

Poetry Series

Vince Rogers
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Vince Rogers()

Vince Rogers was raised in Atlanta's infamous Bowen Homes housing projects. After graduating with distinction from Frederick Douglass High School, he went on to attend prestigious Morehouse College on an academic scholarship. He has been active in community development and economic empowerment organizations for over twenty years. He is also an accomplished economist, specializing in urban development and international economics.

As a child he attended historic Ebenezer Baptist Church. He was baptized by the honorable Reverend Martin Luther King Sr. - "Daddy King". He was highly influenced by the spiritual, cultural and social teachings of the church. Those ideals have inspired him to work to make the world a better place to live.

He is an internationally published writer of fiction, non-fiction, poetry, feature articles, film criticism and scholarly papers. His works were among the Official Inaugural Selections of 'I've Known Rivers' the Museum of the African Diaspora story project. He was the TimBookTu Featured Writer for December of 2006. His scholarly paper The Evolution of Shawntae Harris was presented at Vanderbilt University's 'Smoke, Lilies & Jade' Lecture Series during the Hip Hop's Defiant Divas Conference.

He has also contributed to: Clean Sheets Magazine; On The Black Burner; Taj Mahal Review (India) Chicken Bones: A Journal; Thereby Hangs a Tale; Catalyst Magazine; Book Club News; Southern Screen Report; Pulp Magazine(Canada) Nghosi Books: Longing Lust and Love Anthology; 3 Lights Gallery(United Kingdom) Black Arts Quarterly (Stanford University) Amistad Journal (Howard University)

You may contact Vince via e-mail at vince@ and visit his Website:

Absinthe

Vestige of revels
Fancied for Eros and Arts
Reverie follows

Vince Rogers

Agenda

Tell me what you are trying to build, not what needs to be torn down

Tell me what you believe in, not what you doubt

Tell me who you love, not what you hate

Tell me who is right, not what is wrong

Tell me about your plan, not about your plot

Tell me about your leadership, not the betrayals of the past

Tell me who you will follow now, not how far we've come

Tell me about your organizing, not the conspiracies of others

Tell me about unity and culture, not political science and urban studies

Tell me who you believe in, not why I should vote just because

Tell me what you've learned, not what they were wrong about

Tell me about your triumphs, not just our tragedies

Tell me what you did right, not what they did wrong

Tell me about our bright magnificent future, not the dark gloomy past

Vince Rogers

All Souls

I have no fear of joining the great gathering, that great gathering of all souls

To join the spirits of the quickened and felled, both those of the young and the old

For the reaper is a callous dealer and is no respecter of high station or place

Fame nor fortune buys his mercy and will not stave off his relentless chase

A King of peace can be viciously murdered; a small-town boy can be mercilessly lynched

A dose of medicine can be doubled and your fate shall be irreversibly cinched

An ill fate abides for the preachers of love, as well for the prophets of pain

Be assured that idolaters shall be randomly spared, while the innocents shall be needlessly slain

Should you doubt his random nature, observe the body of the poisoned priest

While the reaper spares the life of the child, bearing the prophesied mark of the beast

From out of the earth arise the tortured corpses, from the blood drenched killing fields

While obfuscators and confidence men continue to tantalize and cut their crooked deals

The dutiful nun in the cloister prays in vain and dies with her doubts unrequited

Yet outside of the order the whores scarlet lecheries keep lust's fiery flames ignited

Your tears upon their graves are a puzzlement; for your fate may prove to be far worse

The dead have made their final reckoning and they know that sweet death is no

curse

For most their release from this realm is a comfort, the certitude of death brings them peace

Still some tortured souls who knew not virtue, still long for worldly gains and increase

While those who perished in service, live on through golden deeds and true love

For their illuminated souls have ascended the heights and fill evils void from above

Vince Rogers

An Angelic Trio

When the silence breaks, make no mistake, you shall remember what you've heard within these walls

This divine choir is rare, so be thankful you were there and well worthy to be here in this hall

I know the hour draws nigh, but these great divas are worth the wait I assure

Perhaps they're still convincing the Duke, to play piano when Ella sings Azure

The ladies are as excited to be seen as you are to see them, especially Miss Lady Day

I understand, if you have to leave I won't stop you, but you'll regret you did not stay

I would still be here and would sit here all year, to hear sweet Ella sing just one song.

No sir I did not say there would be only one, listen carefully and please don't quote me wrong

With my own eyes I have seen them all three, though Miss Simone hath just arrived of late

Will she sing Mississippi Goddamn? ? ? ? Well I suppose she will, if she finds herself in that mood or that state

Just be patient, they have some catching up to do, you must admit they've all paid their dues

"....Yeah girl they had this skinny broad playing you and called it "Lady Sings the Blues"

Alas, I can hear them laughing, it should be just a minute before they appear right here on this stage

Sir I'm sure if they take requests she'll do Strange Fruit, but be warned, it still may send some into a rage

Pres will blow Tenor, Chick will play drums and Nina may play some piano if she so feels

Does Billie still drink? That's not your business I think, did you come for the spectacle or their skills? ? ? ?

At last the lights have been cued, the curtain will rise, we shall hear an angelic trio for the ages

We should count ourselves blest, to hear the three best, to ever grace this or any other stages

Vince Rogers

Ascetic

This ochred cloth shrouds me with shreds of holy virtue
Yet safeguards me within solitude from earthly sorrows

Dare I lift this veil and test my faith in the furnace? ? ? ?
Or live yet another day behind pious walls and chastened gates

This sheath of serendipity denies me any feral convergences
Phallus fallacies prove no match for Diana's quest for Venus

I sense powerful forces flowing forth through yonies yearnings
As Orion's quest continues for a Pleiades flying out of formation

Anaximenes has bid me safe passage towards Philadelphia
Though my coarse coil would prevent any eros there in that realm

Tethered to bells and sandals lotus legged astride a straw mat
I continue my study of lofty tomes and memorizing anachronistic hymns

Vince Rogers

Autoerotic

I pulled my whip off the road, where there were no lights

A detour on the road of lust, love comes at first site

Speed induced sex passions, conjure wild animal reactions

Nothing off limits here, no speed limits or infractions

Arms fly back to lift blouses, reach down to unzip boots

Legs lift to expose honey pot, arms embrace bear back brute

Stick stuck in ninth gear, tight fit cockpit, smiles per hour

Labia of love, the moon shines above, approved by JD Power

Vince Rogers

Balcony Scene

How must it feel to stand on the stage? ? ? ?

To show so many love, yet fuel such rage

What must it be like to look in the crowd? ? ? ?

To hear the cheers, then jeers just as loud

How did you manage those long nights in jail? ? ? ?

Wife left alone to tend young babies' wails

How were you able to muster the strength? ? ? ?

To take the great struggle to it's ultimate length

Like Brother Malcolm before, your life soon to end

If you could see us now, would you do it all again? ? ? ?

Even though days earlier you gave God all your fears

Was it all worth the fatherless babies and widow's tears? ? ? ?

Surrounded by friends you were their greatest hope

Yet hate held you focused clear in its scope

Vince Rogers

Beautiful

I want to be beautiful

I want to be whole

I want to be courageous

I want to be bold

I want to be at peace

I want to be me

I want to be boundless

I want to be free

Vince Rogers

Birdin'

she tied a rope to his heart as he endeavored to soar
yet he yearned to take them higher,
even as her feet still dragged across the common ground
soon the weight of it all pulled him ever downward,
even as her feet dragged yet across the common ground
the weight of his burden grinded away at their souls

Vince Rogers

Blast Fo' Me

You believe VOODOO is 'Spook'ee
And Hey-Seuss was 'WHITE'
But if I told you
I saw some Darkie walk on water
You'd say I saw no such sight

The B.i.b.l.e. says Moses passed for Egyptian? ? ? ?
And Simon was a genuine Coon
But if I told you
They got virgin Madonnas in every ghetto
You'd just think I was just a loon

All-U-Can-Eat Fried Catfish and Cornbread
Just by laying his White Lily hands upon it
But if I tried to sell you
This same big fish story
You'd say 'Somethin' 'bout dat jus' don't fit'

Leviticus said don't drink no Manishevitz
Nor have no strong drink
But if I told you
Obatala can turn water to wine
What would that make you think? ? ? ?

They say that God is a MAN
And somehow single-handedly begot a son
They tell you
Make sure you tithe
It's for that perpetual chu'ch buildin' fund

You believe li'l ole david
Cracked Go-lieth in da head wit' a fat rock
You even believe
Europeans was the first in 'The Garden'

Even though it's somewhere in Iraq

You think you're goin' to HEAVEN
And all that other stuff you believe in
But if I told you
Sartre said 'Hell is YOU! ! ! !'
You'd just call me an ole heathen

You believe in the 'GoodBook' ! ! !
You think one day you goin' up yonder
You believe the MASTER
Gave the slaves their salvation? ? ? ?
Now that's something you really need to ponder

Vince Rogers

Cannabis

Blunted decisions

Do I puff it or pass it

The Hard Choice to make

Vince Rogers

Dark Before Dawn

It seems like now that everything goes,

now everyone says that nobody knows

Why the world finds itself in so much pain

and once warm hearts have suddenly froze

Why do the violent sins of the savage fathers,

pay visit to the ignorant sons? ? ? ?

When will the unchaste daughters of the night,

have need no longer to run? ? ? ?

It seems that only when the evil that men do,

casts a pox on our own home

Do we realize who it was that opened the door,

that left the devil free to roam

Vince Rogers

Draw's

To the scholars you're real Black Culture;
They study the way you look
One day they'll write about your droopy drawers;
In a Cultural Anthropology book

Vince Rogers

Escape

I was so high I had to do something

So I outstretched my bare arms, jumped in the air and landed on top of
Kilimanjaro

Then came back to Earth and made love to Aset, on a fragrant bed of Nag
Champa and Collard Greens

I sat on the Ashanti Stool at a platinum table and ate barbequed pig feet and
drank passion fruit Alize in the presence of my enemies

I tore off a piece of Dead Sea scroll, so I could roll me another biblical blunt.

Then I flew up to Heaven again, but did not enter.

I just put my ear to the sky and listened to God laugh for a while.

I then began to think about regular men who appear similar to me, who go to
sleep at 11, wake at 7 and go to work from 9 to 5.

Vince Rogers

Feminin

Menses

the confluence

red flows the stream of life

flowers in bloom kisses on eyes

Woman

Vince Rogers

Fetish

Sweet innocents thrill

Occidental savages

My cupidity

Vince Rogers

For No Particular Reason

Let's go talk about the revolution out on the veranda

and wait for the White Zin to chill

We'll speak in spirited tones of outrage about Darfur

while we wait for the corn to grill

We'll talk intrepidly about capitalistic White demons

and how they stole our native soil

We'll pass the time in fiery oration about reparations

while we wait for the lobsters to boil

We'll curse the oppressor in the language of his ancestors

and their murderous thieving ilk

Girl where did you get that pretty duvet cover? ? ? ?

Is that real Chinese silk? ? ? ?

Don't even get me started on them Chinese folks

now they're the oppressor too

Investing in Africa and creating jobs

like we were going to do

I know you heard ole such and such is a big sell out now

Brother went out and got a federal gig

Trust me as soon as I get my tenure at the university

I'm gonna blow the lid off the system - You dig? ? ? ?

'Cus I'm a strong Black warrior

I won't ever lose my edge

Honey have you seen my old step show shoes? ? ? ?

I heard the new Greeks are about to pledge

It's so hard to be Black in America

Let's discuss it over brunch at the Four Seasons

We'll do lunch soon and talk about revolution

for no particular reason

Vince Rogers

Genuflection On A Woman's Back.

As you stride by, I close my eyes to behold you before you pass into memory

I stare at the sun and your flawless silhouette leaves an onyx impression against
the clouds silver lining

As you pass into my vista, I try to capture the image of your glistening muscles
and the symmetry of their perfection

The same back that supports the universe adorns a pink flowered sundress and
transforms it into a beautiful tableau

You have carried the troubles of the world there, your own sorrows too as well as
innocent babies and strong men

I yearn to caress your opalescent skin with balms and anointments fragrant oils
and ointments to soothe your divine soul

Vince Rogers

Genuflection On My Daddy's Hands

You lifted all those boxes with those hands and when it was time, you gave hugs with them and held our small hands in yours

You played craps and shot pool with those hands, Mama said you could fight with them too, but I never got to see those wars

I did see you hit a baseball though and on special occasions saw you tie a tie and often had the honor of having you tie my shoe

You cooked me breakfast lunch and dinner with those hands and I could feel the love, even if the taste didn't always come through

You did everything you could with those hands, supporting Mothers Brothers Sisters Aunts Uncles and even a Cousin or two

I am honored that you lifted all those boxes, because you taught me that it's the kind of man you are, not the kind of work you do

Vince Rogers

Genuflection On My Mother's Soul

Weeping joy, babies born

Wailing pain, marriage mourn

Nursing care, brother's fall

Suffering patient, sister's pall

Speaking words, wisdom teach

Inspiring ever, children's reach

Vince Rogers

Genuflection On The Head Of A Baby

Beautiful round brown mound profound - boundless possibility

Skin so soft and pure, I demure before your innocent dignity

Eyes so soft and brown, set agaze bright ablaze with spirituality

Fertile mind sublime, pure in thought free from fear and enmity

Beautiful child gentle and mild visage aglow smile so brightly

Are you the one of elders prophesy, who is destined to save humanity? ? ? ?

Vince Rogers

Grillz

Yo' mowf is glossy□

Yo' teef is flossy

You gotta whole lotta chedda' in da bank

Yo whip is tight

Yo linen is sno' white

But playa, yo' bref sho nuff do stank! ! !

Vince Rogers

Griot (For Rudy)

It is a heavy burden, the power to read the bones

Few others share this solemn gift

So you carry the burden alone

The ancestors placed upon you, this weighty charge to keep

To faithfully guard the sacred scrolls

In loss of precious sleep

The apocryphal confuses the seminal

The didactic supplants the sublime

All dogma must be chastened, to illuminate the rites of the lines

And so to revive the canon, to Jerusalem land you retreat

You seek the comfort of old Virginia plain

While wrestling ignorance to its ultimate defeat

Vince Rogers

Heart Transplant

Two hearts join
There is a union
Love is complicated
The transplant is rejected
The hearts break
The mending is slow

Vince Rogers

Hegemony

World Super Powers

Plotting Earth's Domination

Their Wills Clash With Ours

Vince Rogers

I Believe In Muses

Nine to the Universe, the Nine Divine
I believe in Muses, Inspire me to dream sublime

Empress Omega, Betty Shabazz, Nzinga all of the Queens
I believe in Muses, Inspire me to achieve impossible dreams

Your sepia back, so strong and beautiful as obsidian
I believe in Muses, Inspire me to search where truth is hidden

Thighs, eyes, hips and lips, I desire you body and soul
I believe in Muses, Inspire me to an orgasmic loss of self control

Your beauty has inspired men to create, to build, to rise
I believe in Muses, Inspire me to be a King in your eyes

Vince Rogers

Legerdemain

"Ho, Ho, Ho it's magic, you know,
I never believed it's not so"

Oh but so it is, that your sleight of hand
Prestidigitated me from the life God planned

You put a spell on me and said I was yours
Made my Black ass do all your chores

Abracadabra now English I speak
Pork in my bowl now swine I must eat

As I "Try to understand, try to understand
try, try, try to understand...."
You got me believing you're a magic man

You taught me the art of sleight of hand
But I mixed in some "mojo" from the Motherland
As I apprentice under your sorcerer's spell
I've learned many lessons and learned them well

I changed from a free man to a slave
I learned to believe in Jesus the babe
I learned how to turn roots and pig crap into food
I learned to be cool and keep my anger subdued

I still long for a home and yearn to be free
But I've yet to break this spell you've put on me

Vince Rogers

Locks

Shiva and Indians? ? ? ?
Hin-du-far-I? ? ? ?
Lion of Judah! ! ! !
Ras-ta-far-I! ! ! !
Amy and Judy? ? ? ?
Trus-ta-Far-I? ? ? ?
Tosh and Mutabaruka! ! ! !
Revolu-tion-ar-I! ! ! !
Whoopi and Lenny? ? ? ?
Jews-ta-Far-I? ? ? ?
Dopeboys and Gangstas? ? ? ?
Thugs-ta-Far-I? ? ? ?
Wear dreadlocks just for fashion? ? ? ?
I can't understand why

Vince Rogers

Masculin

Man

proud Angry

seeking brooding Conquering

in search of Legacy

Hero

Vince Rogers

Monument To Love

Where are America's monuments to love? ? ? ?

Americans have erected memorials for every war

She has a holiday for her living veterans

And yet another to memorialize the dead

Where are her monuments to love? ? ? ?

Americans play ball games at War Memorial Stadiums

They play tackle kickball on Soldier Fields

Where will the Love Bowl be played? ? ? ?

The cowboys beat the chiefs until the redskins lost home field

Will the raiders ever offer them thanksgiving? ? ? ?

Cinco de Mayo even celebrates a war fought 'South of the Border'

Will they ever declare a siesta for peace here at home? ? ? ?

There is one lone holiday for the "Drum Major of Justice"

Will they ever hold a parade for the non-violence movement? ? ? ?

America has fought wars for high-tea, free labor, instant rice and foreign oil.

Will they ever trade righteousness like a precious commodity? ? ? ?

Wars have been fought against her citizens marching for their God given rights.

Who'll take the first steps towards true liberation? ? ? ?

Great casualties were suffered, in a War fought to keep people as property.

When will the damages be paid in that civil suit? ? ? ?

We sing of glorious bombs bursting in air and battle hymns for the republic.

When will somebody write a National Anthem for Love? ? ? ?

Vince Rogers

Nag Champa

Sensations wafting
Into the olfactory
Release comes easy

Vince Rogers

Namaskar

I love you even when we fight like vipers
I love you even when I curse your name
I love you even when my deeds betray my heart
It is my prayer that you will always be there
It would grieve me so if before you were to go
I missed the chance to say I love you

Vince Rogers

Necromancers Of Negritude

So hard to create in this state, as the Joy Stealers and Soul Snatchers patrol the High Road

The Necromancers of Negritude have laid a path of sucked skulls and confused souls before us

The keys to freedom lay buried in the Ancient Books, but the Alchemists have turned gold to lead

The Poli-Tricksters negotiate another unapologetic unconditional surrender to bondage

While young men die along the Euphrates paying the price for old men's greed

On this side of Babylon, Dope Boys and No Limit Soldiers get caught up like flies in the trap

Tonight there'll be no burning or looting, maybe some shooting and some illusions will die

Only salon styled Dreadlocks worn for fashion without passion in this I-ration, without elevation

An old man with a drawer full of worn out Afro Picks remembers young people shouting 'Uhuru Sasa! ! ! ! '

While closets full of button down shirts and Dashikis hang alongside one another like a double Niggative

Vince Rogers

Old Birds: An Easter Speech

Watchers of the Old Democratic Kingfisher observe that this species fears leaving the nest the most

Because even when they're well past the age of fledgling, they still suffer from fear of flying

They prefer instead to remain nestled ever so gently under the wings of the Old Southern Jim Crow

Even when given the chance to fly high, they refuse to soar above the stained glass ceiling

Nowadays, they will even put their hopes of survival in the comforting call of the tough Old First Lady Bird

They long to admire her rarified talent for reflecting the lustrous glow of her mate's Bill

The most liberal of her devotees are mesmerized by her ability to mimic the call of the male of the species

While female watchers have inured themselves to her peculiar brand of gravitas and admire her fine lady feathers

Yet this season, most have surprisingly become more interested in observing the habits of an even rarer bird still

They are to be commended for beating the bushes in search of new birds with new calls and colors

The Kenyan Black Slate Candidate has caught the eye of even the most super delegated observer

Appealing to those who seek an alternative to the old Washingtonian fowls who've dominated the last twenty years

They embrace this new species whose talents include Wrighting wrongs and putting past transgressions Ferraro in the past

Some believe these new devotees are really only interested in bringing about the extinction of the American White Man's Burden

An old species not spoken of in years that exists mostly in the ink of long since amended government white papers

Yet because of their support, conventional wisdom says the chances of survival are a now a mile high for the Old First Lady Bird

So she now conspires with the Ancient Arizona Mc-Cain to slay her brother, even though she knows he's most certainly Able

The Old Average Whitemen have also flocked together to hold back the evolution of the species for yet another cycle

They wish to see more hawkishness in the two new rare breeds, they believe both the blackbird and the ladybird to be too much like doves

So they opt for the comforting songs of the Ancient Arizona Mc-Cain, rather than change the woeful state of this union

Vince Rogers

On Playing The Bongos

Whenever I hold the double bongos,

I can't resist playing

I love to hear that sound

I can't wait to get started,

sometimes I must be told to stop

It's such a beautiful instrument,

round and firm with its beautiful skin stretched ever so tightly

My hand vigorously strikes one side repeatedly,

until its time to strike the other

Sometimes I am inspired to improvise and play both sides at one time

It's more about the technique than the actual melody

Remember the drummer's main duty is to keep the beat

The drummer's inspiration must always be the rhythm

To keep the drum in good working order,

it is best not to bang it too hard

It is suggested that you oil the drum well to improve its condition

Even a fine well made tight drum can only take so much banging

There's an art to beating the drums well

You must strike the skin firmly but not too hard

On occasion your accompanist may request you beat the drum harder

Such a request is rare,

so when offered the chance you must oblige

Like all fine instruments, good drums are all delicate and each quite different

The smaller brown ones can produce an excellent honey sweet tone

Their smooth shiny skin is a pleasure for the eyes and a treat for the ears

Personally, I prefer the larger deep dark tight firm round ones for their earthy tone

They inspire a primal emotion in me that reminds me of real African Drums

If you select one of a lighter hue, you may need to oil it well so as not to bruise the skin

The light ones come in many sizes like the others,

but may require a higher level of maintenance

Playing the drums is a special talent and requires the right amount of skill and restraint

Not everyone will be pleased with the results or able to appreciate your talent

Learning to play can be a noisy and painful undertaking,

so it is suggested that you request permission before starting.

If you learn your craft and do the job well though,

a good time will be had by all

and you will be rewarded with tears of joy

Vince Rogers

Please....

Tell me
That you love me
Before it is too late
I believe we can still make it
Don't leave

Vince Rogers

Profile Pic'

Grown and Sexy means nothing to me

That li'l smilin' boy is who I strive to be

A caring person with a warm glowing heart

A talented child who's sensitive and smart

I saw your name, but I wasn't sure that it was you

Still you clicked on the pic', because my soul glowed through

You hoped it was the man who helped you when you were in need

Yes I'm the one who worked hard to make your business succeed

That wild dude who used to throw those parties you still remember

The kind one who helped you pay your bills last December

The honest one who built your family a nice safe place to live

The generous one who to a good cause is always the first to give

The savvy one who helped your portfolio to grow and your marriage to heal

The giving friend you call on every time you need a loan or help with a deal

Is this the dependable one who paid my bail when I was in the joint? ? ? ?

The very same wise one that you call for advice that's always on point

Why do you use that baby pic, you don't look like that no mo'? ? ? ?

Well take a good look inside my heart and then say it ain't so

Vince Rogers

Regina

Purple

Majestical

Color of Kings and Queens

Royal Blood Flows Through Her Veins Too

Empress

Vince Rogers

Rest Assured

to Never be afraid
to Never feel lonely
to Always rest assured
to Seek God only
to Fear no test
to Fear no mystery
to Move Ever Forward
to Go Make History
that is my Quest
that is my Goal
that is my Destiny
that Drives my Soul

Vince Rogers
VinceVision Publishing 2010

Vince Rogers

Ritual

Soul Mates....

Coming Closer

Like Two Ghosts Playing Chess....

Who Will Make the First Move This Time

Complex

Vince Rogers

Sama For Trane

Seeker, poet, priest, Saint John

Musician, genius, addict, Madman

Carolina roots, Philadelphia free

One foot planted firmly in the church

The other taking giant steps across clouds

In between the madness, you managed to find bliss

Your spirit soared to create beauty from an impulse

Channeling the voice of God, singing Psalms of Love

Vince Rogers

Seeking Solace At The Waffle House

I needed to hear old familiar jukebox music

I needed to hear a sweet voice call me 'Hon''

I needed the comfort of scrambled eggs with cheese

I needed scattered hash browns, golden like the midday sun

I needed to commiserate with fellow late-night travelers

I needed to watch the grill-man send smoke signals into the night

I needed to smile across the room to a weary stranger

I needed a warm hearted waitress to make my burden feel light

I needed somebody to really care if I was hungry

I needed somebody who was concerned if my cup was full

I needed to be seated in a clean booth way in the back

I needed to take a break from this great burden I pull

I needed fresh syrup on my table without asking for it

If I asked for it, I needed strawberry jelly if I so desired

I needed somebody to ask 'Are you doin' okay tonight Hon'? ? ? ? '

I needed to feel like somebody cared, even if nobody inquired

Vince Rogers

Sell In

I used to be a man of means

Now I have motive and opportunity

I'm finished chasin' the American Dream

Now I'm a full-time Black Revolutionary

I quit my job just to write this poem

I've taken a vow of self righteous poverty

I know nobody asked me to

I did it so I could wage war on White Supremacy

I've exchanged all of my corporate shares

Now I only invest in Black Unity

I gave up everything for the cause

Now I can fight the power with impunity

The man no longer has me buttoned down

I'm gonna single-handedly save the Black Community

Whether they want me to or not

Gonna make Black folks hold their heads high like royalty

I promise I'll save them from themselves

Even the ones that show their people no loyalty

I'm even willing to die for the cause

Yes, I'm willing to be a No Limit casualty

Sometimes I get weary though
Sometimes I even doubt my own ability
Loving Black folks ain't easy
Sometimes it's hard to hold in my hostility
I used to feel like a winner
Now I constantly battle feelings of futility
Workin' for Black folks is hard
Victory is most often illusory
I told myself I should stop writing these poems
Erotique-Noire Novels is where you make your real money
Matter of fact, let me put this damn pen down
Snap my dumb ass back to reality
I can't make a living writing this stuff
There's no market for Black Iconoclastic Avant-Garde poetry
Can't make no money from this Revolution thang either
Since there's no corporate sponsor it won't be televised commercially
Most people don't even know it's going on
Just figuring out who the enemy is can be a real mystery
I don't even think everybody really wants liberation
I believe most folks are just waiting on their social security
Round trip bus pass and a gov'ment job is enough for them

That's all it takes to satisfy the majority

Believe me I understand

Yet I still hold on to my beloved moral authority

So I wrote this poem by candlelight

Because "The Man" just turned off my damn electricity

Vince Rogers

Sex Machine

Wild

Hot Pants

Take `em off

In a Jungle groove

Funkin'

Vince Rogers

Sister Sensational

A gentle champion of words and deeds;
A sacred heart that pulsates and bleeds;
Divine passage of fertility and power;
Her warm essence like golden sunshower;
More rare than purple orchids or lost maritime treasure;
Her earthly beauty too priceless to weigh or measure;
A blessed assurance during the roughest of times;
The reason why poets write ballads and rhymes;
A brave warrior when facing imminent harm;
A demure enchantress of mystical charm;
A bright glowing beacon of energizing light;
She is my sole purpose to tirelessly fight;
She is the reason I yearn to live free;
Amused I am, my muse is she

Vince Rogers

Tats

I used to be suspicious of the tattoo upon your back;
I thought it might reveal some mysterious code;
But now I get so excited;
Everytime I'm behind it;
Because it's a beautiful place to aim my big load

Vince Rogers

The Ballad Of Young Robert

Young Robert was quite lazy and did much to avoid work

Many hung around him, yet most thought him a real jerk

Young Robert's looks brought him some attention and fifteen minutes of fame

Young Robert had nothing else of substance, no other honor to claim

Young Robert would steal for profit, or pocket an item for sport

Young Robert would tell great lies and even perjure himself openly in court

Young Robert covers his emptiness with silk linings and patches his holes with purple labels

Self proclaimed 'the Great One' hero of tall tales and magnificent fables

Young Robert values old friends like the immortals value life

Young Robert cheats in business like he cheats on his gullible wife

Young Robert's big house is empty, with nice cars in the drive

Greed is what sustains him and gluttony keeps him alive

If you dine with Young Robert, you'll oft have to pick up the check

In business he's no better, his work you must carefully inspect

Young Robert says there is no God in Heaven and surely not here on the Earth

His pockets are swollen with borrowed money, but his life has no meaning or worth

Vince Rogers

The Blind Man

Have you ever wondered, of what does the blind man dream? ? ? ?

It can't be of pretty girls' faces, or the earthly beauties he's seen

Maybe he sees dimensions of honesty, or the color of children's laughs

Maybe he can still see a woman's beauty, even after her youth has past

Maybe he hears tormented souls crying, or the Devil cursing in his sleep

Maybe he sees haunting twilight specters, that through closed windows creep

Surely it's a great tragedy, that he's missed seeing every wonderful thing

Or maybe seeing only what's in his heart, makes him God's most beloved being

Vince Rogers

The Fourth Line

The crystal river and the deep sky are so blue
Some things do not become truer when oft repeated
That is why the fourth line has been deleted

Vince Rogers

The Game

What would you do if I gave you a kiss?
Would you love me again or would you resist
This quest for true love is why I exist
I know now it's all part of the game
Until I find destiny
I cry out your name

Vince Rogers

The Goal

Your heart is your home
You must live there
Fill your house with good things
Fight; Struggle; Cry
Sacrifice
Gain
Remember right
Steady
The goal is your soul
Have no fear

Vince Rogers

The Other Side Of The Gun

Taught in school to respect 'Officer Friendly' - the People's friend,

yet another Black child's life quickened to a senseless end

Resistance meets Persistence, sworn to uphold the laws

A blind woman holding rusty scales,

weighed down in contradictions and flaws

Who deserves respect? Who is a suspect?

I alone must decide the answer to these riddles,

yet another blood drained body lying on the ground, and not even holding a bag
of skittles

Videotaped Strong-armed! Public harmer! - justice must be served!

Lying in a crimson puddle of life wasted - did he get what he deserved? ? ? ?

Doing his best to avoid arrest, my mission was clear

Yes, to shoot him 6 times if he comes too near (? ! ! ?)

Well that certainly raises a helluva lot of questions,

Now the court of public opinion is session....

All rise! ! ! !

Who's telling the truth and who's telling lies? ? ? ?

Man I got no time for that, waiting for the facts is just too quiet

I need a new playstation, quick - better get down to the riots

You mean I might have to go on trial for this bit of tribulation? ? ? ?

Well that certainly goes against all standardized data and accepted tabulations

Because any highly respected "Urban" statistician worth his salt today,

would tell you that boy was probably gonna die violently - anyhow, anyway

Vince Rogers

Tituba

Exotic Coveted
Dancing Prancing Enchanting
I yearn for her
Forbidden

Conjured
Accusations
Was she really evil? ? ? ?
Traacherous men; lonely women
Chaos

Vince Rogers

Transfixed (Inspired By A Look....)

One day you'll finally take notice, but I assure you I'll be long gone

Please make no mistake about it, this time I'm really moving on

I'm thinking about leaving this city, so I shant have to walk on our streets

Going to wash all of my good linens, so your lies don't crust on my sheets

Just to make sure you take notice this time, I'm going to go buy myself a gun

If voodoo doesn't work with these bullets, I'll just shoot up your picture for fun

The pros are all out on strike now and the cons take up two pages on the ledger

Good enough just ain't good enough anymore, only lubricated for your pleasure

Breakfast in bed is now just a lonely ritual, just like crying for no obvious reason

If loving you is right I want to be wrong, can't continue to commit this love
treason

I'll piece together my broken heart and hide it; in a strongbox is where it will
keep

Going to schedule my crying for mornings only, because this wet pillow is
torturing my sleep

I know I'll never find another lover like you and for that my emotions are mixed

Yet I'll never be as blind to put my own needs behind and on another be so much
transfixed

Vince Rogers

Troop Escalation

Evil

No weapons found

A desert of deceit

One more mother's son died today

Barren

Soldier

No Enemies

Only Contingencies

Is it my time to die today? ? ? ?

Target

Vince Rogers

Try Me

Longing

James Said it Best

....Nothing without a Girl

It's Even Hard to Breathe Sometimes

Softness

Vince Rogers

Unsung

The son of a King is a Prince and a Queen shall be called the woman whom the King takes for his bride.

Yet the common man hears the call and fights on through it all, to change the world with no royal blood inside

The beautiful woman shall make men lust, inspire sonnets and busts and drive men wild

Yet tis the woman called plain who wipes the tears like rain and makes the children smile

Locks burned fried dyed and conked covered retired and punked good hair do I dare join the fight

Coarse mane dread I die in this struggle fight on must I fore I know the goal is right

Sacrifice I spurn sex money and power I earn pleasure soon come me and I alone I love

My people I cherish fit for the fight lest we perish, strength I desire before I expire to honor the creator above

Vince Rogers

What The Hegel? ? ? ?

I'm trying to shake my Malthusian blues

So I vow to Proudhon to the end

I know I Goethe keep my stuff together

So I'm trying not to put Descartes before the horse

It's Sartre like my Dada used to say

'Kierkegaard gone make a way somehow'

I'm trying not to let them Brecht me down

Although sometimes I Kant see what it all means

Vince Rogers

Why I Love Black Women

Fresh from my mother's womb;

new to the world was I

A startle of air filled my lungs;

then I began to cry

The doctor cleaned out my mouth;

to let in that first breath of air

My eyes squinted then closed;

shut tight from the bright lights glare

He handed me to a young woman;

drained by the ordeal of multiple birth

I could tell from that very moment;

she loved me for all she was worth

She held me against her breasts;

then gently propped up my head

From that day forward;

from this woman my soul would be fed....

....Lovers, friends, soulmates, blind dates, pieces, priestess, goddess

I'll try not to tell tales out of school;

I'll try not to be immodest

I'll just say that I have loved many Black women;
of all shapes, sizes and hues
I will always honor, cherish and respect them;
I will let no man abuse
.....but they can be a handful sometimes;
believe me God only knows
Especially when they're lookin' real good;
got that hair "did" and put on them clothes
Sometimes they can talk to you real bad;
sometimes they can make you feel real low
Sometimes they can make you real angry;
sometimes you jus' gotta get up and head for the do'
.....but sometimes if you stay 'til the fight is over;
later on they'll rub your back and make you smile
Then you lay back and think to yourself;
I guess I better keep on lovin' these Black women for a while
Vince Rogers

Wifey

I hate the word 'hyphy'
For that matter I really hate 'wifey'
'Got no wife but my wife be my girlfriend'
What in the hell are you talkin' 'bout then? ? ? ?

Is a wifey down with you for life? ? ? ?
Is she down through all struggle and strife? ? ? ?
If so then that's hyphy! ! !
If so then I wish I had a wifey

Vince Rogers

Winter

hidden away safe

elusive as past promise

the intimacy

Vince Rogers