

KUNTA

So, U finally got here, "It's about time U found us, U old Afrikan U. "Heard U been running all over the world trying to be everything but what U is. Heard U got in touch with your Afrikan roots.

Yeah, I remember the first time I met U, back in 34, when U came back from the U rope war where U ended the war to end all wars & U came home looking for, but not finding equality in Colored towns.

Saw U when U got off the segregated bus right behind that White soldier, and I seen U when you got in the "G.I. Bill" line and they were fresh out of Black bills and had just run out of equal opportunities for Negroes.

I remember when U came back in 54 from the China-Korean war conflict, all ashamed of being Black & strung-out on hope for integrated dope. Peeped U again in 74 the day after they flew U back from the Russian-Amerikan-Vietnam war thing.

Saw U & Ur Afro-military tactics for new styled Negroes & I remember when U burnt-up on the dance floor during an outbreak of jungle fever at the disco.

Well, the story hasn't changed much, Afrikan people still fronting Uropean looks and doing their best impressions of neo shuck and Jive. Preferring multi-culturalism, tri radicalism. liberation Theology and set aside economic empowerment, while trying not to sound too ethnic.

Yeah, we still talking the same shit we were when U left us for that doctorate to the corporate world because they needed Black minds trained for White thought & U needed the money. And after U left us Uncle Clarence nailed up the loose boards in the back fence of opportunity and now most of U would-be ebony warriors are now Black oppressors turned on us. "So, U finally got here, It's about time U found us, U old Afrikan U."

FEAR OF LOSING AGAIN

You called me to tell me that you used to love me
and now you don't
You called to tell me that you had outgrown your love
for me
like an old dress that has lost its luster and
no longer showed off the real you.
And like that old frock
there was no place in your mind's closet for
a past time love like me.

You called me early one morning before six
when you knew I would be thinking about turning over in my
empty bed reaching for you.
You called knowing how empty my arms would be knowing
well that I would be
alone and still addicted to your love.

You called to tell me how happy you were now that
you had found him and he you, and how sorry you were
for wasting my time.
You call to tell me how you hoped I would find some-
body special, some day. You called me to tell me . . .
and I just let the phone ring. not wanting to be hurt
by you again.

NO SURGICAL PROCEDURE KNOWN

Yes, you hurt me, you really did, you cut my
heart into pieces too small to mend.

I let you know I loved you, but you didn't care.
Your freedom was more important, and my love was
never shared.

Yes, you hurt me: you really did, you cut my
Heart into pieces too small to mend.

On midnight flights above the earth, you let me
fall into something only fools fell into.

Yes, you hurt me, you really did, you cut my
Heart into pieces too small to mend.