

POEM FOR U.S. GRIOTS

Dedicated to Satch, the Hawk, Pres, Bird, Ernie Henry, Sweet Clifford, Cannonball, Lee, Eric and TRANE.

My lost ebony royal What soul-less son-of-a-deadman forced your precious feet upon this Loa-less
land Leaving you still standing as erect as a Yoruba statue But forever struggling Forever
struggling against seemingly insurmountable setbacks Last hired-first fired Buy-Rite
Liquore Camarillo Icecream Yeah and forever The glass house If only my love for
you was as strong as it is enduring Then maybe Then maybe My soul cries out
to you Be Free Body and soul Keep on keepin Then maybe Then maybe If
you didn't have that warrior's blood flowing through your veins
Exploding its way out of your powerful alto in rifts that
testify Black bird never said Bye Bye If your innate
wisdom and tender heart found no release in
the melodic paths of sweetness that
come from your lovefilled flute
If you were not the prince
that you are There
might be room
for pity
or
sorrow
or regret
But Hate and Hope
and Love are all that are left
Hate for the circumstances and conditions
For the Changes that have taken you away from me
Hope for the peace and happiness For the Freedom that will
someday find you And Love Yes Love An undying Love Yeah Undying Love
Yes Love undying Yeah my Love Undying Undying Yes Undying Love My love for you

Dalili L.A. 1981