

## **Amerikkkan Slave Ship**

by: Del Jones aka Nana Kuntu  
The War Correspondent



Prisons are the new slaveships, floating toward death in pissy coffins over crowded with young Blacks taken off the playing fields and benched in barred caves to view games they never really understood....

Dying is a disease delivered by contact with white victimization that stirs the pot of death in rancid realities painted in red/white and blue....

We watch as preachers yell “amen!” from their air conditioned Bentleys... The echo travels into infected vaginas damp with dead semen as drunk politicians double talk us outta of our land/labor and resources while we beg them to save us from their masters...

Mothers scream through the legal and illegal drug haze as their children float away behind the bars of the prison slaveships. Let us pray... “dear God forgive us for our cowardice, please do our job for us, our warrior spirit is gone and we fear our own shadows”... Our women turn away, let them not hear our hi-pitch yells of fear as they bled on altars of enemy produced butcher blocks...

Games, its all about games that tower over us as we sit in

bleachers adorned in their expensive sports garb with our asses on cheap seats peering at Black gladiators pretending to be men as they squirm in disjointed contests for the amusement of their capitalistic white fathers reaping in major cheese from their sweat...

Gladiators, minstrels and jesters attempting to flee the skin they are in... Swingin' bling-bling, tattato'ed brats are mere carrots on the stick to help capture their fam... The folly of the game is lost if you think the action is on the field, nah its in the stands as we pile on top of each other tryin' ta get away from Bill Cosby's simple ass grin, Al Sharpton's conk grease and Condeleeza's trained monkey piano act....

Talk to us in Russian Condi, mumble in treasonous sounds then smile that-shit-eating-smile that master taught ya to use in the place of honesty..... Meanwhile, we drive Miss Daisy and leave our women at the bus stop and hate ourselves cause someone else said so. Go on, time your masturbation with Hilary's period as you slip into dead!

Embrace apathy as ya new religion until the blood rushes you away. Deny the genocide as the bodies stack up from man made floods to curbside just-us issued by killers paid with your tax Benjamin's... Ya know, if ya smash the white lies with Black truth, the people darker than blue will hate you as you drown in quicksand that sucked the life outta Malcolm and Marley. Most pretend to not understand that death is engulfing us all.....

Let the warfare in the 'Hoods of England, France, Toledo, Congo, Haiti, Brazil and global haunts expose the fact that we do fight back... Why do you attack ya Messengers to speed ya demise?.... Close ya eyes - close ya eyes, the living dead nah need to see as bandits approach our babies' cribs to rape, plunder everything from their genes.... Smell the toilet plungers suckin' our culture into pale toilets of synthetic anti-human interactions.... This time

when Roman and Greece dies it will take us with them. Dislodge them from our culture... Superdome-Astrodome-Terrordome... This is Amerikkkan Pie and it is rancid genetically altered food with side effects designed to make ya perish....

Mentally disengage, physically dislodge or be sucked away on a Viking death ship headed nowhere with a side order of terror's continuation... continuation of our endless journey on their slave ship.....

“Ancestors please make the people see, they won't listen to me!”

**Holla!**

Copyright 2006 Del Jones aka Nana Kuntu