

SONIA SANCHEZ

a sun lady for all seasons reads her poetry



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COVER PHOTOS BY BILAL FARID

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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SONIA SANCHEZ

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A Sun Woman for All Seasons Reads Her Poetry

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SIDE ONE

Band One

This record is gonna be talking about love. A black woman's love for her children, man and nation. But you know before you can love someone you gots to love yourself. I mean you gots to dig on yourself, know that you be bad, badder than bad in fact — in fact you gotta really know what you're about. We black people here in america have been told that we're not bad and we shouldn't love ourselves and so what I really want to do is just talk about us really digging on ourselves and loving ourselves. And once we began really to believe we is bad then like we can love a man and love our children and probably began to build our nation.

There's a singer who is not really too political, but every now and then he says something in a song and in one of his songs he was saying something about like we oughta jump back and kiss ourselves. And so I say to you, black people, we ought to start a five year plan of kissing ourselves — just jumping back and kissing ourselves, and then we gonna believe that we is bad, been bad for a long time and we gonna get badder.

The first set I'm gonna do is love poems. Love poems of a black woman for her man. And the poem I wanna do is called black magic.

black magic

magic
my man
is you
turning
my body into
a thousand
smiles.
black
magic is your
touch
making
me breathe.

Yea. It be about that if you understand what black magic or love be about. They're about the same if you understand what that's about.

Band Two

And love isn't always serious as such. I mean sometime we be dealing with someone and they be jealous and at one point I was reading this psychology book and in the midst of it came across at me this theory that jealousy was a form of homosexuality and I said, "wow what a gas." I mean that was just too much and I said well let's deal with that, put that at the back of my mind and use it later on in this poem called:

to a jealous cat

my man.
don't try none
of your jealous shit
with me. don't you
know where you
at?
no one never told
you that jealousy's
a form of homo
sexuality?

in other
words my man
you faggot bound
when you imagine
me going in and
out some other cat.
yeah.
my man.
perhaps you ain't
the man we thought.

I mean, I figure as long as people write them theories we can write them poems, which is very very hip if you understand where I'm coming from.

Band Three

And like we have to deal with people who are loved, whom we love, and sometimes we might love someone who'll ask you a question about won't you by my woman even if I use drugs, even if I go on drugs again, or if I use dope or scag? And you might answer them like this:

--answer to yo/question
of am i not yo/woman
even if u went on scag again--
& i a beginner
in yo / love
say no. i wud not be yo / woman
& see u disappear each day
befo my eyes and know yo /
reappearance to be
a one /
nite / stand.
no man. blk/
lovers cannot live
in wite powder that removes
them from they blk/selves
cannot ride
majestic / wite / horses in a machine age.
blk / lovers must live /
push against the
devils of this world against the creeping
witness of they own minds.
i am yo / woman
my man. and blk/women
deal in babies and sweet / blk / kisses
and nites that multiply by twos.

Band Four

Different kinds of love that we have for men, for our man. I mean sometimes you be setting up writing and you

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think about somebody that maybe you loved once, and you write a poem that says:

last poem i'm gonna write bout us
some times i dream bout
u & me
runnen down
a street laughen.
me no older
u no younger
than we be.
& we finalee catch
each other.
laugh. touch
in the nite.
some times
i turn a corner
of my mind
& u be there
loooooking
at me.
& smilen.
yo/far/away/smile.
& i mooooove
to u.
& the day is not any day. & yes ter day
is loooNNg
goooNNe. & we just be. Some
times i be steady dreamen bout u
cuz i waaannNt
neeeeEEeed u so
baaaaAdDD.
with u no younger &
me no older
than we be.

Band Five

It be about all kinds of love. It be about love for your husband.

poem for etheridge

stone/
cold/
daylight /.
moven
stretchen turnen togetha
changen
positions.
man.
this is fo real. i am swingen/
man
runnen/
hangen upside down/
man.
it is u
it is u
it is u
it is u / my man.
ooowaheh - heh
ooowaheh - heh
oooooowaawaaah - heh
oooooowaawaaah - heh
music in my legs/
stomach
travelen to meet u man.
feel my
african / pulse rite now.
it is dark/
and beautifullee wet
pushen us
toward past / beginnings.
centurie\$ passing

as we dance our
togetha songs. ahhhh beautiful
music
coveren our blue / indigo /
bodies.....

And we move to all kinds of questions. Sometimes, sometimes we as black women say wow what is gonna happen to us? I mean are we really loved are we unloved? And we do a poem that simply be saying black women chant.

Band Six

blk / woooomen / chant
we stand befo u
plain ol blk/woomen
& what u gon do
with us
blk/men
u gon protect us
treat us rite
loooovvVe us
yeh. here. now.
blk/men.
yo blk/bitches/queens/
nigger woooomen
waaaiten for yo
sign that u be
see/en us.
we walk rite up
to u and turn yo corner
of beauty
blk/menNNNNN
do u SEEEEEE us? HEARRRRRR us? KNOWWWW us?
black/menNNNNNN/ we bes here.
waiten. waiten. WAITEN. WAITENNNNNN
A long AMURICAN wait.
hurrrreeehurrrreeehurrrreeeeeeee
blacKKKKKKKKKKKmenNNNNNNNN/
warriors
of black/electricity
move
moooovvVVE
moooovvVVVVEON
to us
yo/hi/voltage/
woooomenNNN

Band Seven

And we move on to different kinds of love. You move on to a quiet love poem that says:

welcome home. my prince
into my wite/season of no you.
welcome home.
to my songs
that touch yo/head
and rain green laughter
in greeting.
welcome home
to this monday
that has grown up
wid the sound of yo/name
fo i have changed to yesterday's sun
to hurry back wid
his belly full of morning.

and you have
 come.
 and i cannot look up at you.
 my body
 trembles and i mumble things as you
 stand tall and sacred
 so easily in yo/self.
 but i am here
 to love you.
 to carry yo/name on my
 ankles like bells.
 to dance in
 yo/arena of love.
 you are tatoood on the round/soft/
 parts of me.
 and yo/smell
 is always wid me.

Band Eight

And you move on sometimes understanding that these are very important things that are going down. That if you love a man then automatically that brings about or brings forth children. And you have what is important. You have monad, ? and triad which be very important — out of two coming the third person. And so you move on to love for children which be one of the most important things we can deal with. I mean if you really love yourself and then love someone else and then have that child, then you must began to deal with loving that child. Also we as black people will have to teach our children about love, about themselves so then when they grow up they won't have to wait until they're 20, 25, and 30 to begin to love themselves. It be very important if we teach them at early ages what they be about, that they are beautiful, that they be black that they will one day have a place in this world, in this universe, in this planet. And that's what we're about when we write new songs for our children, new things for them to deal with because quietness is kept the heroes in the black communities — still be the pimps and the whores and now the dope pushers. I mean these are all the important people who go around looking very cool and bad with their bad threads on. So young children look up at this and they be seeing this and say I wanna be like that and we gotta tell them they can't be like that. They have to be different kinds of people. We have to raise a different kind of black child. And in my first book Home Coming I did a short poem to my children which simply said:

for my children
 morani and mungu
 weusi
 ain't no prince charmings
 and anita
 ain't no
 cin/de/rella
 but.
 u & i know
 this is a fairy
 land.
 yeah.

Band Nine

One of the first kinds of poems I wrote to them simply because this is what probably this country be about at this time if you check it out carefully enough. If you understand what it be about. And so one has to move on to write new poems for them. Poems for children to read and hold on to and understand and smile at and probably move with and so the first poem I want to do is a poem

called to Morani/Mungu my twins. Morani Weusi means black warrior and Mungo Weusi means black god.

to Morani/Mungu

As-Salaam-Alaikum my black princes
 the morning awaits u.
 the world
 awaits yo/young/blackness
 sun/children
 of our tomorrow.
 Here is my hand
 black/warriors of
 our dreams.
 it is soft as the
 blue/nite that covered yo/
 blackness
 till day began its
 morning talk.
 it is hard as
 the strength u gather from
 yo/father's words pouren
 from his mouth like thunder
 over a dry land.
 but i am
 here to love u my princes.
 to gather
 up yo/insides
 and make them
 smile dreams.
 for u my loves
 will be the doers.
 and yo/deeds
 will run red with ancient songs
 that play a continuous chant of
 it's a new day.
 it's a new new day
 It's A NEW DAY!
 As-Salaam-Alaikum
 young princes.
 the world
 awaits yo/young/blackness

Band Ten

And to Anita. A poem that be so important, simply because if you check out what is happening in elementary schools, in junior high schools we still have young black children going around calling each other black bitches and yellow bitches and they ain't being pleasant. I mean like they saying like we use to say it when I use to go to school. Someone would call me a yellow bitch and they were not being friendly or very nice about that. So we gotta write some poems for our young people to read and to hold on to and to understand.

to Anita

high/yellow/black/girl
 walken like the sun u be.
 move on even higher.
 those who
 laugh at yo/color
 have not moved
 to the blackness we be about
 cuz as Curtis Mayfield be, sayen
 we people be darker than blue
 and quite a few
 of us be yellow
 all soul/shades of
 blackness.
 yeah. high/yellow/black/girl
 walk yo/black/song
 cuz some of us
 be hearen yo/sweet/music.

And we do mean its some sweet beautiful music. I mean like it be all kinds of sweet music like blackberry music and yellow music and brown music and black music and blackberry music and yellow music and brown music, yea. It be that kind of music and it be important because they're all equal as black.

Band Eleven

And we gotta teach new songs to our children. They gotta like be different kinds of people coming behind us. We gotta teach them and sing to them songs like:

don't wanna be

don't wanna be
no pimp

cuz pimps hate me and you
they mommas, women, sistuhs too
u name it, any hate will do

don't wanna be no pimp no mo
don't wanna be no pimp no mo

don't wanna be
no numbers runner

cuz runners promise an uptown hit
while downtown wite/boys just sit & sit
while counten millions of four bits

don't wanna be no numbers runner no mo
don't wanna be no numbers runner no mo
don't wanna be
no junkie

cuz junkies kill theyselves, you and me
sticken needles in they arms, legs, and knee
while robben our black community

don't wanna be no junkie no mo
don't wanna be no junkie no mo

Just wanna be

a/Reverend/Cleage/man
a/Minister/Farrakhan/man
a/sun/people/Imamu/man
an/Elijah/Muhammad/Messenger/man

wanna be

a/blk/man
a/loven/my blk/woman/man
a/standen/still/father/man
a/Constant/TCBing/black man

it gots to beeeEEE. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah.
it gots to beeeEEE. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah.

Band Twelve

Other songs we gotta sing be like dope pushers:

City Songs

dope pushers dope pushers
git outa our parks
we come to slide on slides
climb the monkey bars

don't need yo/dope
to make us git high
the swings will take us
way up in the sky.

dope pushers dope pushers
u ain't no friend
no matter how you smile
and always pretend

cuz we know nowadays
black is a baaddDD groove
and dope is a trick bag
for fools fools fools

dope pushers dope pushers
offa our street
cuz one of these days
you gonna meet

some together black men
who'll show you the score
and you won't be standing round
tempting us no mo

dope pushers dope pushers
change while you can
it's nation/builden/time
for black people in every land

so c'mon. c'mon. brothas
run fas as u can
and be what u must be
sun people in a black land.

dope pushers dope pushers
git back, git back
cuz to git ahead today
you gots to be black. black. black.

To get ahead today, you do have to be black. And you don't deal in no kind of stuff that like kill people. Understand what that be about. People who kill themselves haven't dealt with what I first started off by saying. People who kill themselves and other peoples don't love themselves. When you don't love yourself, you will kill yourself and anybody else around you. And it be about you — young brothers and sisters, whoever you be digging on yourself and loving yourself cause you know:

Band Thirteen

WE CAN BE

we can be anything we want
for we are the young ones
walken without footprints
moven our bodies in tune
to songs

echoen us. the beautiful
black ones.

recently born.

walken new
rhythms

leaven behind us a tap dancer's dream
of sunday nite ed sullivan shows.
WE WILL BE

ALL that we want
for we are the young ones
bringen the world to a Black Beginnen.

Band Fourteen

We gonna do that because one day with this new generation coming up — the ones who deal with themselves and love themselves and deal with education and deal with what they be about, they gonna come. They gonna advance on the world and as they come we gonna see them and know them.

When we come

When we come
riden our green horses
against the tenement dust,

when we come, tall as waves,
holden our black/brown/
high yellow/tomorrow's,
then you will hear young hooves
thunderen in space
and we will rise with
rainbows from the sea
to silence
our yesterday blues

when we come
riden our green breath
against the morning sky.

Band Fifteen

We gonna do that. We gonna come together and be together
as one. Because it be about that at this time, at this
place, because whether we want to deal with it or not as
I said once before in my book for young brothers and sisters,
I said it's a new day, and it is a new day if you check out
how people be moving today, it is a new day. We're not about
going back to the 20's, 30's, 40's 50's or even the 60's, it's
a new day and we're in the 70's and we gonna move on.

It's a New Day

we gon be
outa sight black/men
gon be part/
panther
gon be all Minister Farrakhan
gon rap like RAP
gonna teach like Elijah
gon rule like Nyerere
gon believe like King believed
gonna be TCB/ing black men
as we walk in our red/yellow/suns

we gon be some
beautiful/black/women
gon move like the queens we be
gon be full/
time MUSLIM women
gon be strong as sojourner
gon be gentle as

sister clotelle's smile
gon be the poetry of gwendolyn's words
gon be the green south of fannie lou hamer
gonna be warm as an african nite
while walken like songs

we gon be some baddddd people
just you wait and see
we gon be some baddddd people
just you wait and see.....

SIDE TWO

Band One

When I say we have a black nation many people in the
country laugh at that. But we have millions of black
people in this country, which means that many of millions
of people constitutes a nation.

We have many tribes in our nation. Walking, talking, working
together. I mean at this point we began to understand that
the nation will have probably many tribes walking, talking,
working together. So this is what we must concentrate on,
our blackness and no hatred of people, but our blackness.

listen to big black at s.f. state

no mo meetings
where u talk bout
whitey. the cracker
who done u wrong

(like some sad/bitch
who split in the middle of yo/comen)
just. gitting. stronNNNger.

outa boys. maken warriors
blk/woooomen
outa girls. moven in &

out of blkness
til it runs this
400/yr/old/road/show

(called
amurica.
now liven off its re/runs.)
off the road.

no mo tellen the man he is
a dead/die/en/motha/
fucka.

just a sound of drums.
the sonnnnnNng of chiefs

pouren outa our blk/sections.
aree-um-doo-doo-doooooo-WORK
aree-um-doo-doo-doooooo-LOVE
aree-doooo-UNITY
aree-doooo-LAND
aree-doooo-WAR
aree-doooo-Builden

aree-um-doo-doo-doooooo. MalcolMmmmm
aree-um-doo-doo-doooooo. ElijahHHH
aree-um-doo-doo-doooooo. Imamuuuu

just the sonnnny of chiefs.
loud with blk/nation/hood
builden.

Band Two

And at one point a lot of us who start dealing with
blackness came across a man name Frantz Fanon, who
said something that:

"To Fanon, culture meant only one thing - an
environment shaped to help us & our
children grow, shaped by ourselves in action
against the system that enslaves us."

Because we are enslaved, you know.

the cracker is not to be played with.
he is the
enslaver/

master. we the slaves
the evilllllll he does is not new
cannot be resolved

thru rhetoric/
hate/
poems/
looooooven more than one
wooooooooman.

the cracker is deep
deeper than the
400 yrs of our slavery

we must
watch out
slavery
especially when it looks like freedom.
cuz slaves can look beautiful, talk beautifullee,
can be deceived by the DEVIL

who lights our small
flames of rage
then extinguishes them when
they threaten to spread.

the master is
mas/ter/ful.
is the SUPREME ANIMAL of
destruction and cannot be destroyed with only:
long dress - swahili- curses - soul food -
fervor - dashikis - naturrals - poems -
SOUL - rage - leather jackets - slogans -
polygamy - yoruba. NO. WE NEED.
WAR. DISCIPLINE. LEARNEN.

LAND. PLANNEN. LOVE. AND
POWER. POWER. blacker
than the smell of death
we the hunters need
to destroy
the BEAST
who enslaves us.

And we do look beautiful even though we still be slaves.
People tell me I'm not a slave. Some people in a nation
who might make a lot of money still might think they're
free; but as long as there are the thousands and thousands
of black people who are poor, if you just walk up to
harlem and see the conditions of where I grew up and other
black children are growing up then you understand that only
slaves live like that.

Band Three

liberation / poem

blues ain't culture
oppression they sounds of
shit/ against the white man's
these blue / yrs. game he's run on us all
blues is struggle
of our people strangulation
white motha / fucka cuz we cudn't off the
but. now. soc / king it to us
soul / ful / sighs when i hear billie's soft
of "am i blue" i say
no. sweet / billie. no mo.
no mo blue / trains running on this track
am i blue? they all been de / railed.
sweet / baby / blue / billie.
no. i'm blk/
& ready.

Band Four

And we have to be ready for things. For the world, and
you're only ready if you really deal with yourself. If
you deal with yourself, if you deal with the discipline
of yourself and you're not ready for anything if you're
still dealing unrighteously with yourself. I mean if
you are still shooting scag, let's say if you're doing
stuff like that, then you will listen to a young sister
tell about why and how the first day that she shot dope.

summer words of a sistuh addict

the first day i shot dope
was on a sunday.
home from church i had just come
cuz she got mad at me. u dig? got mad at my motha
went out. shot up
behind a feelen gainst her.
gooder than dooing it. yeah. it felt good.
i did it. uh.huh. i did it. it was nice. uh. huh.
i want to do it again. it felt so goooooood.
and as the sistuh

sits in her silent/
remembered/high
someone leans for
ward gently asks her:
sistuh.
did u
finally
learn how to hold yo/mother?
and the music of the day
drifts in the room
to mingle with the sistuh's young tears.
and we all sing.

And we do sing songs sometimes and sometimes they be
songs like that. And those are not pleasant songs be-
cause scag, dope has nothing to do with our nation. But
we have 16, 17, 18 and 25 yr olds, and 35 and 40 years
old still dealing with drugs, with scag and they're say-
ing I'm still part of the nation--but the nation don't
need that.

Because our mamas and our daddies, you know, dealt in
harlem with a whole lotta liquor and alcohol and we had
a bar practically on every corner, which seems to me
should be illegal some place even in New York City.
But that's what that be about. It be about not having
a strong nation, if you have people drinking and shoot-
ing, popping pills and smoking all the time.

Band Five

so this is our revolution

niggus with naturrals
still smoken pot drinken
shooten needles into they arms
for some yestuhday dreams.
sistus screwen other sistuh's
husbands
cuz the rev o lu shun dun
freed them to fight the
enemy (they sistus)
yeh. the
revo lushun is here
and we still
where our fathas /
muthas were
twenty yrs ago
cept we all look
prettier. cmon brothas. sistus.
how bout a fo /
real / revolu/shun
with a fo / real
battle to be fought
outside of bed /
room / minds.
like. there are children
to be tuaght to love they blk/selves
a blk/culture
to be raised on this
wite / assed / universe.
how bout a
fo / real
sun inspired life
while
these modern / day / missionary /
moon / people
go to the moon
where they belong.

Band Six

Yea. We move on to all kinds of madness. We move on
to like all of a sudden it seems as if the movement,
the revolution or the change or whatever you want to
call it at this time has stopped and we move, and we
don't seem to be moving, we seem to be moving in the

same spot. The 70's comes in, and it ushers in hustlers who wear probably dashikis, it ushers in hustlers you know, who come and say I'm black and I'm beautiful, I'm proud and who still take your money and do nothing for you-- for you, for us, no change, harlem stays the same. I was away four years and I came back and harlem was the same. And it'll be the same until people began to deal with themselves. Cause you know:

i waaaaAANT to know; i neeeeEEDS to know

what happens after
wearen that beautiful
naturral

naturallee
short and lonnnNg?

what
happens after wrappen
our heads in echain/ gel2e / chants
what happens after

rap rap rap
rap rap rap
rap rap rap
rap rap rap
rap rap rap pen fo/yrs?

what happens after watchen
our husbands, wives, brothas, sistuhs
children gitten strung out on wite/
dope that denies our blkness.

what happens after all the available
sistuhs done been screwed into nationalism
what happens after our continued worship
of the dead keeps us from followen alive
leaders

what happens to our bodies; i waaaaAANT
to knooooow, what happens to our bodies
i neeeeEEDS to know
who will bury them. yeh. that's what i sed.
who will buy them

and take them away
from the moon/eyes
of our enemies.

i waaaaAANT to know
i neeeeEEDS to know
who will let them stretch underground
until the blk/soil says
rise up Riseup RISEEEEEEEonuppppp
again. blk/people

and this time. NO JIVEN!

Yea. No jiven is right. We don't need no more jive people dealing with us. Telling us about jive things. We don't need no more hustlers telling us what we should be into and they themselves ain't into. Because it be about us dealing with ourselves, moving with ourselves, being ourselves.

Band Seven

We don't need the hustlers who tells us all kinds of weird things and how we should move. As I said to you before, alot of us have moved away from the hustlers, the ones we've identified the ones we know who be leading us backwards and backward ways. And a lot of us have moved, or we've seen people move to an organization or a nation.

Ima Talken Bout The Nation of Islam

ima talken bout THE NATION OF ISLAM
this poem is about a Messenger
about his blk/truth
thumpen like drums
against the skins of blk/people
till they stand shred their sculptured despair

this poem is about love
pouren from his Body like honey
sweetenen our peppermint lives

about black stars

propellen themselves into the abandonment
of a radarless universe

ima talken bout his touch
it be soft as the laughter of rain
about his voice
it be like the wind
pushen us to be what we wuz
Original man. pushen us into the
suddenness of our ancient beginnings.

ima talken about mountains of blk/velvet
cushionen us as we circle
the skulls of devils

about food growen
about cattle moven in the dust of change
and always His voice

maken harmony with our twilight thoughts
to do for self, do for self,
do for self BLACK MAN

ima talken about Muslim men and women on the move
like a fire travellen down a fuse
bout Minister Robert's pittsburgh mosque
bout brother Leon and sister Gladys returnen us to our herbal past
the pioneer sounds of Minister Donald's mosque

about sister captain Clotelle directen
the hunger of black women
till they become magical women
with the secret of lightenen inside them.

ima talken about Minister Farrakhan
singen his songs of black unity
about a Blk/nation already here
ripenen our minds
till our bodies glow like a thousand red rubies
and our bodies be full of Elijah
and our bodies be full of Elijah
and our bodies be full of Elijah

ima talken about a nation
ima talken about a black muslim
insurrection, (don't you hearrrrRRRR it?)
ima talken about a nation
ima talken about a jihad like
the world ain't never seen.

(can you seeeee it?)

the poem is talken about a Black man.
an Apostle who came. God like.
thru the bowels of our blues
and turned the faces of
nodden, drinken, killen men
from weekend arenas of death,
EAST WARD

ima talken about the Nation of Islam
the Honorable Elijah Muhammad
about his season of truth
standen like a city of red hills

i bring you this poem

in whose name

i give you this prayer

in whose name

al-Hamdulillah

Yea, that's about part of our nation. That's about our nation that's about a black man who forty yrs. ago taught us that we were black, and we said, oh no, I'm not black I'm a negro, and it be about that. And nowadays we call ourselves Black and if someone call you a nigger you're ready to start a fight, right. I'm talking about a man who has consistently told us about ourselves, told us how we should discipline ourselves.

Band Eight (A)

And I like to come again fall circle to me, talking

as a black woman who probably or perhaps or soon or sooner than soon or who has partially dealt with herself. She's dealt with the part of the love for herself and the moving away, as you know yourself what that be about. I'm talking about loving yourself, understanding yourself. I'm talking about being black in this country. I'm talking about being a black woman in this country. I'm talking about dealing with yourself. You have deal with yourself, if you don't deal with yourself you can't deal with the world. If you don't discipline yourself, if you don't eat correctly, if you don't drink correctly, if you don't discipline your mind with knowledge — I mean like I know its much more fun to dance--all that activity in your toes, but I'm talking about putting activity in your brains. And we need to take ourselves seriously. Like:

a/needed/poem for my salvation

am gonna take me seriously.
 now. have
 taken parents / schoooooo / children / friends /
 poets / seriously.
 (have known
 the cracker to be
 SERIOUSLY DANGEROUS)
 have taken day / time /
 nite / time / rhetoric
 seriously and been wounded
 by / lovers of slick / blk / rappin
 (in blk words:
 pimps & jivers)
 am gonna loooooook in a
 mirror each time i pass one.
 smile at my image
 & say. yeh sistuh. it ain't easy.
 but moooooove
 beautifullee on passsst it.
 keep on holden yo / head higher
 cuz yo / besssss is yet to
 coooooome.
 am gonna take me seriously.
 tooday.
 & study myself.
 git a phd in soniasanchezism.
 & dare any motha / fucka
 to be an authority on
 me.
 (cuz i'll be wounded with sonia / learnen /
 beauty/love and will be dangerous)
 yeh. all
 things considered.
 gonna be serious bout
 meeeeeee and livvvvve.

Band Eight (B)

Cause it do be about living. It be about all of us living together. Dealing with each other. Loving each other. One of the most important words that we don't say, black people don't say, they don't say we love each other. We have to start dealing with ourselves loving ourselves, dealing with each other. Loving each other because it do be about that. Because as a black woman:

a black/woman/speaks

i am deep/black soil
 they have tried to pollute me
 wid a poison called amurica
 they have tried to
 scorch my roots
 wid dope.
 they have tried to
 drown my dreams wid alcohol
 wid too many men who spit

their foam on top of my fruit
 til it drops

rotten in Amurica's

parks.

BUT. i am deeeeeEEEEP
 blue/black/soil.

and u can hear the
 sound of my walken
 as i bring forth green/songs
 from a seasoned breast
 as i burn on our evening bed
 a revolution

i. be/en blk/
 woooOoMAN
 know only the way of the womb
 fo i am deep/red/soil
 fo our emerging/black/nation.

Band Eight (C)

And so as I say again, and I probably can't say too often that we do be about that. Because in the past we've been other things. In the past black women, black children, black people in general have not as I say to you again loved themselves. Black women especially have been many things in this country and quite often when I talk to people I always tell young sisters you have to be more than your mamas was. You have to be more than people think you be; you have to be. Because in the past we have been this:

a black/woman/speaks

we are songs
 yet unsung
 we are music
 yet unplayed
 we be black/women
 yeh. yeh. yeh. yeh.
 (singen in the nite)
 we be lovers
 yet unloved
 we be wives
 yet unwed
 we be black/women.
 yeh. yehhhhHH. yehhh.
 (singen in the nite)
 we be books
 yet unread
 we be words
 yet unspoken
 we be blk/women.
 yeh. yeh. yehhhhHH.
 (singen in the nite)
 we be flowers
 yet ungrown
 we be perfume
 yet unsmelled
 we be black woomen
 yeh. yeh. yehhhhHH.
 (singen in the nite)
 But if we began to deal with ourselves,
 we be yesterday's
 red sighs
 we be tomorrow's
 green/morning
 we be blk/woooomen.
 YehhhhhhHHHH!
 (moven in the sun.
 sun. sun.
 sun. sun.
 sun. sun.
 sun. sun.
 sun - n - n - n - n - n
 Yehhhh!