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| **Allow Me to Introduce Myself** by Charles R. Smith Jr.Allow me to introduce myselfThey call methe show stopperthe dime dropperthe spin-move-to-the-leftreverse jam poppa.The high flieron the night wire.The intense rim-rattlin’noise amplifier.The net-shakerback board break creator of the funk dunkhip-shaker. The ManSir SlamThe Legend I be.That’s just a few of the names they call me. |
| **Black Girl** by Dudley Randall**B**lack girl, black girlLips as curved as cherriesFull as grape bunchessweet as blackberries |
| **Comes Walking** by Robert Hayden(a poem about Sojourner Truth)**C**omes walking barefoot out of slaveryancestresschildless motherfollowing the starsher mind a star.Journeys toward the future, libertyher calling and her credentials…TRUTH. |
| **Dream Boogie** by Langston HughesGood morning, Daddy!Ain’t you heardThe boogie woogie rumbleOf a dream deferred?Listen closely:You’ll hear their feetBeating out and beating out a---You thinkIt’s a happy beat?Listen to it closely:Ain’t you heardsomething underneathlike a ---Hey bop, be-bop… ALL: Word |
| Each Man by Henry DumasA string on the harpdoing its own destinyno one pushingno one behindeach manthe endand the beginningof harmony |
| **Words like Freedom** by Langston HughesThere are words like **F**reedomSweet and wonderful to say,On my heart-strings freedom sings All day everyday. |
| **God Never Planted a Garden** by Anne SpencerGod never planted a gardenBut He placed a keeper thereAnd the keeper ever razed the groundAnd built a city whereGod cannot walk at the end of day,Nor take the morning air. |
| **Harriet Tubman** by Eloise GreenfieldHarriet Tubman didn’t take no stuffWasn’t scared of nothing neitherDidn’t come in this world to be no slaveAnd wasn’t going to stay one either. |
| **If** by Raymond PattersonIf I could imagine the shaping of Fate,I would think of black menHandling the sun. |
| **Jumps Right In by** Eloise GreenfieldGet set, ready now, jump right inBounce and kick and giggle and spinListen to the rope when it hits the groundListen to that clappedy-slappedy soundJump right up when it tells you toCome back down, whatever you doCount to a hundred, count by tenStart to count all over againThat’s what jumping is all aboutGet set, ready now,Jump right out! |
| **I Am Kojo** by Gwendolyn BrooksI am **K**ojo. In West Africa, Kojomeans Unconquerable, My parentsnamed me the seventh day from my birthIn Black spirit, Black faith, Black communionI am Kojo. I am A BlackAnd I Capitalize my name.Do not call me out of my name! |
| **Lean On Me** by Bill WithersLean on me, when you're not strong And I'll be your friend I'll help you carry on For it won't be long 'Til I'm gonna need Somebody to lean on. |
| My, My, My by Margaret Walker**M**y grandmothers were strong.They followed plow and bent to toil.They moved through fields sowing seed.They were full of sturdiness and singing.My grandmothers were strong.My grandmothers are full of memoriesSmelling of soap and onions and wet clayWith veins rolling roughly over quick handsThey have many clean words to say.My grandmothers were strong.Why am I not as they? |
| **N**othing by **Owen Dodson**Nothing happens only once,Nothing happens only here,Every love that lies asleepWakes today another year. |
| **The Old of Our People by Haki Madhubuti**The **O**ld of our peopleare the elders of the raceand must be listened to,must be looked after,must be given meaningful work,must be loved and cared for,must be treated with highest respect,the elders of the raceare the reason we are here. |
| **P**aula by **by Rita Dove**I’m **P**aula the cat not thin nor fatas happy as house cats can beBut now I’ve the urgefor my spirit to surgeand I shall go off to sea. |
| **Queenly by Maya Angelou**My hair, a hive of honeybeesIs a **Q**ueenly gloryCrackles like castanetsHums like marimbas. |
| **Rapper’s Delight** by Sugar Hill GangI said a hip hop the hippie to the hippiethe hip hip hop, a you don't stopthe rock it to the bang bang boogie say up jumped the boogieto the rhythm of the boogie, the beatskiddlee beebop a we rock a Scoobie-DooAnd guess what America we love youcause ya rock and ya roll with so much soulyou could rock till you're a hundred and one years oldI don't mean to brag i don't mean to boastbut we like hot butter on our breakfast toastrock it up baby bubbahbaby bubbah to the boogie da bang bang da boogieto the beat beat, its so uniquecome on everybody and dance to the beatI said a hip hop the hippie to the hippiethe hip hip hop, a you don't stopa rock on, pretty bubba to the boogity bang, bang,the boogie to the boogity beat. |
| **The Song of the Smoke** by W. E. B. DuBoisI am the smoke king.I am black.I am swinging in the sky.I am ringing worlds on high.I am the thought of the throbbing mills.I am the soul of the soul toll kills.I am the ripple of trading rills..>Up, I’m curling from the sod.I am whirling home to GodI am the smoke king.I am black.>I am the smoke king.I am black. |
| **Things** by Eloise GreenfeildWent to the corner Walked in the storeBought me some candyAin’t got it no moreAin’t got it no moreWent to the beachPlayed on the shoreBuilt me a sandhouseAin’t got it no moreAin’t got it no moreWent to the kitchenMade me a poemStill got itStill to it! |
| **Urgent by Imamu Amir Baraka**Calling black peopleCalling all black people, man woman child,Wherever you are, calling you. **U**rgent, come in Black People, come in wherever you are, urgent, callingyou, calling all black peoplecalling all black people, come in, black people, comeon in! |
| **Vivid**ness by Sterling BrownYour **V**ividness grants color whereGreat need is, in this dingy town.As you in pride of rose and brownThread the dull thoroughfare, |
| **W**ho by Mari Evan>Who can be born blackand notsingthe wonder of it,the joy,the challenge>Who can be born blackand not exult! |
| eXpectations by Audre LongWithout e**X**pectationsthere is no needto the shock of morningor even a small summer. |
| **Y**oung Neptune **by James Emmanuel****Y**oung Neptune dashed the watersAgainst enamel shoreAnd kept the air a-tumblingWith bubble-clouds galore |
| **Talking All That JaZZ** by StetasonicNow we’re not tryin’ to be a boss to youWe just wanna’ get across to youThat if you’re talkin’ jazz, the situation is a no-winYou might even get hurt, my friendStetasonic, the hip-hop bandAnd like Sly and the Family Stone, we will standUp for the music we live and playAnd for the song we sing todayFor now, let us set the record straightAnd later on we’ll have a forumand a formal debateBut it’s important you remember though What you reap is what you sow…Talkin’ all that jazz.  |