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Négritude

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Négritude.

Abstract:

Négritude exists as a critical framework for analyzing the interactions between black and non-black Francophone intellectuals. It originated as a cultural movement that swept through the African diaspora as an affirmation of the value of blackness. This renaissance paved the way for this anthology to discuss issues of heritage, culture, identity and self-worth. "Negritudes" continues the work done on black consciousness through a combination of critical theory and poetry.

Keywords: black, renaissance, Tupac, Maya Angelou, panoptican, worth

Where does one rise
when they have nowhere to go,
nowhere to turn to,
Nowhere to call home,
nowhere to rest a weary head,
when the head of both families,
Will turn to stone,
From which no blood can be drawn,
But will inhabit the trees,

How is a lynching different,
when trees bear strange fruit,
Versus being thrown out into the street.

How does one rise
On broken feet,
On broken spirits,
On broken dreams,
on the backs of broken soldiers,
discharged with no relief,
with careless abandon, to
Be seen and not heard,
Better yet do not be seen,
and herd your ridicule of colourful birds
Away from the sky,
and into the dirt,
even further underground, because

Cages

What does one rise to,
when there is no support,
When there is no love,
When there is no open door,
Only open palms, and opened Psalms
To drown in the rising tide
Of hate towards those
who are not on Their side,
And tears of those who cry
For what they do not understand,
Yet feel, but

Who will rise
when they cannot heal,
when they cannot believe,
when they cannot steal
away to become the dream
And hope they've thought of
everyday, because
With all that remains
there's no one left to say

I rise. I rise. I rise

They take my life as the game, it's the same as it is every other day
got black folks looking through a white racial frame,
as I see as I breathe we not as free as one might think,
they label us hoes and push out out to sink, not swim cause within,
the system we for sale like everything else on the street,
can be bruised, can't be rude, but still good enough to eat,
I'll break my hand on your labels,
a crime against moral decency,
got us locked up for the only life that we can breathe,
for us gathering off the beat,
staring down our body because we're labelled property,
and liberty ain't cheap when we full of crime and poverty,
oh sweet pathology- leaving me, leaving us devoid of potentiality, singing with the church that
I'm learning, learning to hear the right voice, and I'm trying, trying to make the right choice, I
am a promise to be anything that I wanna be a visionary,
more radical than new words in the dictionary,
a revolution in key major, no minors can you hear me,
taste individual desires in a world full ah mothering,
decriminalised, please change up the othering and bring through from outside,
reach far from wide,
undercover- not crossed in time,
I'm crossed all the time,
black so I'm steeped in crime,
dark face so I'm trapped in the fight,
exploited and collected, the appropriation of life, that's antiblack right?
Few understand why we cry, a joyful noise sent to the most high,
the best anarchy of coloured girls we could ever find
white male dominated gaze staring in a panoptic, make it the 3P frames-
property, positionality, and power,
we keep the fame, notoriety that facilitates my inequality,
but painted a different shade for maintaining their ability to discriminate
don't call it blue call it beige, and have it renamed nigga to thug,
it's a criminal both ways,
black in the white gaze,
covered in distaste,
but not hidden in disgrace,
I'm legally blind to open antiblack unjaded individuals,
so we change up the methods that we're learning,
flip it as our pinnacle,
operating dialectically looking back is what we finna do,
challenging life as we're trapped inside our crucible,
our blackness is immovable, our thought patterns unusable, still exploited truth be told, but
moving through the hope

[Trash] Redacted

how much their worth
from picking cotton to digging for diamonds in the dirt,
made to feel like dirt
for looking like dirt
looking nothing like dirt
how society works
[they] flirt with [our] lives for power and enough wealth to touch the sky
but with wings clipped before building those buildings
yet [they] still push [us] off it with no parachute
or healthcare
[if we] do manage to live,

yet still, black people dap them up
every time [they want us] to kill for them,
or take a pill for them,
sing for them,
make the very clothes on [our] backs then take it off just like that
clap for [their] innovations,
call it building nations,
a one pot dish only the rich get to eat only to give [us] the cooks the leftovers,

[boi jehovah, I tell you],
these people have no idea that bodies were made in your image,
the facts of life that the black woman was the first to give life,
the same one that end up birthing white,
yet take the birthing right
say we need to learn it right
[that I'm worth \$20, yeah right...]

one man's trash

another man's treasure

worth more than ever before
ancestry from trade
raising prices

resilience in my DNA,
hair unbraided
I'm priceless]

They said,

“We made promises,

nah...not me, I'm locked up
unwanted, someone made promises
for trade in truths disguised as nuclear bombs
they're easier to swallow
you see the whole world dying in one stomach,
and beside it rests greed,

not me, I'm in a bunker somewhere else
in disbelief of the treaties made by people who strip me
down to bone,

making sure to touch the hidden
parts of me they now own
discarding the blood of my blood of my flesh
herded into concentration camps, the ones left
in plain sight and pray
they escape with their memories--

Jesus wept, little Maria slept,
in a manger-- beside the mess we call democracy,

nah...not me, I'm strapped down
being forced to breed,

someone calls it democracy

not me, because I'm afflicted
by the things others can't see,
one word,

white privilege,

and if you just say two, you're one of the unlucky few
to be trapped with me

in an impossible world that rewards our deaths,
cremates us to be the dust that grow strange fruit,
the same one that gave Monkey D. Luffy his powers and nourished
the fears that we instigated

nah...not me, I'm buried
beneath thoughts and prayers

someone created
to inspire a nation

united in hatred
not deterred by love,

resolved

by the scales of justice

for me, nah...not me,

I'm forgotten

after two or three rallies
and a bad tweet,

zeen”.

pas

moi

T.H.U.G.L.I.F.E.*lit.*/

A young man once said,

“The hate you give little infants, F-s everybody.”

But now Tupac’s dead, and we still collecting bodies like a Frat-boy just out of college, repping letters like it’s giving knowledge of how to avoid lockup and continue the cycle. If we’re being honest:

“broken families not broken bottles”

as the original Coca-Cola follows; drop Pepsi as part of the cult following- the game plan, structures that ring hollow for black people.

That obstruction of justice carried through as protests, and cultural conquests.

“Black memes, black vines, and black death;

profits for a prophetess foreseeing their own profiting less, but collecting bullets at 100% interest”.

They leave lifeless boys with toys on their chests, blood stains splattered, tattoo’d on the rest of their playmates and in the aftermath,

“burning down worlds to smoke out black rats”

only to shoot their own foot after the fact, cry out that they under attack and demand an apology,

“Like where’s it at?”

They’re setting traps of despair to taste our fear of swimming, of living near deserts and dumps and burial ground immortalised at

“15th Street and Unarmed Drive”;

to get arrests and convictions for the lives stolen like black diction. Identity broken down to feed their addiction, made into ballots for politicians and have

“innocence while black”

be a fiction that could never line up to the vision made for history and the future for little dark-skinned children. Listen,

“It’s amazing,”

the hate we’re given, out the mouths of babes but as adults we’re still singing.