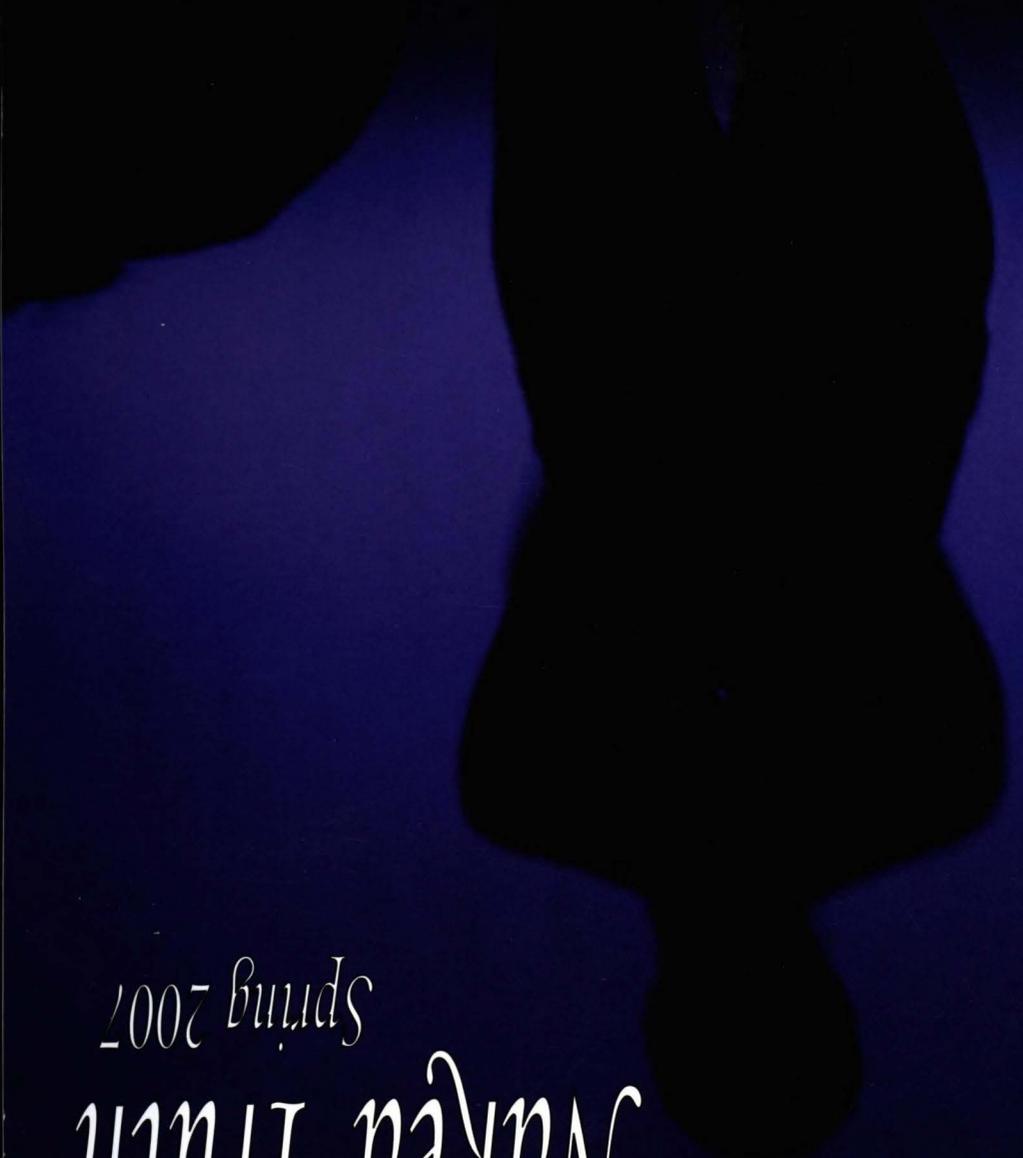


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Spring 2007

Naked Truth

ONYX

Editor's Note:

*Sometimes it's better to stay silent if you have nothing good to say. In this case, everything is good, so let me begin. ONYX has been a strong presence in my life for the past two years. Being a part of the team that compiled this issue has been more than I could ever imagine. While at times it was a bit hectic, I must say that the end result is very rewarding. ONYX has always been, and will continue to serve as an outlet for students to express their innermost thoughts through art and words. From the beginning, ONYX has brought the truth, and in the future, it will continue to do so. Because of this, ONYX has chosen to title this issue "Naked Truth." Why, you ask? Well, simply put, that's what this is---real s***. Putting their thoughts on paper, these poets don't sugar-coat anything; they give you their dose of reality. Their words represent real people, real lives, and real events. So, in presenting you with the most exclusive poetry that lies deep within the minds of your peers, I dare you to turn the page. Allow your eyes to grace the pages of these untold stories and let a taste of the real world settle on your palate, as the flavors of truth excite your taste buds like never before.*

*Enjoy,
Leila Rush*

ONYX Executive Board (2006-2007)

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Cover by Brenann Stacker, titled Naked Silhouette

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***Editor's Choice

Fantasy to Life

*Slowly close your eyes and inhale
 the intoxicating remedy.
 Ponder why I asked you here
 Tonight
 Beautiful, impressive, handsome
 Statue of a man
 Not on a pedestal, but reclining
 within hands reach, where
 I am mesmerized by the liquid verses
 that flow from your incredibly knowledgeable self.
 Juxtaposed with a hard, solid, mahogany...
 Emanating a capturing glance upon me
 One second of eye contact where you peered into
 My soul or so you thought.
 And exposed me to the world
 With the same intensity, I gaze and you became overwhelmed
 A total loss of self-control
 Uninhibited my mind meanders through endless possibilities
 No longer able to gaze at your eyes,
 But now your mouth that
 creates verses of dramatized intellectual poetry
 Which others who do not understand try and disprove.*

*To be honest, since you arrived
 My eyes have been observing
 Exploring
 Pure fascination into how one human being
 Was conjured into existence
 The space between you and me
 I hope will become intensely smaller and magnificently nonexistent.
 Not for comfort, not for selfish reasons, not for you
 For harmony
 Reaching the finely tunes octaves of music
 The crescendo and decrescendo
 Harmoniously intertwined to create a masterpiece.
 Magnify the ultimate experience with you.*

~odaromane~

Paradoxical Thinking

*I often wonder how you make them leave
in the morning
still webbed, glowing in the gowns of their desires*

*I often thought I'd want that feeling too
given a form of beauty in those briny dungeons
your clumsy, bleary eyes upon me*

*I wondered if keeping the distance was worth it,
not holding you so closely as we greeted, said goodbyes,
so you wouldn't know how fixed your face was,
how your idle words stood fast in my mind*

*I often thought to stop my thoughts of you, dismiss the rummy warmth,
that settled in me at the vernal sound of your laughter
the too-welcome sight of your shoulders*

*I often wondered how I'd hide
That affection that lay
alive and green for so long
How I'd look inside your eyes
if you saw it too, gleaming, roving*

*You see, I often thought, and thoughts lead me to move
away, create distance where the map was blank,
stray to its borders, hoping you would follow*

*I often thought you'd never follow
but you do, and return me to my place
perhaps you like how I look from here*

*You are a tide, so I am washed in, washed out ever moving, still
indecisive, so how could the rain ever hope to clean me?*

*Following that strange compass why would you relent?
I am always brought back, never allowed to forget*

~Danielle Okai~

Untitled

*She was motivated by the art
 He was motivated by the game
 But when they both motivated each other, so much of their life would change
 She loved to argue
 He loved to make her laugh
 Though they met on short notice their love was bound to last
 Only 5 days, must have been love at first sight
 But to maintain that love would take a long hard fight
 Trials and Tribulations create by distance
 As they tried to keep their love, using their heart as an assistance
 But she needed passion
 He needed her to be there
 So their love drifted like a feather in thin air
 Another girl stole his heart
 Which drew them apart
 Hearts were broken, tears were shed
 Both their hearts continually bled, thinking that their love was bound to be dead
 A future together they couldn't see
 But it will defiantly happen, if it was meant to be
 October 12, 2003
 The wounds that were opened healed gradually*

*Their eyes met, their fires were set,
 A broken heart between the two you could never detect,
 the love that they had was something they could never forget*

*Like old friends is how they would speak,
 Demonstrating that their love had never lost a beat,
 talking as if they saw each other just last week,*

*As the night rolled on, their love turned into passion
 Causing them to gain mental and emotional satisfaction
 Is it meant to be?
 We will see
 I just know together they are both happy.*

~B.K.~

Secret Need

Eyes meet,
Distant souls cross to be with each other.
A pale hand reaches out,
Wanting to caress, linger, assure.
Goosebumps rise on ebony flesh,
Full lips part slightly as
Mind and body work in synchronization,
Pulsating with abandoned desire.
A call in the distance interrupts,
Causing the hand to begin its descent,
Moving away from its succulent treat,
Pulling back into the tight-knit shell.
Feet move as they drift apart.
Sea blue eyes seek out copper brown,
An awkward smile caresses lips,
They walk in opposite directions.

~Orla Thompson~

Signals

*Silhouette is the smell of the sweet sound of two beings moving as they gracefully observe
 The distant but, confusing attractions to one another.
 A look, a smile, a laugh, genuine but deceiving.
 A quick turn away, images of doubt, disheartening but at the same time relieving
 For they have both avoided the bolderous weight of disappointment
 Yet the silky movement of their gestures slither towards one another as they attempt to capture their true emotions
 Only to watch as their soundless signals mystify slowly in the air.
 Fear is captured in their eyes, curiosity burns in their heart, impatient as they wait for the other to start
 Attempting to move, but it is the shackles of hesitation, tied together with the chains of the inability to take a chance that
 prevents the truth from being set free.
 Red light, Green light, Yellow light, Yellow light, slow down, Red light no they can't go. Lost like two sheep of the same fold
 It is unfortunate that their story would have to go untold
 For it would have been filled with the blissful taste of pomegranates and the satisfaction of an oasis.
 But instead these two souls do not read the flags in the air,
 Instead they just sit deranged in a wilderness of lakes
 Thinking, green light, thinking, green light, thinking red light, thinking of what could
 have been, what should have been, what will not be.
 Failing to seize the moment, for tomorrow may never come
 Both these beings have lost the opportunity
 To enjoy life at its highest peak, to see love in its truest form.
 To experience passion in the most material way
 What can I say,
 when we fail to act on signals we are being selfish to one another
 like a driver who stops at a green light,
 we are just creating emotional traffic.*

~B.K.~

Domestic Abuse

Smack!
 Whack!
 Thwack!
 No I'm not making a rap,
 I'm listening to these sounds
 While lying on the ground
 Wondering what I've ever done
 To deserve this—
 This assault by this man,
 This man whom I cloth and feed!
 Reduced to nothing but an animal
 As he takes out his anger on me
 Waiting for the moment his hands loosen,
 Fists uncurl—
 I can only get up then—only then.
 It's a ritual—this abuse I take
 My family, friends and all want me to go away,
 Where... I say?
 To a place where I'd be lonely everyday?
 No, I'll stay right here.
 I'll stay with this abusive man,
 Stay and bear his children,
 Cook and clean for him,
 Stay and wait for his fists to uncurl,
 I'll stay until they lie me,
 Face up in a cold and muddy grave—
 Which would probably be soon
 As his fists are still reigning down
 Hard,
 Non-stop,
 Almost like rain,
 Like the tears flowing from my bloody eyes.
 Whooshi!
 His hands have stopped coming down—
 I knew they would—
 I'm gasping for air.
 His fists are uncurled, but his hands are
 Wrapped tightly around my neck,
 I can do no more than wait—
 Wait for those hands to uncurl,
 Wait for these scars to disappear,
 Wait for my breath to return,
 Wait for a miracle...
 I'm still waiting.

~Orla Thompson~



One Way

Brenann Stacker

Watts & West

*Take a look at the clock projected
across the water. I turn my head and
Waves chop bothering the image.
I keep turning. At one glance is the majestic complex,
Structures tower as faint music plays to the tune
Of their distance.*

*A bench to sit
and focus on more water.
A hazier body of water, with much less chop.
The bench acquires cushions while
its sections melt into one. I'm stuck here
mesmerized by tranquility.*

*As I turn around to glance at the chorus of horns
what becomes apparent is the candy paint and the red lights.
They are beckoning slightly, it was not yet time*

*The combustion of oxygen is too great.
The grey slides to black and the rain
begins its preliminary descent.
The packed droplets crush the clock's image
while clipping my best efforts.
Up and over I decide.
Up and over to the noise,
the wonderful vehicular glow interspersed
with the familiar yellow intruders.*

*As I stand on the belt of travel its extension reaches
seemingly unchartered bounds.
I turn north and the way becomes higher.
I turn south the to docks rollick with the chop of the water
provoked by the droplets.*

*Turning back to the reverie of the rush hour influx,
I see its interruptions periodically.
The yellow intruders distort my shadow
rendering it larger for a brief moment,
then returning it to its natural state. I
must head north, but I will return.*

~Tjani Warren~



Broken Roses

Brenann Stacker

My Heart is Black

My heart is black; . . . it shudders.

My heart is black; . . . it caves.

My heart is black; . . . it wonders.

My heart is black; . . . it cares.

My heart beats quickly. . . I'm lonely.

My heart beats rapidly. . . I'm ashamed.

My heart beats quickly. . . I've betrayed you.

My heart beats rapidly. . . Don't turn away.

My heart needs sustenance. . . to go on.

My heart needs joy. . . to remain.

My heart wants things. . . that are forbidden.

My heart long for things. . . it can't reclaim.

My heart is black; I remember.

My heart is black; I go on.

My heart is black; don't have to remind me.

My heart is black; please go away.

~Orla Thompson~



Lonely Nights

Brenann Stacker

Long Walk

It's nighttime in my slice of the Big Apple.
 And there's no bus or cab in sight.
 So I walk and I think
 And I enjoy this star-less night
 The rain's all gone
 And the streets are clear
 And my clip-clop high heels are the only sound I hear.
 Now that the liquor's stopped flowing,
 And the music's stopped going,
 And the booties stopped shaking,
 And the tokes aren't being taken:
 It's quiet.
 And the sidewalk moves to the grooves
 Still in my head.
 Then there's the corner:
 The 24-hour store,
 The Kennedy's Fried Chicken,
 The place to get your liquor,
 And there's a crowd being all loud,
 Disturbing my solitary peace.
 My peaceful solitude.
 Suddenly I'm aware
 'Cause my legs are all bare.
 I touch my hair.
 Look straight ahead and stare
 And think,
 My face that you love so much,
 My secret place, so warm and lush,
 Could be violated by some stranger's touch.
 Their words...
 Carry in the wind.
 I can't help but feel feminine
 And fragile
 Alone... walking on an empty street
 Looking at the ground
 I hear and I frown
 "YO BABY! WHAT YOU GOT FOR ME TONIGHT?"
 "YOU LOOK LIKE CANDY, SUGAR. CAN I HAVE A BITE?"
 "IT'S DARK OUTSIDE, PRETTY! WHY YOU OUT HERE ALONE?"
 "I WOULD LOVE TO BE YOUR MAN, WAITING FOR YOU AT HOME!"
 Arms folded in front of a glittery top,
 I want to fold into myself
 So that they would just stop.
 Eight eyes staring a hole
 Through a black Lycra skirt.
 Four tongues hanging,
 Speaking jive: trying to flirt.
 There's nothing worse than being the object of a gaze
 That you can't escape for a single day.
 You can't walk down the street in a Catholic school uniform,

Can't wear a tank top when the air gets warm.
 That's why I hide in your brown, broad arms
 'Coz I know in this place, they can do me no harm.
 They don't talk no shit
 Coz I'm with my man
 But if I walk there alone
 All I hear is,
 "DDDDAAAAMMMMMNNNN"
 I don't want yo' ass or your flashy car,
 Don't care if you got grillz or who you are.
 You don't get my respect, even if you have a job
 If you harass young girls in a 10-deep mob.
 So I stare forward
 Or I stare down
 No smile on my face, no trace of a frown.
 You won't get no ammo with which to fire
 Because I have no wish to know what you desire.
 I count the seconds till I'm at my gate,
 Run inside my home not a second too late.
 Always lock the doors,
 In case a bold one tries to follow.
 Never want to go outside coz I'll see them tomorrow

~Bosede Opetubo~

Keep Moving

Finally,

A revelation of some sort
 Never trust the words of those who look at you and smile when inside they want you to fail
 They smile in your face as if to say "I have you under a spell"
 When in reality you know the deception

They walk the walk, but stumble when they see you running
 You have no choice
 Failure is not an option and they try to bring you down
 Think they have you down
 You have one up on them because you stay true to the Word

Fighting words, fighting spirit
 You know the path you must face
 So live it
 Live the life you feel in your heart

Love

It hit me that no matter how much you want to find that one soul connected to you...It takes time
 Stop looking for the inevitable

Change will come and hit you so hard, but you will be ready even if you do not come prepared
 It is not your will, but the one from above

Invincible never
 Protected always
 Don't try to fly if you do not have wings
 All good things come with a patient heart

I finally found what I think might be real and I am not giving it up for anything but Him

Time is of the Essence
 I stop to listen to the sounds of the Good Word and try to live in the Now
 Oh, I find a melody perfect in song, but as time goes on I find every lesson because every lesson already found me

You cannot change the past
 So stop looking
 Only to the future will we rise
 Be that guide to the ones who were told they were never good enough
 Smart enough
 Strong enough
 Pretty enough

Who defines you is you

*Who made you is love
And through love, by love and in love you will remain*

*A transformation of colors will arise and when it does
Stand tall
Because the wind is coming
Stand tall
Because your life is just beginning*

~Angela Tierra Anderson~



Untitled

Britney Cuffee

