

# APPENDICES

## POEMS OF MAYA ANGELOU

### 1. "EQUALITY"

You declare you see me dimly  
through a glass which will not shine,  
though I stand before you boldly,  
trim in rank and making time.

You do own to hear me faintly  
as a whisper out of range,  
while my drums beat out the message  
and the rhythms never change.

Equality, and I will be free.  
Equality, and I will be free.

You announce my ways are wanton,  
that I fly from man to man,  
but if I'm just a shadow to you,  
could you ever understand?

We have lived a painful history,  
we know the shameful past,  
but I keep on marching forward,  
and you keep on coming last.

Equality, and I will be free.  
Equality, and I will be free.

Take the blinders from your vision,  
take the padding from your ears,  
and confess you've heard me crying,  
and admit you've seen my tears.

Hear the tempo so compelling,  
hear the blood throb through my veins.  
Yes, my drums are beating nightly,  
and the rhythms never change.

Equality, and I will be free.  
Equality, and I will be free.

## 2. "STILL I RISE"

You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?  
Why are you beset with gloom?  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells  
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,  
With the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.  
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don't you take it awful hard  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines  
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,  
You may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your hatefulness,  
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?  
Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I've got diamonds  
At the meeting of my thighs?  
Out of the huts of history's shame - I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain - I rise  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear - I rise  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear - I rise  
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.  
I rise  
I rise  
I rise.

### 3. "MILLION MAN MARCH POEM"

The night has been long,  
The wound has been deep,  
The pit has been dark,  
And the walls have been steep.

Under a dead blue sky on a distant beach,  
I was dragged by my braids just beyond your reach.  
Your hands were tied, your mouth was bound,  
You couldn't even call out my name.  
You were helpless and so was I,  
But unfortunately throughout history  
You've worn a badge of shame.

I say, the night has been long,  
The wound has been deep,  
The pit has been dark  
And the walls have been steep.

But today, voices of old spirit sound  
Speak to us in words profound,  
Across the years, across the centuries,  
Across the oceans, and across the seas.  
They say, draw near to one another,  
Save your race.  
You have been paid for in a distant place,  
The old ones remind us that slavery's chains  
Have paid for our freedom again and again.

The night has been long,  
The pit has been deep,  
The night has been dark,  
And the walls have been steep.

The hells we have lived through and live through still,  
Have sharpened our senses and toughened our will.  
The night has been long.  
This morning I look through your anguish  
Right down to your soul.  
I know that with each other we can make ourselves whole.  
I look through the posture and past your disguise,  
And see your love for family in your big brown eyes.

I say, clap hands and let's come together in this meeting ground,  
I say, clap hands and let's deal with each other with love,  
I say, clap hands and let us get from the low road of indifference,  
Clap hands, let us come together and reveal our hearts,  
Let us come together and revise our spirits,  
Let us come together and cleanse our souls,

Clap hands, let's leave the preening  
And stop impostering our own history.

Clap hands, call the spirits back from the ledge,  
Clap hands, let us invite joy into our conversation,  
Courtesy into our bedrooms,  
Gentleness into our kitchen,  
Care into our nursery.

The ancestors remind us, despite the history of pain  
We are a going-on people who will rise again.

And still we rise.

#### 4. "TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL"

We, unaccustomed to courage  
exiles from delight  
live coiled in shells of loneliness  
until love leaves its high holy temple  
and comes into our sight  
to liberate us into life.

Love arrives  
and in its train come ecstasies  
old memories of pleasure  
ancient histories of pain.  
Yet if we are bold,  
love strikes away the chains of fear  
from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity  
In the flush of love's light  
we dare be brave

And suddenly we see  
that love costs all we are  
and will ever be.  
Yet it is only love  
which sets us free.

## POEMS OF BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

### 1. "NEIGHBOURS"

I am the type you are supposed to fear  
Black and foreign  
Big and dreadlocks  
An uneducated grass eater.

I talk in tongues  
I chant at night  
I appear anywhere,  
I sleep with lions  
And when the moon gets me  
I am a Wailer.

I am moving in  
Next door to you  
So you can get to know me,  
You will see my shadow  
In the bathroom window,  
My aromas will occupy  
Your space,  
Our ball will be in your court.  
How will you feel?

You should feel good  
You have been chosen.

I am the type you are supposed to love  
Dark and mysterious  
Tall and natural  
Thinking, tea total.  
I talk in schools  
I sing on TV  
I am in the papers,  
I keep cool cats

And when the sun is shining  
I go Carnival.

## 2. "SOS (SAVE OUR SONS)"

We Black men of England  
Too proud to cry for shame,  
Let's cry a sea  
Cry publicly,  
Expose our very pain,  
For Babylon the bandit  
Is on our sisters trail,  
The bad talk  
And the cool walk  
Will not keep us out of jail.

We Black men of England  
Our guns are killing us,  
How dare we?  
Now hear me  
How great is dangerous?  
There's a fascist and a druggist  
Out to get our kith and kin,  
Let silent guns  
Save our sons  
The power is within.

We Black men of England  
Excel as if in sport  
For our people,  
Because some people  
Want to see our face in court,  
When we Black men of England  
Look the mirror in the face,  
Through our sisters eyes  
We men shall rise  
As proud sons of our race.

### 3. "THE RACE INDUSTRY"

The coconuts have got the jobs.  
The race industry is a growth industry.  
We despairing, they careering.  
We want more peace they want more police.  
The Uncle Toms are getting paid.  
The race industry is a growth industry.  
We say sisters and brothers don't fear.  
They will do anything for the Mayor.  
The coconuts have got the jobs.  
The race industry is a growth industry.  
They're looking for victims and poets to rent.  
They represent me without my consent.  
The Uncle Toms are getting paid.  
The race industry is a growth industry.  
In suits they dither in fear of anarchy.  
They take our sufferings and earn a salary.  
Steal our souls and make their documentaries.  
Inform daily on our community.  
Without Black suffering they'd have no jobs.  
Without our dead they'd have no office.  
Without our tears they'd have no drink.  
If they stopped sucking we could get justice.  
The coconuts are getting paid.  
Men, women and Brixton are being betrayed.

#### 4. "WHITE COMEDY"

I waz whitemailed  
By a white witch,  
Wid white magic  
An white lies,  
Branded by a white sheep  
I slaved as a whitesmith  
Near a white spot  
Where I suffered whitewater fever.  
Whitelisted as a whiteleg  
I waz in de white book  
As a master of white art,  
It waz like white death.

People called me white jack  
Some hailed me as a white wog,  
So I joined de white watch  
Trained as a white guard  
Lived off the white economy.  
Caught and beaten by de whiteshirts  
I waz condemned to a white mass,  
Don't worry,  
I shall be writing to de Black House.



## BIOGRAPHY OF THE POETS

### MAYA ANGELOU

Angelou was born Marguerite Ann Johnson 4 April 1928 in St. Louis, Missouri. She is an American poet, memoirist, actress and an important figure in the American Civil Rights Movement. She is known for her series of six autobiographies, starting with *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, (1969) which was nominated for a National Book Award and called her "magnum opus." Her volume of poetry, *Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water 'Fore I Die* (1971) was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize.

Dr. Angelou has been honored by universities, literary organizations, government agencies, and special interest groups. Her honors include a National Book Award nomination for *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, a Pulitzer Prize nomination for her book of poetry, *Just Give Me A Cool Drink of Water 'Fore I Die*, a Tony Award nomination for her role in the 1973 play *Look Away*, and three Grammys for her spoken word albums. In 1995, Angelou's publishing company, Bantam Books, recognized her for having the longest-running record (two years) on *The New York Times* Paperback Nonfiction Bestseller List. She has served on two presidential committees, and was awarded the Presidential Medal of Arts in 2000. Musician Ben Harper has honored Dr. Angelou with his song "I'll Rise," which includes words from her poem, "And Still I Rise." She has been awarded over thirty honorary degrees.

Source: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maya\\_angelou](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maya_angelou)

## **BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH**

Zephaniah was born on 15 April 1958 in Cole's Hill, Birmingham, England. He is a British Rastafarian writer and dub poet, and is well known in contemporary English literature. Zephaniah spent part of his childhood in Jamaica. In November 2003, Zephaniah wrote in The Guardian that he was turning down the invitation to accept the honour of the position of Officer of the Order of British Empire (OBE) award from Queen Elizabeth II since it reminded him of "how my foremothers were raped and my forefathers brutalised". He continued to say "Stick it, Mr. Blair and Mrs. Queen, stop going on about empire." It was unusual to do so publicly, since the convention for rejecting the award is to do so privately. Zephaniah currently lives in the small village of Moulton, Lincolnshire, and is a self-described passionate vegan. He is an honorary patron of The Vegan Society. He is also the patron of the east London based anti-racist organization Newham Monitoring Project. Benjamin is also a fan of Aston Villa Football Club.

Source: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin\\_Zephaniah](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Zephaniah)