

Bis mil da

(1)

June 7, 1973

Cap Salomon Abraham

Dearest Nick,

It cold and lonely out here what going on with people. Don't they love or feel? Why do they make you feel like a stranger in a foreign land. Why don't they understand? Who really cares? I'm lonely <sup>and</sup> miserable, who really cares, who is willing to lend a helping hand? People I just don't understand they say they want freedom, they talk revolutionary talk and yet there is a price stamp on their aid to another Comrade. My Comrades hurt me more than the pigs. They cling on to the hope of making it in this new world under the oppressive conditions. They get upset when you long around to long because of the possibility of jeopardizing their "security". It's always some thing. Pigs telling my sister ~~she~~ who she can let stay with her. "Comrades" complaining because there too many phone calls being made to their house I've got to get these feet off my back

breathe (2)

so I can ~~breath~~.

When is Allah doesn't he know what's happening? I want to feel his aid but my mind is in a world of confusion because I know it's not suppose to be like this but it is and I find it hard to understand why. I didn't do nothing wrong I just want to be free others say they do too and get it's hard for them to understand me, they sit and they listen to me pop and get they just don't grasp what I'm saying. They tell me that a muslim's sister shouldn't be out at night by herself and get they make no attempt to help me or ask if it's something they can help out with. They say make yourself at home but they always find their way to let you know that your welcome has once extended.

you see me smile most of the time, when you say things about people I say no it's not exactly that way knowing all along that's exactly the way it is. Everytime you write me one of those little about people I feel your pain so deeply because I know what it's like. so I try to take away the pain temporarily by say to you that people love - I make excuses for them - because I

53

don't want you to hurt like I hurt, you  
deserve more. Now I want to share my  
pain with you because I need you to  
comfort me. Where is Allah doesn't he  
know what's happening? I guess maybe  
you should touch me because my faith  
grows weak.

you rap to me and tell me your  
frustrations now I need to rap to you  
I need you to listen. Oh man I want so  
much for you to be here to hold  
me in your arms and make these troubles  
go away just for a little while.

As time grows the pain grows. Once  
there were comrades in my life who when  
I walked these mean streets with them,  
I felt that together we could deal with  
any situation. With them I never feared  
this mean old world. But they're not here  
anymore. The pain hurt deep because people  
don't even remember them. How can they  
remember them when they never knew them?  
They put out a leaflet maybe once a year  
saying "Remember Harold, Roland, Ronnie, etc.  
Carry on their spirit, right on?" How can  
they remember when they didn't even know  
them. Yet I remember - I remember them as  
human beings, as comrades, as revolutionaries  
and just plain old down good riggers.

(4)  
Of funny how time slips on away. It seems  
like just the other day when niggers stood in  
the street yelling "I am a revolutionary" and get  
just yesterday I had one some nigger <sup>say</sup> that he  
didn't believe in revolutions any more.  
I heard them say no more pigs in our  
community, yet everyday we read or hear  
about one of us getting basted or killed. And  
these old handkerchief head wearing sister  
hallow old lady they pipping off all  
the brothers what we going to do. They  
watch the "Battle of Algeria" and talk  
about weren't those sisters right on  
they got down". What wrong when it  
come to them - they get y into their  
excuse bag ~~with~~ "Oh the children," at the  
some time they can even get down on  
teaching the youth about these swines.  
And yet they go around talking about  
what the pig are doing. Yeah, they're doing  
it and they gonna keep on doing us long as  
everybody go around talking shit shit, shit,  
talking about patient you need niggers  
patient to deal with these "revolutionaries"

May be I sound subjective, maybe  
maybe — forget the ~~maybes~~, this is  
the way I feel.