A LETTER TO HARLEM

By

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Dear black brothers and sisters in Harlem:
I am no savage.
I don't swing from trees like a monkey.
I am not afraid of Tarzan like whitey show you on TV.
I don't eat missionaries, nor chitlins.
I wear a bush 'cause I am a bushman.
I heard you used to burn Africa out of your hair
till Brother Malcolm X made you hip.

Whitey tells me I am superior to you
'cause I am exotic
'cause I am from Africa
'cause I speak Swahili
'cause I've a country
'cause my name is SHOKOLOKUBANGASHAYA.
But I don't believe him. I believe you superior
you stronger
you have to be
to live with him
to survive him & his lies.
Your brother in Africa