

"I KNOW YOUR FACE"

(c) From the Desk of Uhuru 6/15/2011

1. From Akebulan to America. Our blood soils the land and sea alike. A tragedy & betrayal of humanity. A stolen and frozen, a forgotten legacy. Help them to remember my name

I know your face.

2. Enslavement of the flesh, mental extermination of all the rest. Now that the chains have been removed, the manacles of the mind we recycle like extreme conservations, like a toddler who lose his shoes, conservative habits. We know we should lose. Lord, help them remember my name

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3. They tell us we have gone from "Two N's" to secular gods, somewhere that godship became pimps, gangsters and hustlers. And all the others we will omit. Like we omit from our minds that these titles & deeds help feed our mutual adversary – unsatiated greed.

Help them know my name.

4. Poetic flows become poetic blogs: But poetic fools create poetic fogs. Becoming poetic "Ho's" for minute profits. Selling their souls as the distance themselves from the collective identity, by becoming their own non-entity. Pushing and pandering atomic poetry as rap. Free radical in all form. Causing carcinogen ruptures in the hood and in the mind. Now you wonder why so many of our people are dying. Help them remember and know their name.

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5. We have become lovers of vice. Disregarding and even preying upon all that's nice. Using our skills for sport & game. Affixiated like "Semigel" with his "precious." With a Gullum". Ghetto Disposition: we wonder why the hood is filled with so much hate. I know this all sound like a pessimistic state, but what can I say when you been misprision? Your duties, honor and responsibility is off on vacation. Fighting & demanding for what's right is not even in your personal rotation. Mother of all love. Help them know & remember our name.

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6. We all know it's not all bad, of course there is always good. But what good is good without equality & balance!

When what really is in the heart is nothing but concealed "malice." Walking and speaking like an "evil alicia" living in a "wasteland" as your version of a wonderland.

But who created that world for you? That you feel compelled to play a sanctioned & unsanctioned role in.

So they can criminalize you as they socially disenfranchise you, ostracize you when they criticize you when they lionize you and perhaps even amoralize you. And keep you fantasizing.

Just pause for one second and gaze in the mirror and educate the self. You will know my name.

I know your face. Because I know you. But you don't know me, for you have distance yourself from me. But you and I are one.

Remember & know my name.

For I've seen your face when I look in the mirror. Do you see mine too?

I know your face. Know and remember my name.

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PO Box 9900  
Boscobel WI 53805