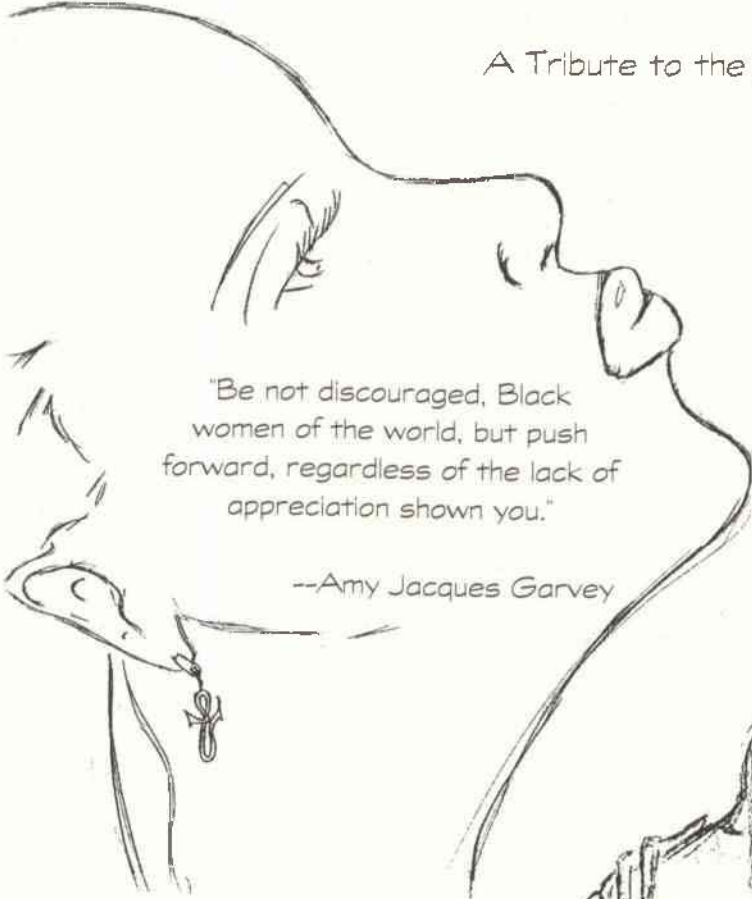


A Tribute to the Black Woman



"Be not discouraged, Black women of the world, but push forward, regardless of the lack of appreciation shown you."

--Amy Jacques Garvey



Infatuation with a darkie

Excuse me miss darkskin
darkie
your strength and beauty I know
but not you

fingers would love to laugh
with your long
neck
and learn about ease
from your hips
kiss your cheeks
and wait

for
the weight
of your
full
Afrikan
lips to fall
(on
me)
relaxed/

like satisfaction

fingers would love to feed
you
freedom/
love/respect

and splash in the sunlight that spills/
falls from
your mouth
over those lips
I love

Could you imagine a poem
between your thighs
about a brother who tries
and sometimes succeeds
In loving you
the right way (?)

A poem in your mouth
about a kiss
or a song/
(some perfect notes performing/
on a pink stage/
behind solid curtains of white/
soft ones of brown)

A poem between your thighs
about the scent of satisfaction
and home
(a world of people born from there)

A poem on your back
about arch

on/under/in between your breasts
about sex and sleep
and silence

a poem on my pen
like you're on my mind
(I Love You)

Can you image a poem
between your thighs?

(How about a poet?)

By Umi Vaughn

As You Strut

Walk right on by!
Just walk by - with your head held.
AS IF IT HOLDS up the sky

As you strut the world still turns -
Before you "strut" it did the same,
After you are **GONE** the same ol' game

And though you move - Foot pressed against shores
You are Poseidon!? **RIGHT!**
Beware of those with **PURPOSE**
CONTENT
SUBSTANCE
AND

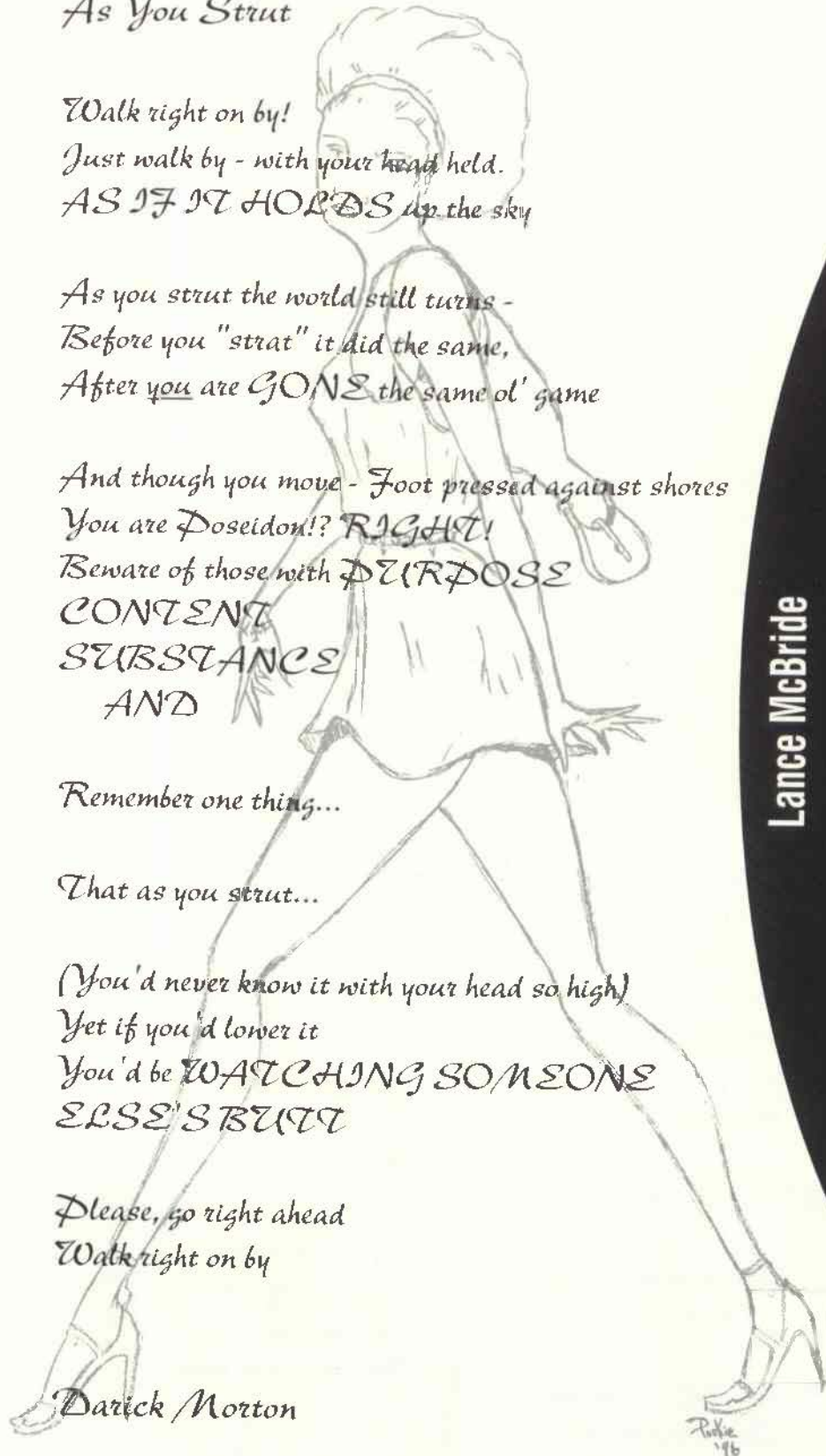
Remember one thing...

That as you strut...

(You'd never know it with your head so high)
Yet if you'd lower it
You'd be **WATCHING SOMEONE**
ELSE'S BUTT

Please, go right ahead
Walk right on by

Darick Morton



Lance McBride

I'm running on empty
but it's a different kind
of empty than you and
I know because I'm still
going with ease no sputtering
or jerking and no panic
or sweat I'm running
just fine and I swear
I just passed ugly about
Five miles back but here
She is again with her
Thumb out a smile on her
Face and attempting to
Show a little leg makes
Me wonder why you
Never see beauty hitchhikin'
Or showing a little leg
But I guess she doesn't
Have to because she's always
There at that place where
We all want to be
Ugly just seems to drift from
Place to place people
picking her up only to realize
She's an inconsiderate passenger
And dropping her off
At the next stop.

Dominique.

Your body, so light, so tender, so . . .
What to say, but to caress your soft skin
For you to sing my name
As we become one

I give you my hand
If you take it
Happiness, all that your heart
And hand can hold
-- Will Be Yours

Only to love you
To hold you
To feel you
To see your body move so gracefully
-- As I give you my love

I laugh -- Dominique
I cry -- Dominique
Love me . . . make my life complete

Say yes
Say yes to my heart
I want your love
Your love is my life
Joy

Ecstasy fills the air
As we began to share
All of the love
mine --
yours --
ours --
-- one

The stars . . . jealous
The tides roar and crash
In symphony
To our thunderous love

Time is no factor
Love knows no time
Love is time
We love . . . time stops

God has a woman for every
man
I am Adam
you are my rib
you are me
I you

Joy overwhelms my face
Love . . . my heart
Passion . . . my loins
Tears . . . my eyes
Dominique . . . my world

My world . . . Dominique

The body knows not love
Only the heart and soul
Your left hand . . . open
My heart

Your right . . . my soul
Sing my soul to sleep
With your bark voice

Dear Brother Marcens
Thank you angel . . .
You give hope to
Dominique . . . born

My spirit . . . my Isis . . . born
Born . . . my Isis . . . born

Love your Osiris
Egyptian goddess
Rule Cleopatra . . . Capture
the hearts and souls of men

Compare their love to mine
. . . None . . .
It is me
I love you

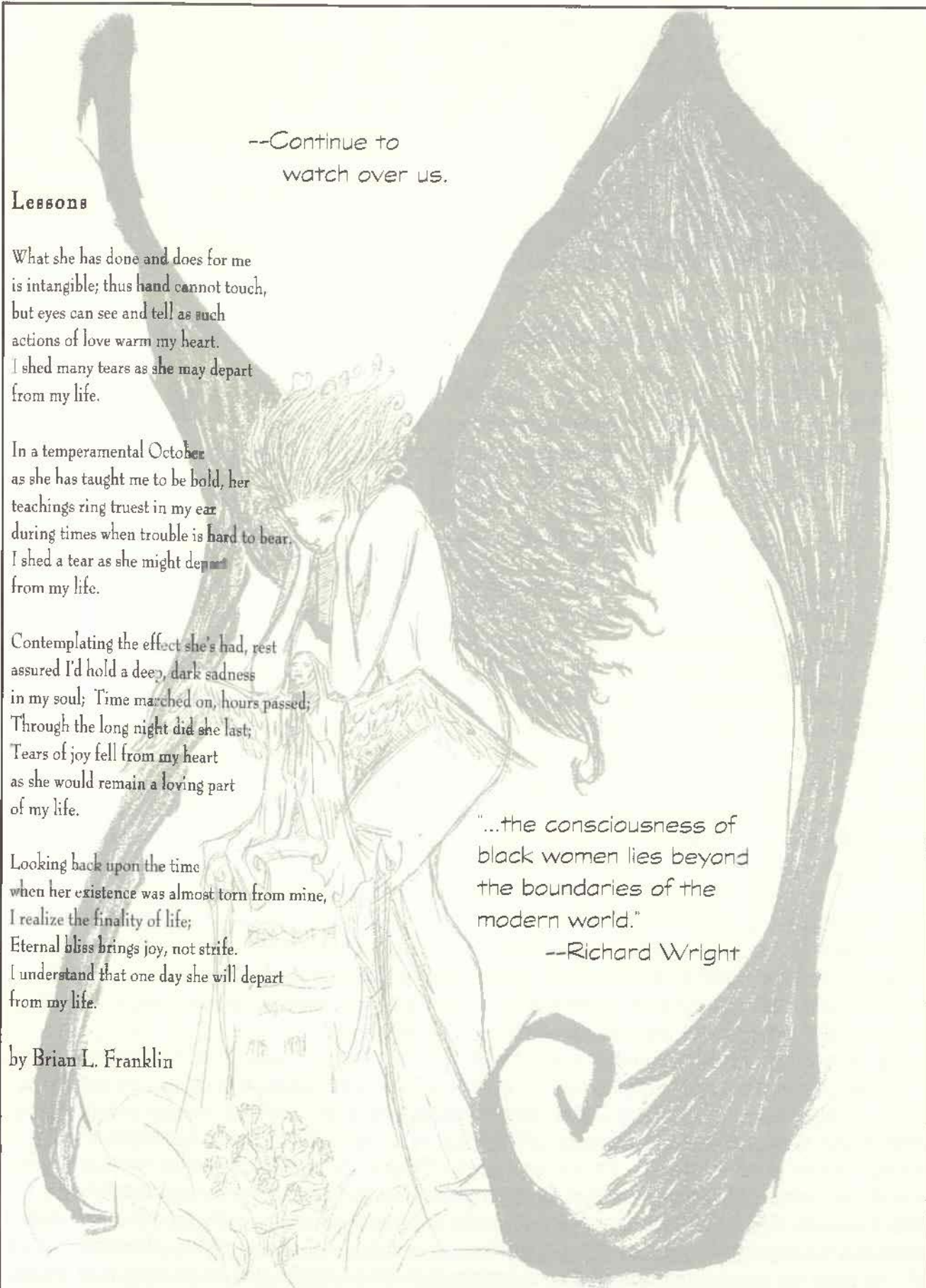
Build the tower that
Reaches to heaven
To my heart
To God

The soaring Birds
Fly to your love
Dominique fly . . .
Your love awaits

Me
You
Isis . . . your love is
Required to squelch
The eternal fire
That Burns in my heart

Pookie
'96

by Deon Monté Garner



--Continue to
watch over us.

Lessons

What she has done and does for me
is intangible; thus hand cannot touch,
but eyes can see and tell as such
actions of love warm my heart.
I shed many tears as she may depart
from my life.

In a temperamental October
as she has taught me to be bold, her
teachings ring truest in my ear
during times when trouble is hard to bear.
I shed a tear as she might depart
from my life.

Contemplating the effect she's had, rest
assured I'd hold a deep, dark sadness
in my soul; Time marched on, hours passed;
Through the long night did she last;
Tears of joy fell from my heart
as she would remain a loving part
of my life.

Looking back upon the time
when her existence was almost torn from mine,
I realize the finality of life;
Eternal bliss brings joy, not strife.
I understand that one day she will depart
from my life.

by Brian L. Franklin

"...the consciousness of
black women lies beyond
the boundaries of the
modern world."

--Richard Wright