
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!

