

Sonia Sanchez

right on: wite america

3.
this country might have
been a pion
eer land
once.
but. there ain't
no mo
indians blowing
custer's mind
with a different
image of america.
this country
might have
needed shoot/
outs / daily /
once.
but there ain't
no mo real / wite / all american
bad/guys.
just.
u & me.
blk/ and un/armed.
this country might have
been a pion
eer land. once.
and it still is.
check out
the falling
gun/shells on our blk/ tomorrows.

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Words for our children (from their many parents)

we are the
 screeeeeamers/
 seaaaarcherrrs/
 weepeers
of the past.
 we are the
 teacherrrrs/
 plaaanners/
 pareents
of a promised/
 to/mor/row.
 for
we have
 lived / washed
 in Amurica's
long
rains and been
 drownned
for we have
 hearrrd Malcolmmmmmm's
blood/
 letten/
 words and
been born a gine.
 so our spears
will be u/
 our / warrior / sons
 and our
dance will be u/
 young/sistuhs,
 moooving
walkinnng.
 like song.
 we who have
 screammmed
 now tune our sooouls
 with blk/ness
 and the cries
 of
 "to/morrow
 the/
 home/
 laaNND!"

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**Let us begin the real work
(for Elijah Muhammad who has begun)**

let us begin the real work.
now.
let us take back our children from
vista/
workers. ywca/s
sunday/schools.
boy/
girl/scouts of white/amurica.
let us begin the work of
centuries. untold.
let us teach our
children
what is to be learnnnned
bout themselves.
us. let us
honestlee begin
nation/hood
builden.
for our children.
with our
minds/hands/souls.
with our blk/visions
for blk/lives.
let us begin
the begin/en work now.
while our
children still
remember us & loooooove.

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Poem (for dcs 8th graders—1966-67)

look at me 8th
grade
 i am black
beautiful. i have a
man who looks at
my face and smiles.
on my face
are black warriors
riding in ships
of slavery;
 on my face
 is malcolm
 spitting his metal seeds
on a country of sheep;
on my face
 are young eyes
breathing in black crusts.
 look at us
8th grade
 we are black
beautiful and our black
ness sings out
 while America wanders
dumb with her wet bowels

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