

Gil Scott-Heron, Jose Campos Torres

I had said I wasn't going to write no more poems like this
I had confessed to myself all along, tracer of life, poetry trends
That awareness, consciousness, poems that screamed of pain and the origins of pain and death ha
And therefore, my friends, brothers, sisters, in-laws, outlaws, and besides
They already knew
But brother Torres, common ancient bloodline brother Torres is dead
I had said I wasn't going to write no more poems like this
I had said I wasn't going to write no more words down about people kicking us when we're down, a
The dogs are alive and the terror in our hearts has scarcely diminished
It has scarcely brought us the comfort we suspected
The recognition of our terror and the screaming release of that recognition
has not removed the certainty of that knowledge, how could it
The dogs rabid foaming with the energy of their brutish ignorance
Stride the city streets like robot gunslingers
And spread death as night lamps flash crude reflections from gun butts and police shields
I had said I wasn't going to write no more poems like this
But the battlefield has oozed away from the stilted debates of semantics
beyond the questionable flexibility of primal screaming
The reality of our city, jungle streets and their kastapos
Has become an attack on home, life, family and philosophy, total
It is beyond the question of the advantages of didactic niggerism
The mother fucking dogs are in the street
In Houston maybe someone said Mexicans were the new niggers
In LA maybe someone said Chicanos were the new niggers
In Frisco maybe someone said Orientals were the new niggers
Maybe in Philadelphia and North Carolina they decided they didn't need no new niggers
I had said I wasn't going to write no more poems like this
But dogs are in the streets; It's a turn around world where things are all too quickly turned around
It was turned around so that right looked wrong; it was turned around so that up looked down
It was turned around so that those who marched in the streets with bibles and signs of peace beca
So that those who questioned the operations of those in authority on the principles of justice, liberty
It became so you couldn't call a spade a mother-fucking spade
Brother Torres is dead, the Wilmington ten are still incarcerated
Ed Davis, Ronald Regan, James Hunt, and Frank Rizzo are still alive
And the dogs are in the mother-fucking street
I had said I wasn't going to write no more poems like this
I made a mistake