

ONYX

FALL 1997

Black Literary Magazine

ANITA MOORE

## Editor's Note

In this edition of Onyx we have attempted to encapsulate the many artistic talents under the African Diaspora of Tufts University. This issue is the first Fall edition of the Onyx magazine, previously it came out only once year. We have tried to maintain the tradition of Onyx while pooling our creativity to bring you a new, unique magazine.

We have instituted the Editor's Choice Awards which showcase excellence in black art and literature. The Literary Art Editor's Choice of this edition is the poem "Sculptured Hand" by Brigette Backlin '00 on page 16. The color illustration on the cover of this issue is in fact the Visual Art Editor's Choice by Ajua McNeil '01.

We would like to thank the African-American Center, the Office of Equal Opportunity, the Pan African Alliance and Shana Cohen.

Salamishah says that "whether you choose to be an artist/ philosopher/ prophet/ recorder" you should still seek to enlighten yourself. Therefore, we beseech you to open these pages--explore, and enjoy.

Scheherazade Tillet

Tiphannie Y. G. Gundel

Natasha Marin

## Onyx Fall 1997

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### Fetal Position

I crouch in the soft, pink tinge  
Of my older sister's baby pictures —

Hidden underneath tucked white sheets  
That camouflage me from the curious  
fingertips  
Of the moon's gleam.

I curl,  
Fetal position,  
Whispering warm-breath prayers  
Into my forever-cold hands —  
Asking permission to dream of innocence  
That seeps away slowly,  
Disappearing through unseen

Creases in the cushions on the old couch,  
The one with beige-cream tassles  
That I used to braid while my childhood  
unravelled.

-Natasha M. Marin

### I Am The Woman

My spine is the history.  
It's truth hidden by my thick skin.  
The men of books have massaged my back  
but to really grasp my archival bone  
you must open my back and come in.

My breasts are the gods.  
Their divinity guarded by my thick skin.  
The men of scriptures have fondled my chest  
but to really drink my epiphanic milk  
you must open my chest and come in.

My womb is the future.  
It's fate shielded by my thick skin.  
The men of desperate words have  
coaxed my labor  
but in the End someone must learn,  
to really aid in the birth of eternity  
you must open *my* skin and come in.

-Tiphonie Yanique Galiber Gundel

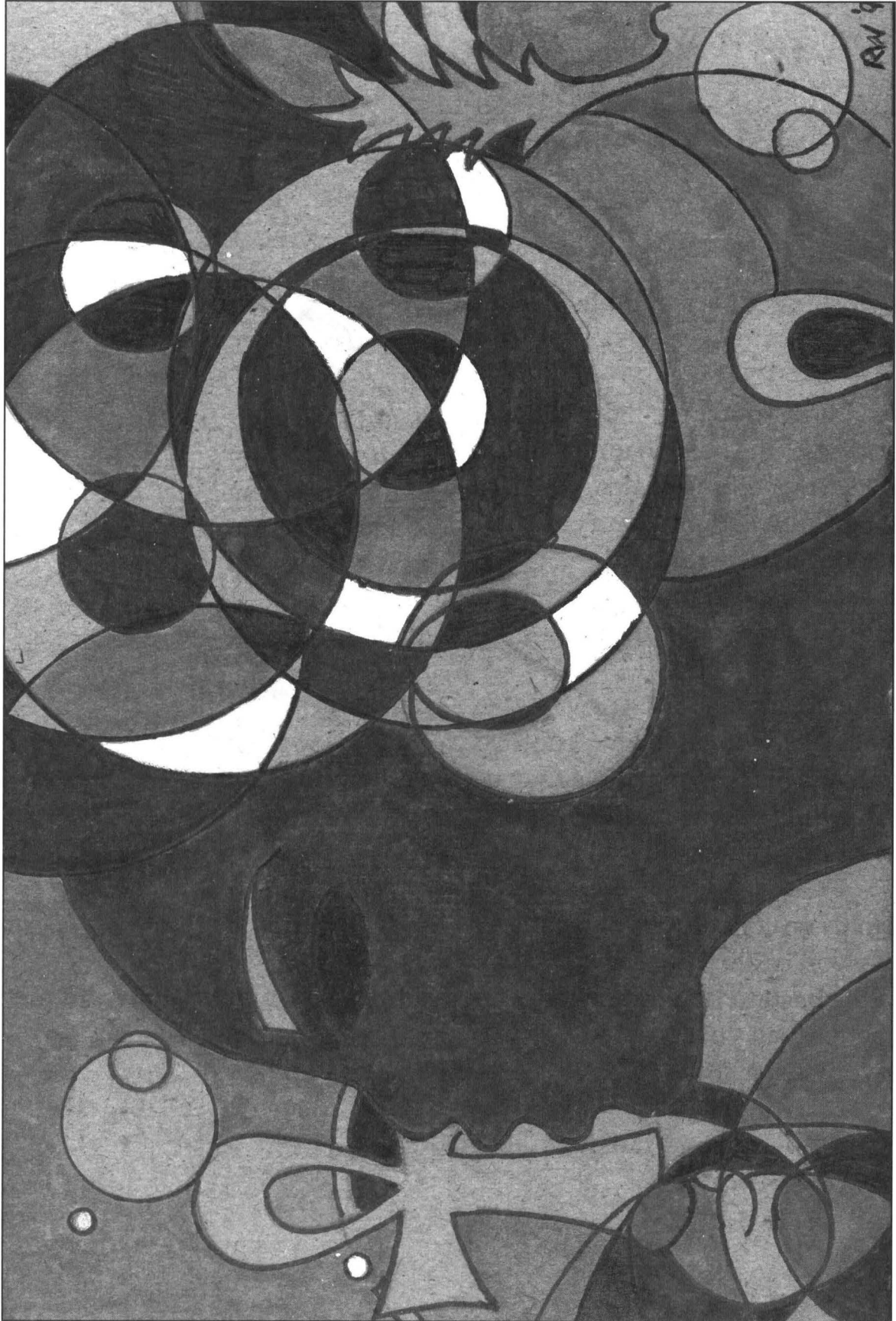
### Revolution

When somewhere lying on my side giving birth to a new world, I will look back and  
breathe life into the nostrils of my ancestors I will grip my loins with your flesh, my father  
I will drink the blood of the tiger  
When I bear my new world

When I turn onto my back to kick and push I will place ivory between my legs and  
persuade a vast roundness You will thank me, my newborn sun You will kiss my past and  
scrape your fingers against my roughness You will heal my woman after she is bruised  
and drowned Pump life into her after she is dead

Let her know your face Let her see your naked innocence and your hidden damnness And  
she will forever feed you her wounded breast

-Brigette Backlin



## Berry Juice

The world is cyclical and life is round.

When I was young my light skin was silently revered.

The juice of the berry hadn't come my way  
and I knew nothing of it.

Black girls envied my loose curls.

Black boys saw a future.

White boys saw culture.

White girls saw nothing.

And now I am taboo.

Loyal black women tell me I need sun.

Righteous black men tell me they need a *black* future.

Those white men want lust  
and white women still don't see.

But to these convoluters of beauty —

I give you truth:

I am the bastard daughter of one thousand women and two thousand men.

No better than you,  
but your sister still.

-Tiphonie Yanique Galiber Gundel

## Lost Love

Eyes only for you  
The world no more  
Until one night  
your eyes traveled  
to a different time  
and found different eyes,  
different hands,  
different emotions.

And I, left holding pictures with no images,  
letters with no words,  
listening to music with no beats  
My heart trying to fill the silence,  
but failing

Eating, sleeping, talking,  
a routine well rehearsed,  
but difficult to master  
Where's the love? Everywhere  
Nowhere. Love lost, love gained  
I'm just looking for my share  
that was lost.

-Anonymous

## Stallions

Towering mountain impaling heaven  
With a steep and ragged screwlike  
Serpentine path winding round and deep.

Old-fashioned carriage  
Rickety and wooden  
Speeding round the path --  
A dusty curved cliff overlooking the citrus sky.

Vast sky  
Orange and yellow  
Like the dust and the  
Red red moon that glows  
Hungry.

Wooden wheels spinning  
Turning rapidly around first curve  
Carriage leans --  
Door flies open revealing  
My mother, sister, and I,  
Screaming thin wails.

Two horses  
Coal black stallions racing  
Racing with glistening bodies  
Dragging the carriage with  
Magnanimous speed --  
The tail of a whip,  
Flinging the carriage round a curve.

Sister  
Falling out of the carriage  
Rolling onto the dirt --  
Tangled and dusty dress  
Spinning towards the cliff.

The sky  
Sister becomes the sky -  
Falling into the fiery  
Black stallion dust.  
Slowly like a feather in a breeze.

-Natasha M. Marin



## The Thickness of Blood

Who says blood runs thicker than water?  
For starters, my red ever-flowing, ever shining blood  
Is linked to someone unknown to me.

I don't care.  
*Liar.*

Well, adoption was her option  
And she opted to give me up  
In hopes of a better life filled with confusion and animosity.

I hate her.  
*Liar.*

She held me.  
Held me inside her, warm and safe for nine months.  
The best days of my life.

He watched his wife in pain with either hatred or elation.  
Or maybe he was absent, during this supposedly joyous occasion.  
Probably.  
*Probably not.*

When she conceived me, she instantly relieved me of my identity.  
Insanity crept upon me as I was embraced into a new family.  
Cuddled and kissed in white soft loving arms.

I'll never forgive her.  
*Liar.*

My anonymous Mother giver, she turned me loose.  
Am I suppose to forget about the ropes, the tight noose,  
The beautiful trees stained with blood,  
The changing rearranging of God, to the white man above?  
*Never!*

Do I have any love for her.  
*Yeah.*  
Even though my ancestry was taught to me  
Through books and bug eyed looks  
That tore my flesh.

Where is she? Where was she? Who is she?  
Do I wanna know,  
Who gave me this beautiful skin and crazy afro?  
*Yeah.*

I'm gonna stop thinking about Her.  
*Liar.*

She's cemented in my mind hard.  
At night my inner thoughts try and fight the fright  
Of loving one whom I've never met.

She stole apart of my soul.  
Or maybe,  
She's holding onto it waiting.

-Seth Markle

**My Block**(The Block by Romare Bearden, 1971)

Moving backwards —  
they got cars  
but not on my block

we be strollin  
on my block  
dudes approach me with  
fresh hair and tales  
from the hood of my  
yesterdays  
(probably my forever)

My brothers sit in a one-room  
apartment  
staring at the backs  
of each other's necks

we be chillin  
on my block

dudes all up in yo' back lef' pocket  
So far up in *my* grill  
I cain't trus' nobody

We have more funerals  
than birthday parties  
on my block  
it's all good. though.  
e'rybody gotta be gettin to heaven  
somehow/sometime

Story of a black man's life  
*I ain 't afraid to die*  
*(long as its for my block)*  
"Everybody wants a black man's life"  
except me  
all I need is a one-way ticket out of this  
ghetto-heaven  
I hate the ghetto like  
a crack fiend  
hates the fix  
Sucking your eyes and ears shut  
Tying your legs down and crossing your arms  
But at the same time  
sexin you and lovin you and giving you air

There are two churches  
on my block  
One to give life and one to take it  
I guess Black folk got a whole lot a  
religion

I 'on't know why though  
I used to talk to Jesus  
every night  
and either he ain't hear me  
or he ain't been born yet

and I guess he mus' not-a heard me  
cause I tell you this:  
If my woman come home  
wid another man's baby  
I be damned if I'm gon' stick wid her  
(cain't trust nobody)

One day I want out of this trap  
cause I'll die if I stav here,  
but I can't live until I leave

Them little kids  
on my block  
they real smart  
They gon' git out  
(they still in school)

An' when they do  
They 'll lift me out  
Pull us all up  
by the backs of our necks  
like a mother tiaer  
And allow us to see the promised land  
even if we can't step out  
of this madness

Right now  
I ain't goin' nowhere but  
upstairs  
this my block  
I got a woman waitin for me

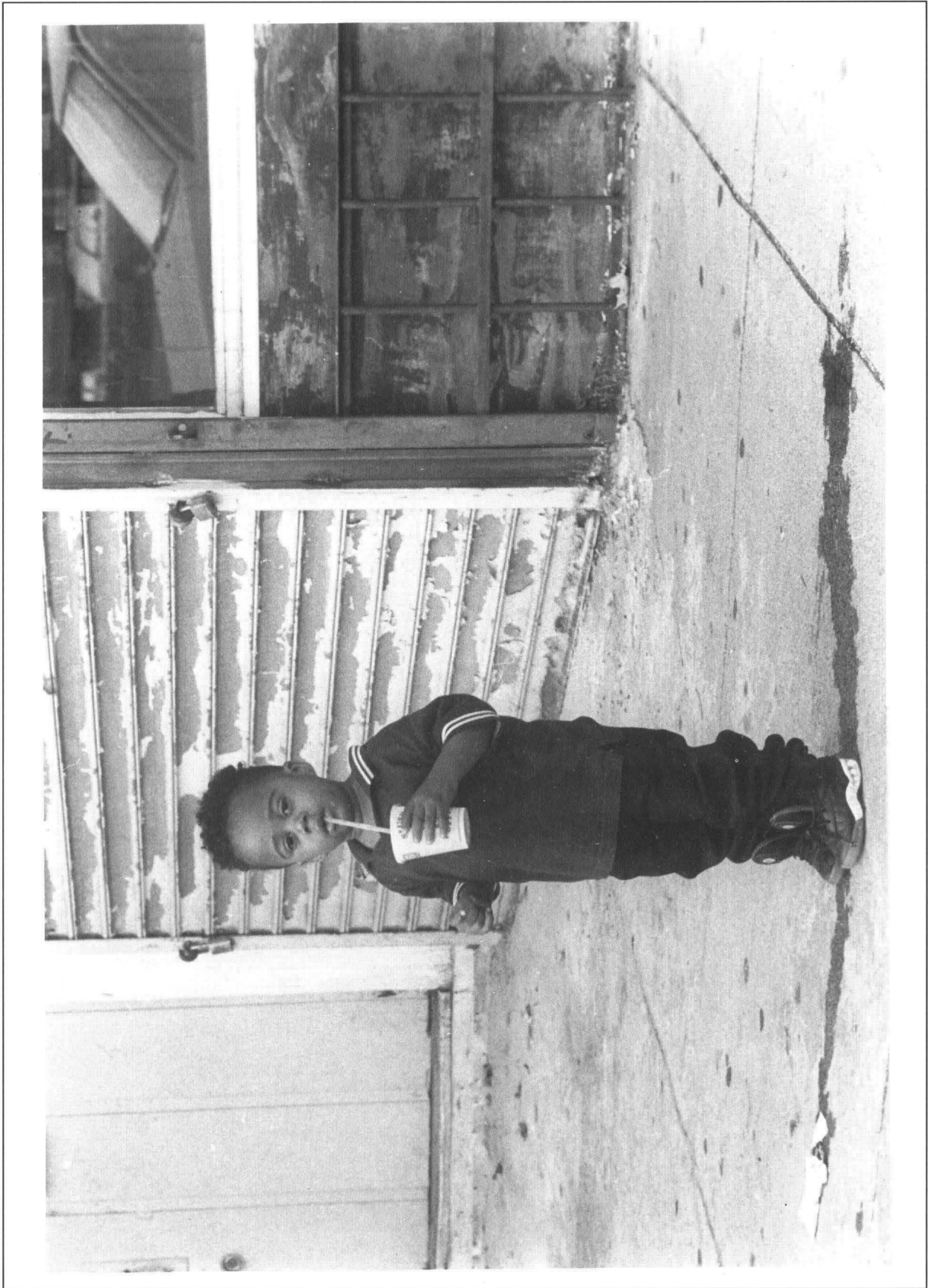
And if I left  
whose block would it be

This block that raised me  
gave me life  
colored me

Let me stop and kiss her bittersweet  
chocolate neck  
Like an old married couple  
Thanking each other for years and years  
of love and sex and pain  
Realizing suddenly  
that without each other  
They would be alone

Poverty licking their mouths out  
Like the bitter betrayal  
of a kiss.

-Lory Ivey Alexander





**Of my own free will . . .**

He is a wizard; lovely in the way  
His works his words on me,  
Into me.  
His phrase praise  
And coat my intellect like syrup.  
Trapped like a fly in amber  
Rationality sleeps.  
The dam bends and finally breaks.  
Emotion ravishes the landscape of my  
heart;  
More than a stream of unconsciousness.  
My actions are his everything is.  
When the picture show that is us ends,  
Like some sci-fi creation,  
The alien conqueror,  
He knows all that is me  
Who rules my planet  
And I wake up on the street,  
Wondering how I came.

-Kafui Bediako

*Untitled*

For a long time I sat under a sycamore  
trying to find the words that I haven 't  
been able to pull out

I've moved over now  
to a chair  
the around grew soggy  
against my back and sides  
somehow I could not stand it  
anymore  
I was getting old  
I could tell

My nose is sunburned  
I still can't write  
so I move to a window seat  
inside the pool house  
I have liver spots on my back  
the words are stuck

But perhaps even the trees  
are not on time  
in changing from green to  
amber, crimson, mahogany  
taking on the colors and shapes of my face

I look out the window and realize  
*it 's all good.*

-Lory Ivey Alexander

**"Number 3"**

When I awoke in the middle of the night I was dying  
There was the sound of blues in my head  
Have you ever heard a tune carried by an angel  
And a devil at the same time?  
It's funny, an artist once told me that he was digging  
his grave  
And I laughed although I saw the dirt at the bed of his  
fingernails  
Some things are like that  
Like witches riding me in dreams  
or statues that come alive  
They never haunt me, never make me nervous  
Vampires never call on me to give them life  
And love never makes one true  
Like my mind, it comes and goes.

-Brigette Backlin



## His Mistress

I shuddered as I heard my bedroom door creak. Slowly, a trail of light peered through my door and a shadow followed. Silently, he stepped through the door, allowing his six foot frame to be seen in full view .

“Hi, baby,” he said smiling broadly, while creasing the lines under his hazel eyes that were so much like mine.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. I crossed my legs tightly under the covers and tried earnestly not to let my emotions show on my face.

Easily, as if practiced, he slid off the blue robe I had bought him. With a chill I realized he had chosen nudity under the dark robe and now his masculine body was coming toward me. Gently, he sat at the edge of the bed reaching under the covers to rub at my thighs. He spread my legs easily under my weak resistance. His expert fingers stole at my privacy as I allowed my eyes to shed a tear and my fingers to claw at the bed.

Cautiously, he climbed on top of me as he peeled off my underwear. I knew tonight would be the night. I closed my eyes as I prayed silently that it would be easy. He had always told me that it wouldn't hurt.

“I love you,” he said looking me in the eyes. “This is just the way I show you.”

A strange twinge shot through my body like a reflex as his penis touched me in the place that only he had touched me before. I felt a dry pain between my legs as his head disappeared to kiss at my small breasts.

“Are you okay?,” I heard him say without any sign of stopping.

“No . . . no.” I edged my words out fearfully. Fearful of disappointing; fearful of disobeying. “Daddy, Please stop.”

-Tiphonie Yanique Galiber Gundel

## Velvet Night

When the midnight air closes in and  
A somber glow of distant street lamps  
Leaves lazy shadows scattered across the street,  
Do you remember?  
The peaceful facades that floated  
In that grassy sea --  
Lithe and nimble . . . dancing?  
Dancing in the moonlight --  
The sense of harmony  
That velvet night?  
Whispers and bubbles of laughter  
Induced by the union  
Of ginseng and camaraderie?  
The way the fireflies swam in the steam?  
Recall how the silvery water shimmered --  
A wave of goose bumps underneath a warm breeze.  
The way the shadows snuggled close to the earth  
And water trembled --  
Shivering like a virgin  
Bathing in the moonlight.  
We were a sprinkling of nymphs  
Mellow with pink elephants and moonshine.  
The enticing atmosphere resonated with sultry shadows  
And sounds of cellophane wings whispering wind.  
The wind fragrant and tepid  
Mingled with our celestial surroundings.  
That velvet night flanked by library and lamplight  
I learned what love meant.  
And when the Day  
The white vampire settled into her  
Onyx coffin,  
I reminisce and remember the way  
That homemade cookie tasted on my tongue  
The way his hands felt on my back  
And the way your eyes felt --  
Velvet night.

-Natasha M. Marin



## Don't Forget

Remember when I came over last night  
to see you  
I knew what was on your mind, when you asked  
me to come.  
Remember that look of mischief you had, when I  
looked into your eyes.  
Blacks pearls dreaming of flesh and movement, between  
you and I  
Remember as I undressed you, first with my eyes, then  
with my hands  
Satin skin, soft and flawless, chilled  
by my touch  
Don't forget how we whispered to each other, sweet  
long forbidden words  
Sinful thoughts flowing from melody of lips, erecting  
you.  
Remember the way we moved, and made that easy  
rhythm, yes, yes.  
I looked down, up, and sideways, to see you,  
admire you  
Remember you, looking back at me, enticing love to  
continue, on & on.  
Giving and receiving, an event of intimate  
pleasures, our creation.  
Remember when we were done, for the moment, and I  
looked at you  
Exchanging thoughts, then we fell into that  
slumber,

dreaming , of,  
tomorrow. . .  
-Cory J. Person

## Hey You

for the Biggest Playa That I Know.

Hey You.

No. Not You.

I'm Talking To That One Over There.

Yeah, I Know You See Me Looking At You.

You Can Feel My Naked Eyes Dancing Around Your Body

You Can Almost Be Caressed With The Hands That Hold

Your Soul With Tightly Held Fists.

. . . Unless You Want Me To Set Your Soul Free.

You've Watched My Lips Speak Out To You And You

Drawing In Every Word With The Smoke You Breathe In.

I Want To Feel Your Hot Breath Tickle My Chin, Neck,

Chest.

I Want To Feel Your Coarse Shredded Wheat Hair With

Hints Of The Sun's Warm Smile To Fall Upon My Back

Like The Heaviest Raindrops.

Continue To Moisten The Small Of My Back With The

Same Tongue That Grasps The Cigarette Tighter To Your

Mouth.

I Can See Every Muscle In Your Stomach Clenching As

Your Body Sweats to the Same Beat That Keeps My Hips

Swinging.

I Want Your Voice To Whisper Your Very Most Thought

And Allow My Ears To Share In Your Consciousness.

. . . Unless You Want Me To Stop Listening

- The Joker

## *Literary Art Editor Award*

### "The Sculptured Hand"

I saw her fingers when she died  
They looked like my cigarettes burnt to ashes

When she was alive she never said much to me  
I didn't know her.  
I never saw her, but I heard her sing

Sometimes at night I would listen to her wails  
They seemed so silent to the rest of the world  
(Fill them with ammunition and carry me home).

When my God would speak to me, I would never listen  
Thoughts of her hand would always come to mind.

Sea sick was I when I lifted the coffin  
Deep within there was the smell of roses and cooking oil.

These things only mix when little black girls are  
straightening their hair  
The follicles die and what is born becomes evil.

So I put those thoughts to rest beneath my ugly pen.  
I think instead of the letter that lies within the  
folds of my palm

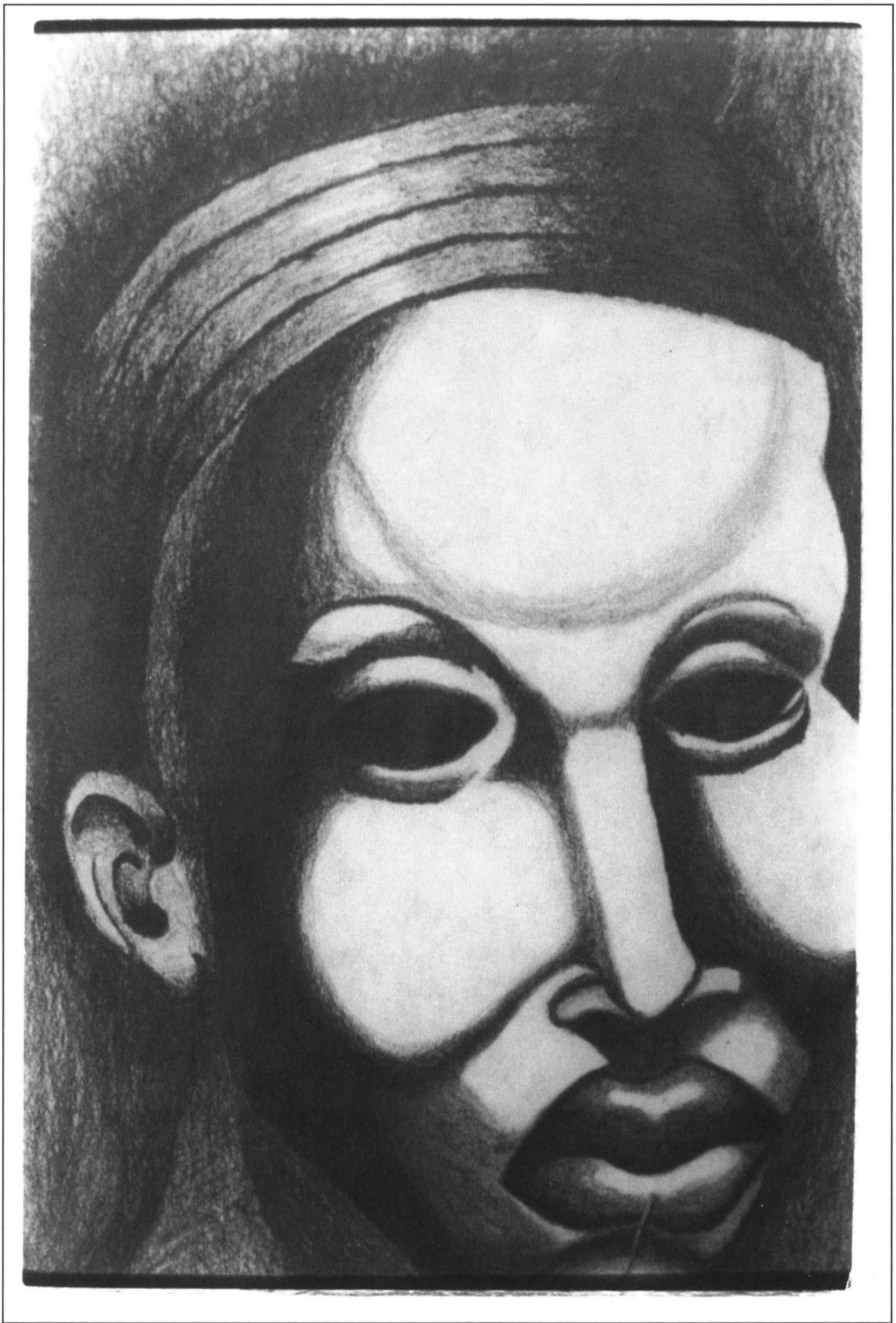
There is an uncertain joy in finding that even in death  
I couldn't find my hiding place  
What is real will cease, what I dream will come to life.

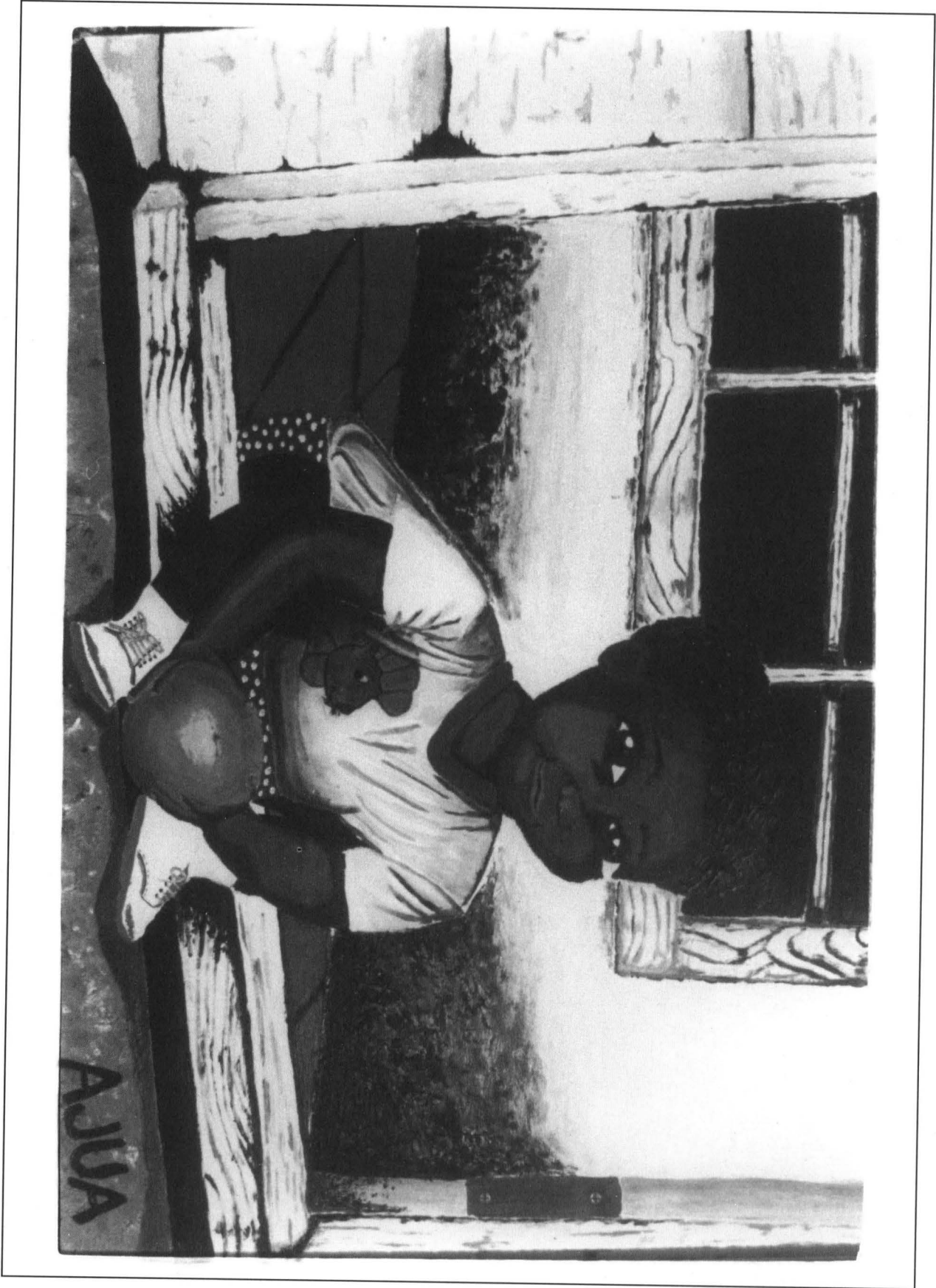
Every time I see a dead bird, I wonder where the heart is  
I would like to see it beat

For the drum inside is essential to the earth  
It makes breathing very easy.

The instructions to my life are misnumbered  
I follow the backward steps to carry me to my doorstep.  
When I get there I see the woman, She is singing  
And her hands look like the crushed bird brought to life.

-Brigette Backlin





## *Stream of Conscience*

*I hear the trumpet crying as I step into the rain with my legs out A cigarette embraced by my fingers and mouth My burgundy lipstick contemplates Saturn's rings around my filter While the sun hides behind the dust of clouds forming in the West And in my sorrow I cry "Let me bite your serenity"*

*The rain melts over the green things and the old man smothers his trumpet with his thrifty brown hat creating a moth tune The taxi I see hauling heavy bags While impatient customers bends and twist their feet into the trunk ["I want to go home"]*

*My instrument is shrieking Then I am silent I listen as my red umbrella caress the love song of the rain The lyrics are not unfamiliar*

*I place my ear to the ground The devil is beating his wife She laughs a mocking tune She knows she can not escape And little girls hear her laughter as they eat lunch with their mothers in hair salons And men let their hair grow long to cover their ears*

*And somewhere Mother God gives birth to a new baby girl I feel her tears in the rain I hear her hungriness in the thunder [ I want to go home ]*

*I witness the coupling of many who kiss my vulnerability Like the blonde in the black suit smoking another cigarette And I say "My ring is a symbol of destiny Somewhat like the sky It opens And Within there is God"*

*And I get on the X with people yelling silent thoughts about nothing They are yelling at what's behind them Now I know I am not going home I am Lot's wife And if I look back I can see that brown paper hat and trumpet serenading my eyes*

-Brigitte Backlin

## After you Died

If you could see  
me now  
fighting for my sanity  
struggling to breathe  
inside a cavity of the lonliest consciousness  
you would have sent  
many more  
in your place to  
restrain me from the suffering in my heart

Beneath the ground  
Your flesh is more helpless  
than mine  
above the rotten soil  
my inner self withers away  
in a flurry of white  
soundless winter flakes.

I'm frightened that I will not  
survive this  
fragmentation of my being  
this moving picture  
in which parts of me are being  
sold to the highest bidder  
the one who resembles you  
the most

Now that you're gone  
I'm as doubtful as a daughter on father's day  
who has the wish that  
her dead daddy  
would fly  
down from the heavens  
for a warm hug and hello

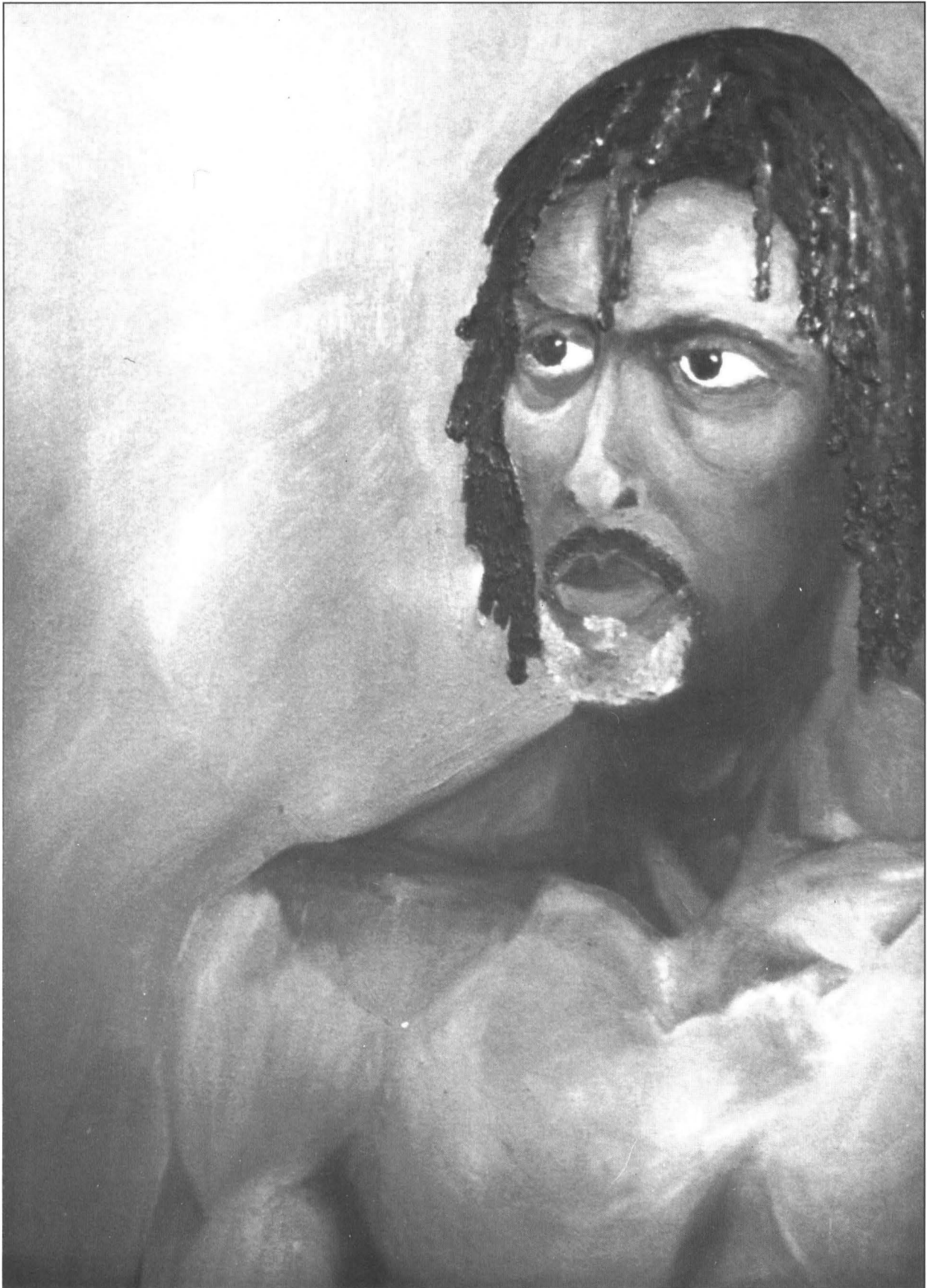
I'm as sinful as the girl  
who's touched brown bodies  
with soft brown penises  
too much  
not understanding  
that the bitter loss of the father cannot  
be replaced by  
the sad cries of a Lover's eternal promise to stay  
right here  
*right here,*  
and never leave.

If you couldn't stay here  
for me, you beloved daughter,  
why would any of these  
dewey-eyed fools do it?

What the hell is it anyway,  
that happens to you when someone  
that brought you  
into this world dies?  
Do you slowly  
go with them?  
Or do you *rush* to go with them  
like me  
disarming your flesh from your bones  
your bones from your soul  
to see just  
WHAT  
it was  
that mercifully took their hand  
and made then leap  
upwards and beyond the final wall  
to greet the great the beautiful  
the irresistible

*death?*

-En



## Observations While At The East Building

When I get old, I want to go to museums  
I want to be tall and thin and wear my hair  
In a long, gray ponytail down my back,  
Like that lady who just walked downstairs.

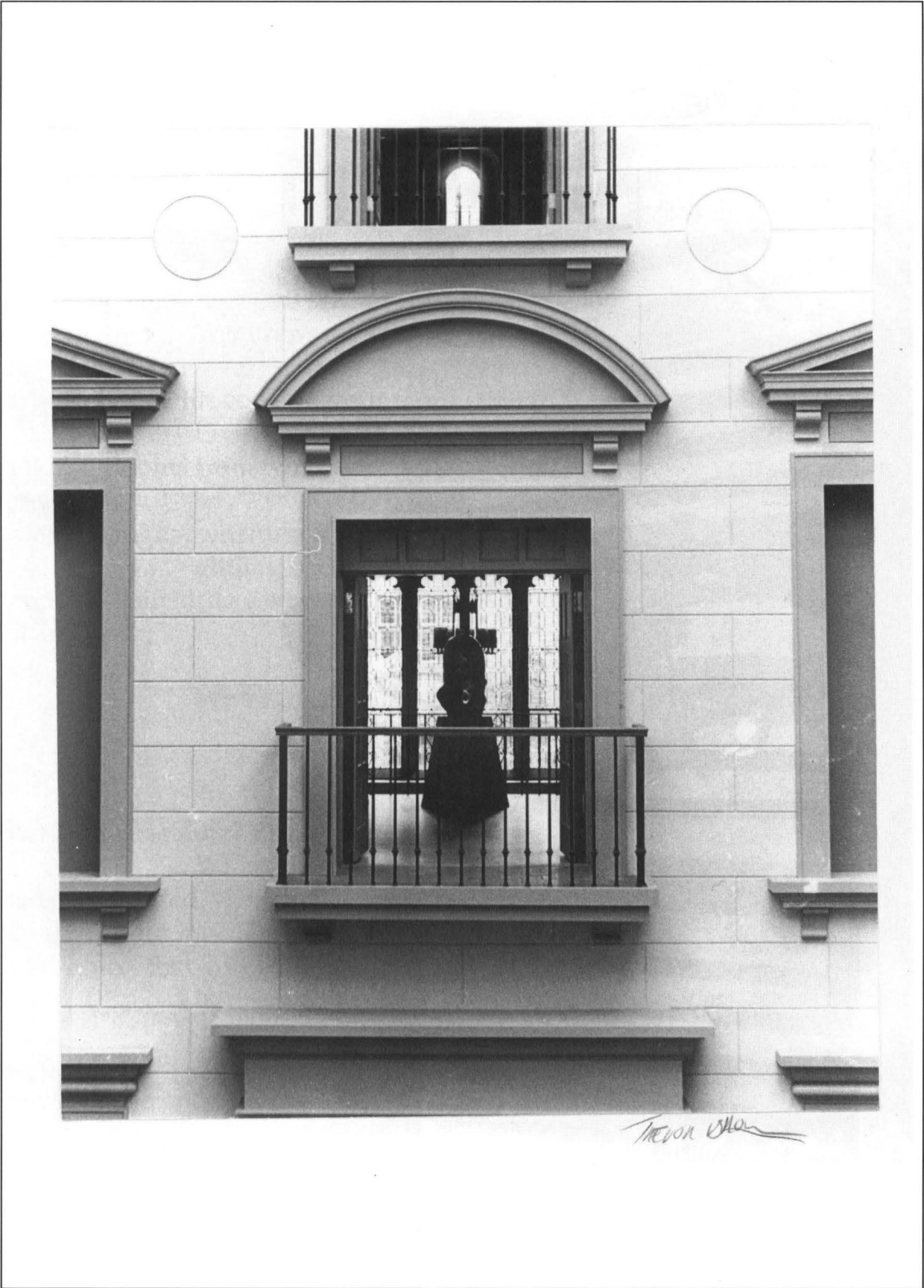
The guy who checked my bag had long gelatin nails  
I like the way he flays his fingers fetishly  
There is a man over there, who is rapidly twitching  
His butt,  
While fixated on twentieth-century art --  
Movement in space on a two-dimensional surface  
Yet, nothing to evoke an emotional response:  
Breasts, bottom, back, feet.

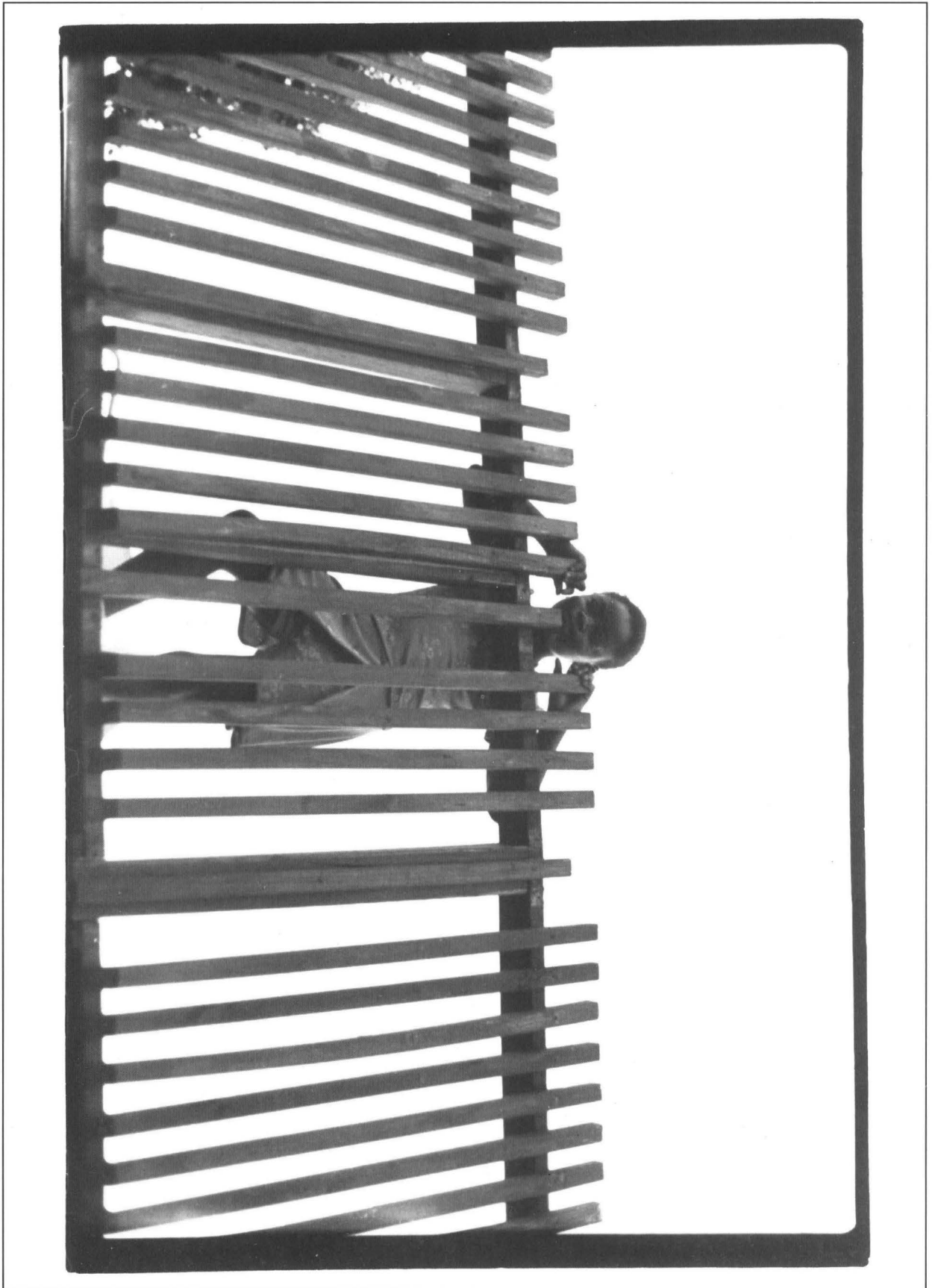
I begin to drown in sculpture --  
Interlaced dragons,  
Broken matches with piercing undertones,  
Memories in swirling color  
Of that man on the bus today:  
He wore a superhero bookbag from which I saw  
The glint of a serrated knife protruding beyond  
The warped plastic of a baby's bottle.

When I get old, I want to go to museums  
I want to be tall and thin and wear my hair  
In a long, gray ponytail down my back,  
Like that lady who just walked downstairs.

-Natasha M. Marin







## Riddle

Growing, expanding horizontally  
I'm colored from coffee to money.  
My life cycle starts  
with the Foolish rising of the Sun  
and ends  
with the mysteriously evil setting of the copper Moon.  
You know me well.

I've been here with you and your family since I was young.  
Living amongst my family  
Shielding Robins from wind and bitter cold I grow stronger year after year.  
In my being,  
I listen to laughs, whistles, and sobs as I support you  
gliding back and forth through the air.  
I ache and pain strikes when your heart is aflame with love.  
You and...

Who is it this time? I'm running out of skin.

Until...

What is my use now? Besides pleasure.  
What is my worth?  
Roads are needed, more metal, more cement.  
But what about me? Haven't I always supported you?  
And to think that you'll let my life end  
to receive the valued soul and skin of my ancestors.

It's your loss.  
remember the good times?

-Kahlillah Dotson

<<no one ever asked>>

No one ever asked me  
if I wanted to stay or to go  
to live or die on a boat leading to  
a future Lacking  
a future in a New and Barbaric land.

No one ever asked me  
if I liked pickin dat cotton  
or living in Savannah.  
they were pulling me out of my dark/ness. my Black/ness.

SO WERE YOU PULLING ME OUT OF MY black/NESS  
when you raped my mother and  
tainted my race with white blood?

tainted my RACE with white blood.  
TAINTEDMYRACEWITH  
WHITENESS.  
TAINTED MY black/NESS WITH  
WHITENESS .

and so you never felt the need to ask me  
if my name was Jamila or Sheba  
or Mary  
or if I was already a sister or a mother  
or was I your SLAVE?

Nobody ever asked me  
if I was educated or if I spoke  
five languages/ because my family was  
NOBLE and WEALTHY.

((But then how wealthy could I be; I didn't even own myself.))

No one ever asked me if I liked  
being a Christian to  
a colorless, faceless (white)  
GOD.

Or if I liked going to school  
with tattered books/ poor little  
Black feet on dirt floors.

((But that's where we belonged, right, in the dirt?))

No one has ever cared that  
Washington isn't my forefather  
except because he fucked my mothers  
up.

No one ever told me that  
little black girls  
could not / should not dream.  
((not dream?))

No one ever asked my permission  
to kill my Father or my Brother or the 4 little Colored  
girls  
or Martin or Malcolm  
and what about Moses?

Nobody called the embassy  
before they assassinated my Black./ness.

((But who do you call when you kill your own?))

My Black/ness.

No one ever asked me to open up  
my Black/ness to a man  
called  
Master/Devil/Man .

((Man is a promise/ a covenant with God.))

when they tainted my Black/ness  
No one ever asked if I wanted  
to be white  
or yellow or any color but  
Black.

They haven't yet acknowledged my holocaust  
that happened right here in Georgetown/  
Richmond/Atlanta  
America. ((Home of the BRAVE.))  
and I am theirs.

But really, they were just trying to tame  
my animal soul/ panther soul/ ANIMAL  
SOUL,  
right?  
just pulling me out of my DARK/ness.  
Out of Black/ness.

Well then, you won't mind at all if I  
snatch  
grab  
yank  
heave your confused WHITE mind  
and pull you / drag you / kill you / lynch you/ rescue you /  
stomp you / attack you / save you / tame you/beat you  
back  
into my  
Blackness.

- Lory Ivey Alexander



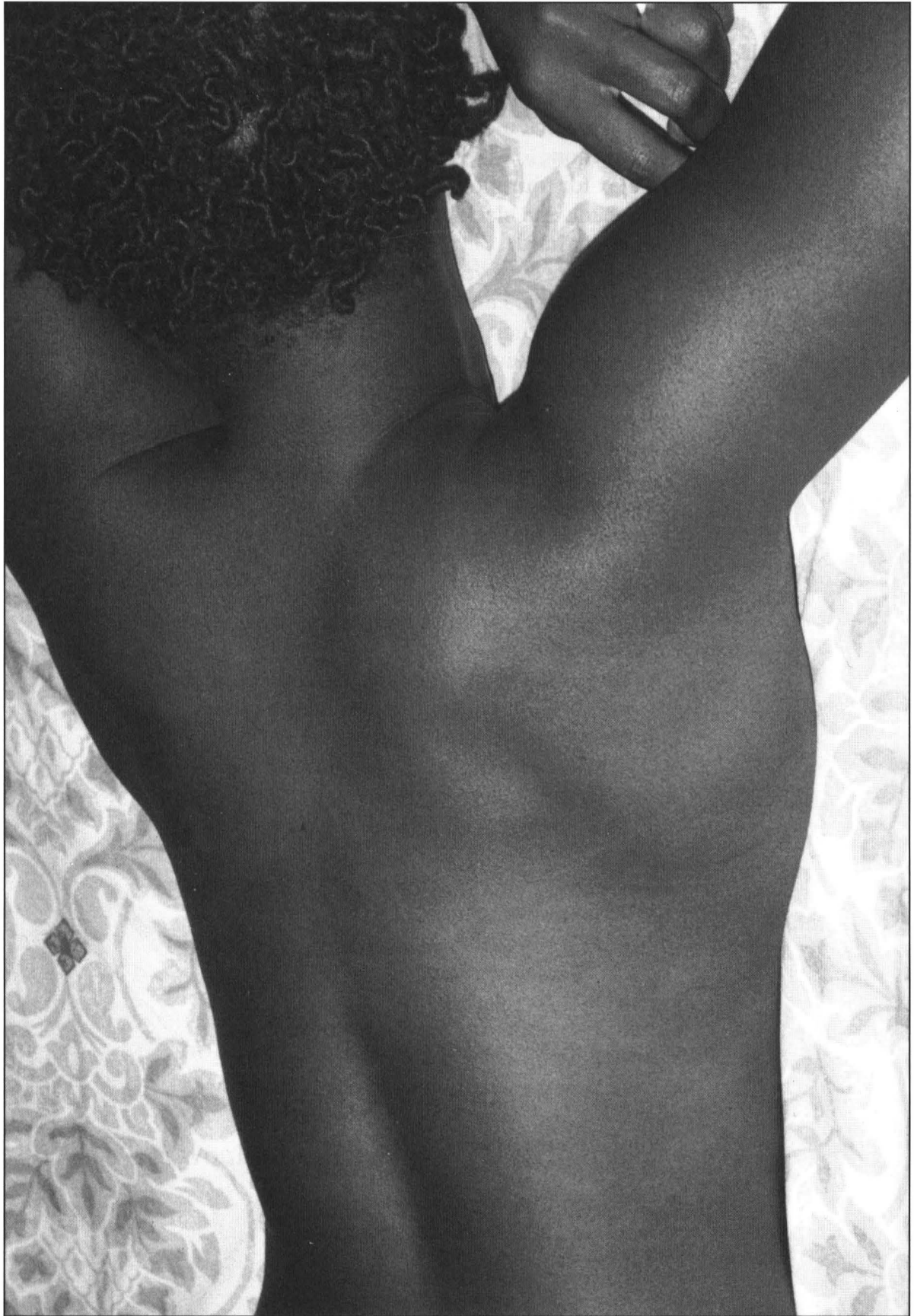
*Untitled*

I'm the kind of woman who  
when she hears Bobby McFerrin sing with out words  
for the first time on the car radio has to  
slow down  
swing the steering wheel in the groove  
No I don't stop  
as any other woman like me would

Now I'm the kind of woman who  
when she hears *Miles* talk, scream, whisper and pray with out words  
for the first, second or last time on the car radio has to  
stop  
now.

You see this kind woman has been to this side of town  
that side of town  
down this road  
across that ocean  
and upstairs  
and there ain't nobody let me stop  
'cept Miles

-Brett Renfrew



## Awaken

Sleep black man, male, *brother*.  
Let falsehoods and falsehoods smother your  
soul.  
Relax, black man, in the confines of soft  
education.  
Relax for four glorious years.  
Sit back and slack  
or work hard.  
Just make sure your eyes are closed  
and your ears are shut.  
That way when the DAY arrives  
you will survive and live!  
Deny everything and nothing,  
after all there is no big difference between  
the two.  
Re-assure yourself that "Nigger"  
is just a word from the dark past.  
Yesterday that is.

Turn your head or cheek  
don't speak of what is happening to you.  
Yes you!  
Look in the mirror one time for your mind,  
open your eyes, just once, and you'll never  
forget.  
Reality is a bitch and that is the truth.  
So stay and sway  
back n forth in your hidden dream world.  
Enjoy,  
your thoughts and forget what rots every-  
where around you.

Rise, Black man, Rise!  
Alone if you wish  
and fish with your hook and pole above  
water  
and ponder why you can't catch anything.

Open your mouth and whisper.  
I will try to SCREAM  
through this nightmarish dream  
that you and I will never escape  
unless.....

-Anonymous



### **A Love Like No Other**

Now I always ask myself  
Why things turned out this way.  
I wasn't being a fool,  
Because my love is still here to stay.  
We always thought that we were meant for each other.  
I think that we still are.  
People wonder why I even bother  
We love each other from afar.  
I knew that love is hurt,  
But the hurt shouldn't be more than love.  
I have to start thinking a lot about  
What a possible life without you is made out of.  
No matter what happens in our lives  
What I know for sure is that no one can replace you.  
My heart may be broken,  
But I know what I'll have to do.  
I'll never again love anyone in the way that I loved you.  
I love you like no other.  
I hope you realize what I sacrificed for you  
My heart, my soul. my body, my life-  
I wouldn't have done it for another.

-Candice Sergeant

## Artist

After lapses of de-inspiration minds are turned on  
by the colors of a sunset  
by the sound of the ocean  
by the taste of a fruit

After moments of absence the pen  
finds its way to kiss the paper. . . and Create.

The poet is a mother;  
giving birth to beauty

The poet is the spring of the Muses;  
pouring divinity onto pages

The poet is a god, a goddess;  
creating eternity with  
words and passion.

. . .the poet is human

And after a lapse of absence  
one smells the linen of a childhood room  
and the pen  
finds its way to  
kiss the paper

. . .the Artist continues

- Tiphonie Yanique Galiber Gundel

*“Art is not for the cultivated taste. It is to cultivate taste.”*

*- Nikki Giovanni*

Tufts