

**THE  
10TH ANNUAL  
NEW YEARS  
BOOK  
92-93**

**REAL DRAGON PRISON PROJECT**

DESIGN BY TIM SMITH



"Nuestra Patria está en plena guerra  
sin defenderse, solo un  
resurgimiento de la moral colectiva  
puede salvarla."  
Pedro Albizu Campos

¡Hacia un  
Año Nuevo  
sin  
Presos Políticos  
y  
de Guerra!

NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM EDWIN CORTÉS,  
PUERTO RICAN P.O.W.

## BLOOD LINES

when we escaped the plantations of Florida  
and ran among the trees toward swampy ground  
to trudge through mud and  
memories so fresh of bondage  
and of blood

we found your arms swung open wide  
as gates to refuge from  
a weary fugitives' parade

but there are those

who would have us not remember this  
you and we did not only hide  
and live in friendship side by side  
we both

being people of the drum  
did not our hearts thump out a battle song  
to drive our feet to march against  
the pale-faced ones  
whose stomachs could not be filled  
who had stolen us from our mother land  
and too

were stealing yours from you

but there are those

who would have us not remember this  
with your Comanche warriors  
in Texas we fought them  
with your Seminole warriors  
in Florida we fought them  
with your Tuscaroras warriors  
in South Carolina we fought them  
scant are the places where we did not together  
fight them

but there are those

who would have us not remember this  
who would stuff our recollections full  
with the nightmarish deeds of those of ours  
who betrayed our common cause  
the Creek slave-holders  
and mercenaries among the Choctaws  
Buffalo soldiers  
who valued our blood less  
than the pale-faces' money and their laws  
and others who could not tell their enemies from their friends

there are those who would have

us remember these as heroes  
but the vistas of yesterday are wide  
and we do not stand awake  
with one eye closed.



Wopashitwe Mondo Eyen we Langa



**COLUMBUS  
DISCOVERED  
AMERICA**



**NOT**

ERK

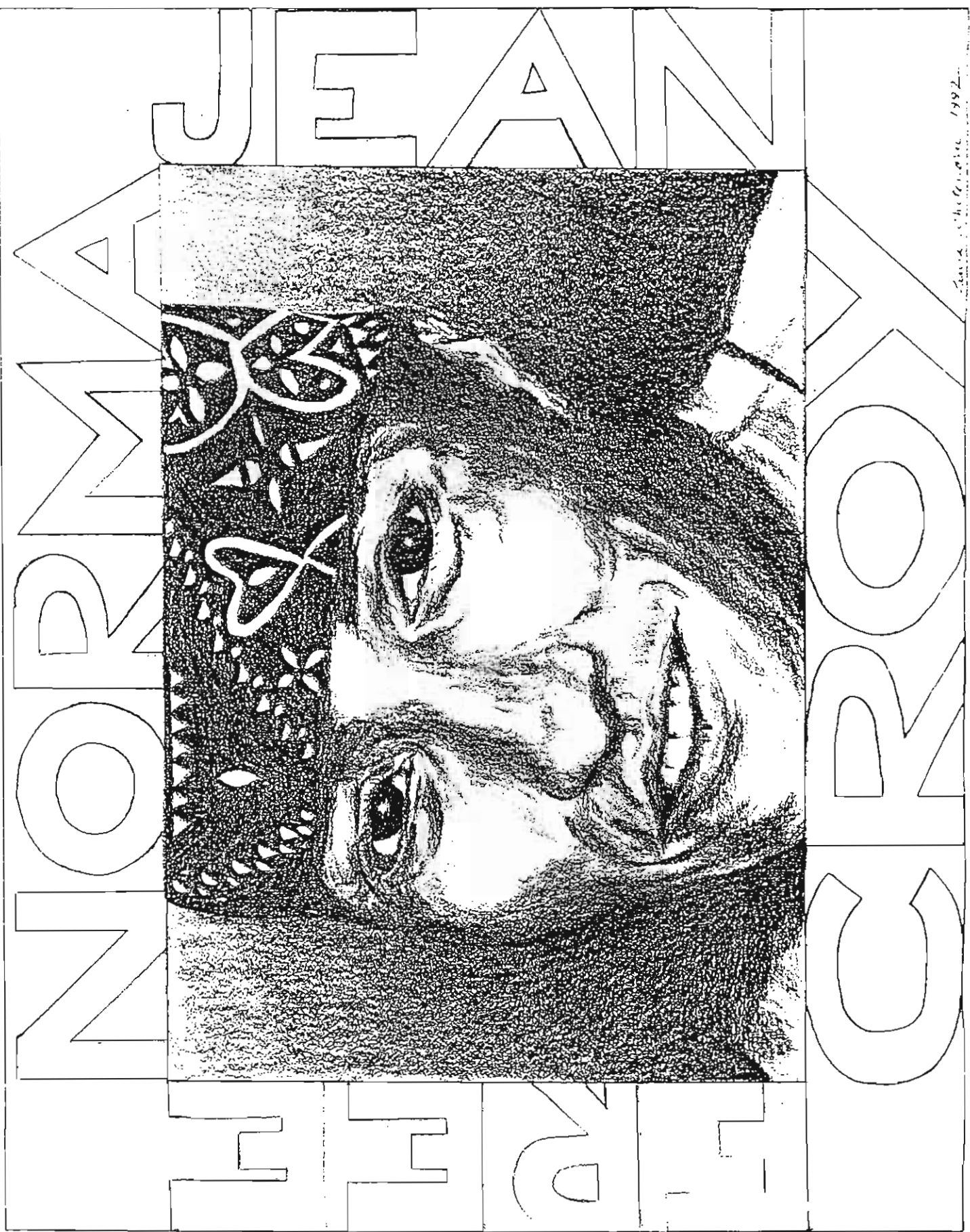
HELLO, 1992



©Drexler

ROBERT GATES

1992



## Prayer

I want a god  
as my accomplice  
who spends nights  
in houses  
of ill repute  
and gets up late  
on Saturdays

a god  
who whistles  
through the streets  
and trembles  
before the lips  
of his lover

a god  
who waits in line  
at the entrance  
of movie houses  
and likes to drink  
café au lait

a god  
who spits  
blood from  
tuberculosis  
and doesn't even have  
enough for the bus

a god  
knocked  
unconscious  
by the billy club  
of a policeman  
at a demonstration

a god  
who pisses  
out of fear  
before the flaring  
electrodes  
of torture

a god  
who hurts  
to the last  
bone  
and bites the air  
in pain

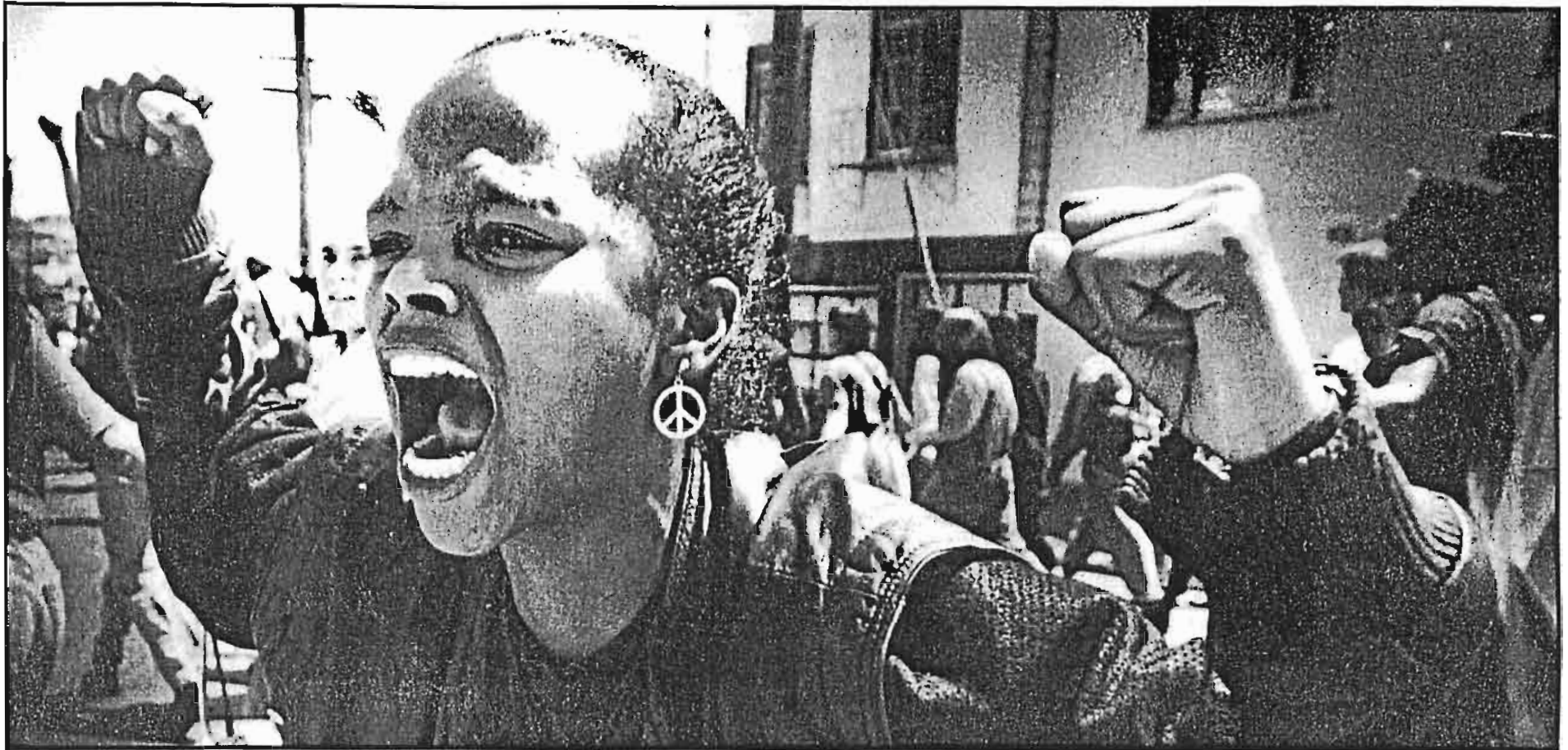
a jobless god  
a striking god  
a hungry god  
a fugitive god  
an exiled god  
an enraged god

a god  
who longs  
from jail  
for a change  
in the order  
of things

I want a  
more godlike  
god

▲ FRANCISCO ALARCÓN





...MAKE US!!" APRIL 30 1967, SAN FRANCISCO

JOSH CURRY/GOLDEN GATER

What happens to a dream deferred?  
Does it dry up  
Like a raisin in the sun?  
Or fester like a sore—  
And then run?  
Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over—  
Like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags  
Like a heavy load.

*Or does it explode?*

—Langston Hughes

# Burning all illusions tonight

BY JUNE JORDAN

**F**IRE EVERYWHERE! ACROSS the miasma of Los Angeles the flames lift into the night and they proliferate. They rise, explosive, from my heart. Is there horror? Is there heat unbearable? And is there light where, otherwise, we could not see ourselves? Is there an unexpected/unpredictable colossal energy alive and burning, uncontrolled, throughout America?

Behold my heart of darkness as it quickens now, with rage!

Behold a hundred, no! — a thousand young Black men whose names you never knew / whose neighborhoods you squeezed into a place of helpless desolation / and whose music you despised / and whose backwards baseball caps and baggy jeans you sneered at / and whose mothers you denied assistance / and whose fathers you inducted in the Army or you broke to alleyways where, crumbling at the marrow of their spine, they aged in bitterness and waste.

Behold them now: Revengeful, furious, defiant, and, for hours on end, at least, apparently, invincible: They just keep moving! And the fires burn!

And white kids and Chicanos and Chicanas join them, yes! There they stand or run beside/among these young Black men who will not bow down! They will not say, "OK. I am nobody. I have nothing and you hate me and that's fine! Where should I sign, now, for service to my country? Show me how to worship at the shrine of law and order!"

What happened? How come we finally woke up? Why would a jury's verdict of "Not Guilty" galvanize and rescue so many from protracted/profound passivity, suicidal torpor, and fratricidal craziness? How come all of the steady, punitive, self-righteous, and official attacks on poor people didn't get us going? How come presidential vetoes of civil rights legislation and the unspeakable insult of Clarence Thomas as proposed replacement for Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall didn't push us into the streets?

How come the senseless and racist throwaway of \$42 billion on Operation Desert Storm didn't pack the highways with a 3,000-mile-long caravan of fired-up folk

determined to evict killer lunatics from the White House and the Pentagon? How come?

We had seen the 81-second videotape of L.A. police attacking Rodney King. We thought — we believed — that this time, and for once, the cops could not escape. Their brutality was clear. Their brutality was nauseating. The case opened and would soon be shut. We viewed the trial as a procedural nicety. We would actually live to see one important episode of equality before the law!

And then the jury found for the defendants. The jury concluded that there never came a moment when they felt, as they watched four cops attack an unarmed Black man — there never came a moment when they felt "enough is enough."

And get this straight. And remember Rodney King was neither charged nor convicted of any crime. On the video, the jury watched police surround him. They made him lie down on the street, face down to the street. They beat him. They stomped him. They shot him two times with a Taser gun that injected 50,000 volts of electricity into his nervous system with each shot.

But that was not too much. That was never excessive use of force: Not for that jury. Not one member of the jury was a Black man or a Black woman. Rodney King was denied due process according to the law. He was not judged by a jury of his peers!

And what was the crime of Rodney King? He was a young Black man, not yet dead, and not yet ready, and not yet willing, to die: He was Black. He should have been dead. He should not have been born.

Or as defense attorneys for the police explained: King kept getting up on "all fours." He wouldn't stay down! He kept raising up his head! He kept rising and rising. He would not bow down. He never assumed "a compliant mode."

And now we have Los Angeles in flames. The mode is nowhere around. People of color run around, or walk, without fear. We're off our knees: Heads up. Fists in the air. And fire everywhere.

I condemn and deplore the violence of poverty and the violence of hatred and the violence of absolute injustice that makes the peace-

ful conduct of our days impossible or cowardly.

Twelve years ago when Miami police murdered Arthur MacDuffie and Black people rose up, I wrote:

"It was such good news. A whole lot of silence had ended at last! Misbegotten courtesies of behavior were put aside. There were no leaders. There were no meetings, no negotiations. A violated people reacted with violence. An extremity of want, an extremity of neglect ... had been met, at last, with an appropriate extreme reaction...."

"And why should victims cover for their executioners? Why should the victims cooperate and agree to discuss or write letters...."

"But this has been the code, overwhelmingly, for the oppressed; that you keep cool and calm and explore proper channels and above all, that you remain law-abiding and orderly precisely because ... it is the power of the law of the terrorist state arrayed against you to force you to beg and bleed without acceptable recourse except for dumb endurance or mute perishing...."

"If you make and keep my life horrible then, when I can tell the truth, it will be a horrible truth, it will not sound good or look good or, God willing, feel good to you, either...."

Twelve years later and I still understand that anarchy is not about nice. Still I understand that the provocation for anarchy is always and ever the destruction of every reasonable basis for hope. And tonight I understand that the Simi Valley, California, jury's verdict of Not Guilty feels like the destruction of any reason for hope.

But I must conclude that "the good news" of the 1980 Miami uprising was politically indefensible as such because it did not lead to something big, new, humane, and irreversible. Today, for example, there is another victim of state violence: Rodney King.

And I believe we must take care not to become like our enemies: I do not accept that we should fall upon a stranger, outnumber him or her, and beat and possibly kill our "prey." And I believe we must take care to distinguish between our enemies and our allies, and not confuse them or forget the difference between a maniac and a (potential) comrade.

And I have learned about the histories of Native Americans and Chicanos and Asian Americans and progressive white peoples in these United States and I know that we have more in common than our genuine enemies want us to realize!

And on this evening of the first day after the jury's Not Guilty verdict, I attended and I spoke at a rally across from the Superior Court Building, here, in Oakland. And the 500-plus Americans gathered there embodied the full racial and ethnic and class and age and sexual diversity that will give us the political and moral strength that we need for successful revolution.

And, as the graffiti proclaimed on the lone wall still standing after flames gutted an L.A. bank, "La Revolución es la solución."

This enormous moment belongs only to each of us. Now we can choose to free ourselves from cross-cultural ignorance and secondhand racist divisions of thought and response. We can unite in our demands for equal human rights and civil liberties. We can secure further prosecution of lawless police in L.A. We can change the nature of official power.

We can gain a Second Bill of Rights that will deliver at least as much money to support every African American child as we spend on the persecution and imprisonment of young Black men.

I am talking just for starters. Obviously, a Second Bill of Rights should, and would, bring new entitlements into the life of every kind of American citizen. But these necessary, humane, and irreversible, and democratic, gains cannot be won without political and moral unity centered on principle rather than identity.

And I am writing tonight by the light of the fire everywhere. The begging body grows cold.

I am beginning to smell something clean. I am beginning to sense a victory of spirit risen from the death of self-hatred. I am beginning to envision our collective turning to the long-term tasks of justice and equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness right inside this county that has betrayed our trust, repeatedly.

Behold the fire everywhere! ●



Audre Lorde defined herself as a "Black lesbian feminist socialist mother of two, including one boy, and a member of an interracial couple..." She was also a poet, a lover, and a fighter. We will miss her deeply.

from FOR EACH OF YOU

When you are hungry  
learn to eat  
whatever sustains you  
until morning  
but do not be misled by details  
simply because you live them.

If you do not learn to hate  
you will never be lonely  
enough to love easily  
nor will you always be brave  
although it does not grow any easier.

Do not pretend to convenient beliefs  
even when they are righteous  
you will never be able to defend your city  
while shouting

Remember our sun  
is not the most noteworthy star  
only the nearest.

Respect whatever pain you bring back  
from your dreaming  
but do not look for new gods  
in the sea  
nor in any part of a rainbow.

Each time you love  
love as deeply  
as if it were  
forever  
only nothing is  
eternal.

## Lamenting Taina

by Sheila Medina

El mar.  
Taina sister.  
I sit alone.  
Alone on the cliffs of San Francisco.  
Reminding me of my home long ago.  
What did we do? I don't know.  
We were naked and the sun is hot.  
But now I am alone and here the sea is cold.  
I hear the ocean sounds.  
Yemaya. Yemaya Abatu. Abatu Yemaya.  
Yoruba words.  
Not Taino.  
All I feel now is my solitude. And my love for you Taino.  
My Taino people, how I miss you.  
My grieving is so great and long.  
Tears flow endlessly in a love song for you.  
My spirit is lonely.  
Singing, lamenting for my people.  
Sweet gentle Taino. I miss you.  
This sorrow that I feel is never ending.  
Yet my grief is a healing ritual  
I practice every day.  
Every loss reminds me of you.  
I never knew you, yet I miss you.  
Sweet sadness, I feel my spirit growing.  
Tears cleanse my heart.  
This sadness, this sweet sadness is my love for you.  
Si, Taina, I love you.  
Long black hair, beautiful brown skin.  
Naked body, woman of the sun.  
Playing on the beach, swimming in the Carribean.  
Shells adorn you.  
Peace loving Taina. Eat passion fruit and mangoes.  
Sweet babies.  
Loving you makes me strong.  
This island Borinquen misses you. Con amor.  
You are gone. But always in my heart.



Eliseo Echevarria Santos



### YOU GET PROUD BY PRACTICING

If you are not proud  
for who you are, for what you say, for how you look;  
if every time you stop  
to think of yourself, you do not see yourself glowing  
with golden light; do not, therefore, give up on yourself.  
You can  
get proud.

You do not need  
a better body, a purer spirit, or a Ph.D.  
to be proud.  
You do not need  
a lot of money, a handsome boyfriend, or a nice car.  
You do not need  
to be able to walk, or see, or hear,  
or use big, complicated words,  
or do any of the things that you just can't do  
to be proud. A caseworker  
cannot make you proud,  
or a doctor.  
You only need  
more practice.  
You get proud  
by practicing.

There are many many ways to get proud.  
You can try riding a horse, or skiing on one leg,  
or playing guitar,  
and do well or not so well,  
and be glad you tried  
either way.  
You can show  
something you've made

## *ADAPT\* POEMS* *by Laura Hershey*

\* American Disabled for Attendant Programs Today

to someone you respect  
and be happy with it no matter  
what they say.

You can say  
what you think, though you know  
other people do not think the same way, and you can  
keep saying it, even if they tell you  
you are crazy.

You can add your voice  
all night to the voices  
of a hundred and fifty others  
in a circle  
around a jailhouse  
where your brothers and sisters are being held  
for blocking buses with no lift,  
or you can be one of the ones  
inside the jailhouse,  
knowing of the circle outside.

You can speak your love  
to a friend  
without fear.

You can find someone  
who will listen to you  
without judging you or doubting you or being  
afraid of you  
and let you hear yourself perhaps  
for the first time.

These are all ways  
of getting proud.

None of them  
are easy, but all of them  
are possible. You can do all of these things,  
or just one of them again and again.

You get proud  
by practicing.

Power makes you proud, and power  
comes in many fine forms  
supple and rich as butterfly wings.

It is music  
when you practice opening your mouth  
and liking what you hear  
because it is the sound of your own  
true voice.

It is sunlight  
when you practice seeing  
strength and beauty in everyone  
including yourself.

It is dance  
when you practice knowing  
that what you do  
and the way you do it  
is the right way for you  
and can't be called wrong.

All these hold  
more power than weapons or money  
or lies.

All these practices bring power, and power  
makes you proud.

You get proud  
by practicing.

Remember, you weren't the one  
who made you ashamed,  
but you are the one  
who can make you proud.

Just practice,  
practice until you get proud, and once you are proud,  
keep practicing so you won't forget.

You get proud  
by practicing.



## EAST BOSTON - 1955

It's three blocks from the subway to the candy-factory.

Two short blocks of simple businesses, barber shop, Tim Smith,

Mary's grocery store, a bowling alley one flight up.

In the summer time, open tavern doors, men's bars -

Some are noisy, gregarious, one is dark, dank like a cave.

Longshoremen mostly, Railyard workers, petty gangsters, sports fans,

Bettors & thieves of bueted crates and opened boxcars.

4/7

One long block, the projects, a red & white brick monolith,

fall and square along a wide cobblestoned street.

Windows close by the sidewalk, voices, radios,

The clatter of dishes and the smells of cooking.

Window-screens bulged and broken by the foreheads of curious youth.

Youngsters by the score playing whist in doorways for a quarter a hand.

Sitting on stoops, hanging from railings and banisters.

Playing half-ball with mop-sticks, throwing pebbles from rooftops.

4/1

Which is more threatening to the women

Who come from the subway early each morning

To make that long walk to the candy-factory

And back again in the afternoons?

The mornings must be a pleasure, the street quiet and empty,

Compared to the afternoons, crowded with youngfolk and old

Who stop and stare at the women who come from another world

To make chocolate candy in a nine storied building

Down by the harbor

That separates

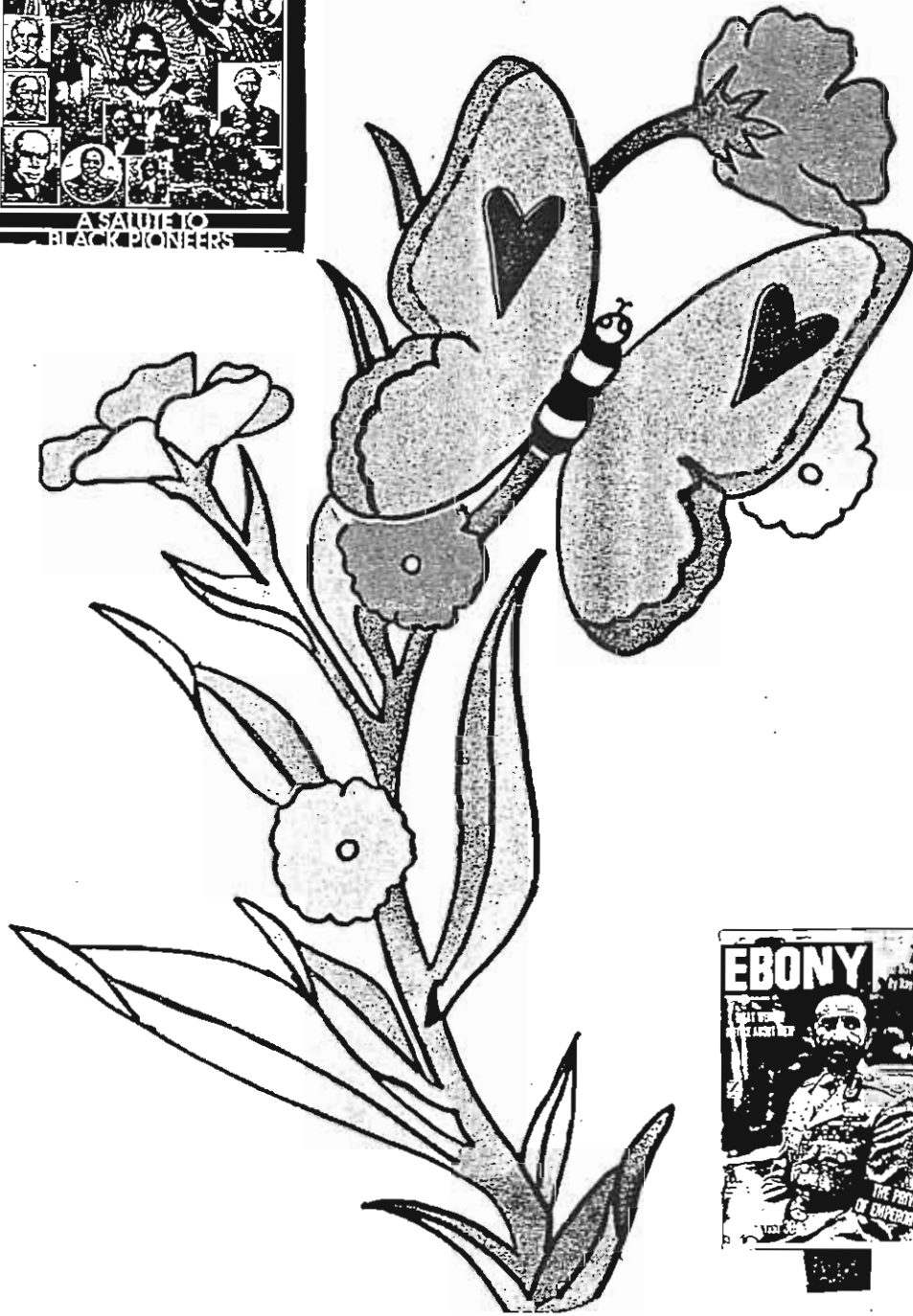
Their part of the city

From ours.

Black from white

TOM MANNING,  
NORTH AMERICAN POLITICAL PRISONER

# KWANZAA



COLLAGE BY MOHAMAN GEUKA KOTI,  
BLACK POLITICAL PRISONER

JEFFERY DAHMER FOR PRESIDENT

ameriKKKa sits down to say its grace  
with a saintly smile upon its face.  
Humanity's corpse is in their plates  
They visualize the Pearly Gates.  
Serial Killers go to jail  
except those who kill on a global scale.  
It's as ameriKKKan as cherry pie  
To rape and mutilate steal and lie.  
They gave Jeffery Dahmer time,  
but this whole system is a crime.  
Jeffery rages through the ages  
His motif fills the history pages.  
His soul was in each cruel invasion  
His sickness rots this dying Nation.  
With Columbus he sailed the ocean's back  
and devoured all the ARAWAK.  
In Africa he murdered Blacks.  
He personifies the Ku Klux Klan  
To consume Nations, oil, and land.  
His heart beat in the predator's war  
At home he escaped the metaphor  
and literally cannibalized the poor.

(call)	(response)
U. S. A. !	U. S. A. !
K K K !	K K K !
U. S. A. !	U. S. A. !
K K K !	K K K !

He's just like Sam on other levels -  
there's evidence he worships devils.  
J.D. and the U.S. mesh  
in their slavery to flesh.  
Like these global swine without a soul  
Jeffery Dahmer has no self-control.  
Another fact they tried to bury -  
he's a product of the military.  
Proof from his past reveal RACISM;  
he's the DNA of imperialism.  
From these same sick rotten roots  
sprang the Bush and Reagan fruits.  
Just like George he slaughtered kids.  
Give him a parade for what he did.

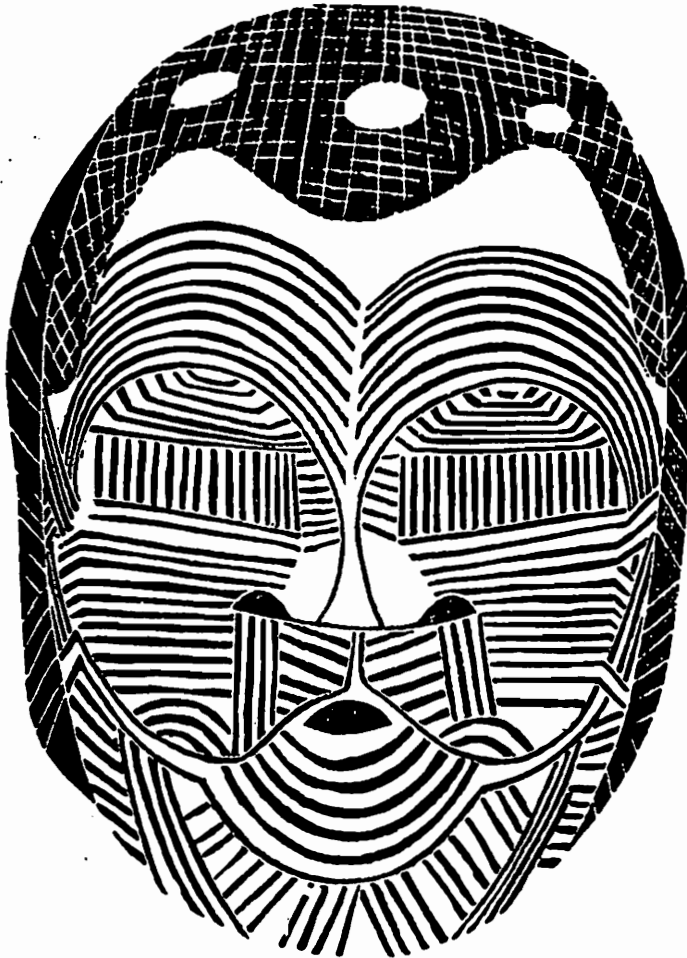
U. S. A. !	U. S. A. !
K K K !	K K K !
U.S.A. !	U. S. A. !
K K K !	K K K !

These patriots are greedy ghouls  
bred in predatory schools.  
In sludge and blood they were baptized,  
their drunken justice rationalized.  
You yankees lounging in your homes  
sucking bloody baby bones.  
it's time to pick some retrobate  
to designate as head of state.  
Hurry up and don't be late,  
We've got your perfect candidate.  
ameriKKKa's the Beast- you know it's true.  
We've got one who's just like you,  
wrapped up in Red, white and blue -  
Jeffery Dahmer in '92!  
Jeffery Dahmer in '92!  
In case you thought we forgot to mention  
Jeffery's just like Bush and Clinton  
We wonder where morality went  
Jeffery Dahmer for President!

U. S. A. !

U. S. A. !

Abdul Haqq





Break the Silence Mural Project and Artists Network  
San Francisco, CA 1991

OUR ROOTS ARE STILL ALIVE  
The Palestinian People Will Be Free  
Everyone has a Right to a Homeland  
Todos Tenemos Derecho a Una Patria Libre

## FOR MALCOLM

Dedicated to Comrades, Sundiata,  
Basheer, Abdul, & Seth

El Hajj Malik El Shabazz!

El Hajj Malik El Shabazz!

Our Brother, Father, Teacher, Comrade,  
Friend

He walked among us. Talked with us,  
sharing the message and the plan  
from Detroit Red to Minister Malcolm to  
Malik

We saw him grow, so we would know  
exposing the lies revealing the truth  
defining the terms of what we need to know  
he put religion in the closet and began to get  
down

some of us heard and continued to spread the  
word

as a people were pawns in a racist game  
the Palestinians still don't have their  
homeland

Native Americans still get tricks instead of  
the treat

our brothers and sisters in South Africa are  
still not free

And in Babylon, the belly of the beast

The United Snakes of Amerikkka

The Eleanor Bumpurs' and Clifford Glovers  
still get blown away from pig slugs in the  
head

but neither Malcolm nor the movement is  
silenced

cause truth cannot be swept away and  
discarded so easy. We Panthers, we

BLA, we POW's, we political prisoners

We all revolutionary freedom fighters

We are, We are, We are, We are, We are,

We are all heirs of Malcolm X

We must

Unify, Organize, Educate,

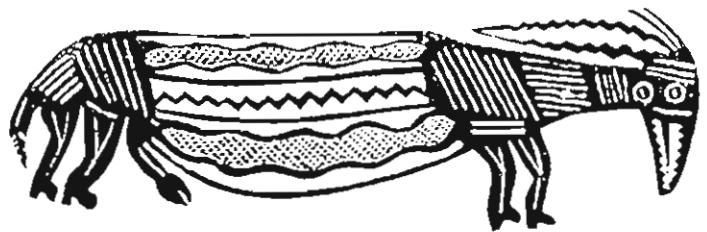
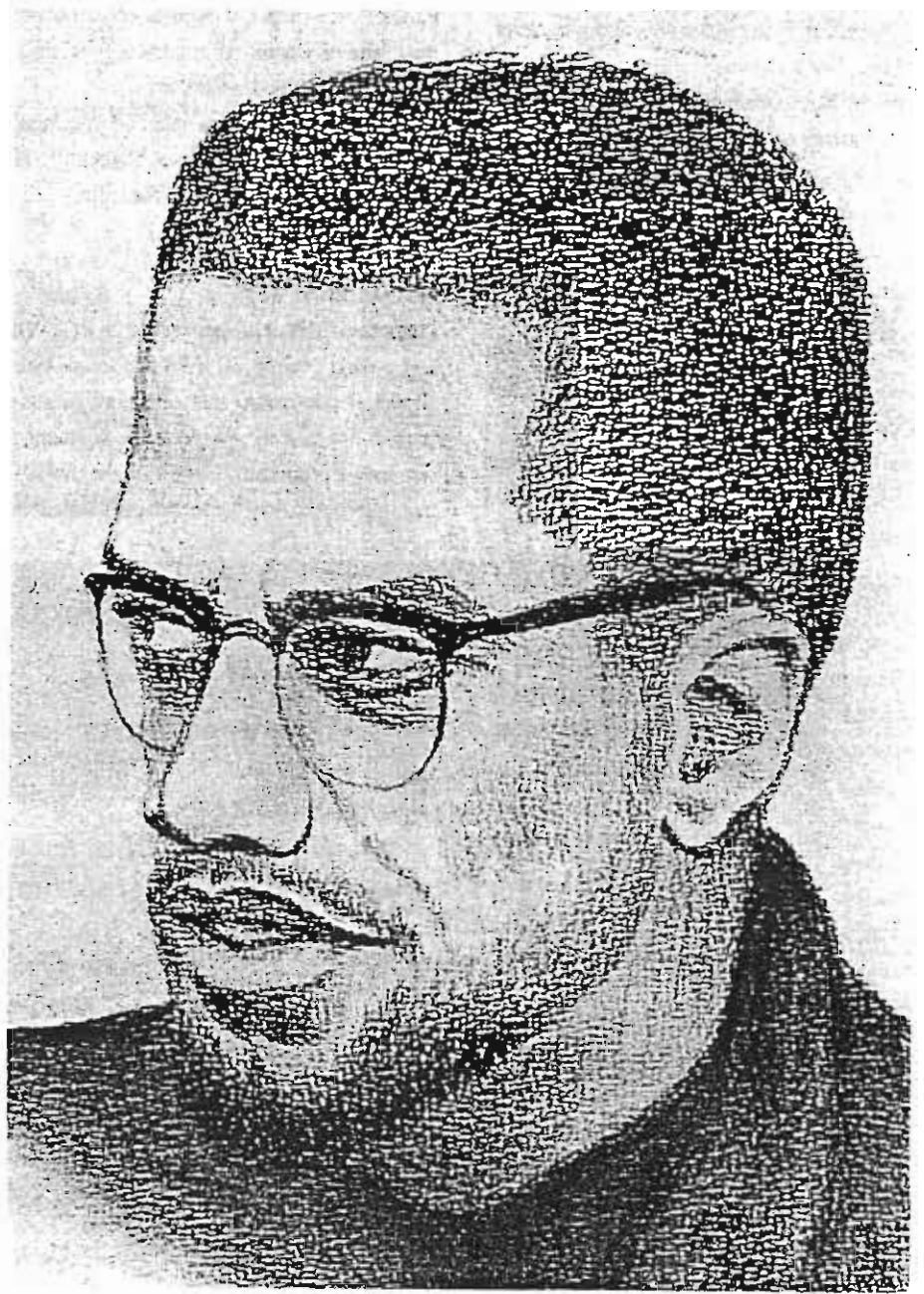
Agitate to Liberate

Victory in our life time!

Build to Win!

Abdul Hassan

Aki Lumumba



# WORLD\*

Women organized to resist life threatening diseases  
women organized to resist  
to resist life threatening diseases  
to resist life's threats  
to resist threats against life

life threatening diseases threaten women  
organized women threaten diseases  
organized women threaten life as we know it  
life as we know it threatens women  
life as we know it threatens women with diseases

disease resists life  
life threatening diseases threaten women  
women threaten to organize  
women organize to threaten  
women threaten dis-eased organizations

organized women threaten diseases  
organized women resist the world's diseases  
organized women resist the diseases threatening the world

threatening the world as we know it - in Oakland california, in South  
Africa, in Newark, new Jersey, in El Salvador, in Ireland, in South  
Central LA

women resist the world as we know it  
the world as we know it threatens women with disease

organized women threatening resistance against life's threats  
life threatening women on the streets.

in our homes,  
in our wombs,  
in our breasts,  
where we work,  
in the very air we breathe

women resist, respond and organize for life

life in the midst of disease  
life in the midst of despair  
life in the midst of death  
life in the midst of helplessness  
life in the midst of darkness

life in the midst of doubt  
life in the midst of suffering  
life in the midst of life

women organized to resist life threatening diseases in this city  
in this state  
on this planet  
at this time

women organizing to resist life as we know it  
for life as we'd like it  
for life as it could be  
for life as it should be

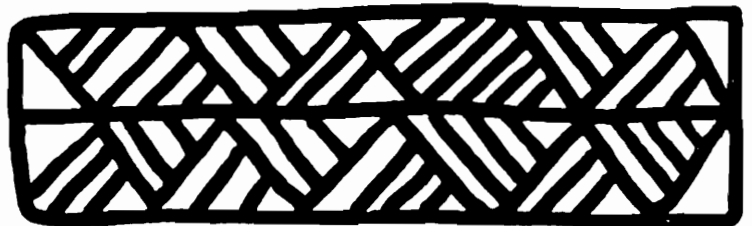
women organizing  
organizing women for life  
women organizing for power  
women organizing for safety  
women organizing for their children,  
for the children  
for our children

life as we know it threatens women, threatens children  
life as we know it threatens life as it could be

women as we know them  
stand for life as we know it  
loving in the midst of disease  
power in the midst of disease  
vision in the midst of disease  
anger in the midst of disease  
defying in the midst of disease

women standing for life  
organizing life  
women organizing  
women standing  
women resisting  
life - women - children - diseases - the world - the future  
life as we know it  
life as it could be  
life as we dare to dream it  
to world

MICKEY DUXBURY,  
BERKELEY, CA 1992





RAYMOND LUC LEVASSEUR,  
POLITICAL PRISONER  
1992

## **THE IMPRISONED WARRIORS**

Drenched by polluted rain,  
A woman with witchy hair  
Fights a grizzled alleycat  
Over a mango rind.  
Alienated young men and women  
Beg in city streets,  
Stagger through ghettos  
Where hidden children cry—  
Scorned by a brazen culture.

It still goes on.  
Who now remembers?

Who beside the enemy  
Knows the names of dead Warriors  
Ignored by the media  
In this hidden warfare, or how  
They died: brothers who fought beside  
Richard Oakes at Alcatraz.  
Pedro Bissonette at Rosebud.  
Who knows why the hands were severed  
Of Warrior Anna Aquash—

They are gone.  
Who now remembers?

The Warriors, long black hair  
Slashed away in prisons.  
Leonard Peltier. Lance Yellow Hand.  
They remain from an exercise in futility,  
The silenced siege of Wounded Knee.  
Their names too are ignored.  
Names for an imperishable chant  
To be passed to children.  
Held in memory by the native nations.

The imprisoned Warriors  
Sit remembering.



MARY TALLMOUNTAIN

## "Fourteen Days, Loss of Privileges"

*DC Jail*

I don't do well with the prison authorities.  
Told to move,  
I stand stock still.  
"Stand still," they say —  
I move.

Ornery  
Bad  
Disobedient  
Unrepentant  
I like me that way.



## After the Confiscation of GCN #2

*Lexington, 1992*

There's been a terrible mistake.  
You've just informed me  
That homosexuality  
is not permitted  
in this institution.

I now inform you  
That I am a homosexual.

Therefore, I am not  
permitted  
in this institution  
and must be  
immediately released.

Laura Whitehorn,  
NORTH AMERICAN POLITICAL PRISONER

# AFRICA

## AFRICA

Falling day and night now my people  
Starvation saps its last breath from a wasted body  
Too tired to raise another finger or  
Lift a heavy eyelid to see the sun.

Dusty death hovers over drought colored ground  
drought colored brown  
Black my people sit in the stunned  
Inevitability of starvation.

Rags, dust, dirt. I wish I could eat the dirt.  
My rags colored grime, I pull close to me...  
My only shield between the dirt and my humanity  
Earth and dust and death.  
My rags a friend to comfort me.  
I hold close and wait.

Months and months now our hollow faces  
And sunken eyes made their silent appeal.  
My son, my daughter, too soon old  
Before my very eyes.  
Skull to bone, bone to sinew, now only belly fat  
Too weak to cry  
My baby's eyes look up and ask me why...

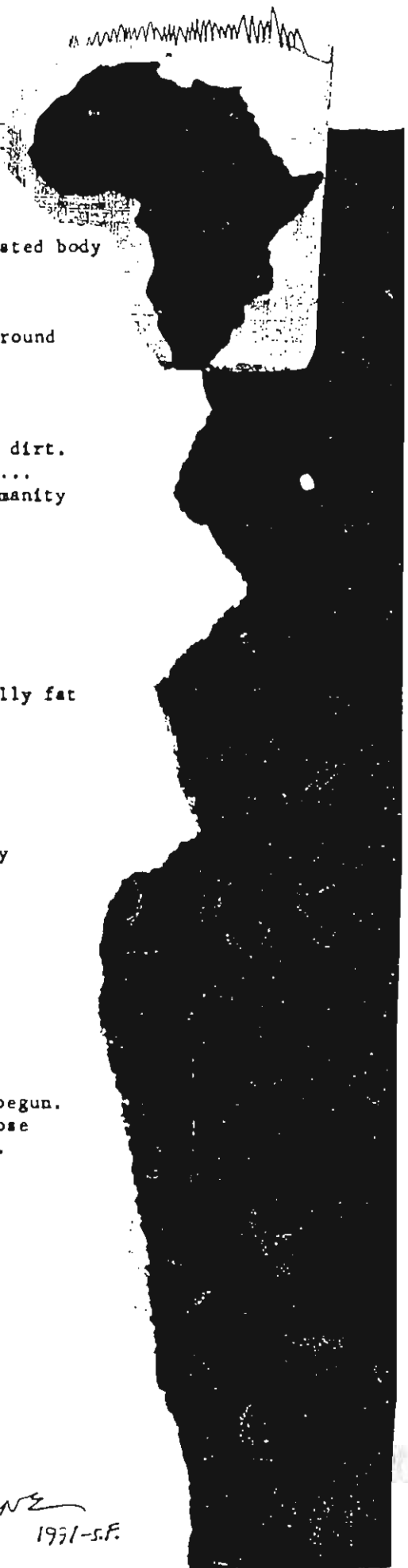
Why missiles should fly and babies die  
Why little boys war toys our taxes buy  
Macho man mean they wish to be seen  
Military supplies stacked high to the sky  
skyhigh, skyhigh  
Piled and piled our taxes buy  
Dead bodies piled and piled high  
My baby's eyes look up and ask me why...

Another sun. Another day begun.  
Haunting hunger haunts me.  
Daily making its growling call  
My stomach a fist. My fist a ball,  
I wonder today... whose turn to fall?  
Another sun... another day I hate to see begun.  
Dust and death our daily woe. Huddled close  
My people, to share the comfort of misery.  
We wait.

We wait... pawns of a rich man's hate,  
Who sits coldly calculating our state.  
He sits they tell me with barns fat full,  
With tight fist and Congressional pull,  
Who'd force on us their Democratic state,  
Democracy or else or else taste our hate.

I know not of such things  
I only know of life and death  
Of lush green earth and sunbaked ground  
Of juicy fruit, so sweet to eat...  
Of hot tongue tasting foul hunger's woe.  
I only know of God and man.  
Oh God, what is man?  
Oh God, what is man?

*MURIELA LENEZ*  
1991-S.F.



# Guerrilla Poems of El Salvador

SI LA MUERTE . . .

Si la muerte viene y pregunta por mí  
haga el favor  
de decirle que vuelva mañana  
que todavía no he cancelado mis deudas  
ni he terminado un poema  
ni me he despedido de nadie  
ni he ordenado mi ropa para el viaje  
ni he llevado a su destino el encargo ajeno  
ni he echado llave en mis gavetas  
ni he dicho lo que debía decir a los amigos  
ni he sentido el olor de la rosa que no ha nacido  
ni he desenterrado mis raíces  
ni he escrito una carta pendiente  
que ni siquiera me he lavado las manos  
ni he conocido un hijo  
ni he emprendido caminatas en países desconocidos  
ni conozco los siete velos del mar  
ni la canción del marino  
Si la muerte viniera  
diga por favor que estoy entendido  
y que me haga una espera  
que no he dado a mi novia ni un beso de despedida  
que no he repartido mi mano con las de mi familia  
ni he desempolvado los libros  
ni he silbado la canción preferida  
ni me he reconciliado con los enemigos  
dígale que no he probado el suicidio  
ni he visto libre a mi gente  
dígale si viene que vuelva mañana  
que no es que le tema pero ni siquiera  
he empezado a andar el camino.

— Miguel Huevo Mixco

IF DEATH . . .

If death should come asking for me  
do me the favor  
of telling him to come back tomorrow  
because I still haven't paid my debts  
nor finished a poem  
nor said goodbye to anyone  
nor prepared clothing for the trip  
nor delivered that package I promised to  
nor locked up my desk drawers  
nor told my friends what I should have  
nor sniffed the fragrance of the unborn rose  
nor laid bare my roots  
nor answered an overdue letter  
because I haven't even washed my hands  
or known a son  
or gone hiking in unknown countries  
nor do I know the sea's seven sails  
nor the song of mariners  
If death should come  
please tell him I understand  
and to wait a bit  
because I haven't kissed my sweetheart goodbye  
nor shaken hands with my family  
nor dusted my books  
nor whistled my favorite song  
nor become reconciled with my enemies  
tell him I haven't yet attempted suicide  
nor seen my people freed  
tell him if he comes to return tomorrow  
that it's not because I fear him but because  
I haven't even set off along the road.

— Miguel Huevo Mixco



LAurence Powell inDex

Duration of videotape of Rodney King beating:  
81 sec

Number of blows recorded on video:  
56

Percentage of Simi Valley population that is African American:  
1.5%

Number of White jurors in LAPD brutality case:  
10 (of 12)

Number of Black jurors:  
0

Number of jurors related to police officers:  
3

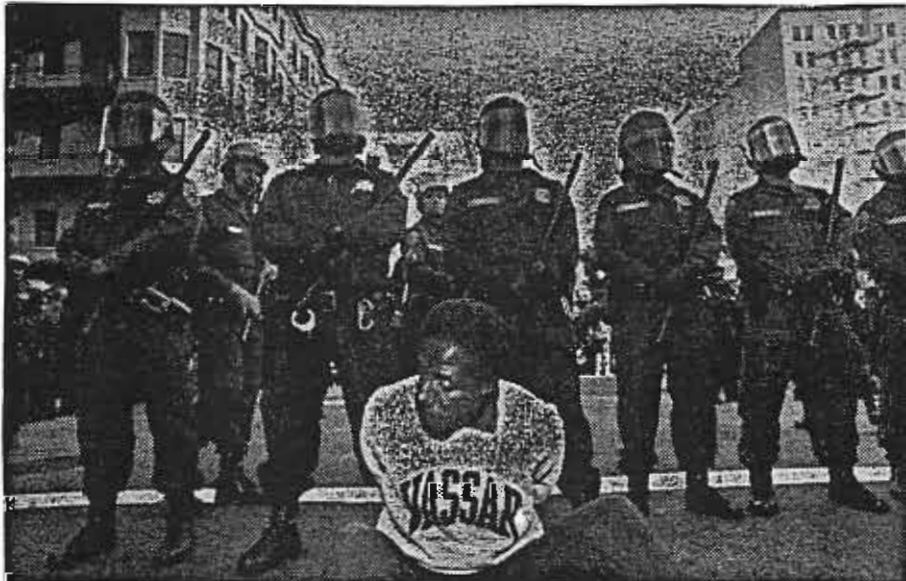
Number of jurors with National Rifle Association membership:  
3

Number of U.S. troops sent to occupy Los Angeles  
during the insurrection:  
10,000

U.S. military force used in 1983 invasion of Grenada:  
6,000

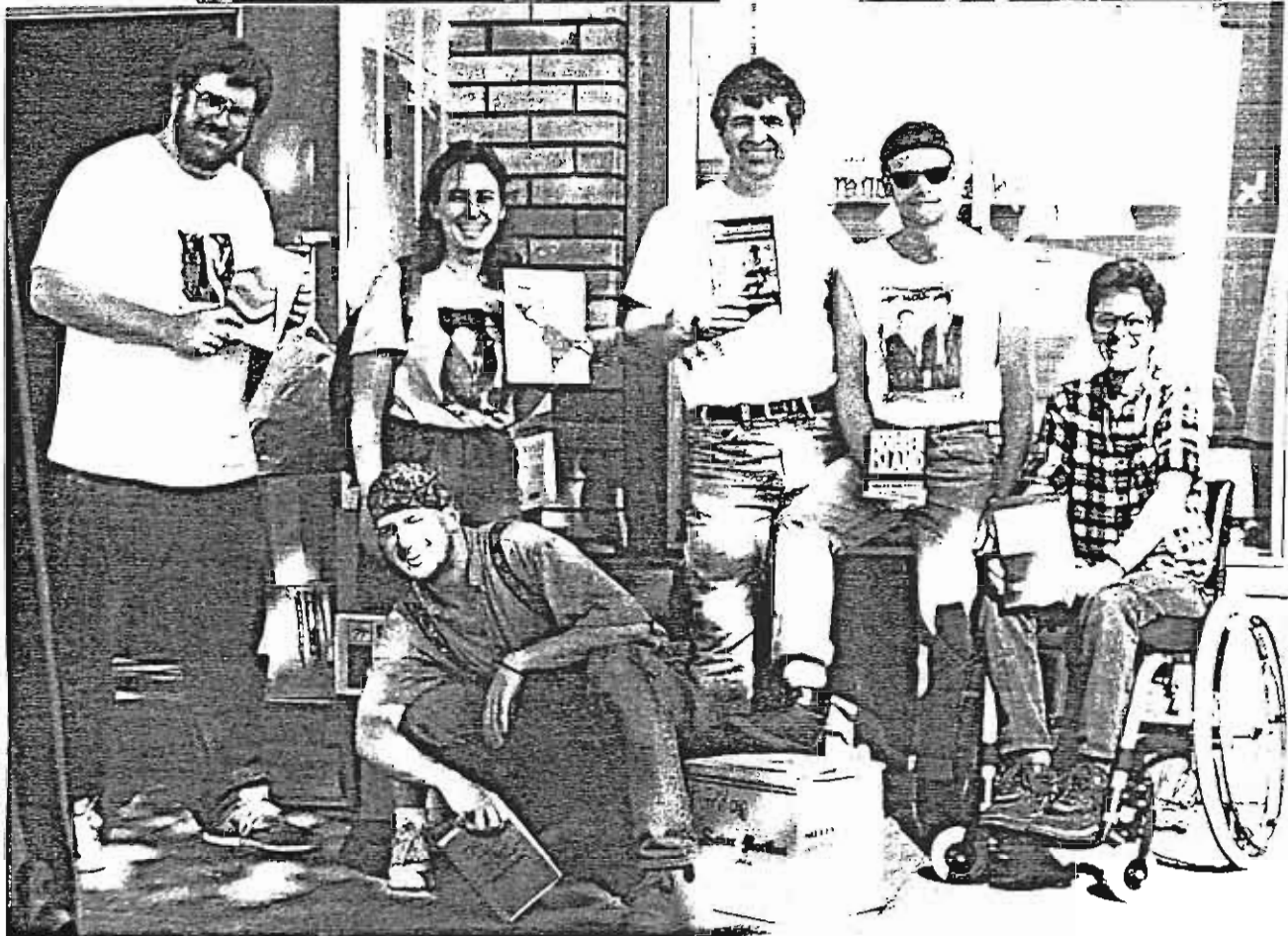
Largest riot in U.S. history:  
New York City Draft Riots, July 1863\*

(\* Hundreds died as mobs of white workers roamed the city,  
attacking Blacks in response to the Conscription Act during  
the Civil War.)





SCENES FROM OUR RECENT BOOK MAILING, AUGUST 1992



WITH LOVE TO OUR SISTERS  
AND BROTHERS INSIDE -

"THOSE WHO FIGHT INJUSTICE ARE PEOPLE OF TRUE MERIT. WHEN THE PRISON DOORS ARE OPENED,  
THE REAL DRAGON WILL FLY OUT!"

- HO CHI MINH



*“The struggle for human rights is a very difficult struggle, especially for those people who have no voice.”*

**—Rigoberta Menchu**  
1992 Nobel Peace Prize winner