

For our
comrades inside-



**NEW
YEAR'S
BOOK
1988**

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Canto de esperanza

Algún día los campos estarán siempre verdes
y la tierra será negra, dulce y húmeda.
En ella crecerán altos nuestros hijos
y los hijos de nuestros hijos...

Y serán libres como los árboles del monte
y las aves.

Cada mañana se despertarán felices de poseer la vida
y sabrán que la tierra fue reconquistada para ellos.

Algún día...

Hoy aramos los campos resecos
Pero cada surco se moja con sangre

Daisy Zamora

Song of Hope

One day the fields will be forever green
and the earth will be black, sweet and moist.
Our children will grow tall on her
and the children of our children...

And they will be free as the trees and the birds of the
and the birds of the wilderness

Each morning they will awake in the joy of having life
and will know that the earth was reconquered for them.

One day...

Today we plow the parched fields
but each furrow is soaked with blood.

PALESTINE Will BE FREE!
STOP ISRAELI TERROR!

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1988



AP/Wide World

Palestinians Again Clash With Israeli Troops in Gaza Strip

Protesters throwing stones at Israeli soldiers in Khan Yunis, where one youth was killed and seven wounded. Despite deportation order for nine militants and the arrest of more than 1,000 demonstra-

tors, Israel has been unable to impose order in the Gaza strip or the occupied West Bank. At the U.N. the Security Council, in a unanimous vote, called on Israel to drop deportation orders. Page 6.

Poem of Victory

Days and nights in captivity
May seem filled with gloom
Anger, frustration, rage

Each day and each night
Might seem to be but a repetition
Of life and time itself

The dirty repression
And slimy, psychological warfare
Of the pig captors
May even make us despair at times

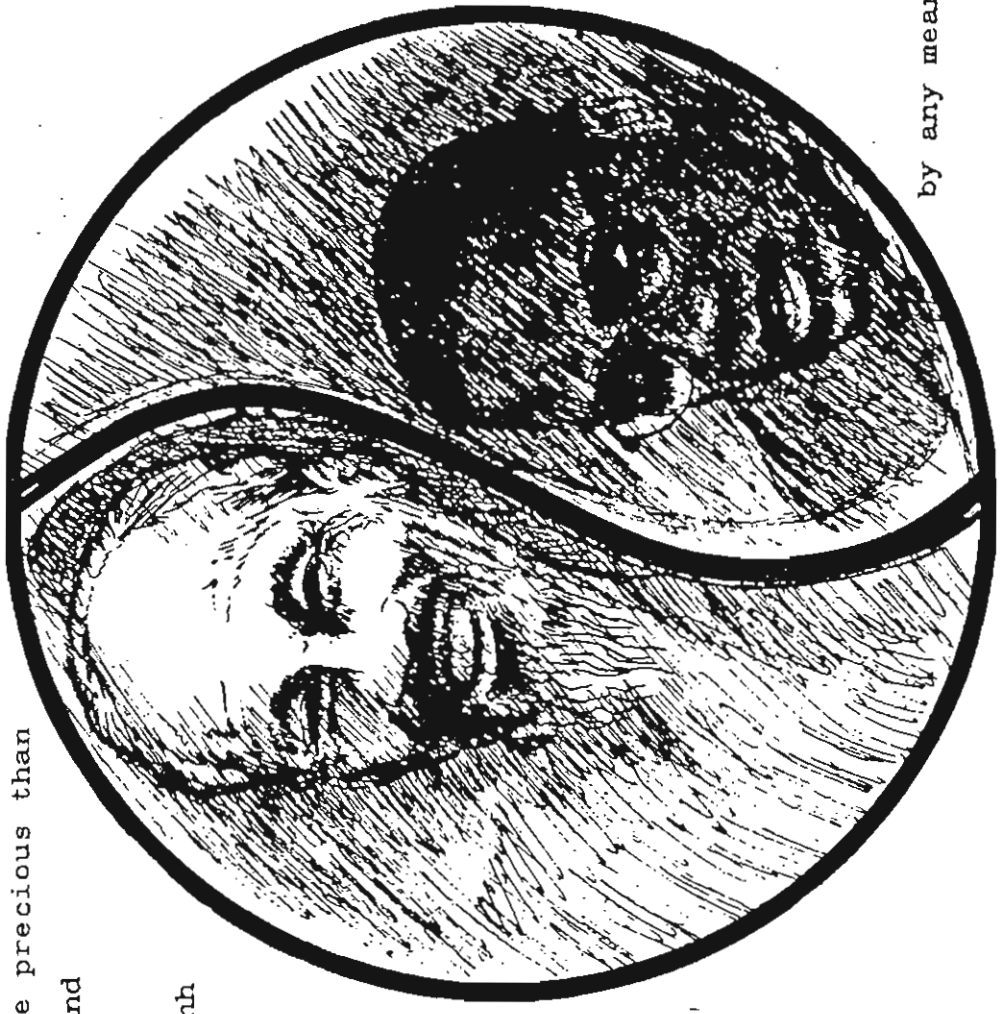
But with the courage of Comrade George
The inexhaustable confidence of Ho Chi Minh
The spirit of Crazy House
The altruism of Che
The steel-like patience of Mandela
The rock-hard commitment of Jonathan
The burning ire of Cinque
The stellar example of Mao
And the inimitable love of the People

We will field overwhelming victory over world oppression.

----- Comrade Rickke Green

nothing is more precious than
independence and
freedom.....

- ho chi minh



by any means necessary ..
- malcolm X

Crime of the Country

JUDY STATSINGER

A CAPELLA

FIRST AND LAST CHORUS



The crime of the coun - try, we can



(clap, clap) clear - ly see. The crime of the coun -



try, (clap, clap, clap) the guilt - y go free. The



crime of the coun - try, we can (clap, clap) clear - ly see.



The crime of the coun - try, (clap, clap,



clap) the guilt - y go free. (Who's the guilt - y one?)

VERSE



1. When you got no mon - ey now your choic - es are few.



Hun - ger comes a - round, might have to steal for your food They



put you in pris - on for some pet - ty crime. A



lot of our good peo - ple spend their lives do - ing time. The

CHORUS 2 & 3



crime of the coun - try, vic - tims (clap, clap) be - hind bars,



The vic - tims of a sys - tem, (clap, clap)

TO VERSE



Sys - tem run on the dol - lar. (Who's the guilt - y one?)

CODA



free. (clap, clap, clap, clap) The guilt - y go free. (clap, clap, clap)



Can't let the guilt - y go free.

CHORUS: The crime of the country, we can clearly see.
The crime of the country, the guilty go free.
The crime of the country, we can clearly see.
The crime of the country, the guilty go free.

1) When you got no money now your choices are few.
Hunger comes around, might have to steal for your food.
They put you in prison for some petty crime.
A lot of our good people spend their lives doing time.

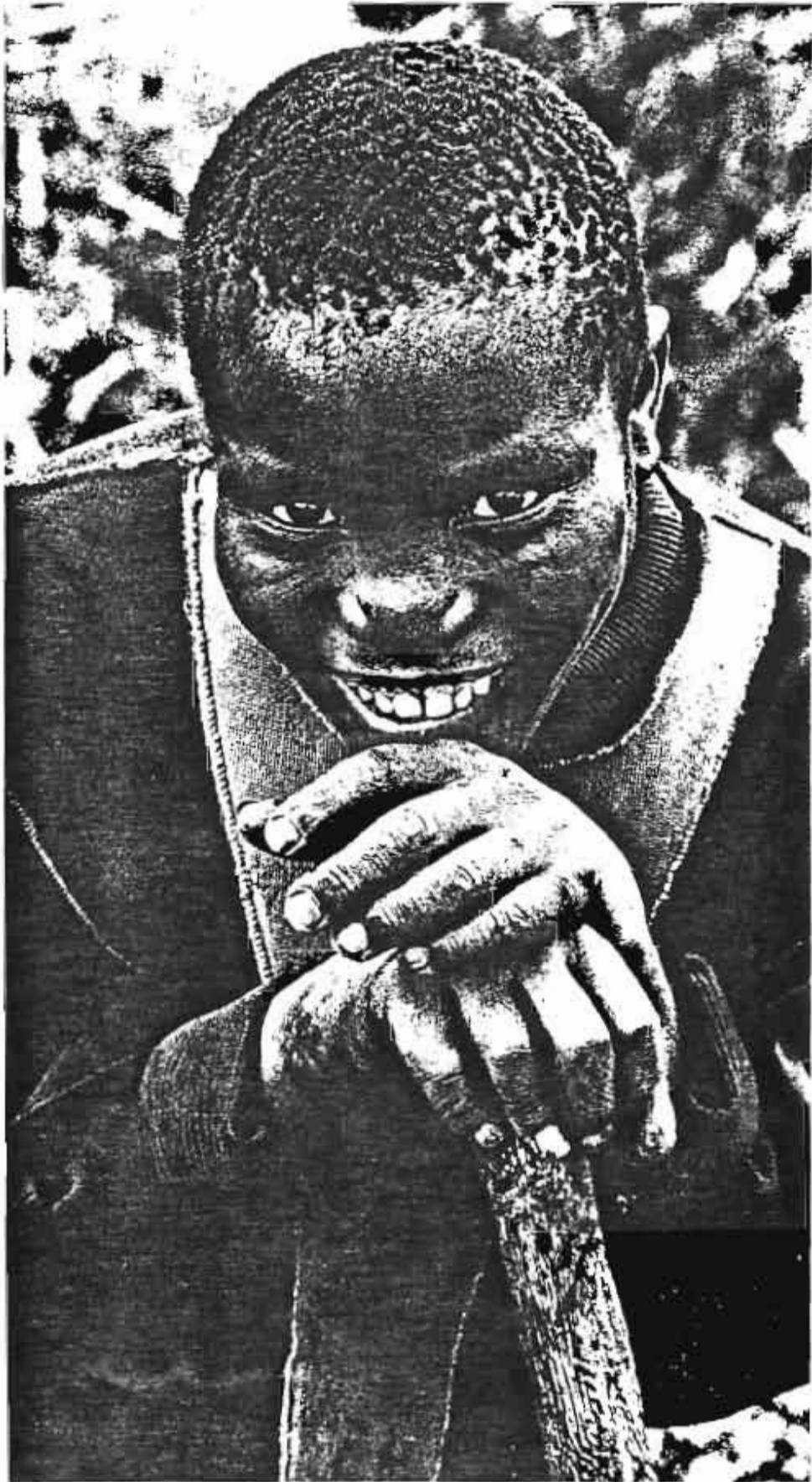
CHORUS: The crime of the country, victims behind bars,
The victims of a system, system run on the dollar.
(Who's the guilty one?)

2) Ain't it the man who pulls the strings?
Ain't it Rockefeller and his friends?
U.S. aggression is a crime of greed
Waged against the Third World and people in need.

CHORUS: The crime of the country, we can clearly see.
The crime of the country, the guilty go free.
(Who's the guilty one?)

3) Uncle Sam, you've lied too long.
The taxpayer's gonna know you're wrong.
Do you hear me in this song?
Do you hear me in this song?

CHORUS: The crime of the country, we can clearly see.
The crime of the country, the guilty go free.
The guilty go free.
Can't let the guilty go free.

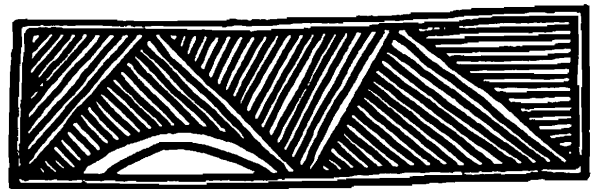


Patrice Emery Lumumba

DAWN IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

For a thousand years, you, African, suffered like a beast,
Your ashes strewn to the wind that roams the desert.
Your tyrants built the lustrous, magic temples
To preserve your soul, preserve your suffering.
Barbaric right of fist and the white right to a whip,
You had the right to die, you also could weep.
On your totem they carved endless hunger, endless bonds,
And even in the cover of the woods a ghastly cruel death
Was watching, snaky, crawling to you
Like branches from the holes and heads of trees
Embraced your body and your ailing soul.
Then they put a treacherous big viper on your chest:
On your neck they laid the yoke of fire-water,
They took your sweet wife for glitter of cheap pearls,
Your incredible riches that nobody could measure.
From your hut, the tom-toms sounded into dark of night
Carrying cruel laments up mighty black rivers
About abused girls, streams of tears and blood,
About ships that sailed to countries where the little man
Wallows in an anthill and where the dollar is king,
To that damned land which they called a motherland.
There your child, your wife were ground, day and night
In a frightful, merciless mill, crushing them in dreadful pain.
You are a man like others. They preach you to believe
That good white God will reconcile all men at last.
By fire you grieved and sang the moaning songs
Of a homeless beggar that sinks at strangers' doors.
And when a craze possessed you
And your blood boiled through the night
You danced, you moaned, obsessed by father's passion.
Like fury of a storm to lyrics of a manly tune
From a thousand years of misery a strength burst out of you
In metallic voice of jazz, in uncovered outcry
That thunders through the continent like gigantic surf.
The whole world surprised, wakes up in panic
To the violent rhythm of blood, to the violent rhythm of jazz,
The white man turning pallid over this new song
That carries torch of purple through the dark of night.

The dawn is here, my brother! Dawn! Look in our faces,
A new morning breaks in our old Africa.
Ours alone will now be the land, the water, mighty rivers
Poor African surrendered for a thousand years.
Hard torches of the sun will shine for us again
They'll dry the tears in eyes and spittle on your face.
The moment when you break the chains, the heavy fetters,
The evil, cruel times will go never to come again.
A free and gallant Congo will arise from black soil,
A free and gallant Congo—black blossom from black seed!



Conspiración

Mientras en mi exista todavía un respiro,
 Yo conspiro.
 Mientras mi espíritu pueda todavía cavalgar
 Mientras mi brazo pueda todavía levantar
 una pluma, un fusil,
 Yo seré sutil!
 Mientras exista el le-lo-lai, la palma, el flamboyán
 Mientras el pueblo esté presente,
 Y halla gente
 Cuenta conmigo, pues yo estaré al frente.
 Mientras yo pueda respirar,
 Yo podré conspirar.
 Mientras las masas exijan protección
 Y mientras el pueblo pida acción,
 Estaré yo a tu lado, no habrá separación.
 Habrá conspiración!
 Mira hacia el sol, el mar, el universo,
 Mientras estos existan, estaré yo en el verso
 de cada guerrillero que camina disperso,
 buscando entre otras cosas
 tu libertad ansiosa.
 Mientras este gusano americano
 Siga en largos plazos
 dictando nuestros pasos
 Estréchame en tus brazos
 No habrá otra solución
 Habrá conspiración!

–Carmen Valentín

Conspiracy

While there is a breath still left in me,
 I will engage in conspiracy.
 While my spirit still can run,
 While my arm can raise a gun,
 or my hand a pen still lift,
 I will be secret, subtle, swift.

As long as you can hear the "le-lo-lai"
 As long as palm trees and the flamboyán still survive
 So long as my people answer the call --
 Count on me, at the front, with you all.
 As long as I can breathe,
 I will conspire.

While the masses demand protection
 and the people cry out for action
 I will stand beside you, not separately --
 There will be conspiracies!

Look toward the sun, the universe, the sea
 As long as these exist, then in the poem
 of each guerrilla walking in your midst,
 There I will be, seeking freedom, eagerly.

As long as these American worms
 Continue to dictate the terms
 Hold me in your arms.
 There's no other remedy --
 But CONSPIRACY!

–Carmen Valentín



By CARMEN VALENTÍN

The Palestinian Resistance



Otto René Castillo, Roque Dalton, Miguel Hernandez

translated by Barbara Paschke & David Volpendesta

LIBERTAD

Tenemos
por ti
tantos golpes
acumulados
en la piel,
que ya ni de pie
cabemos
en la muerte

En mi país,
la libertad no es sólo
un delicado viento del alma,
sino también un coraje de piel.
En cada milímetro
de su llanura infinita
está tu nombre escrito:
libertad.
En las manos torturadas.
En los ojos,
abiertos al asombro
del luto.
En la frente
cuando ella aletea dignidad.
En el pecho,
donde un aguanta varón
nos crece en grande.
En la espalda y los pies
que sufren tanto.
En los testículos,
orgullecidos de sí.
Ahí tu nombre,
tu suave y tierno nombre,
cantando en esperanza y coraje.

Hemos sufrido
en tantas partes
los golpes del verdugo
y escrito en tan poca piel
tantas veces su nombre,
que ya no podemos morir,
porque la libertad
no tiene muerte.
Nos pueden
seguir golpeando
que conste, si pueden.
Tú siempre serás la victoriosa,
libertad.
Y cuando nosotros
disparemos
el último cartucho,

FREEDOM

For you,
so many blows
have gathered
on our skin
that even standing
we do not fit
death.

In my country,
freedom is not only
a delicate breath from the soul
but physical courage as well.
On every millimeter
of its infinite landscape
your name is written:
freedom.
On tortured hands.
On eyes opened
to the amazement
of grief.
Upon the forehead
when it expresses dignity.
In the chest

tú serás la primera
que cante en la garganta
de mis compatriotas,
libertad.
porque
nada hay más bello
sobre la anchura
de la tierra,
que un pueblo libre,
gallardo pie,
sobre un sistema
que concluye.

La libertad,
entonces,
vigila y sueña
cuando nosotros
entramos a la noche
o llegamos al día,
suavemente enamorados
de su nombre tan bello:
libertad.

where an enduring man
grows within us to greatness.
On the back and feet
which suffer so much.
In the testicles,
proud of themselves.
There, your name,
your soft and tender name
singing with hope and courage.

We have suffered
in so many places
the blows of torment
and written in so little skin
your name so many times
that now we can't die
because freedom is deathless.

Of course,
they can continue beating us,
if they can.
Freedom,
you will always be victorious.
And when
we fire
the last shot,
Freedom,
you will be the first
to sing in the throat
of my countrymen
because
there is nothing more beautiful
on the face
of the earth
than a free people
standing bravely
upon a system
which is ending.

Thus,
freedom
dreams and keeps vigil.

We enter night
or arrive at day,
softly enamored
of your beautiful name:
Freedom.

— Otto René Castillo



The Uprooting of the Diné People

LARK

Lark is an artist and writer who calls herself a "Primitive Expressionist." Artwork © Lark, 1987.

Me Contaste Como Mataron A Tu Hermano

Me contaste como mataron a Antonio
tu hermano

y se llenaron tus ojos de lágrimas.

- Fueron los guardias que están en Honduras - dijiste -,
lo agarraron

le pegaron hasta aburrirse

y uno de ellos dijo que era mejor espolearlo
como si fuera animal -.

Cuando tu mamá llegó a reclamarlo

a un hospital de Tegucigalpa

lo miró destrozado

y un rótulo en el pecho decía "Sandino-comunista".

Rosario García

Literacy volunteer. She belongs to the 19th of July
Sandinista Youth. From the poetry workshop of
Palacagüina, Nicaragua.

You Told Me How They Killed Your Brother

You told me how they killed Antonio
your brother

and your eyes filled with tears.

—It was the guardia who are in Honduras — you said—,
they grabbed him

they beat him until they were bored

and one of them said it was better to butcher him
as if he were an animal—.

When your mother arrived to claim the body
at a hospital in Tegucigalpa

he was cut to pieces

and an inscription on his chest said "Sandino-communist".



A message from Assata Shakur, dated May 2, 1979

This poem is dedicated to:

Steven Biko, Ron Carter, Joseph Cinque, Mark Clark, Frank "Heavy" Field, Fanny Lou Hamer, Fred Hampton, Bobby Hutton, George Jackson, Jonathan Jackson, Patrice Lumumba, Changa Olugbala, Kakuyan Olugbala, Kimu Olugbala, Rema Olugbala, Sandra Pratt, Gabriel Prosser, Harold Russell, El Haj Malik Shabazz, Zayd Malik Shakur, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Nat Turner, David Walker, Denmark Vesey, and to Black people throughout history who have given their lives to the struggle for freedom. This poem is called "The Tradition:"

Carry it on now
Carry it on
Carry it on now
Carry it on
Carry on the tradition
There were Black people since the
 childhood of time
Who carried it on
In Ghana and Mali
In Timbuktu
We carried on the tradition
We hid in the bush
When the slave hunters came
Holding spears and when the moment was
 right
Leaped out and lanced the life blood of
 would-be masters
We carried it on
On slave ships, hurling ourselves into
 oceans
Slitting the throats of our captors
We took their whips and their ships
Blood flowed into the Atlantic
And it wasn't all ours
We carried it on
Fed Missy arsenic apple pie
Stole the axes from the shed
Went and chopped off Massa's head
We ran, we fought, we organized a
 railroad, an underground
We carried it on
In newspapers, and meetings
In arguments and street fights
We carried it on
In tales told to children
In chants and cantatas
In poems and blues songs and saxophone
 screams

We carried it on
In classrooms, in churches
In courtrooms, in prisons
In barracks and basements
We carried it on
On soapboxes and picket lines
Welfare lines, unemployment lines,
Our lives on the line
We carried it on
On cold Missouri midnights
Pitting shotguns against lynch mobs
On burning Brooklyn streets
Pitting rocks against rifles
We carried it on
Against water hoses and bulldogs
Against night sticks and bullets
Against tanks and tear gas
Needles and nooses
Bombs and birth control
We carried it on
In Selma and San Juan
Mozambique, Mississippi
In Brazil and in Boston
We carried it on
Through the lies and the sell-outs
The mistakes and the madness
Through pain and hunger and frustration
We carried it on
Carried on the tradition
Carried a strong tradition
Carried a proud tradition
Carried a Black tradition
Carry it on
Pass it down to the children
Pass it down
Carry it on
Carry it on now
Carry it on
To freedom.

CURRENT EVENTS

i understand that i am
slightly out of fashion.
The in-crowd wants no part of me.

Someone said that i am too sixties
Black.
Someone else told me i had failed to mellow.

It is true i have not
straightened back my hair.
Nor rediscovered maybelline.
And it is also true
that i still like African things,
like statues and dresses
and PEOPLE.

And it is also true
that struggle is foremost in my mind.
And i still rap about discipline—
my anger has not run away.

And i still can't stand ole
el dorado.
And i still can't dig no
one and one.
And i still don't dig no
roka fellas.
And i call a pig a pig.
And a party, to my thinking,
happens only once in a while.

Anyway, i'm really kind of happy
being slightly out of style.

ASSATA



Song of Choice
by Peggy Seeger

Early every year the seeds are growing
Unseen, unheard, they lie beneath the ground
Would you know before their leaves are showing
That with weeds all your garden will abound?
If you close your eyes, stop your ears
Close your mouth then how can you know?
For seeds you cannot see may not be there
Seeds you cannot hear may never grow

In January you've still got the choice
You can cut the weeds before they start to bud
If you leave them to grow high
They'll silence your voice
And in December you may pay with your blood

Chorus:

So close your eyes, stop your ears
Close your mouth and take it slow
Let others take the lead and you bring up the rear
And later you can say you didn't know

Every day another vulture takes flight
There's another danger born every morning
In the darkness of your blindness
The beast will learn to bite
How can you fight if you can recognize
A warning?

Today you may earn a living wage
Tomorrow you may be on the dole
Thought there's millions going hungry
You needn't disengage
For its them, not you, that's fallen in the hole

It's alright for you if you run with the pack
It's alright if you agree with all they do
If fascism is slowly climbing back
It's not here yet, so what's it got to do with you?

The weeds are all around us and they're growing
It'll soon be too late for the knife
If you leave them on the wind
That around the world is blowing
You may pay for your silence with your life

Final chorus:

So close your eyes, stop your ears
Close your mouth and never dare
And if it happens here they'll never come for you
Because they'll know you really didn't care

They Tell Us to Wait

They tell us to wait.
They say only queers are dying,
Queers and junkies.
Those who deserve to live
are not at risk.
The epidemic is not yet out of control.

They tell us they are concerned.
They are not concerned about
the lives that have been lost.
They are concerned because
they are not sure they can control
who will die next.
They are concerned about
the loss of productivity,
about insurance payments.
They are calculating the costs.

They tell us they are concerned
but they show no concern for
the millions of infected Africans
whose graves they have dug
with their civilizing influence.
They have not yet calculated the priority
of saving African lives.

They tell us
AIDS is affecting
Blacks and Puerto Ricans.
They show us the faces of
dying addicts.
They tell us to feel pity.
They utter words like
horrible
tragic
a waste of human life.
They omit the word
genocide.

They tell us they cannot tell us
about safe sex.
It makes them uncomfortable
to admit that human beings
are sexual
and that gay sexuality is human.
They would rather we die.
They tell us
we have committed a
crime against nature,
god is punishing us.
They tell us abstinence is safe.
They tell us to wait
until we get married.

They tell us when
we will die,
twelve months, perhaps two years.
They do not tell us how to survive
how to be strong, healthy
how to change our lives.
They tell us to wait
until research scientists
develop a cure.
They hand out placebos to
guarantee the scientific integrity
of their research.
They do not do
research on drugs that offer no hope
of profit.

They tell us to wait
but we are tired of waiting.
We are tired of being told.
We are tired of funerals.
Let the cold silence
of the grave
calm the ones who feed on human
misery,
the ones who calculate who
will live and who will die.
They have bred many enemies.
We remember what they have told us.
We will loosen their grip.
We will reclaim the humanity
they have wasted.
We will survive.

—camomile



There's a New World Coming

BERNICE REAGON

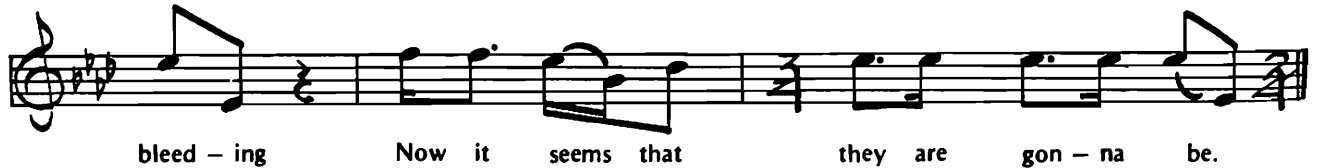
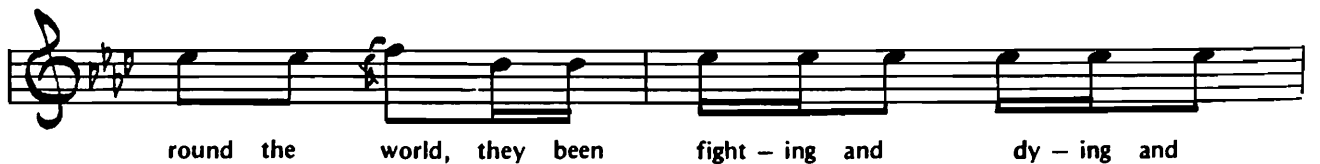
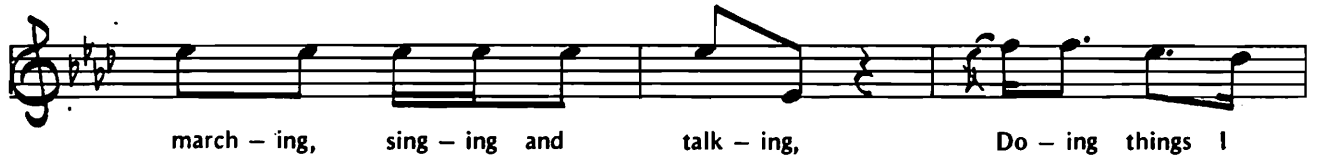
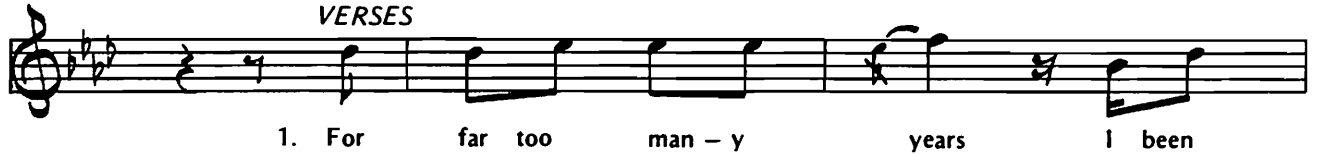
A CAPELLA
SING DOWN ONE OCTAVE

©1975 by Bernice Reagon

CHORUS



VERSES



CHORUS: There's a new world coming!
Everything's gon' be turning over,
Everything's gon' be turning over.
Where you gon' be standing when it comes?



CATHY CADE

- 1) I or far too many years
I been marching, singing and talking,
Doing things I thought would make me free,
While people halfway around the world,
They been fighting and dying and bleeding
Now it seems that they are gonna be!
- 2) You know the book, The Bible?
You read it and you will see
It will surely come to pass,
This is how it's gonna be:
those that were meek and humble
Would come to gain the earth
Them that shuddered at the bottom
Would rise and rule the world!

- 3) The nations of Asia and Africa,
They're taking over their lives,
The sisters and brothers south of us
Are finally gettin' wise,
Then take a look, United States
Of the North American clime,
With your strange mixture of wealth and hate
You won't be exempt this time!



The state of Chihuahua has a long history of revolutionary activity. Pictured are women who fought with Pancho Villa's army in 1910



Women—Linoleum cut, 1975.
Elizabeth Catlett



Maturity

emma jean aged one night
back in september of '63
it was after them girls
had received death in alabama
on their knees
praying
to the same god,
in the same church,
in the same space,
she prayed.

she aged that night
after the day had gone
and left her with her thoughts.
left her with the
history of her people in
america.

emma jean matured that night
and knew that in a country
that killed the children
under
the eyes of *their* god that
she nor her people
were safe.

emma jean
decided back in september of '63
that she would let her people
know that they were not safe in
america
this is what she has done
and is doing if she has not found you
look for her kiss & hug her
thank her and then help her
to help us
mature.

—Haki R. Madhubuti (don I. lee)
© 1977





J. A. HAY / A.D.D.

Greensboro: North Carolina:

Dedicated to Constance Evans

We
studying the rule
you can
not say death to the Klan
you can
not say death to the Klan
 death to the Klan
you can
not say death to the Klan

We
answering the riddle
why the white
man will not give the black
man
a glass of water
why the white
man will not give
the black man
a glass of water why
the white
man will not give the black
man death to the Klan
you can
not say a glass of water
to a thirsty black man

you cannot
say
a glass of water
you cannot
say
death to the Klan

death to the Klan

JUNE JORDAN



"Welcome to R.A.F. Greenham Common," 1984, Mixed media, collage on paper

Seeds

White snow turned red with blood.
 Clear rivers run red with blood.
 Vast plains spattered red.
 So much pain.

Anger, like a fist,
 hardens in the belly.
 But soft,
 with tears
 that well up
 to drown fear.

So watered, anger grows
 like an acorn
 in the soul
 to an oak.

Granite cracks
 as the roots spread out.
 Every crack brings
 another ray
 of sunshine
 to encourage the green growth
 that begins to crumble
 the ancient stone
 to dust.

'WHY WAR TOYS?'

WHAT ARE THESE TOYS OF CHRISTMAS WE SEE...
THAT GIVE LESSONS IN THE SKILLS OF WAR?
IS THIS HOW WE WANT OUR SOCIETY TO BE...
OR A SOCIETY THAT WE ALL CAN ADORE?
WHY MUST VIOLENCE BE TAUGHT THROUGH WAR TOYS...
IS THIS ALL WE CARE FOR OUR GIRLS AND BOYS?
WHY NOT GIVE TOYS OF LOVE AND PEACE...
AND TEACH KIDS THAT WAR IN THE WORLD MUST CEASE?
WHY NOT PLAY TAG WITH A FRIENDLY TOUCH...
INSTEAD OF WITH TOY LASER GUNS AND SUCH?
MUST A RAMBO OUTFIT BE THE GARD OF THE DAY...
WHEN JOHNNY IS ASKED TO COME OUT TO PLAY?
GIVE SOME PLUSH ANIMALS OR AN EDUCATIONAL TOY...
SUCH TOYS HELP KIDS LEARN--AND BRING ABOUNDING JOY.
JOIN WITH PEOPLE AT CHRISTMAS, SAY NO TO TOYS OF WAR...
MAKE A CHOICE FOR PEACE, WHEN ON THE SHOPPING FLOOR.

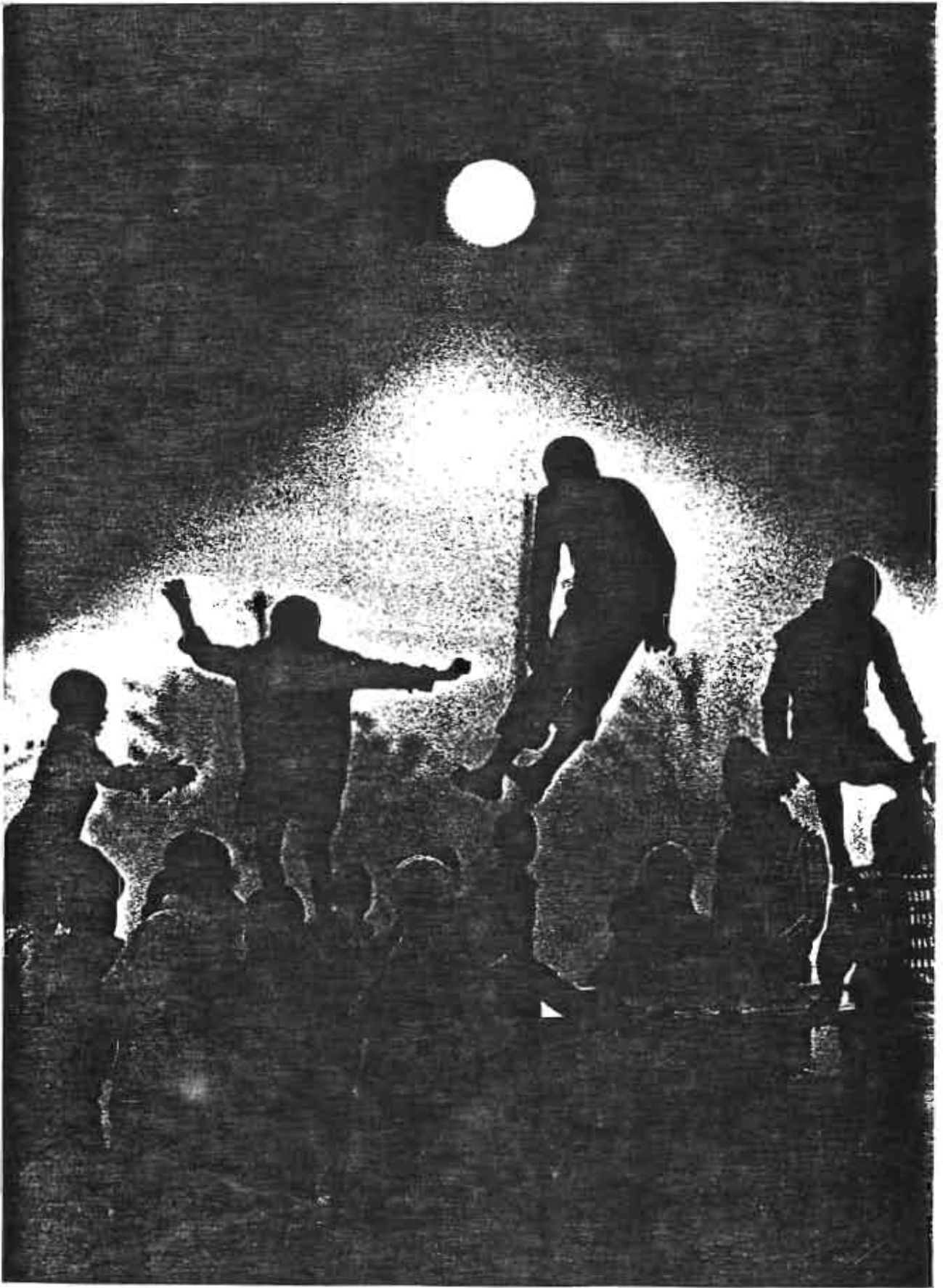
Sababu Na Uhuru (Bill Stoner) Nov. 87

(This poem was written for the Red Dragons; a youth group in the Berkeley Calif. area, that protested the sale of war toys during the 1986 Christmas season.)

YOUTH OF TOMORROW

LOOK TO THE YOUTH OF THE COMING YEARS...
TO BUILD A SOCIETY THAT WILL ELIMINATE FEARS.
FEARS OF HUNGER, POVERTY AND WAR...
THE KIND OF SOCIETY WE ALL HOPE FOR.
BUILD A SOCIETY THAT WILL GIVE PEOPLE HOPE...
FREE OF CRIME, VIOLENCE, AND DOPE.
TEACH SOME RESPECT FOR THE SICK AND OLD...
SHELTER THE HOMELESS FROM THE COLD.
BUILD A SOCIETY THAT WILL BE COLOR-BLIND...
ONE THAT HELPS ALL RACES DEVELOP THE MIND.
ONE THAT USES SCIENCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL...
NOT FOR A WAR MACHINE ON CONSTANT CALL.
ONE THAT DISCOVERS MEDICINE TO HEAL A DISEASE...
ONE THAT GROWS FOOD THAT IS SAFE AND WILL PLEASE.
DEVELOP A SOCIETY THAT APPRECIATES ART...
ONE THAT SPAWNS FRIENDSHIPS FROM THE HEART.
YES, YOUTH OF TOMORROW: THE FUTURE IS YOURS...
BUILD A SOCIETY THAT WILL OPEN ALL DOORS.

Sababu Na Uhuru (Bill Stoner) Nov. 87



IV. Carol, in the park, chewing on straws

She has taken a woman lover
whatever shall we do
she has taken a woman lover
how lucky it wasn't you

And all the day through she smiles and lies
and grits her teeth and pretends to be shy,
or weak, or busy. Then she goes home
and pounds her own nails, makes her own
bets, and fixes her own car, with her friend.

She goes as far
as women can go without protection
from men.

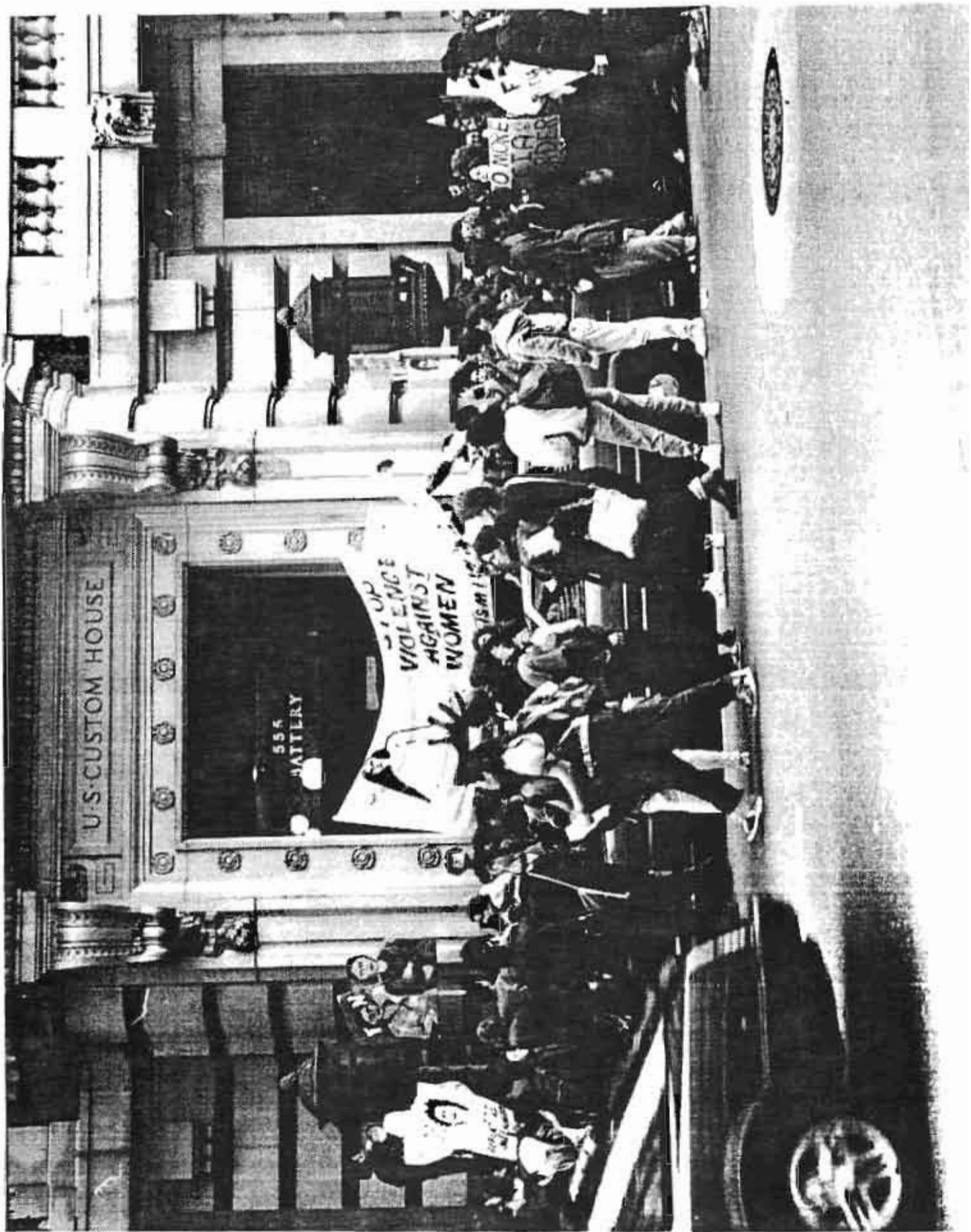
On weekends, she dreams of becoming a tree;
a tree that dreams it is ground up
and sent to the paper factory, where it
lies helpless in sheets, until it dreams
of becoming a paper airplane, and rises
on its own current; where it turns into a
bird, a great coasting bird that dreams of becoming
more free, even, than that — a feather, finally, or
a piece of air with lightning in it.

she has taken a woman lover
whatever can we say

She walks around all day
quietly, but underneath it
she's electric;
angry energy inside a passive form.
The common woman is as common
as a thunderstorm.

By JUDY GRAHN





Fear

(Chiguin is an affectionate Nicaraguan term
for child)

Another child asks,
?Una pluma?
?Tienes una pluma?
Hopeful eyes
seeking a future.
A writing tool,
 A drawing tool
 A way to leave
 a mark upon the world.

Ay, Chiguin,
I want so much
to see the mark
you make on this world.
I want you to have
many pens
of many colors
to mark the streets and walls
of a new world.

Before I came here
many asked me
aren't you afraid?
Ay, Chiguin,
seeing you
I am afraid
because I know
your enemy
too well.
He'd rather see you buried
than drawing this world anew.



- Annie Johnston

A Different Kind of Love Song
by Dick Gaughan

You ask me why I sing no love songs
You say the songs that I sing
Make you angry and sad
You say that you listen to music
To escape from the things
That make you feel bad
You say all that I sing of is trouble
And that doesn't entertain you
You say I should be trying
To make people happy
Well, strange as it seems
That's just what I'm trying to do

I could close my eyes to the suffering
I could switch off my mind
And sing pretty songs
I could close my ears to the crying
I could sing, take the money and run

But that wouldn't help those in trouble
That wouldn't help make their pain disappear
And the homeless, the workless
The hopeless and helpless
Wouldn't be any happier
Would still live in fear

So I'll keep trying to make people happy
I'll keep trying
In the best way I know how
And for me to help make
The most people happy
I must make you even more
Sad and angry now

So you see where you misunderstand me
If you listen again
Then you might even find
All the songs that I sing are love songs
But their love is a different kind.



TIME COME

it soon come
it soon come
look out! look out! look out!

fruit soon ripe
fe tek wi bite,
strength soon come
fe wi fting wi mite.

it soon come
it soon come
look out! look out! look out!

wi feel bad
wi look sad
wi smoke weed
an if yu eye sharp,
read de violence inna wi eye;
wi goin smash de sky wid wi bad bad blood
look out! look out! look out!

it soon come
it soon come;
is de shadow walkin behind yu
is I stan up rite before yu;
look out!

but it too late now :
I did warn yu.

when yu fting mi inna prison
I did warn yu
when you kill Oluwale
I did warn yu
when yu beat Joshua Francis
I did warn yu

when you pick pan de Panthers
I did warn yu
when yu jack mi up gainst de wall
ha didnt bawl,
but I did warn yu.

now yu si fire burning in mi eye,
smell badness pan mi breat
feel violence, violence.
burstin outta mi;
look out!

it too late now :
I did warn yu.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON







Sabha is an old woman.
 Sixty years old ...
 Her heart is green, green, green,
 Like an old tree —
 as old as the earth.

Her son ...
 ... will soon be nine.
 But he knows how to throw stones!
 And he knows how to shout:
 Oh, Palestine!

His mother shouted as they knocked him down:
 Leave my son alone!
 Leave my son alone!
 Isn't it enough that you've killed his father and brother?

But the devil only smiled,
 and told her:
 Listen, old woman!
 We'll slaughter all who don't obey.

But then the mother produced a knife,
 and before he raised his hand
 she sank it deep into his heart.

Abu Sadek Husseini
 (One of the most beloved poets
 among the exiled Palestinians, the
 author of the most popular
 fighting songs of the liberation
 movement.)



*I am the Arab Ahmad
 He said
 I am bullets
 and oranges
 and dreams
 Tel Zatar is my tent
 And I am the homeland
 The ongoing journey
 To the homeland.
 From the East to the West
 The swords were being sharpened
 As Ahmad came to know his limbs
 Soaring like a star
 Gazing to see Haifa,
 Ahmad was to be the sacrifice
 The cities left behind their asphalt limbs
 And came after him
 To kill him.
 From the East to the West
 They were arranging the funeral
 They were selecting the guillotine,*

*I am the Arab Ahmad
 Let the besiegers come!
 My body is the fortress
 Let the siege come!
 I am the frontline
 And I will besiege them
 For my breast is the shelter
 Of my people
 Let the siege come!*

Section of the poem Ahmad Zatar by Mahmoud Darwish

VIII. Cooperativas de Autodefensa

To the Landlords

Landlord,
I'm going to cut my flesh into shreds
and hang it
on each barb of your fence
until it's putrid
and you can't stand the stench
and you have to leave
for somewhere else.

*Por FR. GASPÁR GARCÍA LAVIANA,
MARTYR/D FSLN COMBATANT*

A los terratenientes

Terrateniente,
voy a cortar mi carne en girones
para colgarla
en cada púa de tus cercos
hasta que se pudra
y no resistas el hedor
y tengas que marcharte
a otra parte.






A Red Star for Angel

*Had I but a small clod of earth from the
paths tread by the evils of Lares and Jayuya,
Or a wisp of the martyred breaths
of Pachin abandoned,
Or the crystal of a single teardrop squeezed
from Mariana in her maternal ordeals in captivity,
Or a bead from Lolita's rosary
polished by her prayers for the homeland,
Or the ray of sunlight that announced another
day to Oscar in his cell on death row,
Or a hunger spasm from the
solitary confinement of Juan Antonio,
Or the pain turning to sores
on Don Pedro's extremities,
Or the martyred flesh and holocaust
of William Guillermo,
Or a single drop of blood
from Bolivar Marques' accusing finger,
Or the anonymous wails of a defiant heart
that travel on the airwaves we breathe,
I would make Angel, joining them together
an enormous, triumphant red star,
Red as the burning blood of your
open and tortured brow,
A red Puerto Rican Star
Independentist. Socialist.
Made to conform with your
valiant, decisive words.*

-Doña Consuelo Lee Corretjer



The One Who Died Fighting

Don't ask me who I am
Nor if you ever met me.
The dreams that I have had
Will grow even though I am not here.
I no longer live, but I was
In what you were dreaming
And the others who keep on fighting
Will make new roses grow,
And in the name of those things
Every one will call my name.

Don't remember my face.
That was my war mask
As long as there was a need to hate
in my land.

In the sky which is becoming light
You will know what my real face is like.
Few people hever heard me laugh
But they will find my unknown laughter
in the dawn
Of the day which is about to begin.

Don't ask me my age.
I am as old as everyone.
I chose among many ways
To be older than my age,
And my true years
Are the shots that I have fired.
I am born in every volley
And even though my body dies
I will be exactly as old
As the child I have liberated.

Don't go looking for my tomb
Because you won't find it.
My hands are in the hands of others who are shooting,
My voice the one that is shouting,
My body the one that remains whole.
And know that I will only die
If the rest of you weaken,
Because the one who died fighting
Lives in every companero.

----- Anonymous
El Salvador

the day
we stop
burning
with love
people
will die
of the cold



- drawing by Filipino
Political Prisoner



"... WE GOT BILLBOARDS !"



"THEY GOT BILLBOARDS ..."

BERKELEY, CALIF.