

BLACK PARALLAX

file @ Floyd Smith

It wasn't until I was about 40 years old, when I first saw a picture of my Father.

I grew up as a child being told that nobody could find him.

Abandoned by my Mother at an early age, I ages 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Foster Homes, and Juvenile Detention Centers, and roaming around the streets of Los Angeles, Compton, and Watts California, street dancing.

From the age of 16 to 25 I was locked away at Herman G. Stark Youth Training School, a California Youth Authority Prison for Kids, there for a street level murder.

While I was there, I remember a Senior Counselor named Mr. Jim Lowry rush outside and, grabbing me to take me to lock up for fighting, He some how couldn't hear the other kids yelling:

"Hey Fool, We Was Just Dancing"

So, a real darkskinned Counselor named Ms. Sweeney came to the cell and asked: (5 days later)

"Just Dancing huh?" "Yeah right"

I said:

"It's 1986 old lady, Y'all don't know the difference between fighting and dancing yet?"

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I was in a cell, inside of another cell,
So I Jumped up off the cell bunk,
Ticked, Waved and Moonwalked
from the bunk to the cell door,
and looked in her face and said:

"I get paid off this shit in the
Streets, I turn dollars into
dimes, to use the pay phone
to call every nigga named
Floyd Smith in America,
so I can find My Father to
Come pick me up!"

As Ms. Sweeney was letting me out
of, "The BOX", she said;

"FIRST of all, I got cho old Lady,
you're in the last cell that way,
and we got church services
tonight after chow, so be
ready, lets do something
about all that cussing, get
cho number and we'll call
Your Father tonight!"

As I was walking away towards the
cell with my personal property and
Blankets and sheets, I said;

"I dont know that Nigga, I Just
look in the phone book and call
all of 'em to see which one
it is!"

Ms. Sweeney said;

"Get outta here befo You make Me
Start crying and pull up Yo damn
Pants witcho lil Narrow ass!"

(3)

After Church service, I realized that I wasn't getting a phone call, so that night, in 1986, Mid July; I decided to never try to call my Father again.

I layed on the cell bunk quietly back in my mind, remembering all of the white men sounding voices that picked up the phone each time I called a different Floyd Smith, some females would enquire, one lady said:

"You don't know Floyd"

and hung up in my face, some guys wished me well in my search, but the majority said, "Wrong Number".

I think that night, I cried so hard that my head hurt to the point where I just fell asleep, and the next day, up until, I was around 40 years old, I never looked for my Father again, He obviously wasn't looking for me, or my mama. I don't do Phone Books, not even personal phone numbers, to this day.

Which brings me to, REPARATIONS.

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REPARATIONS:

In the event, by some moral miracle, America elects to provide relief to descendants of African Slaves, one must factor in multiple forced separations that left many with ZERO clues as to who they descend from, for example:

- a) Sale of Slaves
- b) Purchase of Slaves
- c) Murders of Slaves
- d) Escaped Slaves
- e) Migrating Freed Slaves
- f) Forced inner-breeding

Also, the one self inflicted wound that presents a conflicting Parallax;

- d) Multi-Generational abandonment, of same-sex, same gender loving (SGL) African-Americans, both during, and well after slavery, even up to this very moment.

The Black Church has no will for purpose to search and seek out, so to provide for the rendering of relief to a demographic portion of it's own base that itself, by doctrine alone, fostered strict expelling of SGL Black people from Congregations, and Mosque alike, when we factor in the "Black Muslim" sectors in Black America. Black religious people don't respect Black gay people.

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The Black Family, inspite of recent gains of inclusivity, still has no will, purpose, or mine to rediscover generations of exiled, abandoned, and even deraciating of SGL Black Incarcerated Americans, to assist in providing equal access to reparation relief.

In 2021, You may be thinking:

"Well, What about Black Unity, and Black LIVES Matter, and Power TO The People, and BEING WOKE?"

To You, I say, there is a very Black contradiction of a parallax we intentionally ignore, because to go down this path, and look into that mirror, would mean that Black people in America is the White Killer Cop, the dirty politician, enslaver and oppressor of SGL Black people, yes, Socially, Emotionally, Physically, Educationally, and Spiritually.

If reparations dont include DNA tracing, there exist almost a greater, Massive brick wall between connectivity, and accesibility for reparation relief and SGL descendants of Africans forced into slavery, on American soil, because some of us still have valid reason so not to trust none of them Niggaz, at all.

Who will look for us? Who Will find Me?