

Saturday Afternoon

As Salaam Alaikum

To Amata Malika Buraigum

There have been men in your life

Who you have loved, deeply!

But never one — who

Has loved you like I do

And who am I it may be asked?

A man who hears music in the wind

Finds comfort in the beauty of the earth

And gets clean by walking in the rain.

Yet loves you, unlike any man has or ever will.

Having lost my freedom of movement

Among the things so many take for granted

To stand under the night sky

To walk in the mid-day sun

To hold you in my arms

And feel your heat beat next to mine.

Once or twice I told you'd;

I never give you up!

Yet, you have free will

Neither are you my prisoner

You may come and go

As you please

It would hurt but then

I love you,

your happiness means more to me

Then all things in this earth

except one

The Freedom, and dignity of Black people

Which I see as one; are you not Black?

My days use to be spent full with hate

of an enemy

Who has broken the Law's of Allah

Now the thought of you

Brings a sense of balance to me.

If I wrote the story of my

love - for you.

The ordinary mind could not grasp it

So I will not write it

But tell it to you - now, tomorrow, forever.

Nah Qayyum Latif Ch. Multagan

Enclosed is a \$10. M.O. made out to me, and it's already endorsed. You should be able to cash it.