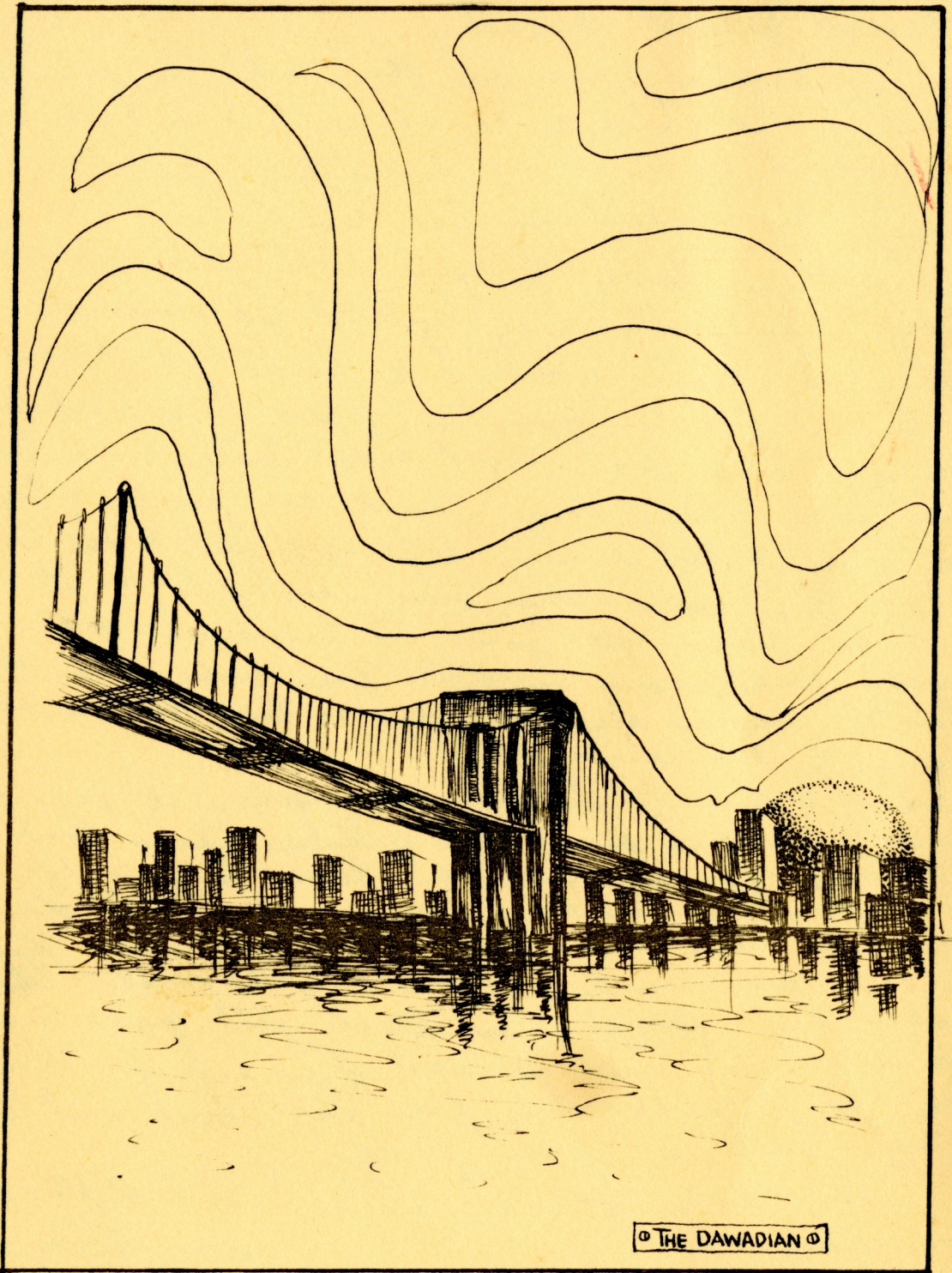


74



© THE DAWADIAN ©

Bismillah

Dearest Beloved Husband,

A brother gave me this card. it says that "mind is the bridge to Africa". I'd just like to comment on that in saying that mind is the bridge to freedom and liberation.

I've been think of you quite a bit these days. They pretty much uptight because I can't wear a magic wand and have you here with us. But that only happen in fairy tales. At the Casuarine the other night this sister and brother sang some deep songs about our people plight they sang of the misery that we all know so well. The sister - she was beautiful - a force of so much love. you know it beautiful when black folk sang together. the voice are deep. what's sadder me though is that we're always singing of our misery.

When I think of us and our people - I see so much beauty - I see all of those things that come so natural for us - how we love to give life - the rhythm that we have. I visualize the day where our minds are free ~~from~~ from all these things B.S. and we can be the beautiful people that we really are. Dropping on Black folk games me a righteous high, well I want stay high for long come I've got to go out and face the beast and I know my high will be blown quiet.

Well baby you take love and I'll see you soon.
your loving wife
Malibu

The world is
our, we'll survive
to see our grand children
and their children

What should
we name our
daughter?

*Mind is the Bridge
To Africa*