

MESSANJA/A-STAR et all that JAZZ

smoke shudders soft  
about her misty smile  
peering behind huge specs and eyes  
in her leopard skin,  
with tight black belt  
she is buttocks and breasts  
alone...

her baby's smile  
floats though the door  
innocent as snow  
to my lurking eye...  
her woman's tease  
her ball of hips  
burns the floor  
like sun on sand  
hot on my startled skin.

oblivious to me  
she clenches her fists  
knots her waist-line  
tight on my brain

so i jam and love her  
for the paradox she steams  
over messenjah dub  
in search of a theme.

i jam alone  
on the ourskirts of souls  
feeling for protest  
in the tight rasta beat

yet all i see  
are dreads on sand  
with white flesh stoned in herb  
and all i feel  
is the shimmering heat  
of her sweet dancing curves.

By Kwame Dawes

By The Lake...

I've been there...  
By the lake...  
The hush of the windbent trees,  
The slight splash of water on beach,  
Graceful sounds evolving from the long-streching meadows,  
Fresh spring mist rising floating  
Above the lily-covered lagoons,  
A fish rises...  
A loon calls out...  
The moon glimmers...  
By the lake...

By Bernie Blakely

By Bruce Hill Gaston

History has witnessed the constant battle between innovation and regulation in the advance of civilization. Both are essential for progress, and yet law and order remains hostile to innovation while innovators are always, by nature, somewhat anarchistic. A wise society will allow each to exist while they are beneficial to the community of mankind.

Those on the side of law and order will experience security and the safety of the status quo. Inevitably, each generation believes in its own forbearance and yet each generation is only tolerant of past innovation. There exists on any community, a set of opinions and ideals that are accepted as a matter of course by those who have given little thought to them.

Questioning these accepted and popular opinions can provoke a level of persecution as if the principle of toleration had never been heard of. Biological behaviorism in any group of gregarious animals often leads them to kill a particularly peculiar member of the herd. Darwinian theory and historical example would tend to support this style of behaviour in homo sapiens. Human behaviour is regulated by a system of beliefs. Any criticism of these beliefs leads to doubt resulting in insecurity for those who have not taken the time to question their own thoughts or lack thereof. The suspicion that a belief is untrue causes irritation and irritations beg solutions. Inevitably, the irritation is ignored, silenced or eradicated rather than answered.

Ultimately, innovators face the challenge of vested interests founded in old and traditional beliefs. This is when the battle of progress versus regulation can lead to inhuman and cruel consequences. Considering these barriers, it is unlikely that a society will suffer from an abundance of heretical proposals



while law and order increasingly dominate our modern civilized world.

There should therefore be an attempt to encourage the expression of new, challenging and even threatening ideas, though in reality the opposite is in fact the case. From childhood onward, a spark of misadventure or imagination is often considered rebellious and dangerous, and its possessor declared deviant, immoral or illegal. Yet the heretics of the past have advanced civilization to our present level in the face of regulation and progress has been built on the horror of the unconventional and anarchic. Though all civilizations require law and order to maintain past innovation, the conventional cannot, by definition, lead to an advance in our society. We face the battle of challenge and irritation versus apathy and contentment.

Therefore, civilization based on education must emphasize both discipline and the individualism of innovation and achievement. While this holds true, there is little room for the brand of egalitarianism which stresses conformity. Egalitarianism can only succeed while it supports the equal opportunity of each individual to excel and express their basic inequality or abilities and character.

It is important to realize that progress can only occur while capable, innovative yet responsible individuals challenge failures in the system. Those on the side of regulation must realize that innovators should be guided and not persecuted. Positions of power require the enlightenment of wisdom, patience and foresight to accept a challenge to their own security without destroying the innovation and progress. The shared gain of an innovator is not a threat, but gain for us all.

In the face of increasing world organization, regulation and institutionalization, aided with the power of computers, we face the challenge of recognizing the barbarity on law, order and anarchy.

Silvery Dust

On the wings of time  
there is  
a light, silvery dust  
resplendant in ecstasy or  
shimmering in sorrow  
its glitter never dies but merely  
dims its brilliance now and  
again.

Those ever present wings of time  
will flutter on until; quietly  
subtly, they stand,  
unfurled...

The aurora is uncanny  
The wings of time have flown love to me --  
In the curves of your smile.

Now they travel on,  
settling, who knows where...  
But I have my love, my smile  
my very own sprinkling of  
silvery dust; I have you.

By Julia Lees

Lose No Time

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time  
Time is the chrysalis of eternity  
To choose time is to save time.

Time will bring to light whatever is hidden: it will conceal and cover  
up what is now shining with the greatest splendor.  
Time will disclose everything to measure; it is a babbler, and speaks  
even when no question is put.

Time is the greatest of all tyrants.  
As we go on toward age he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength  
and features.

Minutes, hours, days, weeks, and years, passed over to the end they  
were created would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Those who know the value of time, use it in preparation for eternity.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose sole employ-  
ment is to watch its flight.  
A man who is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no  
time.

By Julia Lees

Thoughts

I host my Thoughts  
at a Banquet  
Celebrating the  
Sacrament of Life.

Thoughts! attendants  
include  
The echo of Memory  
Calling me to myself.

Escape trying to find a home  
here  
And everywhere  
Forever a Wanderer.

The bleeding Tears  
staining the  
Shroud of Life.

These attendants like magicians  
help Thoughts  
Conjour your Presence.

But Thoughts themselves  
are impotent  
Their strength sapped  
by their elusive Life.

Thoughts...  
Why then is your leave-taking  
so painful  
From this musoleum of Life?

By Yasmin Khan

Eyes

Mute...

The Eyes  
Spoke

To those Other eyes  
The Word  
Which cannot be whispered.

Deaf...

The Eyes  
Heard

The Voice  
Which has no sound.

Eyes...

Do not forget the hue  
Of the Other eyes...  
You might be accused  
Of Sightlessness.

By Yasmin Khan