

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

THE TULSA RACE RIOT

O Tulsa while my pen wrote on  
And fuzzy rods through Paradise  
From out thy smoldering, crumbling  
ruins

How Egypt's sons and daughters  
sigh  
The strong have smote the weak again  
And thou must bear the curse of Cain!

Artillery is hushed and still,  
And satiated the red tongue  
That Moloch-like consumed the child  
That has been burned and lynched  
and hung.

The festering boil of hate has burst  
And crime has done its very worst!

Regrett the flag that flaunts the stars  
Where black war heroes thought to  
rest,  
The free love wives from their fond  
arms,  
And pierced the war-scarred, faithful  
breast!

The Afric sons that saved the white,  
Fall thick as hail in Tulsa's night.

Beneath the New World's shining stars,  
While fitfully the captive slept,  
Like Lilliputians bound their slaves,  
Down on the weaker race they swept.  
Black heroes that cried, "On, Berlin!"  
Were hushed to never speak again.

The faithful sons, that tilled the soil,  
Were taken like wild beasts of prey,  
Their children stared, with eyes all  
wide,  
At homes turned all to ashes gray.  
Like hunted deer they sought retreat,  
And burning coals burnt bare, black  
feet.

And out of Tulsa's human tomb,  
I see the ghost of Egypt rise.  
She binds a message to a dove  
And heavenward it swiftly flies.  
O Aryans, hear! The bolt will fall,  
For God has answered Ephraim's call!

O Tulsa, thou canst not escape—  
Though to the mountain thou mayst fly,  
The God above will search thee out—  
His eyes will flame, and thou shalt  
die!

Yes, though to hell thou shouldst  
descend,  
Thy crime shall find thee in the end!

TO PRESIDENT HARDING  
O noble chieftain of the free!  
Protect the outraged slave!  
Throw water on the stake and torch—  
Save peons from the wave!

Search out the Nero kings of ease  
That fiddle while the flame  
Of sin consumes a helpless race  
And brings Columbia shame.

That Lincoln be not born in vain,  
Lead on to freedom's goal!  
He struck the shackles from the slave,  
And thou must free his soul!

For I have had a goodly dream,  
I saw thy spirit rise—  
A second Lincoln—and all hushed  
Were captives' groans and sighs.

I saw thee stand by Tulsa's ruins  
And grasp that noble hand,  
While o'er these streamed the golden sun  
Of freedom in this land.

Oh, by the God that never fails,  
Stretch out thine arm to save!  
And heaven to his breast shall fold  
Thee as thou dost the slave!

Oh, though the gloom be dense and dark—  
In freedom's blackest night,  
Re-light Old Glory's fading stars,  
Till captives see their light.

And Egypt's sons and daughters' cries  
Shall shake the land and sea,  
And heaven shower its choicest gifts  
In plenty over thee!

When heroes black laid down to die  
for me,  
When anguished Tulsa's groans rose,  
to the sky,  
I only pointed to the brave and free  
The threatening orator that sends forth  
hate's spark  
Till black and white alike must rise  
and flee.

Cold world, I will not sell my high  
ideals  
For prizes or for Aryans' gleaming  
gold;  
But I will follow where the captive  
leads,  
And wrap him in love's warm and  
ample fold.

Oh, let me go, however cold the clime  
Where'er they drive the wandering  
captive child;  
For banishment is better than the  
smile  
Of those who have outraged, spoiled  
and defiled.

I will not worship at the shrine of sin  
Where flames consume the unoffending  
slave,  
No, never will I do obeisance there,  
While I partake of life our Maker  
gave!

Yes, though they pluck the stars from  
out the sky,  
And weave them in an emblem o'er  
its shrine—  
My countrymen, I will not worship  
there  
Where captives perish and a race must  
pine!

WOULD REPLY TO LEONARD  
BRATHWAITE:  
May fancy now thy soul translate  
From out the Yellow River's vale  
To Tulsa's smoldering, crumbling ruins,  
Where Egypt's sons and daughters  
wail.

And scarcely shall sin's lava cease,  
That buried a modern Pompeii,  
Until some new disaster breaks,  
And we must hurry on our way.

DESTINY TO THE END,  
We follow God's holy word at first;  
We reach the line of gratitude:  
As the echo of the nations burst  
It sounds like music in latitude;  
The cry we strictly do intrude  
Comes oftener yet, Destiny so crude—

Our destiny we control heavenly,  
Our aim in them merit evenly;  
"Never to be conquered by enemy;  
Fighting soldiers brave and knny  
in the war of unity of so many,  
One God, One Aim, One Destiny."

Take heed of the special details,  
Doing the good thing always first or  
last:  
The good humor to deliver in details,  
Always to remind of future, present  
or past  
On your journey of distinction,  
Make it true and certain in destina-  
tion.

Oh how we think and jurisdice,  
Oh how we reflect on things we  
despise:  
"We calculate too often for once,  
What is our aim, honored by God?  
Run the ruins afar from your path;  
Be it always in the aftermath.

This we never will leave unrest,  
A clear and settled conscience will  
reign:  
"To grasp all opportunities is best."  
Break, break, the path for freeing  
gains:

Be not melancholy in your agend,  
God speed our destiny to the end.  
—Gladstone M. A. Plummer,  
758 S. Hicks street, Philadelphia, Pa.,  
June 2, 1921.

CONVERSION,  
If you would give your love to me,  
"Twould my joy's worries melt away;  
Life's radiant sun in brightness free  
Would change my midnight into day,  
And I in coils sweet would be  
If you would give your love to me.

If you would give your love to me,  
I would not dread the t're of fate;  
But visions great and bright would  
see  
And glimpse of the Golden Gate,  
I would not dread the roaring sea  
If you'd but give your love to me.

If you would give your love to me,  
"Twould steal my soul to wondrous  
light,  
And pebbles from the wave-swept  
lee,  
In silvery hue I'd garnish bright,  
Oh, what a sacred joy 'twould be  
If you'd but give your love to me.

If you would give your love to me,  
And bathe my languor in your tear,  
I should not care a heaven to see,  
For heaven's love is yours so dear,  
Earth would a vale of grandeur be  
If you would give your love to me.

If you would give your love to me,  
A life of trust I would repay;  
No sacrifice how great could be  
Would I despise or spurn away,  
The birds of peace would fit to me,  
If you'd but deign my love to be.

If you would give your love to me,  
Thoughts fresh and ripe my heart  
would bear,  
And I would kneel beside your knee,  
That your sweet murmurings I might  
hear,  
My spirit would soar and life would be  
A spring of wail and grace to me.  
If you would give your love to me,  
What thrice would be refunded, and  
more.

Would one our candle burning bright  
And life a song of praise would be  
If you would give your love to me.  
—Charles H. D. Bate,  
U. N. L. A. Literary Club, Montreal.

My Dying Sister,  
The blue sky is very green,  
And the moon is red like fire.  
The night winds wail about my head,  
And the aeroplanes mounts higher.

My thoughts wander homeward;  
I am homesick and alone;  
I hear my dying sister's voice  
And my mother's plaintive tone.

I see the friends standing around  
My sister's little cot,  
I see tears in their mournful eyes  
And blood staining the spot.

Oh God! It is painful  
To hear her groans and cries,  
I cannot bear it—it haunts me—  
My poetic heart dies.

She groans and groans wildly,  
And then there is a calm:  
A light bursts in her little eyes  
Like a refreshing balm.

Freely: Her face turns heavenward,  
"Lord remember me!" she weeps,  
A silence follows—I touch her hand—  
It is cold. She sleeps! She sleeps!  
—CHARLES H. D. ESTE,  
Montreal.

Ode to Africa,  
Dove of wondrous grace, loved diadem  
divine!  
Shrine of tropical splendor, perfect in  
thy beauty,  
Thy glory shall rise and shine—and  
abide!

For, behold, thy fettered sons have  
broken their bounds,  
And, wrapt in God, we fly to thee—  
Mother Soil,  
Lo! Marcus Garvey God's servant,  
the clarion sounds!

He bid us lay exceeding hold upon  
thy dust,  
For thou art our sole possession—our  
birthright,  
And He enthroned o'erhead with  
everlasting might upholds us.

Loved Africa, thy sons in evil de-  
spised thee!  
Ignorant of thy virtues, we thought thee  
steeped in vice,  
Till the Red, Black and Green bade  
us rise and reach thee!

Under this banner thither we fly to  
thee in heat,  
That we might shed upon thy dust  
beloved tears—  
Tears of pardon, tears of joy, till  
thy dust grow sweet!

Speed, on most wonderful day of all  
ages  
When o'er thy children shall break  
thy peaceful morning glow  
As they write thy glorious rise on  
history's pages.

Get hence, years of sorrow! Africa  
shall be adorned with joy com-  
plete—  
Yes, great joy, Mother, to match thy  
peerless magnificence—  
Who then, O radiant Queen, dare  
venture to thee a threat?

Though hard be the strife, ne'er shall  
we cease nor make delay—  
Led by him endowed by God, thy  
ransom is secure—  
For though the demand be priceless  
blood, ready are we to pay.

The incense of our prayers shall with  
Every sorrow rise  
To Jehovah—He will lend us aid and  
win our weary feet—  
And thou, Africa, in thy God-given  
splendor, shall be our pride.  
—RACHARIAH BARNES,  
Ancon P. O., C. Z.

Am I a Man?  
Am I a man? I wonder if I am,  
And why I am here at all,  
And why my being causes such alarm,  
Enough to make the heavens fall,  
There are other men who pass fine,  
But I am expected to go it blind,  
I wonder! I am wondering still  
If colors were made by God,  
Why, then, it's thought I can only fill  
The place of ploughing the sod,  
There are others who get all they want,  
While I go naked, starving and dead.

Am I a man? The Canadian declares  
To all whose skins are black  
That earth was made for the fair,  
And this they are out to make a fact,  
There are others who all things dom-  
inate,  
But I am left to a bitter fate.

Am I a man? I struggle, yes,  
To see if I can duty gain  
Just a little room on earth to rest  
From my oppressor's cruel reign,  
There are other men who say they are  
My superiors much by far.

Am I a man? There are reasons why  
I have always been so far behind,  
And ever, with a grievous sigh,  
Go groping in the dark to find  
The way that other men can gain  
All they need, without working in vain.

Am I a man? I wonder if I am,  
And why I am here at all,  
And why my being causes such alarm,  
Enough to make the heavens fall,  
There are other men who pass fine,  
But I am expected to go it blind,  
I wonder! I am wondering still  
If colors were made by God,  
Why, then, it's thought I can only fill  
The place of ploughing the sod,  
There are others who get all they want,  
While I go naked, starving and dead.

I am a man, and I receive so far  
To do all that they men do  
To carve a place where there's no bar  
To the progress of the chesses fow.  
If other men can pass fine,  
It's no longer wise to remain blind.

I am a man like other men,  
The scientist cannot say  
That there's any difference when  
I am also made of clay,  
And if they can get all they need  
I must will follow their own creed.

I am a man, I do declare  
My fault is my skin only,  
This shall not make me to have fear  
Or stand out in the cold lonely.

If other men challenge the world,  
I too, must get a flag to unfurl.

I am a man, The student's note  
To me now does sound sweet  
I do intend to have my vote  
On the lesson change I meet.  
If other men can have their say,  
I too, will find the royal way.

I am a man, I have won the toss  
And mean to play my game,  
And I vow there cannot be loss  
For I am already upon the scroll  
of fame.

If other men have fought and won,  
I also want my place in the sun.  
—FRANK BANFIELD,  
Porto Velho, Rio Madeira.

The judgments of the Lord are  
sure, and righteous altogether—  
Pueblo, Col. follows Tulsa, Okla., with  
a terrible list of casualties. When-  
ever white men in this country engage  
in a naturalistic of crimes against a  
helpless people such as characterized  
their conduct toward the blacks of  
Tulsa, there usually follows bloodshed,  
fire, railroad wrecks or some other  
terrible calamity at sea in which the  
loss of life and property is greater  
than that sustained by the victims of  
their ignorant hatred. Pueblo is de-  
scribed by one recently from there as  
hell on earth, and a white man's con-  
ception of hell is usually correct. He  
invented it and knows what it is like.

I have noted for years that when-  
ever any particularly horrible crimes  
have been committed against Negroes  
by white mobs, that white men and  
women pay the penalty in some form  
equally as horrible as the crime com-  
mitted. It may be a week, a month  
or a year after, but something surely  
happens to white folk to remind them  
that the law of compensation is still  
of force and effect. If you doubt it,  
watch the result of the next lynching  
or roasting of some Negro. "The judg-  
ments of the Lord are sure and  
righteous altogether."

Dr. Harley Shapley of Harvard Col-  
lege, an astronomer of some note, has  
put the Einstein theory of the rela-  
tivity of space in the shade by an-  
nouncing that he has made discover-  
ings that reveal the universe to be a thou-  
sand times greater than scientists  
have conceived it. By so doing, he  
has relegated the earth to a place one  
thousand times less important than it  
has heretofore occupied. He now  
estimates it to be something like  
360,000,000,000,000 miles from the  
center of the universe. What a shock  
this must be to his collaborators who  
know everything, and know exactly  
nothing about the world in which we  
live, move and have our being. Science  
is indeed still in its swaddling clothes,  
if Dr. Shapley's guess is approximately  
near the truth. I think the prophet  
Job had an appreciable idea of the  
immensity of space, and the greatness  
of the greatest scientist the worlds  
about us ever knew, when he put the  
question: "Canst thou by searching  
find out God? Canst thou also find  
out the Almighty unto perfection? It  
is as high as heaven: What canst thou  
do? Deeper than hell! What canst  
thou know? The measure thereof is  
longer than the earth, and broader  
than the sea." And Job also showed  
that he had a vein of humor in his  
system when he said: "No doubt ye  
are the people, and wisdom shall di-  
vide with you." Modern-day scientists  
have contributed a good deal of useful  
information to the sum of human  
knowledge, but like ordinary mortals  
they are very small potatoes, and few  
in the hill, in the light of Dr. Shapley's  
most recent guess as to the infinitesimal  
size of the earth and the place it  
occupies in space.

We are, all of us, mere atoms, and  
we "know not anything" of the great  
universe wherein we strut and stick  
out our chests (some of us), as though  
we are the connecting link between  
the Great Architect, who created  
worlds and fixed their places in space;  
and the worms of the dust with whom  
we condescend to mingle socially.  
Some of us are actually growing  
round-shouldered because we know so  
much that isn't so. Now if our  
planet, as Dr. Shapley opines, is really  
360,000,000,000,000 miles from the  
center of the universe, how far is man  
from the knowledge that God only  
can know, and what is our present  
knowledge worth, and how much of  
it have we got to unlearn?

I have noticed that several of the  
side streets in Harlem, like 125th, 127th  
and 129th street, are selected by white  
youths of varying ages and sizes as  
their playgrounds, and that they con-

The Lilly Whites are looming as the  
Saviors of the South,  
Their trump cards they have played  
with skill,  
Using their heads and not their mouths,  
They have relegated "Sambo" to the  
rear without a frown,  
And now he must go 'way back and  
quietly sit down!

But will he?  
The new factor to be reckoned with  
in political campaigns of the future in  
this country is the woman voter. Hith-  
erto the Negroes have been regarded as  
the balance of power.

In future campaigns the white woman  
voter, ably directed and assisted by  
the white male voter, will constitute  
the balance of power politically, and  
the Negro will have to "trotch or die"  
politically. His story, like Ishakoff's,  
is departed. The cards have been stacked  
against him and the day of his political  
disillusion is gradually drawing to a

close. This is a white man's country.  
If you doubt it wait for the next elec-  
tion. In the month of October, 1920,  
there were 10,000,000 white voters in  
this country, and only 1,000,000 Negro  
voters. The white man's country is  
all that runs of the show.

The Hill-Ware Bakery Company,  
which conducts a bakery and confection-  
ery on 125th street and Lenox avenue,  
where Negro and colored people may  
not eat but may purchase the bread,  
cakes, pies, etc., is opening a branch  
shop for the sale of its products in  
Negro Harlem at 124th street and  
Lenox avenue. It will be well for  
householders and Negroes generally to  
remember that the Hill-Ware Company  
does not eat a "modest hungry Negroes  
in its 125th str et and Len-  
ox avenue shop. A hint to the white and col-  
ored people who are so anxious to im-  
press the Hill-Ware Company that we  
take notice and that we do not have to  
buy the output of its bakery.

George Selwyn once declared to a  
company that a "copy could not write a  
letter without adding a postscript. A  
lady present replied: "The next letter  
that you receive from me, Mr. Selwyn,  
will prove that you are wrong. Ac-  
cordingly he received one from her the  
next day in which, after her signature,  
was the following:  
"P. S.—Who is right now—you or I?"

Lord Bacon says: "The trivial prophe-  
cy which I heard when I was a child  
and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower  
of her years was—  
"When Henpe is spun, England's done."  
Whereby it was generally conceived  
that after the sovereigns had reigned

There is nothing new under the sun,  
says Solomon, and he knew what he  
was talking about.  
Levitation was practiced A. D. 776,  
Eudid, the African mathematician,  
understood the fundamental principles  
of the stereoscope, and it was dis-  
covered by John Snow, twenty  
years ago. The short skirts worn and  
now wearing, says Shapley of Har-  
burgh, and the turbans they wear  
had never been in fashion in Africa  
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