

FOUR POEMS

by

Sedeka Wadinasi

A DIRGE.

Wake from your deadly slumber
Imposed by slavery's lullabys.
And of late
By ambassadors of imperialistic genocide
Disguised as Aid
Listen to the waking bell:
To the ancestral warning
The voices of those enlightened like DuBois and King
Of those men gone too like Garvey and Malcolm.

For their skeletons turn in their graves
Emitting a pungency of indignation
Of non-comprehension
By your compliance and complicity.

Do not look to the living dead for consultation,
For they are the recurrent ghosts
Of slaves who decayed and came back to life,
To haunt you once more.
Who portray the slave concept of the pleasure syndrome:
Distended beer-bellies,
Split-level apartments,
Mercedes Benzes and cabins in the mountains,
Or resorts near the sea's shore and yachts on the lake.

But watch the *you* in youth
As they spring from the Alpha-Omega fountain
Baptized with the will and the message
To conjure a conquering collection
Of the scattered seeds to unity.

Cover your ears young ones
Lest you hear the whisperings of complacent defeat
Or else faked de-visions of technicolored personal power.
RISE!
For the hour is here ...
WORK NOW!
And let a new nation —
A bloody heaven in the mind
Be born.