

POETS & POETRY

BY PHILIP M. MANN

I SEE BEAUTY

Fat lips, moist lips, juicy lips, succulent lips, rich in their thickness;
filled with flavor,
taste them!
see the savor!

Black skin, smooth skin, dark like the night;
touch it!
feel it!
if you feel carnivorous, take a gentle bite!

Short hair, thick hair, kinky hair, each curl seeks to return to the skull;
pull it!
watch it!
smell it!

Big eyes, piercing eyes, black eyes, like a flame, they glow;
they speak!
they show!
and they too see beauty!

IRONY

What can you possibly gain,
by deceiving yourself?
You don't fool me, though I hear your lies,
I say nothing!
For the fool is really YOU!
I have nothing to lose,
And you've nothing to gain.
So stop this senseless talk,
It is all in vain.



Philip M. Mann, jack of all trades and master of most is one of the kingpins of the CORE National Office. In addition to his impossible tasks as Secretary to CORE leader, Roy Innis, he doubles as folk singer, actor, pastor, salesman, and

now poet. From his dissertation on Black beauty to his concepts of freedom and liberty, he conveys the vigor which is such a central part of his personality.

LIBERTY'S PROCLAMATION

Mysterious moments of long past years,
days and nights spent shedding tears,
Hearts that longed for peace and content,
Only They knew what misfortune meant —
Diligently toiling and getting nowhere,
in constant vigil, and repeating a prayer.
How much longer, must they wait?
(Look! One leaves them, for the pearly gate!)
Voices rose in adulation,
others cursing God's creation.
Masters strolling in pompous state,
watching his "nigress" girlish gait.
Masters stealing away in the night,
knowing HIS "women" wouldn't fight!
Pretty Eliza, plotting a plan,
swearing, "never another white man."
Big Black Joe, sitting by the door,
catching crumbs and begging for more.
The whip that beat so many to death,
begging pity with their dying breath.
Hot sun, streaming down,
they hoed cotton without a frown.
Year after year of suffering and pain
yet they hoped it wasn't in vain.
Then time drew nigh for freedom's reign,
a hopeful answer to remove the bane.
Up from slavery they did come, the price they paid
was it the sum?
More time? More time? 'til liberty's day —
Ha! Now I'll fight, before I pray!

THE SOUL

Though darkness comes and hides the day,
and tears distort the glimmering smile.
And despair, comes like the rushing of a mighty wind,
to destroy our spirit from within,
causing only a lifeless form to be seen.
When the banner, carried by this lifeless form,
is stained with pain and agony;
Allowed to reach and touch, but never claim the peace
which we so diligently seek, and
causes a frustration that leaves the body so weak.
Abide and Wait, I say, Abide and Wait!
For from within the soul,
Though often wounded, but which will not die,
is a reservoir of strength that will carry one on
to heights unlimited in a quest for understanding
and deliver us to a place of Peace.