

AND I LOST HER  
by: Del Jones, War Correspondent



And I lost her, when we lost the war and became the captive workers of another race of people determine to build a new world on our backs, a world we could not share.

And I lost her, in time's womb flooded in the blood of the slaughtered as the rapes lightened our hue and whitened the mind.

Ahh yeah I lost her, in the fields of history to a conditioning that was so complete that the most beautiful woman on the face of the earth thought another was more serene. To the victor goes the spoils, what do you mean study war no more!

And I lost her, to a time machine that stands still as a beacon of things that could have been. Doubling as a chariot Roman like, a conquest vehicle running us down in the cotton fields of a strange land.

Hey I lost her, to watermelon green pastures of his plantations as she breast fed clear children while her own drowned in polluted waters. Black child waiting in line for a taste of Mama's tit as another drinks it dry....Black baby cry.

From the bush to the street I hunt the enemy, search and destroy before they destroy me. Raining jungles let me hide/plan/create opportunities to free my woman's tit for my child.

Slip away from me if ya can, hear the silent foot steps of your hunter coming, coming, coming for all you have stolen. Dangerously, I stalk you for I must. You have what is mine!

Green lands and my people's minds are imprisoned by your existence, for you will not stop the roll of death that leaves Black limbs disjointed and broken in winds of useless decay.

It is your day, to control/destroy/torture tomorrows hope. You lead and we follow down hell's path...gory films of murder replay in our heads...as vampires suck the blood of our culture leaving a residue of Elvis Pres-lee look-a-likes.

And I lost her, to your cultural dungeon with its damp walls projecting soap operas into her brain as my war cry is filtered out by the amplified Beastie Boys rap.

I climb the fence of solid waste mouth closed, and peer into her eyes as the chains capture her bosom. Vaulting over with the wisdom of the ancestors and Shaka Zulu power, I free her with the power of my sword, while we destroy the lie of Angel food cake.

Her slumber is lost in the vision of what is in my arms...her child moving to suckle the warm Black tit for future milk.

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but Afrikans must Unite!**