

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.

EXPATRIATE

Our lives were wrecked  
Among the foliage.  
We decayed like plums  
In a worm infested orchard.

TIME TO VIEW YOU

Yes, night is the most appropriate time  
To view you.  
For then, even to the dullest of mankind  
The spirit world seems closer;  
Our minds become more sensitive to  
Previously unfelt sensations,  
While in the pregnant darkness  
Even the hard shapes of the environing material world  
Assume ghostly outlines.  
The night sky, now purple-indigo,  
Is a mystic color that suits my enterprise  
Well.

SECRET

That strong and grandiose face  
Betrays nothing.  
Those silent yet firm lips  
Are pledged to everlasting silence.  
And if there is any hidden message  
Which the Black race holds for man,  
Then it will be whispered only as the  
Masonic "master's word"  
Is whispered in the candidate's ear  
"At low breath."

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