

Black Love (for anyone)

Getting Pass the Stigma of *Race*

In 19 something then, it all began in bathroom, perhaps before, at mirrored medicine cabinet, next to cast iron tub, in view of skylight with dagglng chain, those straight on looks at attempts to altered hair with unknown societal connotations un-under realized, he turned from side to side, to sideways one eyed glazes, to toilet sits and stands alone, the self is left outside; now a wearied stranger fighting for ethnic redemption(?). Who gives two shits'.

There is in some sense that moments of infatuation
are part and parcel
(an allotment)
to love
within yourself
for
yourself
in order to generate
that
spark of love *for another*.

Any gaze in a mirror
is proof be told as to whether or not
u love yourself
enough
to
experience
that moment of rapture or craze (y)ness
to
love another,
beyond one's own skin.

I'm talking about when the skin reflects back on itself,
while color and thought illuminate in mind's eyesight,
brief flashes so common they forget to whisper,
as
insight joins in thought and measure,
of
experiences past and present,
having
revealed themselves

from

skin tone's bodily-facial features, textured diasporic contoured lines, tones, and utterances of speaking sounds, the voice's and body's style, and expressive nips and bits, those attempts at concealment and those said out-loud via societal life's storied, the history, still emerging, and re-emerging that which has never been really forgotten.

For love moves through u
within mirrored reflection,
and
if **y**ou don't like what **i**t see's
that
spark will dampen,
perhaps perpetuating a tendency
to look at your own reflection
at
angles
amounting to **s**ideways,
one eyeball without the other
in
one-sided glances
of
self-stolen looks,
to somebody's societal glee,
stolen moments
of
time served, and yet to come.
Imprisoned on the word of slanted say so's judgements,
&
empowered innuendoes,
a
living suicide,
trying not to happen.

To the fallen and Injured Bloods of Southeast Asia
For Mark, Kirby, Donald, Fred Brookins, and Boo's cuz

Ms.

Ms. Maya Angelou died, what!! cried, and sucked air in a sudden breath only to find it was polluted with panic molecules, held it, and for second or two I was paralyzed, (like a brain freeze thang), today; that what's the announcer said on NPR at 11:00 a.m. I heard in Federal Way, State of Washington by the BP trail.

I drove dazed for days and then thoughts and images of her fluttered in front of mind's eye in shared physical reality in the road space before and around me.

I had just listened to her on Oprah I thought and fantasized her writing in spoken voice in view of her lived experiences in reflective and critical looks, points like her finger was her words.
I am stumbling as I approach this expression of lost-gain, as another elder goes missing in action.

The beauty of her face sears my mind's eye
Her slow deliberate, prudent, edifying-quivering, but low tenor-*ed* voice punctuates my ear drums and aids in accentuating the melody of sound in words, as she can both adeptly spank while learnedly pointing out the beauty, contradictions, and daily social common day complexities churning among us citizens of a nation-state in peril of crushing democracy's template for a multicultural equality of life in emerging tempos of thumping war drums under a slowing searing atmosphere, that among many whom ignorantly and sadly think we should just let it keep cooking.

Burn your own ass up and not mine.

Oh but not a casualty of life **Ms.** Angelou was a spokesperson with teaching voice in writing and said out-loud for social justice, for love, who's plain views of complex and irritating social-racial and womanizing situations and conditions, who's wounded body-spirit was given permission to speak out loud by an elder by just her presence

(This as elders do if you look and stay still long enough to hear, smell, feel, and see their dauntless common sense and straight to the point, but circumspect poise).

Thelmaa! I woke at a start of hearing my Mama's voice so clear, being called *out of her name*, but I realize that it was Mr. Powell, Mama's man-friend, my *Daddy*-friend; my lips moved but no sound is uttered, strange *but true*.

It's still *O'dark* thirty in the morning and *my* room is black and humid smelly heat of jungle priming with night-out time, "*me-dang* (soul brother), *how u;*" the childhood in Philly's Fairmount park wondering through my mind, *lover's lane* is saluted with proof of sex (discarded condoms) in the wake on cement payment.

White lite stars lay out against black blue sky no city lights, the thump and cussing of registering exploding shells. Red fingered tracers of bulleted rapidity punctuate the night our feet dangle at 80 knots (Stop that, no pointin' fingers now). It's War Zone III the Easter (there ain't no bunny) Campaign, in reconstituted country-side outside a village, any village filled with earthy pongs of pleasant folk's poverty, mental-physical fits to survive in hard work and hustle. This under layers of people's culture and cultivation while currently facing yet another *hellenized* colonial interruption, under the guise of

claimed yet another assimilatory Westernized mother I'm your daddy cash flow democracy to avoid the propagandized woes of comradeship North Vietnamese style.

Ho Chin Min you just wouldn't hold your tongue like I colonized you too; What would Buddha say?

Sartre in Fanon once spoke, *"the peasantry, when it rises, quickly stands out as the revolutionary class. For it knows naked oppression, and suffers far more from it than the workers in the towns, in order to not die of hunger."*

It is the edict, the unwritten decree, that the West is synonymous with the universalized humanity of mothered countries for native's and savior's sake, (Hi Jesus); a manufactured consent a re-norming of cultural reality that views all else in entertaining contrast with militarized and political buffered safeguards by a class in the middle and below of working struggle who among whom there are those wheeled by oppression and suppression, as self-protectors, center pieces, whose voice is channeled through that of Western tongue as Native voice now reduced and referenced as second to none from the bottom, in states of racial integration and "disintegration," or just simply social decay or fray, but yet still in re-inventive resistance,

hip-hop..hip..hop..hip..hop..buck-buck..cash flow a coming..say's me and the kids of Frazier street West Philly...Let's play some more *dead block* on hot tared or cold-frozen winter streets, say's little Freddie

I cry out like Marvin G. "Ohhhh... mercy mercy meeee"

You're killing me with your friendly demeanor and helping hands as long as I have no voice of complaint and seek self-empowerment in the face of in-justice, and nicked servitude jobs, while I/we work, swear and remain internally-externally devoid of outside appearance, to avoid my-our cultural demise. Crusaders strut, kill, wheel technical progress in your face, "he knows who *butters his bread*," a college president once said of me as if in third person presence,

As I stood in placating stare with my habitus state of mind in self-induced grateful-ness, as I was raised from the Native state of Black male socialization *protectiveness, Pennsylvania and North Carolina*.

Is that a stringed instrument music I hear with plucking rhythmic sounds, accompanied by a whaling thin women's voice of different ear?! There is this clanging and hissing of a No. 10 trolley car on tracked Lansdowne avenue street while summer humidity hits my face, as I sit on a clement hard landing beside small trimmed green hedges; Hi Freddie, hello Mr. Whelming, Hey Freddie, Hi Patsy, wanta play jacks or *dead block*, Whaz up huff, you too Eddie, Where's pop's? A screen door creaks as hand touch's gentle to avoid a slam, Hey Ms. Thelma, Where's pop's?

It's me again, I'm talking inside my head and running home movies, I lay back and just let them go, too tired to fight. It's me again I'm talking inside my head and running home movies; It's me again I'm talking inside my head and running home movies. "Who you talkin to" a gentle voice say's with a Mexicana accentuated ring..

Ms. Angelo's passed today and here comes another episode of reruns or what some folks call remembrances.

I will not stop, I will not stop, I will not stop, I will not.....Ms. Maya