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For Huey P. Newton a BLK / Leader

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THE NIXON FLU  (For Drs, Scott and Benecek)

What the WORD will do!
When the Doctor’s song
Is ‘bout the Hong Kong flu
When it is we who are killing
And coughing
With the Nixon Flu
And his mama and pat and tricia too. . .
(that’s called a nigga playing the dozens)

A POEM FOR LINCOLN UNIVERSITY

Lincoln is pretty, like a woman in Springtime
the grass is green and the birds sing.
But,
The Brothers who say they are Men
are ripping off the sisters/
And the Sisters who say
We are Women
are allowing the brothers to rip them off.

And the white students, most of them,
come just to get good grades (and they do)
so they can make a lot of money. . . . . .
They have no love for Lincoln.

The Black Brothers from the Civil War
are turning over in their graves. . . . . . .

EVOLUTIONARY POEM NO. 1

I ain’t got nobody
that i can depend on
’scept myself

FOR HUEY P. NEWTON A BLK / LEADER
(Who ain’t got no Hole in his Soul)

Welcome back, brother, from the House of Many Slams
Welcome back to this bigger Babylonian Slams
Welcome back! - - And I feel good! - - Like
A Blk/Poet sung to me when I hit the bricks:
Huey’s back! “I feel like drinking wine
In the alleys and dancing in the streets.”

Welcome. We have - - in these midnight months - -
Missed your keen courage and blazing mind
And we have needed your love - - that wide Blk/Love
That I can see in your eyes
When you smile at Blk/Children
That I can hear in your voice
When you talk to The People
That I can feel in your heart
When you move toward The Enemy

Right on, brother, right on to Freedom - - and the mothers
Of Blk/America will sing to their children
Of Huey Newton, mighty warrior/leader who didn’t
Let no devil woman put no hole in his soul
And no devil dude put no shank in his back.

Welcome, Huey, to these mean bricks - -
I feel like drinking wine in the alleys
And dancing in the streets .