

COMPLEX (STREET TALK RECORDED)

The man's words came thick

As epileptic foam
think about blackout
you think about blackman
think about black lists
you think about blackman
think about black lies
you think about blackman
think of blackmarkets
you think about blackman

this black body no good . . .
His self-image caught me as
Doorhandle a Fulaman's gown

Rending my heart
when those people looked at us
peeeeeeeeeeeeeeeengh
and called us
monkeys
you think it was for nothing?
was it for nothing?
i tell you
we are like that
we cannot part with our
black palms

we cannot part with our black ways . . . !
I stood under the barrage
More stunned than stone
Thinking
No wonder
With such a mind
No wonder, brother
You hang behind like buttocks
To sit on.