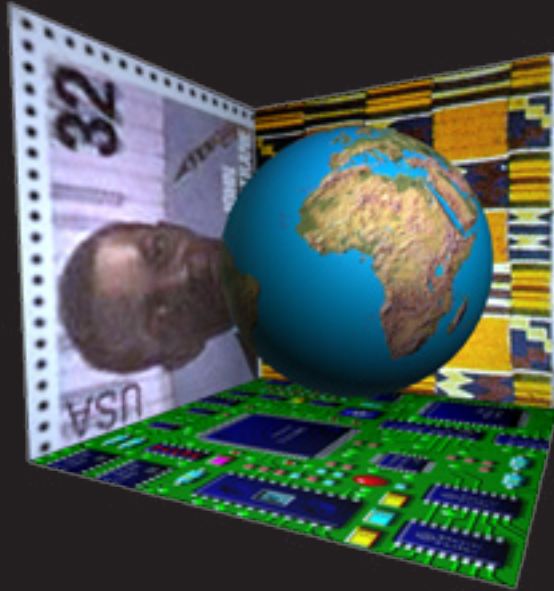


H. Songhai, A Page for the World



- author information
- to a.b. with tech
- carmen
- poem

author information

H. Songhai, b. Harold Watson, Philadelphia, PA June 16, 1957.



**Songhai attended
Central High School in Philadelphia
and the Indiana University of Pennsylvania
where he earned a Bachelor's Degree in English.**

**H. Songhai has performed and studied poetry
with Amiri Baraka, Ishmael Reed, Lamont B. Steptoe, Etheridge Knight,
Lucille Clifton, Margaret Walker, Askia Muhammad Toure and many others.**

**Songhai currently teaches Digital Media and Language/Arts in Philadelphia.
A Digital Archivist, Songhai specializes in converting photographs,
documents, VHS tapes and vinyl recordings to DVD.**

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to a.b. with tech

i'm listening to trane

traneing in

gorgeous friday night

a.m.

philly to new york ride

stops at trenton, princeton,

newark, nj

stops at paul chambersburg

stops at p. j. jonesburg

aptly and elegant red garlandsburg.

i'm listening to trane in the first class

i trust the tracks

i believe in the power and transmission of this,

this fast moving blowing feast

philly joe in the sticks with diamonds,

mr. p.c. bumpin' and steamin north,

how many miles to new york if you live like an engine?

carmen

**lavender pants and pregnant
and pushing papoose
nothing in her face but the sun
dumb philadelphia and the gov.
don't make her change.**

poem

**in this day of the press,
this day of the interview
this day of press and press and print and press and pressure,
in this day of copter-cams and mini vans,
in this day of instant fallen stars,
this day of acronyms, opulence
look! we have finally come through our blackness,
in this day of rich divorced social women and their lovers
this day of 4 a.m. earthquakes and nightmares,
this day of street sniffing pipers
stalking soul women stalking daughters of Nzingah,
in this day of the court protected young secretary,
brown bagging leftovers, purse full of pictures, afraid everyday,
silly rawhide key-chain jingling a useless can of mace,
in this day of the township waitress counting tips and scooping ambrosia,
court protected by a leather faced chief
court comforted by a mob of junk jurists
blanketed by the drunken morning bargains a two dollar public defender**

**shakes out of his imperial soaked hanky,
in this day of pia peretta and elaine richardson, both
murdered for being gorgeous,
murdered for being high yellow,
slaughtered/sacrificed for looking, for thinking, for dreaming,
in this dark, dying day of the ex,
this wacked day of the estranged victim,
sprawled, slaughtered mother, temp worker in her shredded silken nightie,
torched alive in her anniversary chrysler,
bubbles of blood like a red bobbing kente collage,
like a lake Victoria, like a Kivu, like a Tanganyika,
in this day of no daily faith just spookism on sundays,
this day of plastic preachers being sodomized in theme parks,
lieutenant colonels trading arms for hostages and oil rights and senate
seats,
in this day of split second insanity,
this day of having it all, all, just not her,
this day of yachts and prozac and side effects,
this day of insomnia, headaches and nervousness,
in this day of kigali and haiti,**

**this day of france and the wretched of the wretched,
in this day of colonialism and the largest bluest lakes
lifting black bloated bujumburans high as the tower of babel.
in this day of the red late model lexus,
black magic and millionaire knickerbockers,
whose mighty Mungu, akhenATEN
can save our rotting human race?**



**“to a.b. with tech,” “car-
men,” and “poem”**
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