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The Scorn of the Earth

by

Imamu Abdul Malik

I

Entered a room of mirrors
and could see bad vibes
bouncing off the walls that withheld
my reflexion
 my entity
 my being.
My desires were there
lonely and unfulfilled.
I screamed a cry that echoed my eternity.
Were you there?

Moved by what?
Motivated by whom?
I want merely to write
& have a few moments to myself...
to know me.

What is this consecrated oblivion that the junkie seeks?
Down the range,
 a cup rings across the bars
 a loud high-pitched voice cuts through the silence...
"Police, police!!!"
Everybody knows....
In another cell, a new boy is waiting
for the lights to go out,
he wants to masturbate, and later cry...
he doesn't want his cellie to know...
his cellie doesn't want him to know.

II

Somewhere
a poet is humming lines to "the sad young man,"
while he tries to compose a letter
that everybody will dig.
He wants so badly to communicate
with this woman.

He knows that death is near
& he has a fear of dying unheard.
His woman ... she doesn't understand,
she tells everyone he's a recluse.

In the same cell,
another artist tries to paint the sun.
It's been so long
& he knows if he can do that, he can do anything.
He must paint his own sun
he'll color it black & hungry for life
young & angry
innocent & free.
Love, oh love me...

Another brother creates and lives illusions,
his life is
empty
he has no one - not even himself.
He refuses to believe he's alone
and he has daydreams of death in far away places.

...the sister sounded so good, so real
but with everybody
trying to find out who she was
who cud enjoy it
I certainly cudn't

the young white lady
the young rich white lady
the young rich southern white lady
said:

"Oh John, what are we going to do,
the natives are so restless?"

III

I am angered by this
the sickly whine life takes on in its repressive forms.
I try to hide my face in the evening wind
I cannot escape this shadow, this ugly being
I protest, I protest!!!

4:05 p.m. ...

late for count

loitering on the range
out of place....

THE BUGLE SOUNDS

TIME to sleep ... or pretend.

Think ... think ... think.

ANOTHER BUGLE

TIME to get up

"Trash call, trash call!

North side of the west block

turn in yr laundry."

Who's got an extra laundry slip? sick call?

"Report to yr assignment

the high school will lay in today

you will lay in ... workshops on blkism"

Bullshit!

Coolism!

talk old times & dream - delusionary worlds.

Time & space don't exist.

4NW commissary,

"don't forget yr badge."

IV

I am time, an entity

I am space, the universe, many galaxies -

no reality here -

Police, prisoners of the mind ...

wall street,

empire,

country,

I'm dying

Radio! Radio!!

"Turn that goddam radio back on!!!"

Beyond the wall

isolated from this madness

a boy scout

or perhaps an explorer

tells his friend "Jesus saves."

He has a madness of his own.

Each day

I sit and think about you.

Who are you,

and why do you evade me?

I love you, come with me

V

How can we feel, love, & create
in this subliminal environment?
I have perspectives that change -
but never to this.

My concepts are real & tang-ible
they allow me to live.

I cannot allow them to be lost
in bad rags and perverted data.

Emotional death

the blue jeans I wear
the brogans and white socks
my number

my window with bars...

a nite lite comes in
in funny rectangles

ALL DEATH & FEAR

Fear of knowing & not knowing
of being & not being.

I decline, I quit, I protest, I protest!!

Yet I must remain

a part of this

an unknown part

only noticed when not here

Think. Think. Think.

Escape! Escape!

... No Chance ...

But vibes can penetrate these walls
can make the concrete and steel tremble.

Set me free, set me free!

I have needs and desires

I am black and Afrikan

hungry and poor

beautiful and alive...

The scorn of the earth!
