Black PoeTree Saved My Life

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Free our Heroes caged in prison cells.

When will we hear more Wedding Bells than gun salutes?

Black Power is on the rise again,

that strange fruit

Ready-ripe-juicy

Bittersweet roots

I rep three "hoods" Jane-Finch, Weston, and Parma Court

I've seen a lot a' black men get dribbled by the courts.

Police playing basket-ball with our lover's balls

White sheets stained red. We're not making love no more.

Naked as the day me born/a sheep in wolves clothing...

Get in bed with me guarantee you'll know me by mourning.

Tears stain my pillow cover for my lil' cousin... murdered di day him dawtah born,

(I know she woulda loved him). Nuff poems 'bout dis, hmhm but tell me sumin...

yuh tink mi coulda write like dis/ if it neva happn?

Ghetto yutes seh free Kartel/I say free Buju Banton! And I say you can lean on me,

'Cause I'm a strong black ooman. So listen to your HeArts... (We need you) don't fall apart.

Instead guh listen to Muta... He know what he talkin' bout.

Listen Marcus Garvey 'n Nikki Giovanni.

Like a child learns to listen to Daddy and Mommy.

LISTEN to a lot of Pac and mix it with some Biggie.

And I say don't forget to listen to Maestro and Michie.

Read scripture to Knight then sever ties with Ethridge.

'Cause Crack kills a Haiku-- consists of better lines so instead write rhymes for leverage.

Black Fire EXI(S)Ts in our Souls because we made it through the Middle Passage.

I'm talking Black Liberation,

Your White guilt trip is only Collateral damage.

Corrupt governments/\contaminated environments

You ask me how dis one so long and I ain't even get started yet.

Tightrope walking, this journey is not for cowards.

Celebrate your lives now 'cause no one knows their final hours. And,

Poetry saved my life...Though I've known great men who got up and died for this.

Like Baraka who willed his spirit to us poets and Dub poet Mikey Smith. This is why I write.

Lorde said "Poetry is Not a Luxury," so I stay on the front lines.

'Cause like a King I also Have a Dream!

Ask m'mom Lorraine, I been writing Black Power poems since preteen. Black is Supreme, This hegemonic system will not ruin my self-esteem and self-worth.

I love you, me, and God first. We're a team which means this Love should not hurt. Free my kings... Locked up for crimes police commit, and get away with it... Tired of this Dats why this poem stands ground to ward off evil spies,

see through all their lies,

and sever ties with fake allies.

Get it?

"Therapeutic Violence"

Credit: Fanon.

And all him write hand.

If I'm married to this stage then this poem is like my best man.

And I say rise and Occupy Black Thought, Nelson Mandela.

Since you left it's been raining black sons. Be our Umbrella.

As we stand hand in hand by the exit of Stuart Hall.

Cornell West said Justice is what Love looks like in Public

So whether you're out Walking while Black

...Running while Black

Don't fall!

And whenever you choose to stand... Stand tall!

May the memories of Will 'Da Real One' Bell, Sean Bell, and Anthony Bell's mother-killed by police...

TRUTH

Black Power is on the RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII again,

that strange fruit.

Ready-ripe-juicy

Bittersweet roots.

Ready,

Set.

Black Love

AIM!

Gun Salute

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