

AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER

By: Del Jones aka Nana Kuntu,
War Correspondent



Her hair is as dark as the night and the brightness of her eyes beacon into my dreams while cutting through the illusions surrounding my existence. Her Ebony skin gleams like fertile Afrikan soil that delivered the natural essence of life into our being. Deep into her consciousness she has the mind of a queen and the body of a goddess. SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER, domiciled in the cold winter that is Amerikkka.

She breast-fed her oppressor's children and master invaded her warm liquid carnal love nest, whenever he could escape the cold glance of his colorless mate. Ebony woman bit her lip to save our tomorrows and we have yet to seize the time and space she

suffered so quietly to deliver unto us. She birthed her babies as the sun attacked the fields. We cannot betray her! She has endured the emasculation of her man, the rape of her daughter before puberty and the stifling of the grand dreams of her man-child... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

She viewed the "strange fruits" (lynchings) of the summer and moaned toward the heavens as the lean body of her man or child swayed in the light summer breeze. Her tears burned with a heated rage down her full cheeks as the hospital's cutting knife missed her tonsils and struck down the young reproductive organs. She mumbled a low curse and vowed to the future that she will redeem all that has been stolen from her majesty... FOR SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

The social frustration suffered by her man occasionally led to hypertensive blows toward her loving head and the humiliation drained her while she reached into her self for a qualified understanding. Pushed against the wall under the last rung of the social ladder, she reached for her man and tried to wipe the staggering liquid courage from his blood stream as they discussed manhood. Re-defined in a positive way he whispered "I love you" and she was glad... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER

Some retarded and backward men have led many of our beautiful gems of the Motherland into the flesh trade imitating the cave dwellers exploitative mode. This betrayal was/is near fatal to our women who are darker then blue. Meanwhile, crying babies wipe their snotty noses as Mom entertains the dead sperm of the Zombie's of the night. Morning sunshine bathed the staggering mother stumbling home with a cold bottle of milk under her arm with the cream coagulated at the top...SHE IS ALSO AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

Garvey summoned all children of Afrika to organize and build the race and she stood proud beside her man, the elders and the

future (the children). They were the first to lift the RED...BLACK...AND GREEN into the eyesight of the world and proclaim that they had just seized their lost identity. As tears cleansed her view, she visualized fertile land, laughing children and a man who stood whole before her offering the pure love of a warrior... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

The KKK was still riding and they rode over the movement with their sheetless members in Washington who were legalizing oppression and the white world went to war to decide who would "own the niggers." Misguided Afrikan warriors were pressed into action and their blood spilled all over lands they had never heard of. At the same time, in the U.S. their people drifted north, consequently when they returned home from war it was to strange geographical areas in BABYLON. They were stripped of their war weapons and slapped firmly back into place, a place that was cold and damp - yet familiar... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

From urbane concrete jungles, Her mind skipped back to mint julip nights and swaying bodies, while the clouds spit misery into her fragile existence. Just keeping a child alive was an almost impossible task that was done creatively by the dark daughters of Afrika. Yet, our mothers and wives are here in all their gleaming glory as a tribute to how much grandma suffered to give birth to our days. She is and was and is strong... FOR SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

The New Deal was dealt to everyone but the Afrikan, even though the white war gong sounded again. And as we dressed for the new death, we wondered aloud when will these barbarians learn. Our blood ejaculated into their freedom until the atom split the world in two and all was still. You waited on the docks for me, while some of the brothers were transformed into false letters of sorrow in bloody envelopes with purple ribbons and things. Even though she worked on the production lines that won the war, she was no longer needed so they stuffed her former pay envelope

with powdered milk, government cheese and then food stamps...
SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

Then one day she refused to jig to the back of the bus and the world has never been the same. With her man she sat-in, walked-in and laid-in all over BABYLON. She absorbed the same beating as her man and her children. They were all food for the dogs, however, it would take more than dogs (two-legged and four) to turn back the Black tidal wave that is still cleansing the earth... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

Deciding with her people that some cities in Babylon must feel the heat of the match, she attacked the urban death-holes with a vengeance that had been expected long ago. From one room cold water flats that burned up life in the winter and shut in the heat of despair in the summer, she challenged the so-called Great Society. And as the survivors of Korea packed up to war in Vietnam, she protested as the voices of the war-dead moaned in harmony about betrayal and unfulfilled promises... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

And as chocolate adults skipped from bed to bed, the once healthy offsprings began to ape the cave-like behavior learned from their former slave masters, who used to tumble in frigid caves under dinosaur skins. Freshly crowned kings 'n queens turned to each other and said "I'm sorry baby" while congas drums sounded and flutes played we all responded to the new day with clarity of purpose... FOR SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

The fragmented community awakened from it's slumber that began on bloody, dank, floating coffins called slave ships long ago. She turns her head slowly toward Afrika forgetting the first time a slaver raped her struggling body. She rinses the pressing oil out of her hair and self hate out of her mind.

He awakens and likes what he sees and roars the lion's roar that

shooked the earth as it did when the village was home. Through salty tears they pressed their lips together and children sprang from their union.... SHE IS AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER.

Timing her prayer with the still sleep of her old existence she turns toward home and says:

Mother, yes you who have come before me, help make our family whole again. Help me use my mind to develop strong watottoes (children), who will defend me against the rapes you knew. Let them defend me against the theft of my identity and consciousness. Let them swing the sword of the warrior and kiss with tenderness the fragile tomorrows promised me so long ago. Let them join their father and I in the eradication of our continual exploitation. But most of all... let them return me to my station, to my powerful throne... **FOR I AM AFRIKA'S DAUGHTER!**

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