

Nūh

نوح

Thoughts & Things

BPP Archival Collection of
Frankye Adams Johnson

By Way of Introduction

Who are you? i am asked

If i give a name

It only tells what i am called

Having had many names

It still does not say

Who nor what i am

To the oppressed i am the angel of deliverance

To the oppressor i am the angel of destruction

So who i am

Depends on who you are.

8-22-75

The Universe

What is the pattern of the Universe?

It is motion, constant change

The coming together and parting

Giving birth to the beat of the stars

Bodies in space - separated but united

By a force unseen but felt.

We are patterns and universes

Living matter moved by the spirit

8-22-75 Folson 4A

Black Flower of Africa

Black Flower of Africa

Uprooted by force

Transplanted in Bondage

To this Distant Shore

Denied and Neglected

Under an Alien Sun

In a Struggle for survival

Only you could have won

Only you Flower of Africa

With your hidden Stem of strength

Your secret roots of power

Could you resist such violence

Your shadow gave me courage

Your smile kept my hate at bay

The touch of your hand in times of despair

Drove my greatest fears away

As long as you're standing by my side O'

Flower of Africa we shall face our darkest Tomorrows

We will take the world in stride

Lil John

Seeds

In the days of darkest oppression

The people create legends

Of the savior to come

And so they survive

With the hope that some woman

Will carry the seed

That will see the light of day

A child was born out of the union

Between the daughters of oppression

And the son of despair

Who's first steps were shaky

For the legs were weak

Who made mistakes

Because it was developing

A natural process.

Legends spring from the people,

ARE of the people

To say they are myth's

To further distort the people's reality
So the seed that grows among the people
To fulfil that long ago hope for freedom
Was given a name that expresses
All the the African people want
And they called it B.Z.A.

11-24-75

ANIBAL GARICA

76B858

Ho Chi Minh

People who come out of prison can build up the country.

Misfortune is a test of people's fidelity.

Those who protest at injustice are people of true merit.

When the prison doors are open the real dragon will fly out.

ANPA/GRICA

JAB 828

The Limits of Submission

Over and over again to people who have little or no gold
I show abundant kindness.

If they are not satisfied,
I spread out bedding for them,
And invite them to sleep.

If they are still not satisfied,
The milk of the camel whose name is Sumb
I milk three times for them,
And tell them to drink it up.

If they are still not satisfied,
The homestead ram,
And the fat he-goat I kill for them.

If they are still not satisfied,
The plate from Aden
I fill with ghee for them.

If they are still not satisfied,
A beautiful girl
And her bridal house I offer them.

If they are still not satisfied,
I select livestock also
And add them to tribute.

If they are still not satisfied,
"Oh brother-in-law, oh Sultan, oh King!"
These salutations I lavish upon them.

If they are still not satisfied
At the time of early morning prayers I prepare
The dark grey horse with Black tendons,
And with the words "Praise to the Prophet" I take
The iron-shafted spear,
And drive it through their ribs
So that their lungs spew out;
Then they are satisfied!

You

To stand on the mountain
And see the green valley's
The blue skies and white clouds
And you walking in Blackness
Like the graceful jungle cat
With your breast naked and swell
Containing the milk to feed a nation
That grows in your womb
Strong legs to uphold our dignity
And embrace us in combat
While the arms pull us closer
To the body that is you
The African women in a strange land,
A piece of home away from home
Where love and civilization was born

12-5-75

Sura XCIV

1. Have We not
Expanded thee thy breast?

2. And removed from thee
Thy burden.

3. The which did gird
Thy back? -

4. And raised high the eastern
(to which) thou (art held)?

5. So, verily,
With every difficulty
There is relief.

6. Very, with every difficulty
There is relief.

7. Therefore, when thou art

Here we are again

7. Free (from their immediate task),

Still labour hard

8. And to thy lord

Turn (all) thy attention

Fear

In the eye is a gleam -

Hands twitch, sweat on the forehead

My hand grips the heart

And the bowels are loose

Can this be fear?

Yes, but not the fear of the coward

For it is a long knife that twitches in my hand

The gleam in my eye is of purpose

And the bowels are loose from too much abuse

Being fucked over by this jive ass society

So what is fear that my knife will not

cut the heart from the beast

Then I'll have to use a stone to crush it's skull.

N. Q. Z. R. H

L. A. County Jail

12-18-75

2/5/16

Here We Go Again 7.10

Here we go again
 Up against the rich and powerful
 The slumlord and Racist Pig
 The heartless capitalist who robs us of our labour
 The courts that deprive us of justice
 And prisons that steal our youthful days,
 Contribute to our lonely nights
 So gun or knife in hand
 Here we go again, here we always go.

N.Q.K. A.G. M

12-18-75

L.A. County

OLD Warrior

They say old warrior you fight a hopeless cause
Your enemies are too strong
Their weapons are the best
Everything is in their favor
Still you fight on.

They say old warrior that you are mad
For continuing the battle
Against greater odds
Why do you fight on?

What is it you say old warrior?

"The only lasting strength is the strength of the people
A weapon is only as good as the people who use it
Nothing is in favor of our oppressor.

The enemy mistakes my rage for madness

Because in battle with such fury

To reduce those odds

So I will continue to fight on."

2/5/76

For Kikuyu

Conceived in the mist of our enemies

O' bright eyed child

Kept safe by love in the womb

Of a warrior mother

And the strong thoughts

Of your warrior father.

Your form took shape

Nourished on prison food and thoughts of freedom.

Is that why your eyes are bright-

Do they see

Hope for the future?

Bright eye child, looking at a world

Falling apart -

Where poverty and racism

Has bent the backs and dulled the eyes

Of a strong people

Who still struggle to stand erect

And be the proud people their ancestors were

For you is a sign that there is

Hope for the future!

2/7/76

Live

Clouds hide the sun

Still the sun shines

Rain falls on the just and unjust

Without thought

Death is a natural process

Why fear it

Life is to be lived

So deny yourself not

For the clouds only temporary hide the sun.

And the sun would not put it's light out

For a few clouds

Only man deny's himself life

Out of fear of death

If he but knew

Not to live out of fear

So to be dead and not know it

A very useless life.

3/5/76

We Will Win

Putting me in prison
Will not stop the struggle
Neither will kicking in the doors of my friends
Nor murdering them in the street
Because the thought is there

We Will Win

Many throw down their weapons
For the struggle is hard
The sacrifices too great
And immediate results too small
Still I know within my heart

We Will Win

There are those who forget the dead
And try to forget those living in prison
(Who are reminders that the struggle continues)
Lies, betrayals, and capitulations
While sad, will not dishearten us - for

We Will Win

In each generation there is a hope
That freedom and dignity will be realized

~~Each generation makes its contribution~~
Giving its sons and daughters
as its contribution
And we say like they said

We will win
We will win
We will win

Fatal Enterprise

I'm sitting here dejected and death is on my mind.

I'm anxious to get going to see what I might find.

I'm waiting on the gallows as the death drum starts to roll,
And soon the dust will turn to mud the fibers of my soul.

The roll has ceased and here's the priest, with action in his
stare; we see the gloss of his silver cross, as he takes
himself a chair.

His voice is warm with pious charm, his hair has silver
streaks; and the cement smell of this deathrow cell, engulfs
us as he speaks.

He praised and talked of he who walked upon the waters
crest; of when he died how at his side, a common
man was blessed.

And now I hear that God is near and many will he
bless; that he will cast away my sins, if first I will
confess.

Though God and love go hand and glove, to me there's
miles apart; I've ceased to care if I miss my share,
for hatred rules my heart.

How hypocrites with artful slits, defied both truth and law;

So the money'd class could cheat the mass, whom justice
never saw.

How when I was young the social door was slammed hard
in my face; and my values changed as I walked the
range from honor to disgrace.

And then I think of childhood stink, in a river bottom
shank; of futile prayers and hostile stares toward a
man whose purse was slack.

So how can he in cosmic sea truly judge our worth;
When the breaks we get are gauged and set, by accident of
birth?

So win or lose I think I choose, to withdraw from this game;
I'm had enough to call fates bluff, or everlasting fame.

The priest is sad but I am glad that this is my last day;
As they bind my hands with leather strands, the priest begins
to pray.

We stand aside as the noose is tied, they're checked and
spring the trap; they'll gawk and stare as I tread air,
I'll only hear the snap.

As we mount the stairs he ends his prayers with:

"they will be done"; he backs away and I hear him say:
prepare yourself my son!

Author George L. Jackson
August 1971 S. Q.

Expectations

Fouzi EL Asman

The Well shall not
dry out

The river shall not
stop running

So long as we are clouds

And our hopes are drops of rain.

E. Pluribus - unum (means one out of many)

Selfish desires are burning like fires among those who hoard the gold - as they continue to keep the people asleep and the truth from being told - Racism and greed will keep the people in need from getting what's rightfully theirs, cheating - stealing and double-dealing as they exploit the people's fear. Now, Dow Jones ovaries the people's homes and all the surrounding lands buying and selling their humble dwellings in the name of the master plan, cause paper money like a bee without honey no stingers to back him up, and those who stole the people's gold are definitely corrupt; credit cards, Master Charge legacies of Wild's, real estate, stocks and bonds on coupon paper bill's. Now the U.S. Mint, on paper print millions everyday and use the eagle for a symbol cause it's a bird of prey. Now the laurels of peace and the arrows of war are clutched very tightly in the eagle's claws, filled with greed and lust on the back of the dollar bill is the words in god we trust. But the dollar bill is there only god and they don't even trust each other and for a few dollars more they would start a war to exploit some brother's mother. Then there's the pyramid that stands by itself created by Black peoples knowledge and wealth and over the pyramid hangs the devil's eye that stole from the truth and created the lie. Now Anusuit means an endless amount stolen over the year's, and

Caepus means a new empire of vampire millionaires, and moribus is a Latin word meaning something new, and facta means a way of life chosen by a few. Deceptorum is a word that means to take from another, knowledge, wisdom, and understanding stolen from the brother. Roman numerals on the face of the pyramids base tell the date they begin to exist, when they establish this branch of hell in 1776, Now there are 13 layers of stone alone in unfinished work of art. Yet 33 and a 3rd is high as a Mason can go without falling apart. 13 stars in the original flag, 13 demons from the devil's bag! 13 berries, and 13 leaves 13 colonies of land grabbing thieves, 13 arrows in the eagle's claws, 67 cooperations wage the devil's wars, 13 stripes on the Eagle shield, and these are the symbols on the U.S. Seal. Now on the front of the dollar bill to the right of Washington's head is a small seal in the shape of a wheel with a secret that's been left unsaid. The symbol in the middle represents the riddle of the scale, the rule, and the key, The square rule is a symbol from the crafts of masonry, the scale represents libra, the balance of the seventh sign, they also represent the just-US, which you and I know is blind, The key unlocks the mysteries of the secret, of the scale so so that only the govern-ment will know what they reveal, The four words above from the last part of the secrets of ^{the} seal and tells how they fooled the people into think paper money was real,

Now thesaurus means treasure, where they stored the gold they stole, and coven means punish like the slaves they bought and sold, the septent means seven like 1776, when 13 devils gathered to unleash their bag of tricks, then sigil means the image they've created to fool the world like the colors on old glory the flag they unfurled, Now red's for the color of the Indian man, white's for the devil's who stole the land, Blue is the eye's that hypnotize with the tricks and the traps they spring, and even to this very same day they all speak with forked-tongues. Could so the powers in the hands of the ruling classes playing god with the fate of all the masses, so the people don't get any in the land of plenty cause E. Pluribus - unum means one out of many.

Thoughts

Some folks look for freedom and keep it on their mind
Others walk in darkness because they're ignorant and blind
Some folks struggle, exercise free will
While others think it's hopeless & foolish and nil

Those who fight against all odds just to be free
Are not the same as those who think
"This is the way it was meant to be".

So if you're sitting around wondering what to do
Take a chance on freedom, it's the best thing for you.

March 76

Dee

I want to write something for you
Often I think of you and how you were
Black, and fine with bright eyes, big smile
In the winter of 1960 we met
You, 26, me 19, back from four years of crazy time
You the working girl, me the young hood
Spending hours in the project and on 8th Ave
Copping dope, shooting dope in yours and Eddie's crib
Or on some roof top in a hallway
Forgive me for not being able to write
About your pain and destruction
So it will be about bringing pain and destruction
To those who took away your hope
And other fine black women, the many we know
Brothers young and old with abscesses and tumors
That say brought instead of the end to oppression
Which this system is so where our dreams, that
are nightmares found in a bottle top, eye dropper
and glassine bag use us in a nod

Feb-76

That Which Is Shared

In one's memory are many things
of joy and pain but most of all
That which is shared.

It doesn't matter what the occasions were
For the act of sharing is significant unto itself.

To share, love as between man and woman,
bread in times of hunger, a sword in the mist
of war and the dream of freedom when slavery
rules the land, or an idea ^{like} of victory ^{with a} comrades
overwhelmed by great odds re-enforces one's faith.

That which is shared

Is only but a moment
In the span of a life time
Yet remains through out

5-19-76

Hate

How easy it is to hate
Everything and everyone
For big or small reasons
No reasons at all
Sfex within me I wage struggle
So that hate does not become victorious
If hate wins I lose.

The HEART

Take a heart full of love
Then abuse and misuse it
Take a heart with understanding
Feed it lies and half truths
Till it no longer comprehends its own beauty.
Tear a heart out with the blade of deceit
Then wonder at the emptiness of the person
Stand in awe at its pain
And tremble at its hate
But know it's yours and creation.

The Cell

The cell is a place
Where I'm locked away
From a system I cannot
Come to terms with
So here I'll stay until
I destroy it or it destroys me
But on no account will there be a compromise!

Enemy of the Sun

I may - if you wish lose my livelihood

I may sell my shirt and bed

I may work as a stone cutter,

A street sweeper, a porter.

I may clean your stores

Or rummage your garbage for food.

I may lie down hungry

O Enemy of the Sun,

But - I shall not compromise

And to the last pulse in my veins.

I shall resist.

You may take the last strip of my land

Feed my youth to prison cells.

You may plunder my heritage.

You may burn my books, my poems

Or feed my flesh to the dogs.

You may spread a web of terror

On the roofs of my village

O Enemy of the Sun,

But - I shall not compromise

And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist.

You may put out the light in my eyes

You may deprive me of my mother's kisses.

You may curse my father, my people

You may distort my history,

You may deprive my children of a smile

God of life's necessities.

You may fool my friends with a borrowed face.

You may build walls of hatred around me.

You may give my eyes to humiliations,

O - Enemy of the Sun,

But - I shall not compromise

And to the last pulse in my veins

I shall resist

O Enemy of the Sun

The decorations are raised in the port.

The speculations fill the air,

A glow in the hearts,

And in the horizon

A sail is seen
Challenging the wind
and the depths.

Returning home
From the sea of loss

It is the return of the sun,
of my exiled ones

God for her sake, and his
I swear

I shall not compromise

And to the last pulse in my veins

I shall resist

Resist and resist

Assata Njeri

A time of rejoicing

A time of hope

For Assata Njeri is born

Another seed to be loved - cared for

So that she may grow with love

We shall feed and clothe her with love

For she is our own

Child of a generation that will know freedom

7/3/77

Clinton Prison

Here in Prison by Agostinho Neto

Here in prison

I would recall Hikmet

were I to think of you Marina
in that house with grandmother and child

Here in prison

I would recall the heroes

were I to sing joyfully

the war songs

with which our people crush slavery

Here in prison

I would recall the saints

were I to forgive them

the torments and lies

with which they shatter our happiness

Here in prison

rage contained in my breast

I patiently wait

for the clouds to gather
blown by the wind of history

No one can stop the rain

Struggle

Violence

voices of steel in the sun
setting fire to a landscape already hot

and dreams

dispersed

against a wall of bayonets

A new wave rises

and longings dispersed
over unburied bodies

And a new wave rises for the struggle
and yet another and another

until there remains of violence
only our pardon.

Farewell at the hour of parting

My Mother (All black mothers whose sons have gone)
you taught me to wait and hope
as you hoped in difficult hours

But life
killed in me that mystic hope

I do not wait now
I am he who is awaited

It is I my Mother
hope is us
your children
gone for a faith that sustains life

Today

John Brown's Last Will and Testament
we are naked children in bush villages
school-less children playing with a ball of rags
in the sands noon
we ourselves are
contract workers burning lives in coffee plantations

ignorant black men
who must respect the white man
and fear the rich
we are your children
of the black neighborhoods
beyond the reach of electric light
drunken men falling down
abandon to the rhythm of the dance of death

Your children
hungry
thirsty
ashamed to call you mother
afraid to cross the streets

afraid of men

We ourselves

Tomorrow we shall sing anthems to freedom
when we commemorate
the day of the abolition of this slavery

We are going in search of light

you children Mother

(All black mothers whose sons have gone)

They go in search of life.

John Brown's Last Written Statement

(Waged Dec 2, 1859 Charleston W. Va)

I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think vainly, flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.

THE REAL CRIME by Ethel Trew Dunlap

He sat in the white man's prison

A son from the tropic strands,
And the crime that he had committed
Was he did not understand
The depth of the heartache, the pit falls,
The strong for the weak had planned.

He knew how the Nile was planted

And how to fight with the sea;

But the talents that nature had given

Were lost to his memory -

Tho he fought like a tiger when white men

Debased him with fiendish glee

His blood moved slow in tropics

Transported to climate cold,

It was lashed through his veins to hasten

The "master" to gain his gold;

And the help that the black man suffered

Has never, no, never, been told.

It was not that he trespassed on justice
Nor stole why he was confined.
It was only that nature gave him
The trend of the alien mind;
Only that he fell victim
To the race that been unkind

So he sat in the white man's prison;
He ~~had~~ felt he had latent power:
That slaves had bowed at his bidding
And kingdoms had been his dower.
And he mused how "princes in Egypt
Shall rise" at the promised hour.

He may die in the white man's prison;
But the wrong is the white man's own.
He perverted the laws of nature
For the son of the tropic zone —
And that is the wrong committed
That is crying out for atone!

The Negro World, Saturday June 14/1934

Sura II

Ayat 190 - And fight in the way of Allah against those who fight against you but be not aggressive. Surely Allah loves not the aggressors.

191 - And kill them wherever you find them, and drive them out from where they drove you out, and persecution is worse than slaughter.

And fight not with them at the Sacred Mosque until they fight with you in it, so if they fight you (in it), slay them. Such is the recompense of the disbelievers.

192 - But if they desist, then surely Allah is Forgiving, Merciful.

193 - And fight them until there is no persecution, and religion is only for Allah. But if they desist, then there should be no hostility except against the oppressors.

So when the sacred months have passed, slay the idolaters, wherever you find them, and take them captive and besiege them and lie in wait for them in every ambush. But if they repent and keep up prayer and pay the poor-rate, leave their way free. Surely Allah is Forgiving, Merciful.

Truth will only triumph when the upholders of the cause of truth make sacrifices for it and undergo the severest trials for its sake.

Sura 9-

Agot-119 O you who believe, keep your duty to Allah and be with the truthful

123 O you who believe, fight those of the disbelievers who are near to you. And know that Allah is with those who keep their duty.

23- O you who believe, take not your fathers and your brothers for friends if they love disbelief above faith. And whoever of you takes them for friends, such are the wrongdoers.

Those who believed and fled (their homes) and strove hard in Allah's way with their wealth and their lives, are much higher in Rank with Allah. And it is these that shall triumph.

And Noah said: My Lord, LEAVE .26-71
NOT OF THE DISBELIVERS ANY DWELLER ON
THE LAND

FOR IF THOU LEAVE THEM, THEY WILL 27:
LEAD ASTRAY THY SERVANTS, AND WILL NOT
DEGET ANY BUT IMMORAL, UNGRATEFUL
ONES.

MY LORD FORGIVE ME AND MY
PARENTS AND HIM WHO ENTERS MY HOUSE
BELIEVING, AND THE BELIEVING MEN AND
THE BELIEVING WOMEN. AND INCREASE
NOT THE WRONGDOERS IN AUGHT BUT
DESTRUCTION!