

BLACK EYES

by

Sonja Walker

*It is through black eyes  
That I know where you are coming from  
It is through black eyes  
That I feel you are concerned  
It is through black eyes  
That I see your eyes are filled with anger*

*Black eyes burning with hatred  
Black eyes reflecting all the years of pain,  
torment, and confusion  
Black eyes, eyeing of blue with disgust  
and disdain  
Staring into blue eyes, in a pigs eyes  
The eyes that inflicted the pain again and again  
Eyes of blue, eyes of terror, eyes of greed*

*Eyes that when they look at you  
Seem not to be seeing who you really are  
Blue eyes that spy at you from black  
and white cars in the day, and helicopters at night  
Blue eyes that do not see the real you  
Because guilt ridden consciences behind the  
eyes refuse to allow a true view of you to come through.  
Eyes of blue that look over you, under you, past you,  
around you, in front of you, behind you  
Never really catching sight of you  
But that is not reality*

*Reality is brown eyes, black eyes  
Clear eyes, beautiful eyes  
Deep, dark, mysterious eyes  
Eyes filled with a new awareness  
Eyes that will witness the destruction of many blue eyes  
When millions of dark eyes all around the world, take aim  
Crystal clear aim at the eyes that dared to claim  
To search, explore and take that which was yours.*

*Black eyes, sensitive eyes  
Serious eyes, expressive eyes, descriptive eyes  
Visioning at time when you can just be eyes gazing off  
into space  
Black eyes perceiving of new ways and methods  
To fashion in a new era*

Eyes rediscovering justice  
Eyes that see with new insight and hind sight  
Eyes that are out of sight  
Black eyes making periodic observations  
Analyzing, scrutinizing, and correcting present phenomena  
Then rearranging these things into a coherent form  
    reflecting a new direction  
Black eyes that now realize  
That new vision is necessary  
Eyes that will see to it that justice is done  
Eyes that defy the contradictions of human suffering in  
    a world of wealth  
Attempting to change these things

Black eyes, Black eyes  
Finally seeing me  
As I see thee  
Through eyes that stare with wonder and mutual affection  
Eyes that peer into the depths of one's soul  
Hoping to reenvision a trace of the creative life that was  
    once a continuous part of civilization  
Black eyes, Black eyes  
It is you. Beautiful, universal black eyes.

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SONJA WALKER, whose poetry has appeared in *Nommo* and *Ufahamu*, is a senior at UCLA majoring in history. She has served as Chairman of Cultural Affairs for the Black Student Union, UCLA, and is presently First Vice-President of the undergraduate student body.