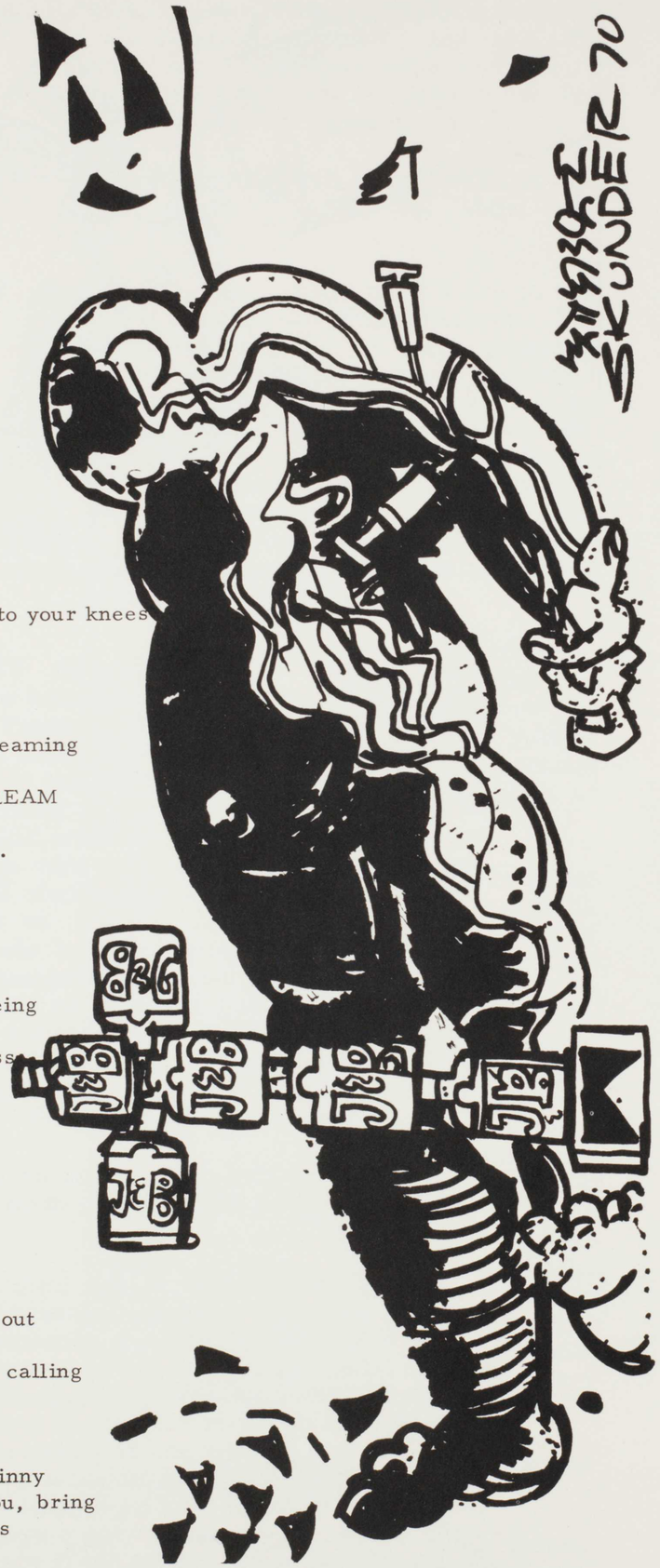
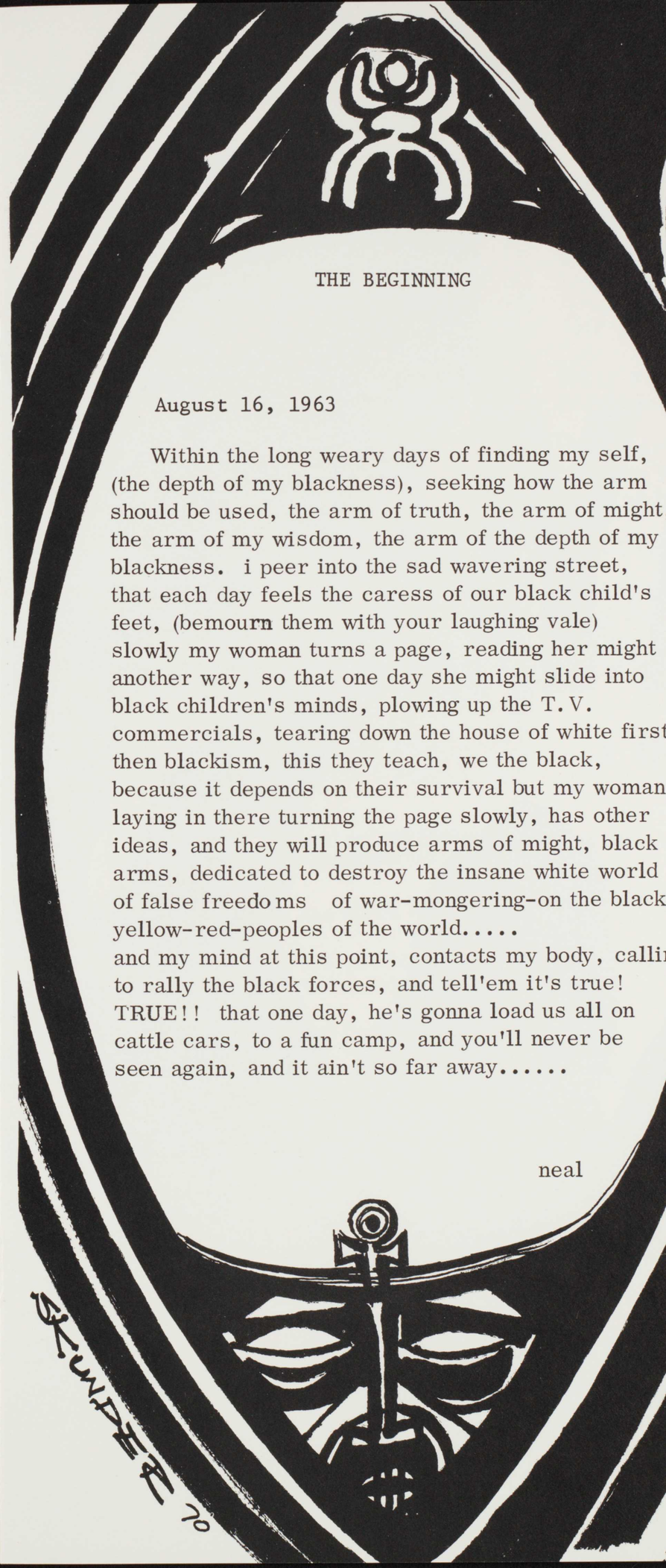
FOR JAMES FLINT (Big, Black and DEAD)

He was hooked, held, by the slash of the dead dream...
The blood came as the needle opened its used mouth,
ragged ass twisted day.....
What reached the brain was garbage, New York dope drive you to your knees
he walked down the dreams of black streets, dragging the
madness of this white desert before him
The bubbles of this madness don't break, only form
permanent nightmares as globs of soft plastic protecting
white america, from the saneness of being Black, the Gods screaming
of our beauty....
FLINT FOUND HIMSELF A PROTECTOR OF A DREAM, A DREAM
BY A BEAST OF PREY (Korea, Cuba, the Congo, Viet Nam)
To truly dream, A BLACK MAN MUST HAVE A NATION.....
Loud A white dream can never be Black
and about the young black men who steal from the echoes of
T.V. promises
and how he died, the saddest shit i can tell you, the strong
young black man with his eyes rolled back, with the tortured
tracks of a fallen God, the O.D., the overdose, the crime of being
Black.....
and will it end with bottles of J & B Scotch in the form of a cross
and cook out barbecues
will white governments end it
will white books end it
will white laws end it
will white bombs on Viet Nam end it
will white rifles in New York, Cleveland and Watts, end it
will white schools geared to teach me how to run a
degenerate society end it ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
i mean by ending it
i mean my brother scuffling to buy a transister radio. spelling out
lies his father died from...
i mean white motherfuckers, how you been raping my eyes and calling
it laws, constitution and rights
And Flint
Old, big, black ass Flint, crying, lined face, underneath the
yellow light, with the soft of his eyes, his tender hands, his skinny
black woman said "how'd you do it, i mean i been so good to you, bring
them niggers to my house, i mean i been so good to you.....his
head hung so low, his hands awkwardly touched.....

neal.....february 65





THE BEGINNING

August 16, 1963

Within the long weary days of finding my self,
(the depth of my blackness), seeking how the arm
should be used, the arm of truth, the arm of might
the arm of my wisdom, the arm of the depth of my
blackness. i peer into the sad wavering street,
that each day feels the caress of our black child's
feet, (bemourn them with your laughing vale)
slowly my woman turns a page, reading her might
another way, so that one day she might slide into
black children's minds, plowing up the T.V.
commercials, tearing down the house of white first
then blackism, this they teach, we the black,
because it depends on their survival but my woman
laying in there turning the page slowly, has other
ideas, and they will produce arms of might, black
arms, dedicated to destroy the insane white world
of false freedoms of war-mongering-on the black
yellow-red-peoples of the world.....
and my mind at this point, contacts my body, calli
to rally the black forces, and tell'em it's true!
TRUE!! that one day, he's gonna load us all on
cattle cars, to a fun camp, and you'll never be
seen again, and it ain't so far away.....

neal