

## Letter from the Editor

For this publication the Onyx Board chose the theme "diaspora." The disapora represents the rich diversity of peoples who originated from Africa. In addition, that word has become a symbol of connection between Black people worldwide. We are connected through our trials and tribulations as people with a common ancestral bond. This past year has included many unfortunate events, with the death of many great leaders including August Wilson, John Johnson and Rosa Parks; mediocre media coverage of Africa and the AIDS epidemic, despite a worldwide concert; and the hardships brought by Hurricane Katrina. The New Year has the potential to be great, so lets start out the year in a positive manner. Let's use the days of the calendar to acknowledge days past, present and future. Let's draw on the beautiful literary and visual works in this calendar to remember the strength of the African diaspora that binds, connects, supports us, and never fails to give us hope even when times are bleak. With positive feelings of hope for the New Year, I welcome you to enjoy Onyx's first 14month calendar.

To a Happy New Year with Peace \& Blessings,
Dana Phillips
Editor

| EDITOR | Layout EDITORS | Arts EDITORS | EDitorial Assistants |
| :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Dana Phillips | Elaina M. Mends | Britney Cuffee | Biodun Kajopaíye |
|  | James W. Wiley III | Ragy Routier | Leila Rush |

## Table of Contents

> December '05.......Orla Thompson January '06.......Naeema Campbell
> February......Britney Cuffee ${ }^{* *} \&$ Elaina Mends
> March....... Uulie Furbush
> April......Angela Anderson
> May...... Elaina Mends June......Dana Phillips July......B. K.**
> August.......James W. wiley III September......Joshua Clark
> October......Laura Berger
> November......, James W. Wiley III
> December......Dana Phillips
> January '07......Ashley Mitchell \& Leila Rush

## Black

Different Shades, personalities, auras, nationalitiescategorized as simply being "black"
Yes butno-
No because
We are...
Butter pecan, dark chocolate, milk chocolate, white chocolate, honey, gold, and so much more.
We are...
Intellectual, intelligent, prominent, dominant, shy, reserved, calm, loving, traumatic.
We are...
Happy, sad, angry, hopeful, forgiving, caring.
We are...
African Americans-
New York, New Jersey, New Orleans, Californía, and more.
West-Indians-
Guyana, Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados, St. Vincent, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, Grenada, and more. Africans-
Ghana, Nigería, Libería, Botswana, South Africa, and more.
We are all these things,
And yet simplified to just being...
Black.
Orla Thompson

## December




Untitled
Naeema Campbell

## January



## CONSTRUCTS



Construction of culture through images of the imagined the delusional leads to the construction of a new race unrecognizable to those who have escaped.
From the inside, blinded by the lights
they perform, shuck, jive, and prostalize.
Over-sexualized, exoticized, de-
humanized,
packaged, sorted, and
commercialized,
each encore cements the fate of
the new face
on this once noble race.
Elaína Mercedes Mends

February



## March



## Unspoken

I wish to say the words that were never spoken.
Keep listening for an unuttered token of grace.
I bow before the Lord unspoken, but the words of my mind pour out, like a river flowing to a never ending ocean.
Slow is the transition to what seems so much closer to them.
I want nothing more than to understand the missing piece in my unending puzzle.
To be free of pain, not sorrow.
We grieve to feel a presence no longer with us.
Dreaming only gets us so far, but is it fate that we will arrive at our destination.
I have searched this earth.
Purging and Feasting
In the knowledge of ancestor's spirits
I can only imagine that the faint purple hue of color flowing down my stream would end up in an ocean.
It's funny how the wind blows
Can turn a storm into sunshine
Grace the sky with your presence because once you give in
Temptation and $\sin$
You have been defeated.
He never said it would be easy
And He never said that you would not feel pain
Hold your head up God's Children
Now is the time to open the minds of those who have been blinded by devastation
We treat one another like the oppressor to the oppressed
should we not stand side by side and Love one another?
should we not hear the cry of the people that cry to the sky above?
Full of self, full of inequity and blasphemy
Don't you know

They cry with you
I have come too far to let them take it away
Falling is not an option
We need to raise our voices, open our eyes, and expend our horizons to what will be a new generation of thinkers of artists of life givers

Oflife savers
of protectors
Of Honesty
Calvary
Yes, he died for us all
For until I opened my eyes and saw that light you planted in my heart
I never would have thought that Goodness existed.
A piece of Heaven given from you is priceless.
Have mercy
For we need your grace

## April

| Sunday | Monday | Trestay | Weathestay | Thurstay | Friday | Saturday |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| $2$ <br> Daylight Savings Time | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|  | 10 | 11 | $12$ <br> Passover Begins | 13 | $14$ | 15 |
|  | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |  |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 |  |  |  |  |  |  |




## SMOOTH

## I feel smooth tonight. <br> Deep and intelligent.

I feel like I could say some profound shit to make your head spin
And wonder how I became
So smooth.
Unfortunately,
You won't get the depth of my statements
You stay on the shallow surface while I drown in the deep end
Because you won't dive down to give me air
And make our depth that new surface.
will anyone come and give me air?
Save my life by stimulating my mind so my smoothness doesn't go to waste
Someone please engage me in deeper conversations than the ones about the latest Zane or Dickey novel. (not that I didn't enjoy those books - even deep people need a break)

Save me please.
Talk to me about the direction the black community is going in
Talk to me about that confusing Toni Morrison novel
Talk to me about politics, economics,
Something on my level so I won't drown
Cause drowning would be a waste
Not only of my mind, my smooth, my depth
But of your mind too
Not using all that you have to think, to challenge, to philosophize
Would make you drown too.
You can only tread water for so long.
So I'm feeling smooth tonight.
Deep and intelligent.
Who is going to swim down to my level so that we survive rather than drown together?

> Dana Phillips

## June



## Caught up

In the clever scent of Indian summer I get caught up in the wine like fragrance of your shadow, only to pity myself because the weather is not really set for romance, but I stay tuned, waiting.
I maintain my guard against the nature of your eyes,
for I do not desire to get caught up like fur in a vacuum cleaner.
Yet thinking of your hips
as they seductively move, my eyes ache,
making me feel lost, like a house cat in the forest.
That's why I do not move.
Fumbling over the mysteriousness of your lips,
I watch as they give birth to flowers in the spring.
I genetically become albino in the way I lather my skin
so that when you touch me, I suffer no splinters.
As you ease into laughter I smile to obey the situation
the same way that darkness obeys the presence of a lamp.
Refusing to deny myself,
I desire to fall asleep in your eyes and float down the river that leads to your shadow as it eases into the fall,
isolating the causality of my existence.
Biodun Kajopaíye aka BK

## July



## All $\cdot$ ll Really Remember

Amongst cattle at the parlor
after mealtíme Tabasco
Coltrane at IRIDIUIM was backwoods enough
for this wanton brother to score some lilacs.
I'm reminded now by that bee
fluttering still by your wine flute.
Her skirt matched the tablecloth.
The cloudy hips of a delta.
We wondered aloud
who had seen life best:
That skillful bastard from Bakersfield,
his childlike laugh.
That time the native flower
Cheerfully keeled over.
I never told you, I saw
through the veil during the sandstorm.
Saw it all, babe.
That day we sweat so hard,
the lamp and the wastebasket in pieces,
the whole holy world so precariously close
to spontaneously deliquescing,
that the harbinger of Fall boomed tensile
in our late-summer narcissism.
Percolating memories backwards through those plush backwoods.
As hedonistic and savant
as a kitten with a jackhammer,
and all I really remember of that bathtub of Virginia night.
James W. Wiley III

August



Playtime
Joshua Clark

## September




Laura Berger

October


## Blanketface

who knows the huddled masses, blankets piled on passed-by asphalt cardboard, retching for Fresh air wishing, and wishing and
always wishing.
Were you a cartwheeler?
Dealta circular walk under the auspices of road, leading to somewhere, to here and to nowhere but.

How about a songster?
Seven times amazed and ranting life
as though an exuberant funk bonanza
to be pounded on exotic ceilings
sans gravitas.
Maybe a youngster?
At play with the very strangeness,
the estrangement from life, with
Leggos and irony and girl's
short skirts.
A barkeeper, perhaps?
Doling out shots of affirmation,
instants of yes that
lick lips and stick life
to the living.
Or a fountainer?
Joyous at the, excited at the very,
and so elated in the celebration
of each florid moment and to the sky spitting grape seeds.

Who sees the
nursed by life, the mucky and prime numbered
in the streets of Philadelphia? The whole empty
spectrum of Wow fervent in each of the lopsided, accidental days they live.

## November




## December

| Sumiay | Mondia | Trestay | Wetmesiay | Thurstay | Friday | Saturday |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | " '2\% ${ }^{\text {a }}$ |  |  |  | 1 | 2 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|  |  |  |  | Paraltator |  |  |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
|  |  |  |  |  | Hamkan beams |  |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
|  |  |  |  |  | firstay of Winter |  |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
|  | Chrremasa ${ }^{\text {axp }}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
| 31 |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| New Varas be |  |  |  |  |  |  |

## Verbal Connections

Night time falls
Evening slowly envelopes the Earth I sit alone

Alone to think of my past
It scares to look backwards
I wish I could change so many things
Things that hurt
Memories that cause mental anguish
I can't change the past
Past the anger
Past the hurt
I will rise
Rise above all
All those who doubted
Doubted my ability
Ability
To
succeed


The gift of life
Never to be mistaken
With destiny or fate
It was by choice
That I be put here
Despite the 5\% chance
Numbers meant nothing
My heart was 20 times greater
In the pictures that I saw
Worth more than 1000 words
In fact they were speechless
The thought that I could
Never be
Never love
Never live
Has led me to believe
That I am special
One of a kind
No one can take that away from me
And no one ever will
Mark this day, mark my words
Because today I can honestly say
That I think I found God.

Leila Rush

## January 2007



