred, more racial violence today in 1964, than there was in 1954. Where is the progress?

And now you're facing a situation where the young Negro's coming up. They don't want to hear that "turn the-other-cheek" stuff, no. In Jacksonville, those were teenagers, they were throwing Molotov cocktails. Negroes have never done that before. But it shows you there's a new deal coming in. There's new thinking coming in. There's new strategy coming in. It'll be Molotov cocktails this month, hand grenades next month, and something else next month. It'll be ballots, or it'll be bullets. It'll be liberty, or it will be death. The only difference about this kind of death -- it'll be reciprocal. You know what is meant by "reciprocal"? That's one of Brother Lomax's words. I stole it from him. I don't usually deal with those big words because I don't usually deal with big people. I deal with small people. I find you can get a whole lot of small people and whip hell out of a whole lot of big people. They haven't got anything to lose, and they've got every thing to gain. And they'll let you know in a minute: "It takes two to tango; when I go, you go."

The black nationalists, those whose philosophy is black nationalism, in bringing about this new interpretation of the entire meaning of civil rights, look upon it as meaning, as Brother Lomax has pointed out, equality of opportunity. Well, we're justified in seeking civil rights, if it means equality of opportunity, because all we're doing there is trying to collect for our investment. Our mothers and fathers invested sweat and blood. Three hundred and ten years we worked in this country without a dime in return -- I mean without a dime in return. You let the white man walk around here talking about how rich this country is, but you never stop to think how it got rich so quick. It got rich because you made it rich.

You take the people who are in this audience right now. They're poor. We're all poor as individuals. Our weekly salary individually amounts to hardly anything. But if you take the salary of everyone in here collectively, it'll fill up a whole lot of baskets. It's a lot of wealth. If you can collect the wages of just these people right here for a year, you'll be rich -- richer than rich. When you look at it like that, think how rich Uncle Sam had to become, not with this handful, but millions of black people. Your and my mother and father, who didn't work an eight-hour shift, but worked from "can't see" in the morning until "can't see" at night, and worked for nothing, making the white man rich, making Uncle Sam rich. This is our investment. This is our contribution, our blood.

Not only did we give of our free labor, we gave of our blood. Every time he had a call to arms, we were the first ones in uniform. We died on every battlefield the white man had. We have made a greater sacrifice than anybody who's standing up in America today. We have made a greater contribution and have collected less. Civil rights, for those of us whose philosophy is black nationalism, means: "Give it to us now. Don't wait for next year. Give it to us yesterday, and that's not fast enough."

I might stop right here to point out one thing. Whenever you're going after something that belongs to you, anyone who's depriving you of the right to have it is a criminal. Understand that. Whenever you are going after something that is yours, you are within your legal rights to lay claim to it. And anyone who puts forth any effort to deprive you of that which is yours, is breaking the law, is a criminal. And this was pointed out by the Supreme Court decision. It outlawed segregation.

Which means segregation is against the law. Which means a segregationist is breaking the law. A segregationist is a criminal. You can't label him as anything other than that. And when you demonstrate against segregation, the law is on your side. The Supreme Court is on your side.

Now, who is it that opposes you in carrying out the law? The police department itself. With police dogs and clubs. Whenever you demonstrate against segregation, whether it is segregated education, segregated housing, or anything else, the law is on your side, and anyone who stands in the way is not the law any longer. They are breaking the law; they are not representatives of the law. Any time you demonstrate against segregation and a man has the audacity to put a police dog on you, kill that dog, kill him, I'm telling you, kill that dog. I say it, if they put me in jail tomorrow, kill that dog. Then you'll put a stop to it. Now, if these white people in here don't want to see that kind of action, get down and tell the mayor to tell the police department to pull the dogs in. That's all you have to do. If you don't do it, someone else will.

If you don't take this kind of stand, your little children will grow up and look at you and think "shame." If you don't take an uncompromising stand, I don't mean go out and get violent; but at the same time you should never be nonviolent unless you run into some nonviolence. I'm nonviolent with those who are nonviolent with me. But when you drop that violence on me, then you've made me go insane, and I'm not responsible for what I do. And that's the way every Negro should get. Any time you know you're within the law, within your legal rights, within your moral rights, in accord with justice, then die for what you believe in. But don't die alone. Let your dying be reciprocal. This is what is meant by equality. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

When we begin to get in this area, we need new friends, we need new allies. We need to expand the civil-rights struggle to a higher level -- to the level of human rights. Whenever you are in a civil-rights struggle, whether you know it or not, you are confining yourself to the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam. No one from the outside world can speak out in your behalf as long as your struggle is a civil-rights struggle. Civil rights comes within the domestic affairs of this country. All of our African brothers and our Asian brothers and our Latin-American brothers cannot open their mouths and interfere in the domestic affairs of the United States. And as long as it's civil rights, this comes under the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam.

But the United Nations has what's known as the charter of human rights; it has a committee that deals in human rights. You may wonder why all of the atrocities that have been committed in Africa and in Hungary and in Asia, and in Latin America are brought before the UN, and the Negro problem is never brought before the UN. This is part of the conspiracy. This old, tricky blue eyed liberal who is supposed to be your and my friend, supposed to be in our corner, supposed to be subsidizing our struggle, and supposed to be acting in the capacity of an adviser, never tells you anything about human rights. They keep you wrapped up in civil rights. And you spend so much time barking up the civil-rights tree, you don't even know there's a human-rights tree on the same floor.

When you expand the civil-rights struggle to the level of human rights, you can then take the case of the black man in this country before the nations in the UN. You can take it before the General Assembly. You can take Uncle Sam before a world court. But the only level you can do it on is the level of human rights. Civil rights keeps you under his restrictions, under his jurisdiction. Civil rights keeps you in his pocket. Civil rights means you're asking Uncle Sam to treat you right. Human rights are something you were born with. Human rights are your God-given rights. Human rights are the rights that are recognized by all nations of this earth. And any time any one violates your human rights, you can take them to the world court.

Uncle Sam's hands are dripping with blood, dripping with the blood of the black man in this country. He's the earth's number-one hypocrite. He has the audacity -- yes, he has -- imagine him posing as the leader of the free world. The free world! And you over here singing "We Shall Overcome." Expand the civil-rights struggle to the level of human rights. Take it into the United Nations, where our African brothers can throw their weight on our side, where our Asian brothers can throw their weight on our side, where our Latin-American brothers can throw their weight on our side, and where 800 million Chinamen are sitting there waiting to throw their weight on our side.

Let the world know how bloody his hands are. Let the world know the hypocrisy that's practiced over here. Let it be the ballot or the bullet. Let him know that it must be the ballot or the bullet.

When you take your case to Washington, D.C., you're taking it to the criminal who's responsible; it's like running from the wolf to the fox. They're all in cahoots together. They all work political chicanery and make you look like a chump before the eyes of the world. Here you are walking around in America, getting ready to be drafted and sent abroad, like a tin soldier, and when you get over there, people ask you what are you fighting for, and you have to stick your tongue in your cheek. No, take Uncle Sam to court, take him before the world.

By ballot I only mean freedom. Don't you know -- I disagree with Lomax on this issue -- that the ballot is more important than the dollar? Can I prove it? Yes. Look in the UN. There are poor nations in the UN; yet those poor nations can get together with their voting power and keep the rich nations from making a move. They have one nation -- one vote, everyone has an equal vote. And when those brothers from Asia, and Africa and the darker parts of this earth get together, their voting power is sufficient to hold Sam in check. Or Russia in check. Or some other section of the earth in check. So, the ballot is most important.

Right now, in this country, if you and I, 22 million African-Americans -- that's what we are -- Africans who are in America. You're nothing but Africans. Nothing but Africans. In fact, you'd get farther calling yourself African instead of Negro. Africans don't catch hell. You're the only one catching hell. They don't have to pass civil-rights bills for Africans. An African can go anywhere he wants right now. All you've got to do is tie your head up. That's right, go anywhere you want. Just stop being a Negro. Change your name to Hoogagagooba. That'll show you how silly the white man is. You're dealing with a silly man. A friend of mine who's very dark put a turban on his head and went into a restaurant in Atlanta before they called themselves desegregated. He went into a white restaurant, he sat down, they served him, and he said, "What would happen if a Negro came in here? And there he's sitting, black as night, but because he had his head wrapped up the waitress looked back at him and says, "Why, there wouldn't no nigger dare come in here."

So, you're dealing with a man whose bias and prejudice are making him lose his mind, his intelligence, every day. He's frightened. He looks around and sees what's taking place on this earth, and he sees that the pendulum of time is swinging in your direction. The dark people are waking up. They're losing their fear of the white man. No place where he's fighting right now is he winning. Everywhere he's fighting, he's fighting someone your and my complexion. And they're beating him. He can't win any more. He's won his last battle. He failed to win the Korean War. He couldn't win it. He had to sign a truce. That's a loss.

Any time Uncle Sam, with all his machinery for warfare, is held to a draw by some rice eaters, he's lost the battle. He had to sign a truce. America's not supposed to sign a truce. She's supposed to be bad. But she's not bad any more. She's bad as long as she can use her hydrogen bomb, but she can't use hers for fear Russia might use hers. Russia can't use hers, for fear that Sam might use his. So, both of them are weapon-less. They can't use the weapon because each's weapon nullifies the other's. So the only place where action can take place is on the ground. And the white man can't win another war fighting on the ground. Those days are over The black man knows it, the brown man knows it, the red man knows it, and the yellow man knows it. So they engage him in guerrilla warfare.

That's not his style. You've got to have heart to be a guerrilla warrior, and he hasn't got any heart. I'm telling you now.

I just want to give you a little briefing on guerrilla warfare because, before you know it, before you know it. It takes heart to be a guerrilla warrior because you're on your own. In conventional warfare you have tanks and a whole lot of other people with you to back you up -- planes over your head and all that kind of stuff. But a guerrilla is on his own. All you have is a rifle, some sneakers and a bowl of rice, and that's all you need -- and a lot of heart. The Japanese on some of those islands in the Pacific, when the American soldiers landed, one Japanese sometimes could hold the whole army off. He'd just wait until the sun went down, and when the sun went down they were all equal. He would take his little blade and slip from bush to bush, and from American to American. The white soldiers couldn't cope with that. Whenever you see a white soldier that fought in the Pacific, he has the shakes, he has a nervous condition, because they scared him to death.

The same thing happened to the French up in French Indochina. People who just a few years previously were rice farmers got together and ran the heavily-mechanized French army out of Indochina. You don't need it -- modern warfare today won't work. This is the day of the guerrilla. They did the same thing in Algeria. Algerians, who were nothing but Bedouins, took a rifle and sneaked off to the hills, and de Gaulle and all of his highfalutin' war machinery couldn't defeat those guerrillas. Nowhere on this earth does the white man win in a guerrilla warfare. It's not his speed. Just as guerrilla warfare is prevailing in Asia and in parts of Africa and in parts of Latin America, you've got to be mighty naive, or you've got to play the black man cheap, if you don't think some day he's going to wake up and find that it's got to be the ballot or the bullet.

I would like to say, in closing, a few things concerning the Muslim Mosque, Inc., which we established recently in New York City. It's true we're Muslims and our religion is Islam, but we don't mix our religion with our politics and our economics and our social and civil activities -- not any more. We keep our religion in our mosque. After our religious services are over, then as Muslims we become involved in political action, economic action and social and civic action. We become involved with anybody, any where, any time and in any manner that's designed to eliminate the evils, the political, economic and social evils that are afflicting the people of our community.

The political philosophy of black nationalism means that the black man should control the politics and the politicians in his own community; no more. The black man in the black community has to be re-educated into the science of politics so he will know what politics is supposed to bring him in return. Don't be throwing out any ballots. A ballot is like a bullet. You don't throw your ballots until you see a target, and if that target is not within your reach, keep your ballot in your pocket.

The political philosophy of black nationalism is being taught in the Christian church. It's being taught in the NAACP. It's being taught in CORE meetings. It's being taught in SNCC Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee meetings. It's being taught in Muslim meetings. It's being taught where nothing but atheists and agnostics come together. It's being taught everywhere. Black people are fed up with the dillydallying, pussyfooting, compromising approach that we've been using toward getting our freedom. We want freedom now, but we're not going to get it saying "We Shall Overcome." We've got to fight until we overcome.

The economic philosophy of black nationalism is pure and simple. It only means that we should control the economy of our community. Why should white people be running all the stores in our community? Why should white people be running the banks of our community? Why should the economy of our community be in the hands of the white man? Why? If a black man can't move his store into a white community, you tell me why a white man should move his store into a black community. The philosophy of black nationalism involves a re-education program in the black community in regards to economics. Our people have to be made to see that any time you take your dollar out of your community and spend it in a community where you don't live, the community where you live will get poorer and poorer, and the community where you spend your money will get richer and richer.

Then you wonder why where you live is always a ghetto or a slum area. And where you and I are concerned, not only do we lose it when we spend it out of the community, but the white man has got all our stores in the community tied up; so that though we spend it in the community, at sundown the man who runs the store takes it over across town somewhere. He's got us in a vise. So the economic philosophy of black nationalism means in every church, in every civic organization, in every fraternal order, it's time now for our people to be come conscious of the importance of controlling the economy of our community. If we own the stores, if we operate the businesses, if we try and establish some industry in our own community, then we're developing to the position where we are creating employment for our own kind. Once you gain control of the economy of your own community, then you don't have to picket and boycott and beg some cracker downtown for a job in his business.

The social philosophy of black nationalism only means that we have to get together and remove the evils, the vices, alcoholism, drug addiction, and other evils that are destroying the moral fiber of our community. We our selves have to lift the level of our community, the standard of our community to a higher level, make our own society beautiful so that we will be satisfied in our own social circles and won't be running around here trying to knock our way into a social circle where we're not wanted. So I say, in spreading a gospel such as black nationalism, it is not designed to make the black man re-evaluate the white man -- you know him already -- but to make the black man re-evaluate himself.

Don't change the white man's mind -- you can't change his mind, and that whole thing about appealing to the moral conscience of America -- America's conscience is bankrupt. She lost all conscience a long time ago. Uncle Sam has no conscience.

They don't know what morals are. They don't try and eliminate an evil because it's evil, or because it's illegal, or because it's immoral; they eliminate it only when it threatens their existence. So you're wasting your time appealing to the moral conscience of a bankrupt man like Uncle Sam. If he had a conscience, he'd straighten this thing out with no more pressure being put upon him. So it is not necessary to change the white man's mind. We have to change our own mind. You can't change his mind about us. We've got to change our own minds about each other. We have to see each other with new eyes. We have to see each other as brothers and sisters. We have to come together with warmth so we can develop unity and harmony that's necessary to get this problem solved ourselves. How can we do this? How can we avoid jealousy? How can we avoid the suspicion and the divisions that exist in the community? I'll tell you how.

I have watched how Billy Graham comes into a city, spreading what he calls the gospel of Christ, which is only white nationalism. That's what he is. Billy Graham is a white nationalist; I'm a black nationalist. But since it's the natural tendency for leaders to be jealous and look upon a powerful figure like Graham with suspicion and envy, how is it possible for him to come into a city and get all the cooperation of the church leaders? Don't think because they're church leaders that they don't have weaknesses that make them envious and jealous -- no, everybody's got it. It's not an accident that when they want to choose a cardinal, as Pope I over there in Rome, they get in a closet so you can't hear them cussing and fighting and carrying on.

Billy Graham comes in preaching the gospel of Christ. He evangelizes the gospel. He stirs everybody up, but he never tries to start a church. If he came in trying to start a church, all the churches would be against him. So, he just comes in talking about Christ and tells everybody who gets Christ to go to any church where Christ is; and in this way the church cooperates with him. So we're going to take a page from his book.

Our gospel is black nationalism. We're not trying to threaten the existence of any organization, but we're spreading the gospel of black nationalism. Anywhere there's a church that is also preaching and practicing the gospel of black nationalism, join that church. If the NAACP is preaching and practicing the gospel of black nationalism, join the NAACP. If CORE is spreading and practicing the gospel of black nationalism, join CORE. Join any organization that has a gospel that's for the uplift of the black man. And when you get into it and see them pussyfooting or compromising, pull out of it because that's not black nationalism. We'll find another one.

And in this manner, the organizations will increase in number and in quantity and in quality, and by August, it is then our intention to have a black nationalist convention which will consist of delegates from all over the country who are interested in the political, economic and social philosophy of black nationalism. After these delegates convene, we will hold a seminar; we will hold discussions; we will listen to everyone. We want to hear new ideas and new solutions and new answers. And at that time, if we see fit then to form a black nationalist party, we'll form a black nationalist party. If it's necessary to form a black nationalist army, we'll form a black nationalist army. It'll be the ballot or the bullet. It'll be liberty or it'll be death.

It's time for you and me to stop sitting in this country, letting some cracker senators, Northern crackers and Southern crackers, sit there in Washington, D.C., and come to a conclusion in their mind that you and I are supposed to have civil rights. There's no white man going to tell me anything about my rights. Brothers and sisters, always remember, if it doesn't take senators and congressmen and presidential proclamations to give freedom to the white man, it is not necessary for legislation or proclamation or Supreme Court decisions to give freedom to the black man. You let that white man know, if this is a country of freedom, let it be a country of freedom; and if it's not a country of freedom, change it.

We will work with anybody, anywhere, at any time, who is genuinely interested in tackling the problem head-on, nonviolently as long as the enemy is nonviolent, but violent when the enemy gets violent. We'll work with you on the voter-registration drive, we'll work with you on rent strikes, we'll work with you on school boycotts; I don't believe in any kind of integration; I'm not even worried about it, because I know you're not going to get it anyway; you're not going to get it because you're afraid to die; you've got to be ready to die if you try and force yourself on the white man, because he'll get just as violent as those crackers in Mississippi, right here in Cleveland. But we will still work with you on the school boycotts because we're against a segregated school system. A segregated school system produces children who, when they graduate, graduate with crippled minds. But this does not mean that a school is segregated because it's all black. A segregated school means a school that is controlled by people who have no real interest in it whatsoever.

Let me explain what I mean. A segregated district or community is a community in which people live, but outsiders control the politics and the economy of that community. They never refer to the white section as a segregated community. It's the all-Negro section that's a segregated community. Why? The white man controls his own school, his own bank, his own economy, his own politics, his own everything, his own community; but he also controls yours. When you're under someone else's control, you're segregated. They'll always give you the lowest or the worst that there is to offer, but it doesn't mean you're segregated just because you have your own. You've got to control your own. Just like the white man has control of his, you need to control yours.

You know the best way to get rid of segregation? The white man is more afraid of separation than he is of integration. Segregation means that he puts you away from him, but not far enough for you to be out of his jurisdiction; separation means you're gone. And the white man will integrate faster than he'll let you separate. So we will work with you against the segregated school system because it's criminal, because it is absolutely destructive, in every way imaginable, to the minds of the children who have to be exposed to that type of crippling education.

Last but not least, I must say this concerning the great controversy over rifles and shotguns. The only thing that I've ever said is that in areas where the government has proven itself either unwilling or unable to defend the lives and the property of Negroes, it's time for Negroes to defend themselves. Article number two of the constitutional amendments provides you and me the right to own a rifle or a shotgun. It is constitutionally legal to own a shotgun or a rifle. This doesn't mean you're going to get a rifle and form battalions and go out looking for white folks, although you'd be within your rights -- I mean, you'd be justified; but that would be illegal and we don't do anything illegal. If the white man doesn't want the black man buying rifles and shotguns, then let the government do its job.

That's all. And don't let the white man come to you and ask you what you think about what Malcolm says -- why, you old Uncle Tom. He would never ask you if he thought you were going to say, "Amen!" No, he is making a Tom out of you." So, this doesn't mean forming rifle clubs and going out looking for people, but it is time, in 1964, if you are a man, to let that man know. If he's not going to do his job in running the government and providing you and me with the protection that our taxes are supposed to be for, since he spends all those billions for his defense budget, he certainly can't begrudge you and me spending \$12 or \$15 for a single-shot, or double-action. I hope you understand. Don't go out shooting people, but any time -- brothers and sisters, and especially the men in this audience; some of you wearing Congressional Medals of Honor, with shoulders this wide, chests this big, muscles that big -- any time you and I sit around and read where they bomb a church and murder in cold blood, not some grownups, but four little girls while they were praying to the same God the white man taught them to pray to, and you and I see the government go down and can't find who did it.

Why, this man -- he can find Eichmann hiding down in Argentina somewhere. Let two or three American soldiers, who are minding somebody else's business way over in South Vietnam, get killed, and he'll send battleships, sticking his nose in their business. He wanted to send troops down to Cuba and make them have what he calls free elections -- this old cracker who doesn't have free elections in his own country.

No, if you never see me another time in your life, if I die in the morning, I'll die saying one thing: the ballot or the bullet, the ballot or the bullet.

If a Negro in 1964 has to sit around and wait for some cracker senator to filibuster when it comes to the rights of black people, why, you and I should hang our heads in shame. You talk about a march on Washington in 1963, you haven't seen anything. There's some more going down in '64.

And this time they're not going like they went last year. They're not going singing "We Shall Overcome." They're not going with white friends. They're not going with placards already painted for them. They're not going with round-trip tickets. They're going with one way tickets. And if they don't want that non-nonviolent army going down there, tell them to bring the filibuster to a halt.

The black nationalists aren't going to wait. Lyndon B. Johnson is the head of the Democratic Party. If he's for civil rights, let him go into the Senate next week and declare himself. Let him go in there right now and declare himself. Let him go in there and denounce the Southern branch of his party. Let him go in there right now and take a moral stand -- right now, not later. Tell him, don't wait until election time. If he waits too long, brothers and sisters, he will be responsible for letting a condition develop in this country which will create a climate that will bring seeds up out of the ground with vegetation on the end of them looking like something these people never dreamed of. In 1964, it's the ballot or the bullet.

Thank you.

Online Source

http://www.edchange.org/multicultural/speeches/malcolm_x_ballot.html

a Letter from the Birmingham Jail . . . Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King

My Dear Fellow Clergymen

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling my present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would have little time for anything other than such correspondence in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and that your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I want to try to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should indicate why I am here in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the view which argues against "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty five affiliated organizations across the South, and one of them is the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Frequently we share staff, educational and financial resources with our affiliates. Several months ago the affiliate here in Birmingham asked us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented, and when the hour came we lived up to our promise. So I, along with several members of my staff, am here because I was invited here. I am here because I have organizational ties here.

But more basically, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the prophets of the eighth century B.C. left their villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, and just as the Apostle Paul left his village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to the far corners of the Greco Roman world, so am I compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my own home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds.

You deplore the demonstrations taking place in Birmingham. But your statement, I am sorry to say, fails to express a similar concern for the conditions that brought about the demonstrations.

I am sure that none of you would want to rest content with the superficial kind of social analysis that deals merely with effects and does not grapple with underlying causes. It is unfortunate that demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham, but it is even more unfortunate that the city's white power structure left the Negro community with no alternative.

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: collection of the facts to determine whether injustices exist; negotiation; self purification; and direct action. We have gone through all these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gainsaying the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community. Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of brutality is widely known. Negroes have experienced grossly unjust treatment in the courts. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any other city in the nation. These are the hard, brutal facts of the case. On the basis of these conditions, Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the latter consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

Then, last September, came the opportunity to talk with leaders of Birmingham's economic community. In the course of the negotiations, certain promises were made by the merchants--for example, to remove the stores' humiliating racial signs. On the basis of these promises, the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to a moratorium on all demonstrations. As the weeks and months went by, we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. A few signs, briefly removed, returned; the others remained. As in so many past experiences, our hopes had been blasted, and the shadow of deep disappointment settled upon us. We had no alternative except to prepare for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and the national community. Mindful of the difficulties involved, we decided to undertake a process of self purification. We began a series of workshops on nonviolence, and we repeatedly asked ourselves: "Are you able to accept blows without retaliating?" "Are you able to endure the ordeal of jail?" We decided to schedule our direct action program for the Easter season, realizing that except for Christmas, this is the main shopping period of the year. Knowing that a strong economic-withdrawal program would be the by product of direct action, we felt that this would be the best time to bring pressure to bear on the merchants for the needed change.

Then it occurred to us that Birmingham's mayoral election was coming up in March, and we speedily decided to postpone action until after election day. When we discovered that the Commissioner of Public Safety, Eugene "Bull" Connor, had piled up enough votes to be in the run off, we decided again to postpone action until the day after the run off so that the demonstrations could not be used to cloud the issues.

Like many others, we waited to see Mr. Connor defeated, and to this end we endured postponement after postponement. Having aided in this community need, we felt that our direct action program could be delayed no longer.

You may well ask: "Why direct action? Why sit ins, marches and so forth? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are quite right in calling for negotiation. Indeed, this is the very purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. My citing the creation of tension as part of the work of the nonviolent resister may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word "tension." I have earnestly opposed violent tension, but there is a type of constructive, nonviolent tension which is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, so must we see the need for nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. The purpose of our direct action program is to create a situation so crisis packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. I therefore concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in a tragic effort to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

One of the basic points in your statement is that the action that I and my associates have taken in Birmingham is untimely. Some have asked: "Why didn't you give the new city administration time to act?" The only answer that I can give to this query is that the new Birmingham administration must be prodded about as much as the outgoing one, before it will act. We are sadly mistaken if we feel that the election of Albert Boutwell as mayor will bring the millennium to Birmingham. While Mr. Boutwell is a much more gentle person than Mr. Connor, they are both segregationists, dedicated to maintenance of the status quo. I have hope that Mr. Boutwell will be reasonable enough to see the futility of massive resistance to desegregation. But he will not see this without pressure from devotees of civil rights. My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and nonviolent pressure. Lamentably, it is an historical fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but, as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups tend to be more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have yet to engage in a direct action campaign that was "well timed" in the view of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word "Wait!"

It rings in the ear of every Negro with piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." We must come to see, with one of our distinguished jurists, that "justice too long delayed is justice denied."

We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward gaining political independence, but we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward gaining a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate filled policemen curse, kick and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six year old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see ominous clouds of inferiority beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her personality by developing an unconscious bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five year old son who is asking: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross county drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger," your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and are plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"--then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into the abyss of despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience. You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, at first glance it may seem rather paradoxical for us consciously to break laws. One may well ask: "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer lies in the fact that there are two types of laws: just and unjust. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that "an unjust law is no law at all."

Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine whether a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of St. Thomas Aquinas: An unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal law and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. Segregation, to use the terminology of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, substitutes an "I it" relationship for an "I thou" relationship and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. Hence segregation is not only politically, economically and sociologically unsound, it is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Tillich has said that sin is separation. Is not segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, his awful estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? Thus it is that I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court, for it is morally right; and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances, for they are morally wrong.

Let us consider a more concrete example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a numerical or power majority group compels a minority group to obey but does not make binding on itself. This is difference made legal. By the same token, a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow and that it is willing to follow itself. This is sameness made legal. Let me give another explanation. A law is unjust if it is inflicted on a minority that, as a result of being denied the right to vote, had no part in enacting or devising the law. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up that state's segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout Alabama all sorts of devious methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters, and there are some counties in which, even though Negroes constitute a majority of the population, not a single Negro is registered. Can any law enacted under such circumstances be considered democratically structured?

Sometimes a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I have been arrested on a charge of parading without a permit. Now, there is nothing wrong in having an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade. But such an ordinance becomes unjust when it is used to maintain segregation and to deny citizens the First-Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and protest.

I hope you are able to see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law, as would the rabid segregationist. That would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty.

I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law.

Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was evidenced sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar, on the ground that a higher moral law was at stake. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians, who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks rather than submit to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience. In our own nation, the Boston Tea Party represented a massive act of civil disobedience.

We should never forget that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. Even so, I am sure that, had I lived in Germany at the time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers. If today I lived in a Communist country where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I would openly advocate disobeying that country's antireligious laws.

I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the past few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in his stride toward freedom is not the White Citizen's Council or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate, who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says: "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I cannot agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically believes he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by a mythical concept of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait for a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that law and order exist for the purpose of establishing justice and that when they fail in this purpose they become the dangerously structured dams that block the flow of social progress. I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that the present tension in the South is a necessary phase of the transition from an obnoxious negative peace, in which the Negro passively accepted his unjust plight, to a substantive and positive peace, in which all men will respect the dignity and worth of human personality. Actually, we who engage in nonviolent direct action are not the creators of tension.

We merely bring to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive. We bring it out in the open, where it can be seen and dealt with. Like a boil that can never be cured so long as it is covered up but must be opened with all its ugliness to the natural medicines of air and light, injustice must be exposed, with all the tension its exposure creates, to the light of human conscience and the air of national opinion before it can be cured.

In your statement you assert that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But is this a logical assertion? Isn't this like condemning a robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery? Isn't this like condemning Socrates because his unswerving commitment to truth and his philosophical inquiries precipitated the act by the misguided populace in which they made him drink hemlock? Isn't this like condemning Jesus because his unique God consciousness and never ceasing devotion to God's will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see that, as the federal courts have consistently affirmed, it is wrong to urge an individual to cease his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest may precipitate violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber. I had also hoped that the white moderate would reject the myth concerning time in relation to the struggle for freedom. I have just received a letter from a white brother in Texas. He writes: "All Christians know that the colored people will receive equal rights eventually, but it is possible that you are in too great a religious hurry. It has taken Christianity almost two thousand years to accomplish what it has. The teachings of Christ take time to come to earth." Such an attitude stems from a tragic misconception of time, from the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the very flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually, time itself is neutral; it can be used either destructively or constructively. More and more I feel that the people of ill will have used time much more effectively than have the people of good will. We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the hateful words and actions of the bad people but for the appalling silence of the good people. Human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability; it comes through the tireless efforts of men willing to be co workers with God, and without this hard work, time itself becomes an ally of the forces of social stagnation. We must use time creatively, in the knowledge that the time is always ripe to do right. Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy and transform our pending national elegy into a creative psalm of brotherhood. Now is the time to lift our national policy from the quicksand of racial injustice to the solid rock of human dignity.

You speak of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist. I began thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency, made up in part of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, are so drained of self respect and a sense of "somebodiness" that they have adjusted to segregation; and in part of a few middle-class Negroes who,

because of a degree of academic and economic security and because in some ways they profit by segregation, have become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness and hatred, and it comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up across the nation, the largest and best known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. Nourished by the Negro's frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination, this movement is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity, and who have concluded that the white man is an incorrigible "devil."

I have tried to stand between these two forces, saying that we need emulate neither the "do nothingism" of the complacent nor the hatred and despair of the black nationalist. For there is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest. I am grateful to God that, through the influence of the Negro church, the way of nonviolence became an integral part of our struggle. If this philosophy had not emerged, by now many streets of the South would, I am convinced, be flowing with blood. And I am further convinced that if our white brothers dismiss as "rabble rousers" and "outside agitators" those of us who employ nonviolent direct action, and if they refuse to support our nonviolent efforts, millions of Negroes will, out of frustration and despair, seek solace and security in black nationalist ideologies--a development that would inevitably lead to a frightening racial nightmare.

Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The yearning for freedom eventually manifests itself, and that is what has happened to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of his birthright of freedom, and something without has reminded him that it can be gained. Consciously or unconsciously, he has been caught up by the Zeitgeist, and with his black brothers of Africa and his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America and the Caribbean, the United States Negro is moving with a sense of great urgency toward the promised land of racial justice. If one recognizes this vital urge that has engulfed the Negro community, one should readily understand why public demonstrations are taking place. The Negro has many pent up resentments and latent frustrations, and he must release them. So let him march; let him make prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; let him go on freedom rides -and try to understand why he must do so. If his repressed emotions are not released in nonviolent ways, they will seek expression through violence; this is not a threat but a fact of history. So I have not said to my people: "Get rid of your discontent." Rather, I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled into the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action. And now this approach is being termed extremist. But though I was initially disappointed at being categorized as an extremist, as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a measure of satisfaction from the label. Was not Jesus an extremist for love: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you, and persecute you."

Was not Amos an extremist for justice: "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an ever flowing stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the Christian gospel: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God." And John Bunyan: "I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." And Abraham Lincoln: "This nation cannot survive half slave and half free." And Thomas Jefferson: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal . . ." So the question is not whether we will be extremists, but what kind of extremists we will be. Will we be extremists for hate or for love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice or for the extension of justice? In that dramatic scene on Calvary's hill three men were crucified. We must never forget that all three were crucified for the same crime--the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thus fell below their environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth and goodness, and thereby rose above his environment. Perhaps the South, the nation and the world are in dire need of creative extremists.

I had hoped that the white moderate would see this need. Perhaps I was too optimistic; perhaps I expected too much. I suppose I should have realized that few members of the oppressor race can understand the deep groans and passionate yearnings of the oppressed race, and still fewer have the vision to see that injustice must be rooted out by strong, persistent and determined action. I am thankful, however, that some of our white brothers in the South have grasped the meaning of this social revolution and committed themselves to it. They are still all too few in quantity, but they are big in quality. Some - such as Ralph McGill, Lillian Smith, Harry Golden, James McBride Dabbs, Ann Braden and Sarah Patton Boyle--have written about our struggle in eloquent and prophetic terms. Others have marched with us down nameless streets of the South. They have languished in filthy, roach infested jails, suffering the abuse and brutality of policemen who view them as "dirty nigger-lovers." Unlike so many of their moderate brothers and sisters, they have recognized the urgency of the moment and sensed the need for powerful "action" antidotes to combat the disease of segregation. Let me take note of my other major disappointment. I have been so greatly disappointed with the white church and its leadership. Of course, there are some notable exceptions. I am not unmindful of the fact that each of you has taken some significant stands on this issue. I commend you, Reverend Stallings, for your Christian stand on this past Sunday, in welcoming Negroes to your worship service on a nonsegregated basis. I commend the Catholic leaders of this state for integrating Spring Hill College several years ago.

But despite these notable exceptions, I must honestly reiterate that I have been disappointed with the church. I do not say this as one of those negative critics who can always find something wrong with the church. I say this as a minister of the gospel, who loves the church; who was nurtured in its bosom; who has been sustained by its spiritual blessings and who will remain true to it as long as the cord of life shall lengthen.

When I was suddenly catapulted into the leadership of the bus protest in Montgomery, Alabama, a few years ago, I felt we would be supported by the white church. I felt that the white ministers, priests and rabbis of the South would be among our strongest allies. Instead, some have been outright opponents, refusing to understand the freedom movement and misrepresenting its leaders; all too many others have been more cautious than courageous and have remained silent behind the anesthetizing security of stained glass windows.

In spite of my shattered dreams, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership of this community would see the justice of our cause and, with deep moral concern, would serve as the channel through which our just grievances could reach the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand. But again I have been disappointed.

I have heard numerous southern religious leaders admonish their worshipers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the law, but I have longed to hear white ministers declare: "Follow this decree because integration is morally right and because the Negro is your brother." In the midst of blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churchmen stand on the sideline and mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard many ministers say: "Those are social issues, with which the gospel has no real concern." And I have watched many churches commit themselves to a completely other worldly religion which makes a strange, un-Biblical distinction between body and soul, between the sacred and the secular.

I have traveled the length and breadth of Alabama, Mississippi and all the other southern states. On sweltering summer days and crisp autumn mornings I have looked at the South's beautiful churches with their lofty spires pointing heavenward. I have beheld the impressive outlines of her massive religious education buildings. Over and over I have found myself asking: "What kind of people worship here? Who is their God? Where were their voices when the lips of Governor Barnett dripped with words of interposition and nullification? Where were they when Governor Wallace gave a clarion call for defiance and hatred? Where were their voices of support when bruised and weary Negro men and women decided to rise from the dark dungeons of complacency to the bright hills of creative protest?"

Yes, these questions are still in my mind. In deep disappointment I have wept over the laxity of the church. But be assured that my tears have been tears of love. There can be no deep disappointment where there is not deep love. Yes, I love the church. How could I do otherwise? I am in the rather unique position of being the son, the grandson and the great grandson of preachers. Yes, I see the church as the body of Christ. But, oh! How we have blemished and scarred that body through social neglect and through fear of being nonconformists.

There was a time when the church was very powerful--in the time when the early Christians rejoiced at being deemed worthy to suffer for what they believed. In those days the church was not merely a thermometer that recorded the ideas and principles of popular opinion; it was a thermostat that transformed the mores of society. Whenever the early Christians entered a town, the people in power became disturbed and immediately sought to convict the Christians for being "disturbers of the peace" and "outside agitators." But the Christians pressed on, in the conviction that they were "a colony of heaven," called to obey God rather than man. Small in number, they were big in commitment. They were too God-intoxicated to be "astronomically intimidated." By their effort and example they brought an end to such ancient evils as infanticide and gladiatorial contests. Things are different now. So often the contemporary church is a weak, ineffectual voice with an uncertain sound. So often it is an archdefender of the status quo. Far from being disturbed by the presence of the church, the power structure of the average community is consoled by the church's silent--and often even vocal--sanction of things as they are.

But the judgment of God is upon the church as never before. If today's church does not recapture the sacrificial spirit of the early church, it will lose its authenticity, forfeit the loyalty of millions, and be dismissed as an irrelevant social club with no meaning for the twentieth century. Every day I meet young people whose disappointment with the church has turned into outright disgust.

Perhaps I have once again been too optimistic. Is organized religion too inextricably bound to the status quo to save our nation and the world? Perhaps I must turn my faith to the inner spiritual church, the church within the church, as the true ekklesia and the hope of the world. But again I am thankful to God that some noble souls from the ranks of organized religion have broken loose from the paralyzing chains of conformity and joined us as active partners in the struggle for freedom. They have left their secure congregations and walked the streets of Albany, Georgia, with us. They have gone down the highways of the South on tortuous rides for freedom. Yes, they have gone to jail with us. Some have been dismissed from their churches, have lost the support of their bishops and fellow ministers. But they have acted in the faith that right defeated is stronger than evil triumphant. Their witness has been the spiritual salt that has preserved the true meaning of the gospel in these troubled times. They have carved a tunnel of hope through the dark mountain of disappointment. I hope the church as a whole will meet the challenge of this decisive hour. But even if the church does not come to the aid of justice, I have no despair about the future. I have no fear about the outcome of our struggle in Birmingham, even if our motives are at present misunderstood. We will reach the goal of freedom in Birmingham and all over the nation, because the goal of America is freedom. Abused and scorned though we may be, our destiny is tied up with America's destiny. Before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, we were here.

Before the pen of Jefferson etched the majestic words of the Declaration of Independence across the pages of history, we were here. For more than two centuries our forebears labored in this country without wages; they made cotton king; they built the homes of their masters while suffering gross injustice and shameful humiliation -and yet out of a bottomless vitality they continued to thrive and develop. If the inexpressible cruelties of slavery could not stop us, the opposition we now face will surely fail. We will win our freedom because the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of God are embodied in our echoing demands. Before closing I feel impelled to mention one other point in your statement that has troubled me profoundly. You warmly commended the Birmingham police force for keeping "order" and "preventing violence." I doubt that you would have so warmly commended the police force if you had seen its dogs sinking their teeth into unarmed, nonviolent Negroes. I doubt that you would so quickly commend the policemen if you were to observe their ugly and inhumane treatment of Negroes here in the city jail; if you were to watch them push and curse old Negro women and young Negro girls; if you were to see them slap and kick old Negro men and young boys; if you were to observe them, as they did on two occasions, refuse to give us food because we wanted to sing our grace together. I cannot join you in your praise of the Birmingham police department.

It is true that the police have exercised a degree of discipline in handling the demonstrators. In this sense they have conducted themselves rather "nonviolently" in public. But for what purpose? To preserve the evil system of segregation. Over the past few years I have consistently preached that nonviolence demands that the means we use must be as pure as the ends we seek. I have tried to make clear that it is wrong to use immoral means to attain moral ends. But now I must affirm that it is just as wrong, or perhaps even more so, to use moral means to preserve immoral ends. Perhaps Mr. Connor and his policemen have been rather nonviolent in public, as was Chief Pritchett in Albany, Georgia, but they have used the moral means of nonviolence to maintain the immoral end of racial injustice. As T. S. Eliot has said: "The last temptation is the greatest treason: To do the right deed for the wrong reason."

I wish you had commended the Negro sit inners and demonstrators of Birmingham for their sublime courage, their willingness to suffer and their amazing discipline in the midst of great provocation. One day the South will recognize its real heroes. They will be the James Merediths, with the noble sense of purpose that enables them to face jeering and hostile mobs, and with the agonizing loneliness that characterizes the life of the pioneer. They will be old, oppressed, battered Negro women, symbolized in a seventy two year old woman in Montgomery, Alabama, who rose up with a sense of dignity and with her people decided not to ride segregated buses, and who responded with ungrammatical profundity to one who inquired about her weariness: "My feets is tired, but my soul is at rest."

They will be the young high school and college students, the young ministers of the gospel and a host of their elders, courageously and nonviolently sitting in at lunch counters and willingly going to jail for conscience' sake. One day the South will know that when these disinherited children of God sat down at lunch counters, they were in reality standing up for what is best in the American dream and for the most sacred values in our Judaeo Christian heritage, thereby bringing our nation back to those great wells of democracy which were dug deep by the founding fathers in their formulation of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

Never before have I written so long a letter. I'm afraid it is much too long to take your precious time. I can assure you that it would have been much shorter if I had been writing from a comfortable desk, but what else can one do when he is alone in a narrow jail cell, other than write long letters, think long thoughts and pray long prayers?

If I have said anything in this letter that overstates the truth and indicates an unreasonable impatience, I beg you to forgive me. If I have said anything that understates the truth and indicates my having a patience that allows me to settle for anything less than brotherhood, I beg God to forgive me.

I hope this letter finds you strong in the faith. I also hope that circumstances will soon make it possible for me to meet each of you, not as an integrationist or a civil-rights leader but as a fellow clergyman and a Christian brother. Let us all hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice will soon pass away and the deep fog of misunderstanding will be lifted from our fear drenched communities, and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all their scintillating beauty.

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood, Martin Luther King, Jr.
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Angela Davis

The Liberation of Our People: Transcript of a Speech Delivered by Angela Y. Davis at a Black Panther rally in Bobby Hutton Park (AKA DeFremery Park), Oakland, CA on Nov. 12, 1969

Yeah, I'd just like to say that I like being called sister much more than professor and I've continually said that if my job -- if keeping my job means that I have to make any compromises in the liberation struggle in this country, then I'll gladly leave my job. This is my position.

Now there has been a lot of debate in the left sector of the anti-war movement as to what the orientation of that movement should be. And I think there are two main issues at hand. One group of people feels that the movement, the anti-war movement ought to be a single issue movement, the cessation of the war in Vietnam. They do not want to relate it to the other kinds and forms of repression that are taking place here in this country. There's another group of people who say that we have to make those connections. We have to talk about what's happening in Vietnam as being a symptom of something that's happening all over the world, of something that's happening in this country. And in order for the anti-war movement to be effective, it has to link up with the struggle for black and brown liberation in this country with the struggle of exploited white workers. Now I think we should ask ourselves why the that first group of people want the anti-war movement to be a single issue movement. Somehow they feel that it's necessary to tone down the political content of that movement in order to attract as many people as possible. They think that mere numbers will be enough in order to affect this government's policy. But I think we have to talk about the political content. We have to talk about the necessity to raise the level of consciousness of the people who are involved in that movement. And if you analyze the war in Vietnam, first of all it ought to become obvious that if the United States Government pulled its troops out of Vietnam that that repression would have to crop up somewhere else. And in fact, we're seeing that as this country is being defeated in Vietnam, more and more acts of repression are occurring here on the domestic scene. And I'd just like to point to the most dramatic one in the last couple of weeks, which is the chaining and gagging of Chairman Bobby Seale and his sentence to four years for Contempt of Court. I think that demonstrates that if the link-up is not made between what's happening in Vietnam and what's happening here we may very well face a period of full-blown fascism very soon.

Now I think there's something perhaps more profound that we ought to point to. This whole economy in this country is a war economy. It's based on the fact that more and more and more weapons are being produced. What happens if the war in Vietnam ceases? How is the economy going to stand unless another Vietnam is created, and who is to determine where that Vietnam is gonna be?

It can be abroad, or it can be right here at home, and I think it's becoming evident that that Vietnam is entering the streets of this country. It's becoming evident in all the brutal forms of repression, which we can see everyday of our lives here. And this reminds me, because I think this is very relevant to what's happening in Vietnam that is the military situation in this country. I saw in television last week that the head of the National Guard in California decided that from now on their military activities are gonna be concentrated in three main areas. Now what are these areas? First of all, he says, disruption in minority communities, then he says disruption on the campus, then he says disruption in industrial areas. I think it points to the fact that they are going to begin to use that whole military apparatus in order to put down the resistance in the black and brown community, on the campuses, in the working class communities. I think that they are really preparing for this now. It's evident that the terror is becoming not just isolated instances of police brutality here and there, but that terror is becoming an everyday instrument of the institutions of this country. The Chief of the National Guard said that outright. it's happening in the courts. There is terror in the courts, that judge, whose name is Hoffman proved that he is going to take on the terror in the society and bring it into the courts, that he is going to use what is supposed to be a court of law, justice, equality, whatever you wanna call it in order to meet out all of these, you know fascist acts of repression.

Now something else has been happening in the courts, and I think this is an incident that we all ought to be aware of because it's another instance of terror entering into the courts. Down in San Jose, not too long ago, a young Chicano was on trial and I'd like to read a quote from the transcript, a quote by Judge -- I think his name is Chargin, the fascist. He said, "Mexican people, after 13 years of age, it's perfectly all right to go out and act like an animal. Maybe Hitler was right. The animals in our society probably ought to be destroyed because they have no right to live among human beings. You are lower than animals and haven't the right to exist in organized society, just miserable lousy rotten people." Now this is the direct quote from the transcript that's happened within the walls of the courtroom. How can we fail to see that there's an intricate connection between that type of thing between what happened to Bobby Seale, between the unwarranted imprisonment of Huey Newton and what's happening in Vietnam. We are facing a common enemy and that enemy is Yankee Imperialism, which is killing us both here and abroad. Now I think anyone who would try to separate those struggles, anyone who would say that in order to consolidate an anti-war movement, we have to leave all of these other outlying issues out of the picture, is playing right into the hands of the enemy. I mean it's an old saying, I think it's been demonstrated over and over that it's correct that once the people are divided, the enemy will be victorious. We will face defeat. And I think the attempt to isolate what's happening on the domestic scene, from the war in Vietnam is playing right into the hands of the enemy giving him the chance to be victorious.

And I think there's a much more concrete problem. If you talk about the anti-war movement as a separate movement, what happens? What happens if suddenly the troops are pulled out of Vietnam? What happens if Nixon suddenly says we're gonna bring all of the boys home? The people, the thousands, the millions of people who had been involved in that movement would feel as if they had been victorious. I think perhaps a, a number of them would think that they could return home and relish in their victory and say that we have won, completely ignoring the fact that Huey Newton is still in jail, that Erica Huggins and all the other sisters and brothers in Connecticut are still in jail. This is what we are faced with if we cannot make that connection between the international scene and the domestic scene. And I don't think there's any question about it. We can't talk about protesting the genocide of the Vietnamese people without at the same time doing something to stop the genocide that is -- that liberation fighters in this country are being subjected to. Now I think we can draw a parallel between what's happening right now and what's -- what happened during the 1950s. As the United States Government was being defeated in the Korean War, more and more repression did occur on the domestic scene. The McCarthy witch hunt started. This is the communist party which was the main target of that. I think we have to ask ourselves, why that period served to completely stifle revolutionary activity in this country. People were scared, they run away, they lost their families, they lost their homes. They did not resist. This is the problem. They did not resist. Right now the Black Panther Party is the main target of the repression that's coming down in this society and the Black Panther Party is resisting. And we all ought to talk about standing up and resisting this oppression, resisting the onslaught of fascism in this country. Otherwise, the movement is going to be doomed to failure. I think we can say that if the anti-war movement defends only itself and does not defend liberation fighters in this country, then that movement is going to be doomed to failure, just as we can say also if we in the black liberation movement and the liberation movement for all people in-- all oppressed and exploited people in this country, defend only ourselves, then we too will be doomed to failure.

Within the whole liberation struggle in this country, the black liberation struggle and the and the brown liberation struggle there has continually been the sentiment against the American Imperialist aggressive policies throughout this world because we have been forced to see that the enemy is American imperialism and although we feel it here at home it's being felt perhaps much more brutality in Vietnam, it's being felt in Latin America, it's being felt in Africa, we have to make these connections. [Inaudible] has to see that unless it makes that connection, it's going to become irrelevant. And what we have to talk about now is a united force, which sees the liberation of the Vietnamese people as intricately linked up with the liberation of black and brown and exploited white people in this society, and only this kind of a united front, only this kind of a united force can be victorious.

Now I think that there's something else that we ought to consider when we try to analyze what has happened in the anti-war movement. And the anti war movement hasn't just depended on numbers. It hasn't just depended upon attracting more and more people into the movement regardless of their political orientation. If we remember, the debate a long time ago was whether the anti-war movement or the peace movement then should talk about demanding the cessation of bombing in Vietnam or whether it should talk about withdrawing troops. I think now it's very obvious that you have to talk about withdrawing all American troops from Vietnam. This has occurred only through the process of trying to raise the level of political consciousness of the people who were in that movement. And right now what we have to talk about is not just withdrawing American troops, but also recognizing the South Vietnamese provisional revolutionary government.

Now, I think we have to go a step further. This is what's happening inside the anti-war movement, but we have to take it further. And we have to say that if they, if we demand the immediate withdrawal of American troops in Vietnam [inaudible] of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government, then we also have to demand the release of all political prisoners in this country, here. This is what we have to demand. And I think that the liberation struggle here sheds a lot of light on what's happening in Vietnam. It shows us that we can't just push for peace in Vietnam, that we have to talk about also recognizing a revolutionary government. There was a kind of a peace that was obtained right here in this country, in a courtroom, that was the peace which Judge Hoffman forced on Chairman Bobby Seale by coercion, by gagging him and binding him to his chair. This is not the kind of peace that we wanna talk about in Vietnam, the peace in which you have a puppet regime representing the interests of this country in which you have other means of establishing the power of this government in Vietnam.

And I think on a much more personal level, there's some parallels that we can draw. Some very profound parallels I think. And we have to say that Bobby Seale's mother who learned that he had been chained and gagged and that he had been sentenced to four years for contempt of court is no less grieved than an American woman who finds out that her son has been captured in Vietnam, I think we have to say that, that Erica Huggins and Yvonne Carter were no less grieved when they found that their husbands Bunchy and John [inaudible] liberation, then an American wife would feel about her husband there, but there is a different political consciousness involved and this is what we have to show the American people today. We have to show the American people that their sons and their husbands are being victimized by American imperialism. They are being forced to go and fight a dirty war in Vietnam. They are victims too and they have to be shown that their true loyalty's ought to be with us in the liberation struggle here and with the Vietnamese people in their liberation struggle there.

Now Bobby Seale once made a statement at a peace conference in Montreal that the frontline of the battle against racism was in Vietnam. I think we have to ask ourselves what this means because a lot of people may have thought that what this means is that we can depend on the Vietnamese to win our battle here. This is not what he was saying. He was pointing to that inherent connection between what's happening there and what's happening here. And I think we can say and I'm talking from personal experience, I was in Cuba this summer and I met with some representatives of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government and they told us that we were -- we, revolutionaries in this country were their most important allies. And not just because we take signs and march in front of the White House saying US Government get out of Vietnam because -- rather because we are actively involved in struggling to satisfy the needs of our people in this country and in this way as they point out we are able to internally destroy that monster, which is oppressing people all over the country. I have to admit that I felt a little bit inadequate about that because what he's saying, what the representative of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government was saying is that we are to escalate our struggle in this country, we ought to talk about making more and more demands for the liberation of our people here and this is going to be what they will depend on. This is going to help them in their liberation struggle. Now I think that we ought to talk in the context of this upcoming march here and in Washington about the [inaudible] to make simultaneous demands and those demands ought to be immediate withdrawal of US Troops from Vietnam. There ought to be victory for the Vietnamese. There ought to be also recognition of the revolutionary government in South Vietnam and I think this is perhaps most important, we ought to demand the release of political prisoners in this country.

Just one last thing. You know Nixon made a speech on November 3rd, I think it was and he said something that we ought to take heed of, we ought to understand. He said, "Let us understand that the Vietnamese cannot defeat or humiliate our government. Only Americans can do that." I feel that it is our responsibility to fight on all fronts, to fight on all fronts simultaneously to defeat and to humiliate the US Government and all the fascist tactics by which it is repressing liberation fighters in this country.

Thank you very much.

Angela Davis

Stokely Carmichael

Black Power Address at UC Berkeley

delivered October 1966, Berkeley, C

Thank you very much. It's a privilege and an honor to be in the white intellectual ghetto of the West. We wanted to do a couple of things before we started. The first is that, based on the fact that SNCC, through the articulation of its program by its chairman, has been able to win elections in Georgia, Alabama, Maryland, and by our appearance here will win an election in California, in 1968 I'm going to run for President of the United States. I just can't make it, 'cause I wasn't born in the United States. That's the only thing holding me back.

We wanted to say that this is a student conference, as it should be, held on a campus, and that we're not ever to be caught up in the intellectual masturbation of the question of Black Power. That's a function of people who are advertisers that call themselves reporters. Oh, for my members and friends of the press, my self-appointed white critics, I was reading Mr. Bernard Shaw two days ago, and I came across a very important quote which I think is most apropos for you. He says, "All criticism is a[n] autobiography." Dig yourself. Okay.

The philosophers Camus and Sartre raise the question whether or not a man can condemn himself. The black existentialist philosopher who is pragmatic, Frantz Fanon, answered the question. He said that man could not. Camus and Sartre was not. We in SNCC tend to agree with Camus and Sartre, that a man cannot condemn himself.¹ Were he to condemn himself, he would then have to inflict punishment upon himself. An example would be the Nazis. Any prisoner who -- any of the Nazi prisoners who admitted, after he was caught and incarcerated, that he committed crimes, that he killed all the many people that he killed, he committed suicide. The only ones who were able to stay alive were the ones who never admitted that they committed a crimes [sic] against people -- that is, the ones who rationalized that Jews were not human beings and deserved to be killed, or that they were only following orders.

On a more immediate scene, the officials and the population -- the white population -- in Neshoba County, Mississippi -- that's where Philadelphia is -- could not -- could not condemn [Sheriff] Rainey, his deputies, and the other fourteen men that killed three human beings. They could not because they elected Mr. Rainey to do precisely what he did; and that for them to condemn him will be for them to condemn themselves.

In a much larger view, SNCC says that white America cannot condemn herself. And since we are liberal, we have done it: You stand condemned.

Now, a number of things that arises from that answer of how do you condemn yourselves. Seems to me that the institutions that function in this country are clearly racist, and that they're built upon racism. And the question, then, is how can black people inside of this country move? And then how can white people who say they're not a part of those institutions begin to move? And how then do we begin to clear away the obstacles that we have in this society, that make us live like human beings? How can we begin to build institutions that will allow people to relate with each other as human beings? This country has never done that, especially around the country of white or black.

Now, several people have been upset because we've said that integration was irrelevant when initiated by blacks, and that in fact it was a subterfuge, an insidious subterfuge, for the maintenance of white supremacy. Now we maintain that in the past six years or so, this country has been feeding us a "thalidomide drug of integration," and that some negroes have been walking down a dream street talking about sitting next to white people; and that that does not begin to solve the problem; that when we went to Mississippi we did not go to sit next to Ross Barnett²; we did not go to sit next to Jim Clark³; we went to get them out of our way; and that people ought to understand that; that we were never fighting for the right to integrate, we were fighting against white supremacy.

Now, then, in order to understand white supremacy we must dismiss the fallacious notion that white people can give anybody their freedom. No man can give anybody his freedom. A man is born free. You may enslave a man after he is born free, and that is in fact what this country does. It enslaves black people after they're born, so that the only acts that white people can do is to stop denying black people their freedom; that is, they must stop denying freedom. They never give it to anyone.

Now we want to take that to its logical extension, so that we could understand, then, what its relevancy would be in terms of new civil rights bills. I maintain that every civil rights bill in this country was passed for white people, not for black people. For example, I am black. I know that. I also know that while I am black I am a human being, and therefore I have the right to go into any public place. White people didn't know that. Every time I tried to go into a place they stopped me. So some boys had to write a bill to tell that white man, "He's a human being; don't stop him." That bill was for that white man, not for me. I knew it all the time. I knew it all the time.

I knew that I could vote and that that wasn't a privilege; it was my right. Every time I tried I was shot, killed or jailed, beaten or economically deprived. So somebody had to write a bill for white people to tell them, "When a black man comes to vote, don't bother him." That bill, again, was for white people, not for black people; so that when you talk about open occupancy, I know I can live anyplace I want to live. It is white people across this country who are incapable of allowing me to live where I want to live. You need a civil rights bill, not me. I know I can live where I want to live.

So that the failures to pass a civil rights bill isn't because of Black Power, isn't because of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee; it's not because of the rebellions that are occurring in the major cities. It is incapability of whites to deal with their own problems inside their own communities. That is the problem of the failure of the civil rights bill.

And so in a larger sense we must then ask, How is it that black people move? And what do we do? But the question in a greater sense is, How can white people who are the majority -- and who are responsible for making democracy work -- make it work? They have miserably failed to this point. They have never made democracy work, be it inside the United States, Vietnam, South Africa, Philippines, South America, Puerto Rico. Wherever American has been, she has not been able to make democracy work; so that in a larger sense, we not only condemn the country for what it's done internally, but we must condemn it for what it does externally. We see this country trying to rule the world, and someone must stand up and start articulating that this country is not God, and cannot rule the world.

Now, then, before we move on we ought to develop the white supremacy attitudes that were either conscious or subconscious thought and how they run rampant through the society today. For example, the missionaries were sent to Africa. They went with the attitude that blacks were automatically inferior. As a matter of fact, the first act the missionaries did, you know, when they got to Africa was to make us cover up our bodies, because they said it got them excited. We couldn't go bare-breasted any more because they got excited.

Now when the missionaries came to civilize us because we were uncivilized, educate us because we were uneducated, and give us some -- some literate studies because we were illiterate, they charged a price. The missionaries came with the Bible, and we had the land. When they left, they had the land, and we still have the Bible. And that has been the rationalization for Western civilization as it moves across the world and stealing and plundering and raping everybody in its path. Their one rationalization is that the rest of the world is uncivilized and they are in fact civilized. And they are un-civil-ized.

And that runs on today, you see, because what we have today is we have what we call "modern-day Peace Corps missionaries," and they come into our ghettos and they Head Start, Upward Lift, Bootstrap, and Upward Bound us into white society, 'cause they don't want to face the real problem which is a man is poor for one reason and one reason only: 'cause he does not have money -- period. If you want to get rid of poverty, you give people money -- period.

And you ought not to tell me about people who don't work, and you can't give people money without working, 'cause if that were true, you'd have to start stopping Rockefeller, Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson, the whole of Standard Oil, the Gulf Corp, all of them, including probably a large number of the Board of Trustees of this university. So the question, then, clearly, is not whether or not one can work; it's Who has power? Who has power to make his or her acts legitimate? That is all. And that this country, that power is invested in the hands of white people, and they make their acts legitimate. It is now, therefore, for black people to make our acts legitimate.

Now we are now engaged in a psychological struggle in this country, and that is whether or not black people will have the right to use the words they want to use without white people giving their sanction to it; and that we maintain, whether they like it or not, we gonna use the word "Black Power" -- and let them address themselves to that; but that we are not going to wait for white people to sanction Black Power. We're tired waiting; every time black people move in this country, they're forced to defend their position before they move. It's time that the people who are supposed to be defending their position do that. That's white people. They ought to start defending themselves as to why they have oppressed and exploited us.

Now it is clear that when this country started to move in terms of slavery, the reason for a man being picked as a slave was one reason -- because of the color of his skin. If one was black one was automatically inferior, inhuman, and therefore fit for slavery; so that the question of whether or not we are individually suppressed is nonsensical, and it's a downright lie. We are oppressed as a group because we are black, not because we are lazy, not because we're apathetic, not because we're stupid, not because we smell, not because we eat watermelon and have good rhythm. We are oppressed because we are black.

And in order to get out of that oppression one must wield the group power that one has, not the individual power which this country then sets the criteria under which a man may come into it. That is what is called in this country as integration: "You do what I tell you to do and then we'll let you sit at the table with us." And that we are saying that we have to be opposed to that. We must now set up criteria and that if there's going to be any integration, it's going to be a two-way thing. If you believe in integration, you can come live in Watts. You can send your children to the ghetto schools. Let's talk about that. If you believe in integration, then we're going to start adopting us some white people to live in our neighborhood.

So it is clear that the question is not one of integration or segregation. Integration is a man's ability to want to move in there by himself. If someone wants to live in a white neighborhood and he is black, that is his choice. It should be his rights.

It is not because white people will not allow him. So vice versa: If a black man wants to live in the slums, that should be his right. Black people will let him. That is the difference. And it's a difference on which this country makes a number of logical mistakes when they begin to try to criticize the program articulated by SNCC.

Now we maintain that we cannot be afford to be concerned about 6 percent of the children in this country, black children who you allow to come into white schools. We have 94 percent who still live in shacks. We are going to be concerned about those 94 percent. You ought to be concerned about them too. The question is, Are we willing to be concerned about those 94 percent? Are we willing to be concerned about the black people who will never get to Berkeley, who will never get to Harvard, and cannot get an education, so you'll never get a chance to rub shoulders with them and say, "Well, he's almost as good as we are; he's not like the others"? The question is, How can white society begin to move to see black people as human beings? I am black, therefore I am; not that I am black and I must go to college to prove myself. I am black, therefore I am. And don't deprive me of anything and say to me that you must go to college before you gain access to X, Y, and Z. It is only a rationalization for one's oppression.

The -- The political parties in this country do not meet the needs of people on a day-to-day basis. The question is, How can we build new political institutions that will become the political expressions of people on a day-to-day basis? The question is, How can you build political institutions that will begin to meet the needs of Oakland, California? And the needs of Oakland, California, is not 1,000 policemen with submachine guns. They don't need that. They need that least of all. The question is, How can we build institutions where those people can begin to function on a day-to-day basis, where they can get decent jobs, where they can get decent houses, and where they can begin to participate in the policy and major decisions that affect their lives? That's what they need, not Gestapo troops, because this is not 1942, and if you play like Nazis, we playing back with you this time around. Get hip to that.

The question then is, How can white people move to start making the major institutions that they have in this country function the way it is supposed to function? That is the real question. And can white people move inside their own community and start tearing down racism where in fact it does exist? Where it exists. It is you who live in Cicero and stop us from living there. It is white people who stop us from moving into Grenada. It is white people who make sure that we live in the ghettos of this country. It is white institutions that do that. They must change. In order -- In order for America to really live on a basic principle of human relationships, a new society must be born.

Racism must die, and the economic exploitation of this country of non-white peoples around the world must also die -- must also die.

Now there are several programs that we have in the South, most in poor white communities. We're trying to organize poor whites on a base where they can begin to move around the question of economic exploitation and political disfranchisement. We know -- we've heard the theory several times -- but few people are willing to go into there. The question is, Can the white activist not try to be a Pepsi generation who comes alive in the black community, but can he be a man who's willing to move into the white community and start organizing where the organization is needed? Can he do that? The question is, Can the white society or the white activist disassociate himself with two clowns who waste time parrying with each other rather than talking about the problems that are facing people in this state? Can you dissociate yourself with those clowns and start to build new institutions that will eliminate all idiots like them.

And the question is, If we are going to do that when and where do we start, and how do we start? We maintain that we must start doing that inside the white community. Our own personal position politically is that we don't think the Democratic Party represents the needs of black people. We know it don't. And that if, in fact, white people really believe that, the question is, if they're going to move inside that structure, how are they going to organize around a concept of whiteness based on true brotherhood and based on stopping exploitation, economic exploitation, so that there will be a coalition base for black people to hook up with? You cannot form a coalition based on national sentiment. That is not a coalition. If you need a coalition to redress itself to real changes in this country, white people must start building those institutions inside the white community. And that is the real question, I think, facing the white activists today. Can they, in fact, begin to move into and tear down the institutions which have put us all in a trick bag that we've been into for the last hundred years?

I don't think that we should follow what many people say that we should fight to be leaders of tomorrow. Frederick Douglass said that the youth should fight to be leaders today. And God knows we need to be leaders today, 'cause the men who run this country are sick, are sick. So that can we on a larger sense begin now, today, to start building those institutions and to fight to articulate our position, to fight to be able to control our universities -- We need to be able to do that -- and to fight to control the basic institutions which perpetuate racism by destroying them and building new ones? That's the real question that face us today, and it is a dilemma because most of us do not know how to work, and that the excuse that most white activists find is to run into the black community.

Now we maintain that we cannot have white people working in the black community, and we mean it on a psychological ground. The fact is that all black people often question whether or not they are equal to whites, because every time they start to do something, white people are around showing them how to do it.

If we are going to eliminate that for the generation that comes after us, then black people must be seen in positions of power, doing and articulating for themselves, for themselves.

That is not to say that one is a reverse racist; it is to say that one is moving in a healthy ground; it is to say what the philosopher Sartre says: One is becoming an "antiracist racist." And this country can't understand that.

Maybe it's because it's all caught up in racism. But I think what you have in SNCC is an anti-racist racism. We are against racists. Now if everybody who is white see themselves [sic] as a racist and then see us against him, they're speaking from their own guilt position, not ours, not ours.

Now then, the question is, How can we move to begin to change what's going on in this country. I maintain, as we have in SNCC, that the war in Vietnam is an illegal and immoral war. And the question is, What can we do to stop that war? What can we do to stop the people who, in the name of our country, are killing babies, women, and children? What can we do to stop that? And I maintain that we do not have the power in our hands to change that institution, to begin to recreate it, so that they learn to leave the Vietnamese people alone, and that the only power we have is the power to say, "Hell no!" to the draft.

We have to say -- We have to say to ourselves that there is a higher law than the law of a racist named McNamara. There is a higher law than the law of a fool named Rusk. And there's a higher law than the law of a buffoon named Johnson. It's the law of each of us. It's the law of each of us. It is the law of each of us saying that we will not allow them to make us hired killers. We will stand pat. We will not kill anybody that they say kill. And if we decide to kill, we're going to decide who we going to kill. And this country will only be able to stop the war in Vietnam when the young men who are made to fight it begin to say, "Hell, no, we ain't going."

Now then, there's a failure because the Peace Movement has been unable to get off the college campuses where everybody has a 2S and not going to get drafted anyway. And the question is, How can you move out of that into the white ghettos of this country and begin to articulate a position for those white students who do not want to go. We cannot do that. It is something -- sometimes ironic that many of the peace groups have beginning to call us violent and say they can no longer support us, and we are in fact the most militant organization [for] peace or civil rights or human rights against the war in Vietnam in this country today. There isn't one organization that has begun to meet our stance on the war in Vietnam, 'cause we not only say we are against the war in Vietnam; we are against the draft. We are against the draft. No man has the right to take a man for two years and train him to be a killer. A man should decide what he wants to do with his life.

So the question then is it becomes crystal clear for black people because we can easily say that anyone fighting in the war in Vietnam is nothing but a black mercenary, and that's all he is. Any time a black man leaves the country where he can't vote to supposedly deliver the vote for somebody else, he's a black mercenary. Any time a -- Any time a black man leaves this country, gets shot in Vietnam on foreign ground, and returns home and you won't give him a burial in his own homeland, he's a black mercenary, a black mercenary.

And that even if I were to believe the lies of Johnson, if I were to believe his lies that we're fighting to give democracy to the people in Vietnam, as a black man living in this country I wouldn't fight to give this to anybody. I wouldn't give it to anybody. So that we have to use our bodies and our minds in the only way that we see fit. We must begin like the philosopher Camus to come alive by saying "No!" That is the only act in which we begin to come alive, and we have to say "No!" to many, many things in this country.

This country is a nation of thieves. It has stole everything it has, beginning with black people, beginning with black people. And that the question is, How can we move to start changing this country from what it is -- a nation of thieves. This country cannot justify any longer its existence. We have become the policeman of the world. The marines are at our disposal to always bring democracy, and if the Vietnamese don't want democracy, well dammit, "We'll just wipe them the hell out, 'cause they don't deserve to live if they won't have our way of life."

There is then in a larger sense, What do you do on your university campus? Do you raise questions about the hundred black students who were kicked off campus a couple of weeks ago? Eight hundred? Eight hundred? And how does that question begin to move? Do you begin to relate to people outside of the ivory tower and university wall? Do you think you're capable of building those human relationships, as the country now stands? You're fooling yourself. It is impossible for white and black people to talk about building a relationship based on humanity when the country is the way it is, when the institutions are clearly against us.

We have taken all the myths of this country and we've found them to be nothing but downright lies. This country told us that if we worked hard we would succeed, and if that were true we would own this country lock, stock, and barrel -- lock, stock, and barrel -- lock, stock, and barrel. It is we who have picked the cotton for nothing. It is we who are the maids in the kitchens of liberal white people. It is we who are the janitors, the porters, the elevator men; we who sweep up your college floors. Yes, it is we who are the hardest workers and the lowest paid, and the lowest paid.

And that it is nonsensical for people to start talking about human relationships until they're willing to build new institutions. Black people are economically insecure. White liberals are economically secure. Can you begin to build an economic coalition?

Are the liberals willing to share their salaries with the economically insecure black people they so much love? Then if you're not, are you willing to start building new institutions that will provide economic security for black people? That's the question we want to deal with. That's the question we want to deal with.

We have to seriously examine the histories that we have been told. But we have something more to do than that.

American students are perhaps the most politically unsophisticated students in the world, in the world, in the world. Across every country in this world, while we were growing up, students were leading the major revolutions of their countries. We have not been able to do that. They have been politically aware of their existence. In South America our neighbors down below the border have one every 24 hours just to remind us that they're politically aware.

And we have been unable to grasp it because we've always moved in the field of morality and love while people have been politically jiving with our lives. And the question is, How do we now move politically and stop trying to move morally? You can't move morally against a man like Brown and Reagan. You've got to move politically to put them out of business. You've got to move politically.

You can't move morally against Lyndon Baines Johnson because he is an immoral man. He doesn't know what it's all about. So you've got to move politically. You've got to move politically. And that we have to begin to develop a political sophistication -- which is not to be a parrot: "The two-party system is the best party in the world." There is a difference between being a parrot and being politically sophisticated.

We have to raise questions about whether or not we do need new types of political institutions in this country, and we in SNCC maintain that we need them now. We need new political institutions in this country. Any time -- Any time Lyndon Baines Johnson can head a Party which has in it Bobby Kennedy, Wayne Morse, Eastland, Wallace, and all those other supposed-to-be-liberal cats, there's something wrong with that Party. They're moving politically, not morally. And that if that party refuses to seat black people from Mississippi and goes ahead and seats racists like Eastland and his clique, it is clear to me that they're moving politically, and that one cannot begin to talk morality to people like that.

We must begin to think politically and see if we can have the power to impose and keep the moral values that we hold high. We must question the values of this society, and I maintain that black people are the best people to do that because we have been excluded from that society. And the question is, we ought to think whether or not we want to become a part of that society. That's what we want to do.

And that that is precisely what it seems to me that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is doing. We are raising questions about this country. I do not want to be a part of the American pie. The American pie means raping South Africa, beating Vietnam, beating South America, raping the Philippines, raping every country you've been in. I don't want any of your blood money. I don't want it -- don't want to be part of that system. And the question is, How do we raise those questions? How do weHow do we begin to raise them?

We have grown up and we are the generation that has found this country to be a world power, that has found this country to be the wealthiest country in the world. We must question how she got her wealth? That's what we're questioning, and whether or not we want this country to continue being the wealthiest country in the world at the price of raping every -- everybody else across the world. That's what we must begin to question. And that because black people are saying we do not now want to become a part of you, we are called reverse racists. Ain't that a gas?

Now, then, we want to touch on nonviolence because we see that again as the failure of white society to make nonviolence work. I was always surprised at Quakers who came to Alabama and counseled me to be nonviolent, but didn't have the guts to start talking to James Clark to be nonviolent. That is where nonviolence needs to be preached -- to Jim Clark, not to black people. They have already been nonviolent too many years. The question is, Can white people conduct their nonviolent schools in Cicero where they belong to be conducted, not among black people in Mississippi. Can they conduct it among the white people in Grenada?

Six-foot-two men who kick little black children -- can you conduct nonviolent schools there? That is the question that we must raise, not that you conduct nonviolence among black people. Can you name me one black man today who's killed anybody white and is still alive? Even after rebellion, when some black brothers throw some bricks and bottles, ten thousand of them has to pay the crime, 'cause when the white policeman comes in, anybody who's black is arrested, "cause we all look alike."

So that we have to raise those questions. We, the youth of this country, must begin to raise those questions. And we must begin to move to build new institutions that's going to speak to the needs of people who need it. We are going to have to speak to change the foreign policy of this country. One of the problems with the peace movement is that it's just too caught up in Vietnam, and that if we pulled out the troops from Vietnam this week, next week you'd have to get another peace movement for Santo Domingo. And the question is, How do you begin to articulate the need to change the foreign policy of this country -- a policy that is decided upon race, a policy on which decisions are made upon getting economic wealth at any price, at any price.

Now we articulate that we therefore have to hook up with black people around the world; and that that hookup is not only psychological, but becomes very real. If South America today were to rebel, and black people were to shoot the hell out of all the white people there -- as they should, as they should -- then Standard Oil would crumble tomorrow. If South Africa were to go today, Chase Manhattan Bank would crumble tomorrow. If Zimbabwe, which is called Rhodesia by white people, were to go tomorrow, General Electric would cave in on the East Coast. The question is, How do we stop those institutions that are so willing to fight against "Communist aggression" but closes their eyes to racist oppression? That is the question that you raise. Can this country do that?

Now, many people talk about pulling out of Vietnam. What will happen? If we pull out of Vietnam, there will be one less aggressor in there -- we won't be there, we won't be there. And so the question is, How do we articulate those positions? And we cannot begin to articulate them from the same assumptions that the people in the country speak, 'cause they speak from different assumptions than I assume what the youth in this country are talking about.

That we're not talking about a policy or aid or sending Peace Corps people in to teach people how to read and write and build houses while we steal their raw materials from them. Is that what we're talking about? 'Cause that's all we do. What underdeveloped countries needs -- information on how to become industrialized, so they can keep their raw materials where they have it, produce them and sell it to this country for the price it's supposed to pay; not that we produce it and sell it back to them for a profit and keep sending our modern day missionaries in, calling them the sons of Kennedy. And that if the youth are going to participate in that program, how do you raise those questions where you begin to control that Peace Corps program? How do you begin to raise them?

How do we raise the questions of poverty? The assumptions of this country is that if someone is poor, they are poor because of their own individual blight, or they weren't born on the right side of town; they had too many children; they went in the army too early; or their father was a drunk, or they didn't care about school, or they made a mistake. That's a lot of nonsense. Poverty is well calculated in this country. It is well calculated, and the reason why the poverty program won't work is because the calculators of poverty are administering it. That's why it won't work.

So how can we, as the youth in the country, move to start tearing those things down? We must move into the white community. We are in the black community. We have developed a movement in the black community. The challenge is that the white activist has failed miserably to develop the movement inside of his community. And the question is, Can we find white people who are going to have the courage to go into white communities and start organizing them? Can we find them? Are they here and are they willing to do that? Those are the questions that we must raise for the white activist.

And we're never going to get caught up in questions about power. This country knows what power is. It knows it very well. And it knows what Black Power is 'cause it deprived black people of it for 400 years. So it knows what Black Power is. That the question of, Why do black people -- Why do white people in this country associate Black Power with violence? And the question is because of their own inability to deal with "blackness." If we had said "Negro power" nobody would get scared. Everybody would support it. Or if we said power for colored people, everybody'd be for that, but it is the word "black" -- it is the word "black" that bothers people in this country, and that's their problem, not mine -- they're problem, they're problem.

Now there's one modern day lie that we want to attack and then move on very quickly and that is the lie that says anything all black is bad. Now, you're all a college university crowd. You've taken your basic logic course. You know about a major premise and minor premise. So people have been telling me anything all black is bad. Let's make that our major premise.

Major premise: Anything all black is bad.

Minor premise or particular premise: I am all black.

Therefore...

I'm never going to be put in that trick bag; I am all black and I'm all good, dig it. Anything all black is not necessarily bad. Anything all black is only bad when you use force to keep whites out. Now that's what white people have done in this country, and they're projecting their same fears and guilt on us, and we won't have it, we won't have it. Let them handle their own fears and their own guilt. Let them find their own psychologists. We refuse to be the therapy for white society any longer. We have gone mad trying to do it. We have gone stark raving mad trying to do it.

I look at Dr. King on television every single day, and I say to myself: "Now there is a man who's desperately needed in this country. There is a man full of love. There is a man full of mercy. There is a man full of compassion." But every time I see Lyndon on television, I said, "Martin, baby, you got a long way to go."

So that the question stands as to what we are willing to do, how we are willing to say "No" to withdraw from that system and begin within our community to start to function and to build new institutions that will speak to our needs. In Lowndes County, we developed something called the Lowndes County Freedom Organization. It is a political party. The Alabama law says that if you have a Party you must have an emblem. We chose for the emblem a black panther, a beautiful black animal which symbolizes the strength and dignity of black people, an animal that never strikes back until he's back so

far into the wall, he's got nothing to do but spring out. Yeah. And when he springs he does not stop.

Now there is a Party in Alabama called the Alabama Democratic Party. It is all white. It has as its emblem a white rooster and the words "white supremacy" for the write. Now the gentlemen of the Press, because they're advertisers, and because most of them are white, and because they're produced by that white institution, never called the Lowndes County Freedom Organization by its name, but rather they call it the Black Panther Party. Our question is, Why don't they call the Alabama Democratic Party the "White Cock Party"? (It's fair to us.....) It is clear to me that that just points out America's problem with sex and color, not our problem, not our problem. And it is now white America that is going to deal with those problems of sex and color.

If we were to be real and to be honest, we would have to admit -- we would have to admit that most people in this country see things black and white. We have to do that. All of us do. We live in a country that's geared that way. White people would have to admit that they are afraid to go into a black ghetto at night. They are afraid. That's a fact. They're afraid because they'd be "beat up," "lynched," "looted," "cut up," etcetera, etcetera. It happens to black people inside the ghetto every day, incidentally, and white people are afraid of that. So you get a man to do it for you -- a policeman. And now you figure his mentality, when he's afraid of black people. The first time a black man jumps, that white man going to shoot him. He's going to shoot him. So police brutality is going to exist on that level because of the incapability of that white man to see black people come together and to live in the conditions. This country is too hypocritical and that we cannot adjust ourselves to its hypocrisy.

The only time I hear people talk about nonviolence is when black people move to defend themselves against white people. Black people cut themselves every night in the ghetto -- Don't anybody talk about nonviolence. Lyndon Baines Johnson is busy bombing the hell of Vietnam -- Don't nobody talk about nonviolence. White people beat up black people every day -- Don't nobody talk about nonviolence. But as soon as black people start to move, the double standard comes into being.

You can't defend yourself. That's what you're saying, 'cause you show me a man who -- who would advocate aggressive violence that would be able to live in this country. Show him to me. The double standards again come into itself. Isn't it ludicrous and hypocritical for the political chameleon who calls himself a Vice President in this country to -- to stand up before this country and say, "Looting never got anybody anywhere"? Isn't it hypocritical for Lyndon to talk about looting, that you can't accomplish anything by looting and you must accomplish it by the legal ways? What does he know about legality? Ask Ho Chi Minh, he'll tell you.

So that in conclusion we want to say that number one, it is clear to me that we have to wage a psychological battle on the right for black people to define their own terms, define themselves as they see fit, and organize themselves as they see it. Now the question is, How is the white community going to begin to allow for that organizing, because once they start to do that, they will also allow for the organizing that they want to do inside their community. It doesn't make a difference, 'cause we're going to organize our way anyway. We're going to do it. The question is, How are we going to facilitate those matters, whether it's going to be done with a thousand policemen with submachine guns, or whether or not it's going to be done in a context where it is allowed to be done by white people warding off those policemen. That is the question.

And the question is, How are white people who call themselves activists ready to start move into the white communities on two counts: on building new political institutions to destroy the old ones that we have? And to move around the concept of white youth refusing to go into the army? So that we can start, then, to build a new world. It is ironic to talk about civilization in this country. This country is uncivilized. It needs to be civilized. It needs to be civilized.

And that we must begin to raise those questions of civilization: What it is? And who do it? And so we must urge you to fight now to be the leaders of today, not tomorrow. We've got to be the leaders of today. This country -- This country is a nation of thieves. It stands on the brink of becoming a nation of murderers. We must stop it. We must stop it. We must stop it. We must stop it.

And then, therefore, in a larger sense there's the question of black people. We are on the move for our liberation. We have been tired of trying to prove things to white people. We are tired of trying to explain to white people that we're not going to hurt them. We are concerned with getting the things we want, the things that we have to have to be able to function. The question is, Can white people allow for that in this country? The question is, Will white people overcome their racism and allow for that to happen in this country? If that does not happen, brothers and sisters, we have no choice but to say very clearly, "Move over, or we're going to move on over you."

Thank you.

Stokley Carmichael

Gil Scott Heron

The Revolution Will Not Be Televised

You will not be able to stay home, brother
You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out.
You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip,
Skip out for beer during commercials,
Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.
The revolution will not be brought to you by Xerox
In 4 parts without commercial interruptions.
The revolution will not show you pictures of Nixon
blowing a bugle and leading a charge by John
Mitchell, General Abrams and Spiro Agnew to eat
hog maws confiscated from a Harlem sanctuary.
The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by the
Schaefer Award Theatre and will not star Natalie
Woods and Steve McQueen or Bullwinkle and Julia.
The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal.
The revolution will not get rid of the nubs.
The revolution will not make you look five pounds
thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of you and Willie May
pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead run,
or trying to slide that color television into a stolen ambulance.
NBC will not be able predict the winner at 8:32
or report from 29 districts.
The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down
brothers in the instant replay.
There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down
brothers in the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of Whitney Young being
run out of Harlem on a rail with a brand new process.
There will be no slow motion or still life of Roy
Wilkins strolling through Watts in a Red, Black and
Green liberation jumpsuit that he had been saving
For just the proper occasion.

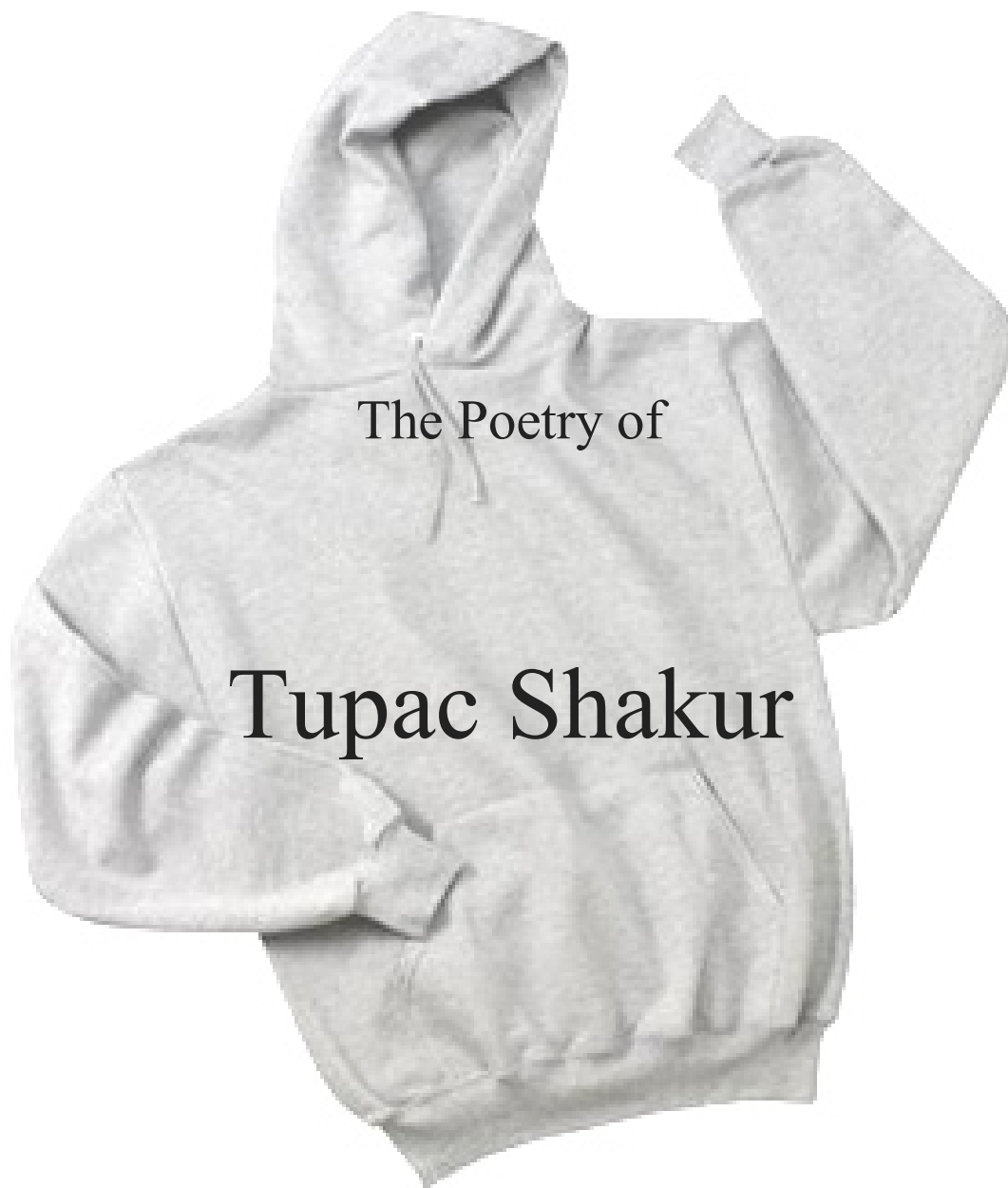
Green Acres, The Beverly Hillbillies, and Hooterville
Junction will no longer be so damned relevant, and
women will not care if Dick finally gets down with
Jane on Search for Tomorrow because Black people
will be in the street looking for a brighter day.
The revolution will not be televised.

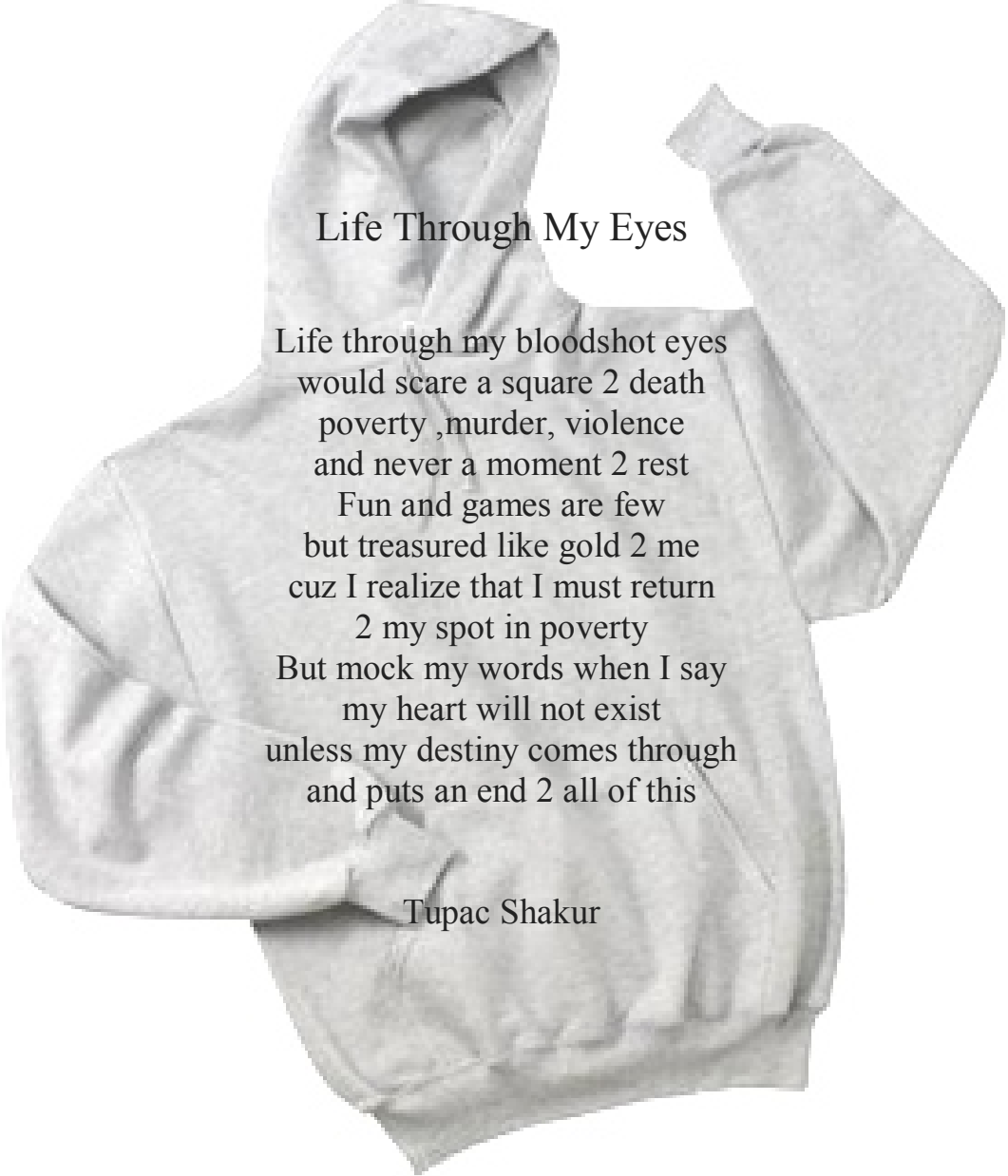
There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock
news and no pictures of hairy armed women
liberationists and Jackie Onassis blowing her nose.
The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb,
Francis Scott Key, nor sung by Glen Campbell, Tom
Jones, Johnny Cash, Englebert Humperdink, or the Rare Earth.
The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be right back after a message
About a white tornado, white lightning, or white people.
You will not have to worry about a dove in your
bedroom, a tiger in your tank, or the giant in your toilet bowl.
The revolution will not go better with Coke.
The revolution will not fight the germs that may cause bad breath.
The revolution WILL put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised,
will not be televised, will not be televised.
The revolution will be no re-run brothers;
The revolution will be live.

Written by Gil Scott-Heron (1949–2011)





Life Through My Eyes

Life through my bloodshot eyes
would scare a square 2 death
poverty ,murder, violence
and never a moment 2 rest
Fun and games are few
but treasured like gold 2 me
cuz I realize that I must return
2 my spot in poverty
But mock my words when I say
my heart will not exist
unless my destiny comes through
and puts an end 2 all of this

Tupac Shakur

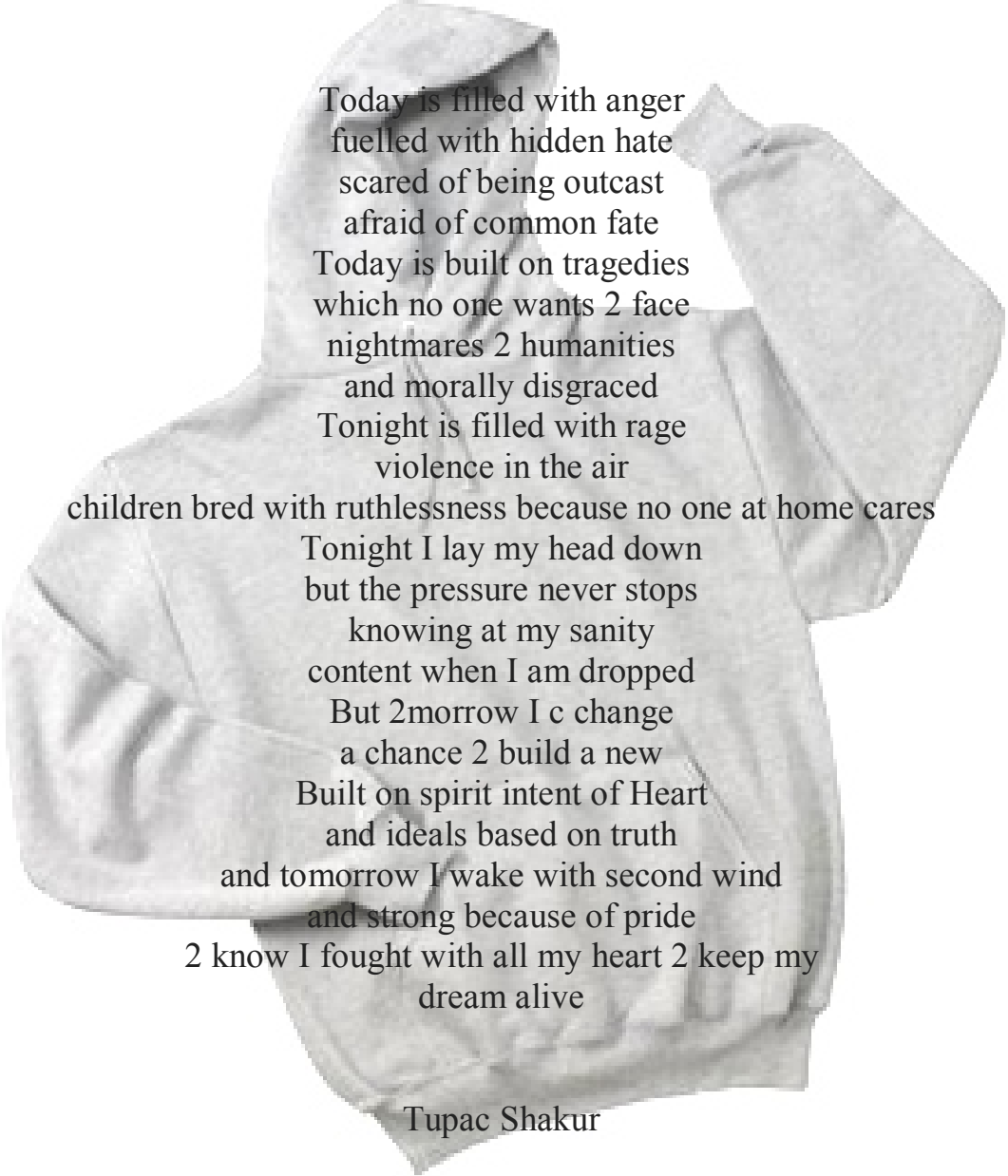


I Cry

Sometimes when I'm alone
I cry,
Cause I am on my own.
The tears I cry are bitter and warm.
They flow with life but take no form
I cry because my heart is torn.
I find it difficult to carry on.
If I had an ear to confiding,
I would cry among my treasured friend,
But who do you know that stops that long,
To help another carry on.
The world moves fast and it would rather pass by.
Then to stop and see what makes one cry,
So painful and sad.
And sometimes...
I cry
And no one cares about why.

Tupac Shakur

AND 2MORROW



Today is filled with anger
fuelled with hidden hate
scared of being outcast
afraid of common fate
Today is built on tragedies
which no one wants 2 face
nightmares 2 humanities
and morally disgraced
Tonight is filled with rage
violence in the air
children bred with ruthlessness because no one at home cares
Tonight I lay my head down
but the pressure never stops
knowing at my sanity
content when I am dropped
But 2morrow I c change
a chance 2 build a new
Built on spirit intent of Heart
and ideals based on truth
and tomorrow I wake with second wind
and strong because of pride
2 know I fought with all my heart 2 keep my
dream alive

Tupac Shakur



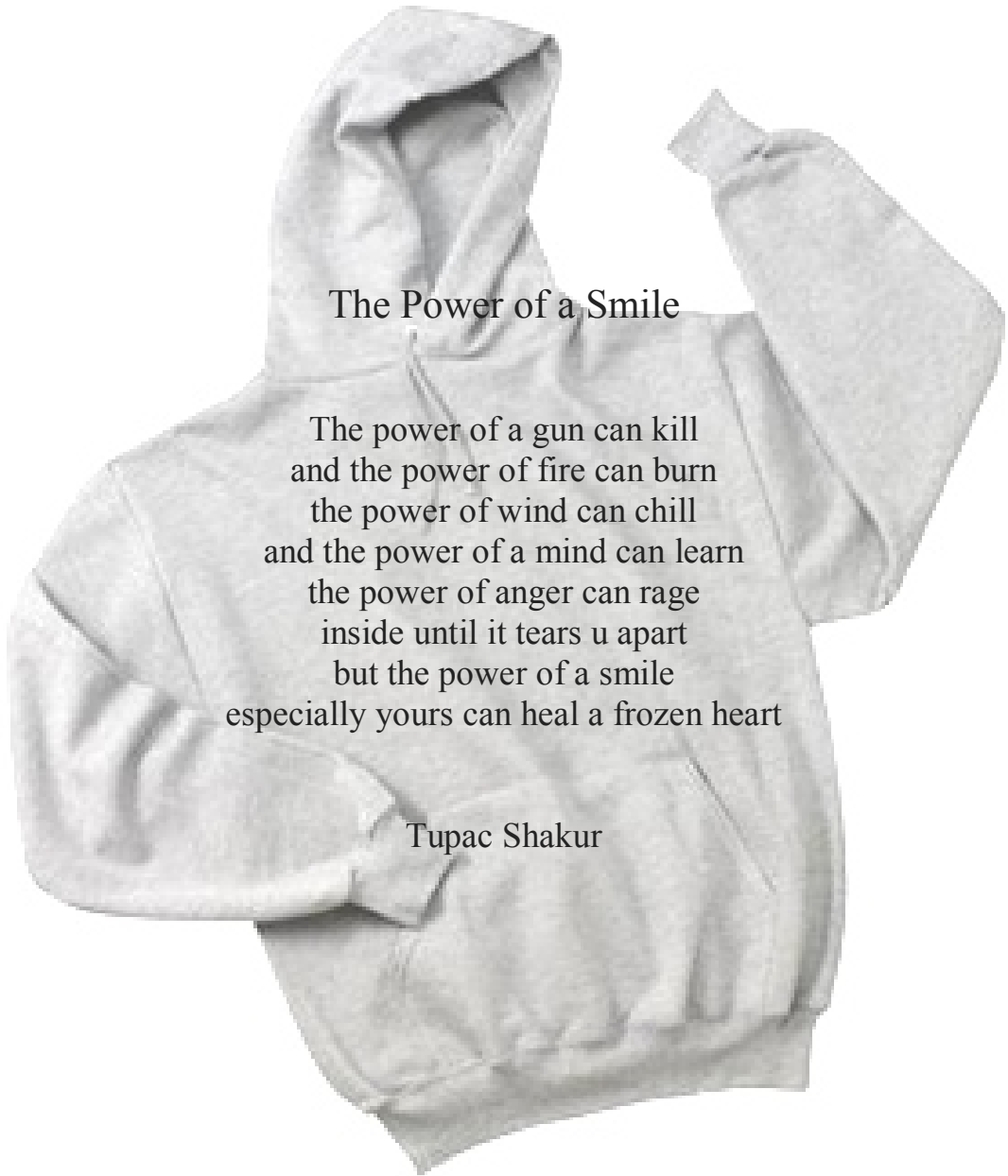
Can You See the Pride In the Panther

Can You See the Pride In the Panther
As he grows in splendor and grace
Toppling obstacles placed in the way,
of the progression of his race.

Can You See the Pride In the Panther
as she nurtures her young all alone
The seed must grow regardless
of the fact that it is planted in stone.

Can You See the Pride In the Panthers
as they unify as one.
The flower blooms with brilliance,
and outshines the rays of the sun.

Tupac Shakur




The Power of a Smile

The power of a gun can kill
and the power of fire can burn
the power of wind can chill
and the power of a mind can learn
the power of anger can rage
inside until it tears u apart
but the power of a smile
especially yours can heal a frozen heart

Tupac Shakur

In the event of my Demise

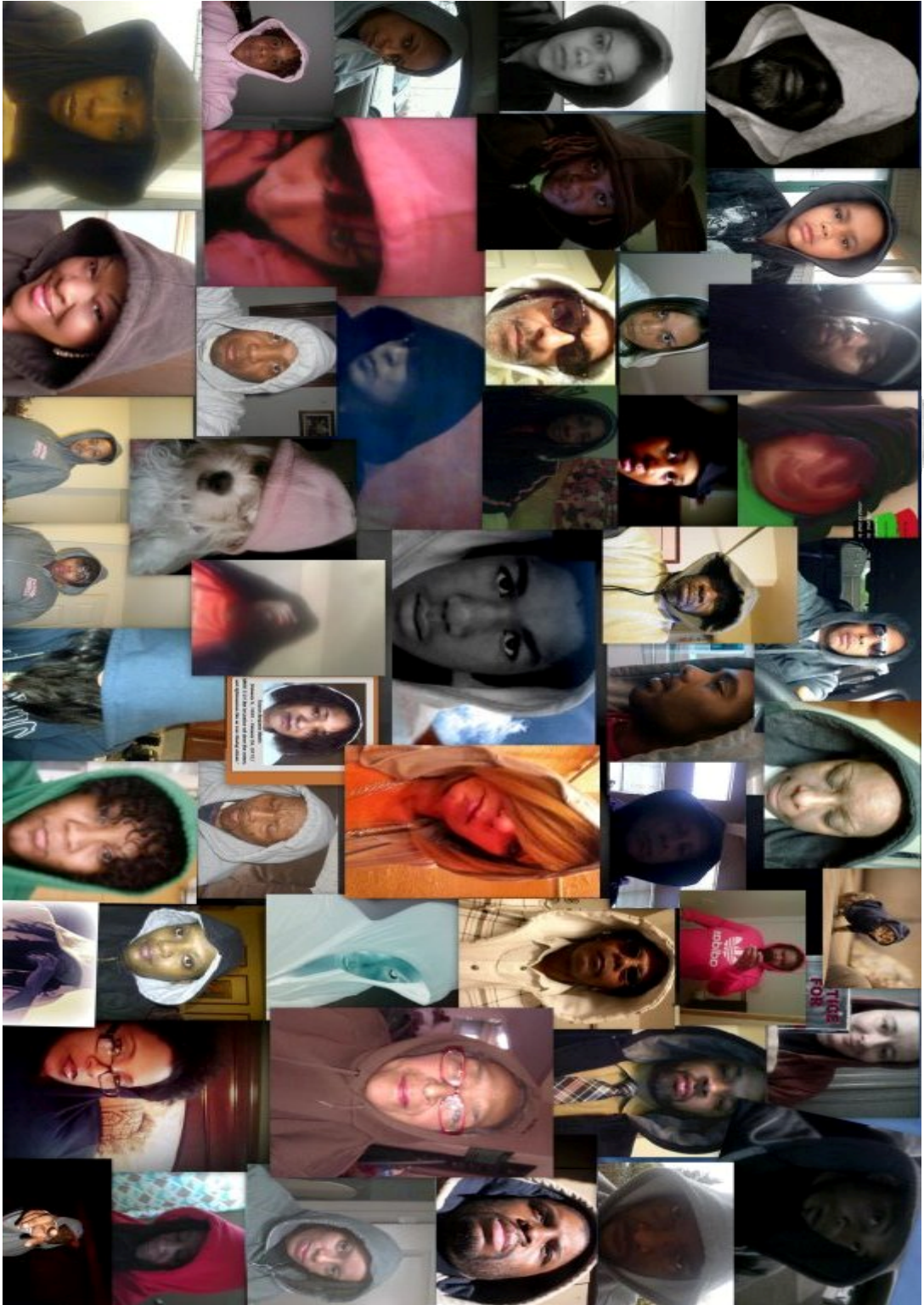


In the event of my Demise
when my heart can beat no more
I Hope I Die For A Principle
or A Belief that I had Lived 4
I will die Before My Time
Because I feel the shadow's Depth
so much I wanted 2 accomplish
before I reached my Death
I have come 2 grips with the possibility
and wiped the last tear from My eyes
I Loved All who were Positive
In the event of my Demise

Tupac Shakur

Tupac Shakur Poetry Source

<http://www.csun.edu/~kcj39325/tupacpoem.html>



Murders with Firearms

most recent by country

Showing latest available data.



Rank	Countries	Amount
# 1	South Africa	31,918
# 2	Colombia	21,898
# 3	Thailand	20,032
# 4	United States	9,369
# 5	Philippines	7,708
# 6	Mexico	2,606
# 7	Slovakia	2,356
# 8	El Salvador	1,441
# 9	Zimbabwe	598
# 10	Peru	442
# 11	Germany	269
# 12	Czech Republic	181
# 13	Ukraine	173
# 14	Canada	144
# 15	Albania	135
# 16	Costa Rica	131
# 17	Azerbaijan	120
# 18	Poland	111
# 19	Uruguay	109
# 20	Spain	97
# 21	Portugal	90
# 22	Croatia	76
# 23	Switzerland	68
# 24	Bulgaria	63
# 25	Australia	59

Murders with Firearms . . . *continued*



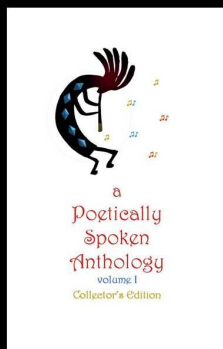
# 26	Sweden	58
# 27	Bolivia	52
# 28	Japan	47
# 29	Slovenia	39
# 30 T	Belarus	38
# 30 T	Hungary	38
# 32	Latvia	28
# 33	Burma	27
# 34	Macedonia/Yugoslav Republic	26
# 35	Austria	25
# 36	Estonia	21
# 37	Moldova	20
# 38	Lithuania	16
# 39 T	United Kingdom	14
# 39 T	Denmark	14
# 41	Ireland	12
# 42	New Zealand	10
# 43	Chile	9
# 44	Cyprus	4
# 45	Morocco	1
# 46 T	Oman	0
# 46 T	Luxembourg	0
# 46 T	Iceland	0
Total		100,693

Source : <http://www.nationmaster.com/>

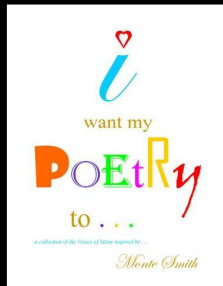
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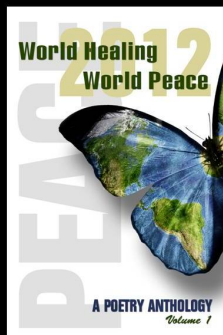
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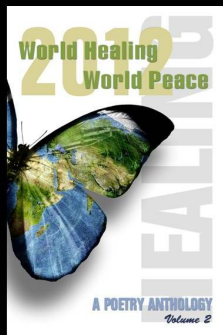
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~ *fini* ~





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