

Poetry Series

Miss Unknown Empty
- poems -

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Miss Unknown Empty(07-07-87)

A Poet's Guilt! ! !

Come into my black hands.
Touch me. Feel the grip
and cramp of angry circumstance in each finger tip.
Hold them burning to your lips.
Taste the bitter argument with God
engendered in the skin-
the unhealed bruise inherited- like sin.
Tell me what you understand.

See the nails,
where the nails are hammered in and broken? ...Where the flesh is dead under
the thick rust?
What is to be said that does not touch on lust?
Where will you begin to heal my deep distrust?

These hands you made!
Across each palm, these scars, track upon track, were laid,
and grief passed over grief and nothing stayed.
It is that odor of despair! ! !

Miss Unknown Empty

A Sister Speaks Of Rapping

When
 I
Rap...
 I do
it so
 disreetyly
And it
 comes
out so
 sweetly
Like
 Black
Honey/Gold
 It
Affects
 you
When it is
 least
Expected to
 I am
told
 But
Don't
 ever
take
 my
Rap
 Just
for
 a
Rap
 Because
 It's
Coming
 Straight
From
 My
Heart
 The

Message

is

Like

Fire

And it

Burns.

Listen

Closely

Hear the

Silky-Smooth

Drawl!

It will

quietly

But

eventually

blow

your

Mind...

Miss Unknown Empty

Crossed Legs

The drag of cans thrown around my mind
this a sign of time: loneliness,
tears of pain drain down my abstract face
to look upon walls of solitude,
layered stacks of love sags into one another;
for who it there to be loved?
Crystal clear sand beaches upon the route of escape
draining sanity from my plane... the head is as good as dead.
Sweet smiling pictures, separate from the flesh, that the
skin of pain... the kitchen drain, upon the the table top below
the floor she bounced from life, guided by the text. Rocking in unit
segments, they tripped beyond my feet.
I sat as many times before, alone in solitude, to watch the perpetual
roll of the waves... I'm a slave it can be.
Lightly painted daughters of middle class faces drive stakes of dead
illusions into my spine... board stiff the waves showed no riff.
Bound by dimensions of physically established unit components to
drift. Bird releasing cloud of deviation, a half fad make believe
students, attempt their acknowledgement.
Those not aware of socialization, only engulfed in it, in prevailing
un-uniform conformity among those anarchy.
Shiftless individuals seeking concrete feet, to walk the stone path
of secondary group inter-action.
Daughters of economic slaughter puff lightly upon 10-cent lovers
norms.
The surreal world of the functionalized, organized brave-
land.
Home of forgotten children locked in the outer-room, the hawk
murdering in-effectionate, senile killer of black people, of red poeple, of brown
people, of white people, of yellow people... DEAD!
They are all DEAD!

Miss Unknown Empty

Dirge

It is the endless dance
of the dead that lead us
to the bleeding songs of the living
soundless footsteps cross eons
of space and esurrections
too greet you here on this morning
without sun, without water, without life, here where the wind speaks out
but is not heard, where the flames
erupt, but are not felt or seen the drums have silenced
but will sing again the beat
of the rhythmic dancers
the conch horn does not call
but will call again warriors
dancing doo-rags contemplating murder
pimps thinking only of cadillacs and money will die in the
flames of the gutters
and there is no certainty or guarantee
no contract signed by Allah that says
man must reach the twenty-first century
it is the endless dance of the dead
that leads us weeping to the bleeding crimes of living
it is the timeless footsteps
of the soundless that speaks too us
of the ruin of our heritage.

Miss Unknown Empty

Dry Wishing Well

There are times when I wish I could poet a poem.

I mean really-

something so very beautiful enough to make the stars shine in your eyes
or the music dance in your ears.

But now is not the time.

And thats really too bad...

But if I could I would sing to you of the joys of loving
and probably shed a dry silent tear over the pain of losing.

Too bad, because I would tell of being PROUD AND LOUD!

What a gas we are- high and low

straight or sober

militant or just soft-shoeing along.

I wish I could tell of warm sunshine of life in little babies' eyes
or write the sound of a mother's love.

Or maybe just tell a little of the track that trails in my mind.

I should be able to write the look of softness in a woman's face, or
the ice-fire-love-hate.

I wish I could.

If only I could.

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In Search Of A God

They require of us a song,
But where are our Gods?
Did we leave them on the shores
 of Africa?
Could the name of Olorun,
 the highest God,
be shouted across icy waters,
His omnipresence felt
as one gazed from the auction block
into the brutal masks of alien faces?
Did one dare evoke Shango
to rain down his fiery wrath
on the tormentors of blackness,
reveling in their repulsive wrath
grown ripe and ready to be loosed
on a magnificent race of men
 who
made stride across the continent of Africa
keeping steady gait thru the tangled jungles
 who
with sanded eyes
treaded the vast Sahara and roamed the Kalahari
 who
climbed oon and Kilimanjaro
encircled by ancestral dieties
 who
rowed with muscular rhythm
along the Zambezi and the Nile?
Would Ogun, God of Iron,
descend from heaven
on a aspider's web
and with his axe of iron
cut the tyrants loose
from his suffering people?
And Okun, with coral dress and mudfish legs,
Would he disturb the sea and receive his lost leaping children
from the wretched vessels that brough them to HELL
from a land of the free?
Still lost in alien world we raise our black voices

across the bloody sea,
Spirits! God! or whatever you are!

Aiwel,

Ala,

Amma,

Gu,

Kibuka,

Ngewo,

Nyame,

Mawn!

Musa,

Zin,

Mulungu,

Chuckwu!

COVER US.....!

DELIVER US.....!

UHURU!

Miss Unknown Empty

My Beautiful Niece!

Hello... You are intelligence, beauty, & faith; you possess an infinitely inscribed destiny.

Intelligence? You exemplify the intricate means to satisfy indifference, resolving decades of self loathing inspired by which we fear most-

what we cannot understand- your body is an elixir to these fears.

Beauty? You are a silhouette against a velvety darkness. An example of how it, they, or we should be. A tapestry of awe relinquishing doubt as to what a utopia life should be without possessing such perfection.

Being earthly, but in alignment with morality and kindness.

Faith? You are a vessel through which the ability to abate pain without physically 'touching' or 'showing' flows. A deliverance from the atavistic terror of individuality and the imprisonment of misery; the lack of having a definite structure and instead living as a parasitic form only existing to acquire worldly pleasures due to the absence of vision and touch.

You are to fulfill a destiny that has been infinitely inscribed by God.

An anointing of praise in your own form, your own vision. A soul enlightening expression of uplifting that conjoins us all and places restrictions upon none. You are a teacher and yet, You are a pupil- a blessed child of God.

Miss Unknown Empty

New Romance

In new romance with blackness burst the thread of last words
off the tangled spool.

Where glare, too many pictured kingdoms
painting bullets a missile girdled by noble goals the heroic of soulful
minds weaves through.

Imagined jungles to a bootleg party of rainbow chiefs, where beauty whimpers of
exhaustion and the melody soon ends.

Miss Unknown Empty

Reaching Back

I keep reaching back for the magic of those first few days
when we found each other.

When we discovered that we both liked mayonnaise on
hamburgers medium well done,

And neither had ever read Wuthering Heights.

When we concurred on the agonies of war and disagreed
about the importance of being earnest.

When your touch was gentle, and your eyes bright.

As you told me about taking over New York City before it
overtook you.

When you ran your fingers softly through my hair,

Asking me if it was all right to mess it up

and needing no answer.

When I made you laugh,

And your laughing made me feel god.

I keep reaching back for that exact moment when you
reached for me

and I came into your arms for our first kiss-

Hesitant, Unsure, Afraid to be too eager,

Very happy to be there.

This fairy tale gone bad,

This sweet spring fruit withered before ripening-

Is it that the flower blossoms too quickly, and therefore
closes too soon?

Or are we too strongly molded in our separate worlds?

I keep reaching back, reaching back for the magic of those
first days when we found each other

I keep reaching back,

and grasping-

NOTHING!

Miss Unknown Empty

Rebirth

You reached in to pull my mind out of the mire of four
centuries to tell me

I am beautiful!

You recast my heroes-

Garvey

DuBois

Malcolm

And draped them in the robes of prophets.

I am called sister and now you want to protect and write
poems about me.

But what I don't understand about my new beauty is...

Why is it not reflected in your eyes?

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Responsive Reading

If we say it here
in this rat-filled hallway,
will it be the same?
Grease and prints of
forgotten fingers parade down the walls.
If our lips form the words
will they be swallowed up in
shouted curses
and approaching sirens?
Will they splinter and fly-clinging
stickily to the dead
brown ceiling and absorbing the smells and sounds and sadness?
I will say it-at least let me determine
why I will shed tears.
You must say it after me.
Don't wait!
Quickly before it is lost
and swallowed and gone
Quickly-
I love you.

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Resurrection

I'm trying to get next to myself,
To match up the center of my soul
with the center of just one star
to extend my arms and legs with four points
and my head with the one reaching for infinity...
But I knew others like that
who became pinned to the sky/white stakes through their
navels/squirring in an abandoned universe/blinding them by
distant lights/spinning and spinning into meaningless
masses of heat!
But it will be different this time...
Malcolm, Marcus, and Martin
It will be different...
Trane, Billie, and Bobbie
It will be...
Richard, and Langston
Because we are
And the Universe will be lighted by a
florescent sign,
'Under New Management'

Miss Unknown Empty

This Baptism With Fire...

The shouts shrink to a tense
ling tongues
of fire turn to ashes.
The invisible blood burning
in our faces-we huddle
bitterly at bay in this hovel-cops
clutching their stiff
rifles-eager to kill.
This Baptism with fire, people,
is our redemption-our kindled candle.
Our dreams have long ago drowned
in the guts of the sea.
We leap blindly at dragons-our bloody bones
bolting through the skin's edge.
This Baptism with fire!

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