opinions

Blacks on Black

Silence If it ain't broke let 's break it

In a world where there is so much dissension, we must acknowledge every form of comfort; even though we cannot cater to every grievance our less—than—perfect lives will yield. In realising other paths, the chairman of our minds will reward us with newfound freedom. In many cases, one man's sanctuary is another man's penitentiary, with Lucifer as the warden—and then we wonder why prison isn't a White Thang! Oh, sure, the Black man is free, and safe from the consciousness of society—likewise is the sleepwalker, safe from the consciousness, but free to direct his own fatality by plummeting down the eternal flight of stairs.

While the OTHER MAN'S tree continues to sprout upward, its roots watered by deceit, corruption, and greed, let us delete OUR "forests of duplication" and concentrate solely on the roots! Like "good little niggers," we've taught our ABC's and taught to count to ten – even before we've learned to say "MOTHER". We tread loyally along their beaten path, with only a handful of pioneers to explore the vastness of historical ambiguity. "Ask me no questions,

I'll tell you no lies; but when you ask me those questions, the truth I'll disguise." Sound familiar? Well, we must all join the attack against this untrustworthy, hypocritical mentality which, by the way, has been employed by many of us. When you're with your family and friends, don't talk about the money you'll make, the clothes you'll wear, or the "boss" car you'll drive. In Africa, we traded things, wore little or no clothing, and we drove the mountainous elephant. Talk about mental freedom; talk about progress for the African race; talk about anything you failed to challenge for fear of being called "stupid" or for fear of change.

In the words of the mighty BLASTMASTER KRS-ONE, "The Black Man is homeless!" The Irish, who have been for years, are dwelling in a home away from home. Whenever they feel homesick, they can pack up and return like the "Prodigal Son." And when they make their journey, whether mentally or physically, they don't return to Europe; they return to Ireland. Even the Native Canadians, who have unfortunately been treated like stepchildren, can say with limited pride: "This is our land, we're still at home!" It is only the transplanted Black Man who, having been stripped of all pride and sense of "home," cannot ever return or possibly see repatriation (even if it's only mental) as a profitable endeavour. Think about it; isn't Canada very similar to something Dr. Frankenstien could have made, with new limbs and organs being added in an attempt to create a well run machine. Africans have been the limbs; Native have been the bowels; small business immigrants have been the spine; and guess who have been the brains? It won't take much thought.

THINK



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