

Red Rebel Song

sing boy
sing
dere's more to you
dan skin

ya DaDa's fingers
witlow
from years of cleaning corners
where brush an dustpan couldn't reach
Some han
would tap ya shoulders
wid hope an Dreams
of some rainbow future.

Nikki the warrior

When all my stolen moments
from all the memories of
me and you
gather to form a shape...
your smile begins to appear
on a single soft sheet
of paper
I could almost taste ya kiss
if I put my lips on them
sheet of paper
I could scent ya smell,
And feel ya gaze
but be careful not to gaze too
long or your brown eyes
might start to water

5662

I wanna be westernized
I'm Indian, I'm Chinese
Polonese
Jamaican, from
Dominican Republic of
Nigeria, Algeria

But I speak YOUR twang
I just wanna be accepted
I need not be protected
from my roots, cos
I'm sellin out 5662 years of
civilisation
achieved by my nation
And will be one of you guys
with NO ties about,
your spiritual being
And that feelin'
Deep inside. needing to belong
to a culture
I'm a vulture
And I'll eat ya if ya
Don't give me my rights
I'll behave...Not like the
Slave my DaDa was
I'll hunt ya down.
Make ya see the Real me
An Arab, Polonese,
Afro Chinese.
Syrenese
With mutilated thoughts
AND A MAGNUM 45:

R.E. Sammi
