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Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies

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Four Poems

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Journal

Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 6(1)

ISSN

0041-5715

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Publication Date

1975

DOI

10.5070/F761017484

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FOUR POEMS

by

Sedeka Wadinasi

A DIRGE.

Wake from your deadly slumber
Imposed by slavery's lullabys.
And of late
By ambassadors of imperialistic genocide
Disguised as Aid
Listen to the waking bell:
To the ancestral warning
The voices of those enlightened like DuBois and King
Of those men gone too like Garvey and Malcolm.

For their skeletons turn in their graves
Emitting a pungency of indignation
Of non-comprehension
By your compliance and complicity.

Do not look to the living dead for consultation,
For they are the recurrent ghosts
Of slaves who decayed and came back to life,
To haunt you once more.
Who portray the slave concept of the pleasure syndrome:
Distended beer-bellies,
Split-level apartments,
Mercedes Benzes and cabins in the mountains,
Or resorts near the sea's shore and yachts on the lake.

But watch the *you* in youth
As they spring from the Alpha-Omega fountain
Baptized with the will and the message
To conjure a conquering collection
Of the scattered seeds to unity.

Cover your ears young ones
Lest you hear the whisperings of complacent defeat
Or else faked de-visions of technicolored personal power.
RISE!
For the hour is here ...
WORK NOW!
And let a new nation —
A bloody heaven in the mind
Be born.

EXPATRIATE

Our lives were wrecked
Among the foliage.
We decayed like plums
In a worm infested orchard.

TIME TO VIEW YOU

Yes, night is the most appropriate time
To view you.
For then, even to the dullest of mankind
The spirit world seems closer;
Our minds become more sensitive to
Previously unfelt sensations,
While in the pregnant darkness
Even the hard shapes of the environing material world
Assume ghostly outlines.
The night sky, now purple-indigo,
Is a mystic color that suits my enterprise
Well.

SECRET

That strong and grandiose face
Betrays nothing.
Those silent yet firm lips
Are pledged to everlasting silence.
And if there is any hidden message
Which the Black race holds for man,
Then it will be whispered only as the
Masonic "master's word"
Is whispered in the candidate's ear
"At low breath."

* * * * *

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