



THE BLVCK BOOK

WE GET IT. WE ARE BLACK. WE WRITE. BUT STOP CALLING US BLACK POETS!

BLVCK

THE ^ BOOK

BLVCK CONSCIOUS
BLVCK FLOWER
BLVCK RELIGION
BLVCK SHEEP
BLVCK TAX
BLVCK GIRL MAGIC
BLVCK LOVE
BLVCK DIAMONDS
BLVCK BIRDS
BLVCK CULTURE
BLVCK WORDSMITH
BLVCK CARD
BLVCK MENTALITY
BLVCK EXCELLENCE
BLVCK SEVERANCE
BLVCK CLICHÉ
BLVCK CONDOLENCES
BLVCK HEART
BLVCK FREEDOM
UNAPOLOGETICALLY BLVCK

JADE NOVELIST



MAIRA WOLFE

Jadedwords.com

BLVCK

THE ^ BOOK

Writing is an art form, an embodiment of expression and ultimately a gift. A gift to both those who write and those who read. Unfortunately we live in a world where people seek to belong and fit in and as such society and individuals alike, wish to place everyone into boxes and hope they will conform.

We acknowledge we are black, we are grateful for the gift of writing and we are proud of both but should we really be labeled "Black Poets"? Beyonce' Knowles and Carrie Underwood are both considered musicians, Rodger Federer and Serena Williams are considered sports entertainers and they all exceed in their respective fields, so why should colour play a part in mine. Does colour change the depth of my words, does it change the source; meaning the words no longer originate from my heart?

Black is the colour of our skin and we love it but it does not define us, we are black and it is a part of us. Black does not define our talent but shapes the experiences we write from, black is us and we are black and as such "Black Poet" should only be used to celebrate our ancestry and not used as a label or comparison...

But there is so much blackness to be explored, so we bring you, ^{THE}BLVCK^{BOOK}

JADE NOVELLIST ✕ MAIRA WOLFE

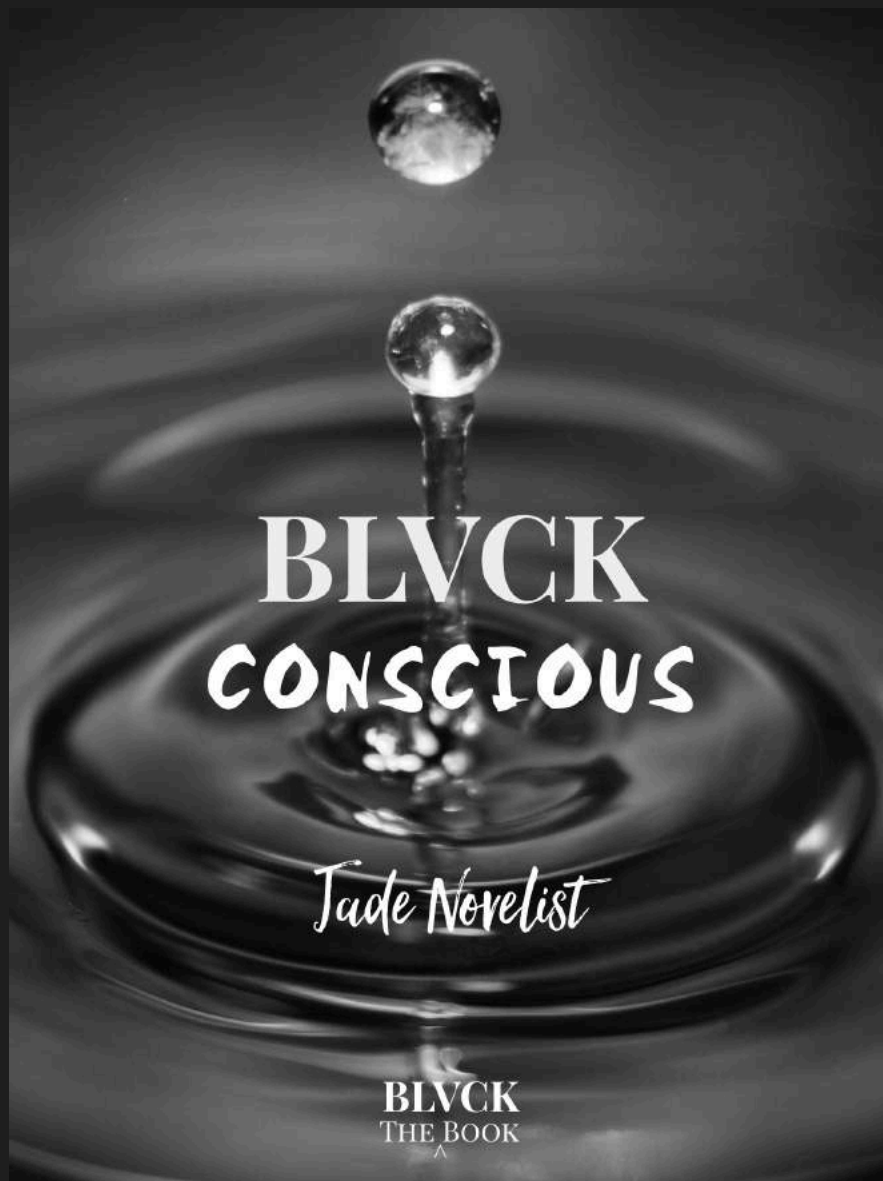
© 2017

Jadedwords.com



BLVCK CONSCIOUS

BLVCK
THE BOOK



Are you aware of your
insignificance?

You're only beautiful when on the
cover of a magazine
Better when unheard and only seen
How will you shine in a world where
hopes rays of light are a rarity and
your skin is synonymous with
darkness?

Prior to first impressions you're
assumed to be classless
You're loud and savage
Dirty and below average
And when you make it, it must be a
consequence of affirmative action
Instead of bathrooms, we now have
mental segregation

Wait let me ask you, who is who?
Who is the one with the greater
salaries?

Who own top management and
have the picture perfect families?
Who drives the car you dream of
Is it you, someone in your family or
the person who pays you and them
monthly?

Do you know who gets away with
the crimes that would lead you to the
death penalty?

Would someone rush in for you after
a killing spree, "he was not a
juvenile terrorist, it was just mental
instability"?

Young one you're on your own and it
hurts me

You are ignorant to the fact that
even some of your own are your
enemies

They refuse to share knowledge
worried you'll get ahead of them
So they teach you just enough to
break bread with them but not to
really eat

How many make it out and
remember where they come from
But aren't afraid to talk about how it
wasn't easy and wouldn't wish it for
another when the cameras are on?
Why is it our characters never last
longer than 20 minutes on the silver
screen unless the cast is all black?
Why do award ceremonies award
artists not on stage but in the back?
No disrespect to ancestry but where
were their ancestors to tell them
colonization was gonna ruin the
people?

Turn us against each other and
make us less equal
New age slavery got you fooled by
their smiles that ain't real
You preach consciousness to the
masses

But are you really Conscious?
Face in the mirror
When will it get clearer
The media fed you lies of grandeur
and fear
They aren't afraid of you
Because history showed them they
can control you.



BLVCK FLOWER

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

Dear carefree black boys
May flowers and love bloom
in your darkest corners
May the glow in your eyes be
the light that feeds the seeds
Your name be the song tuned
by the wind
Flowers in your hair, beauty
translated in earth's
treasures

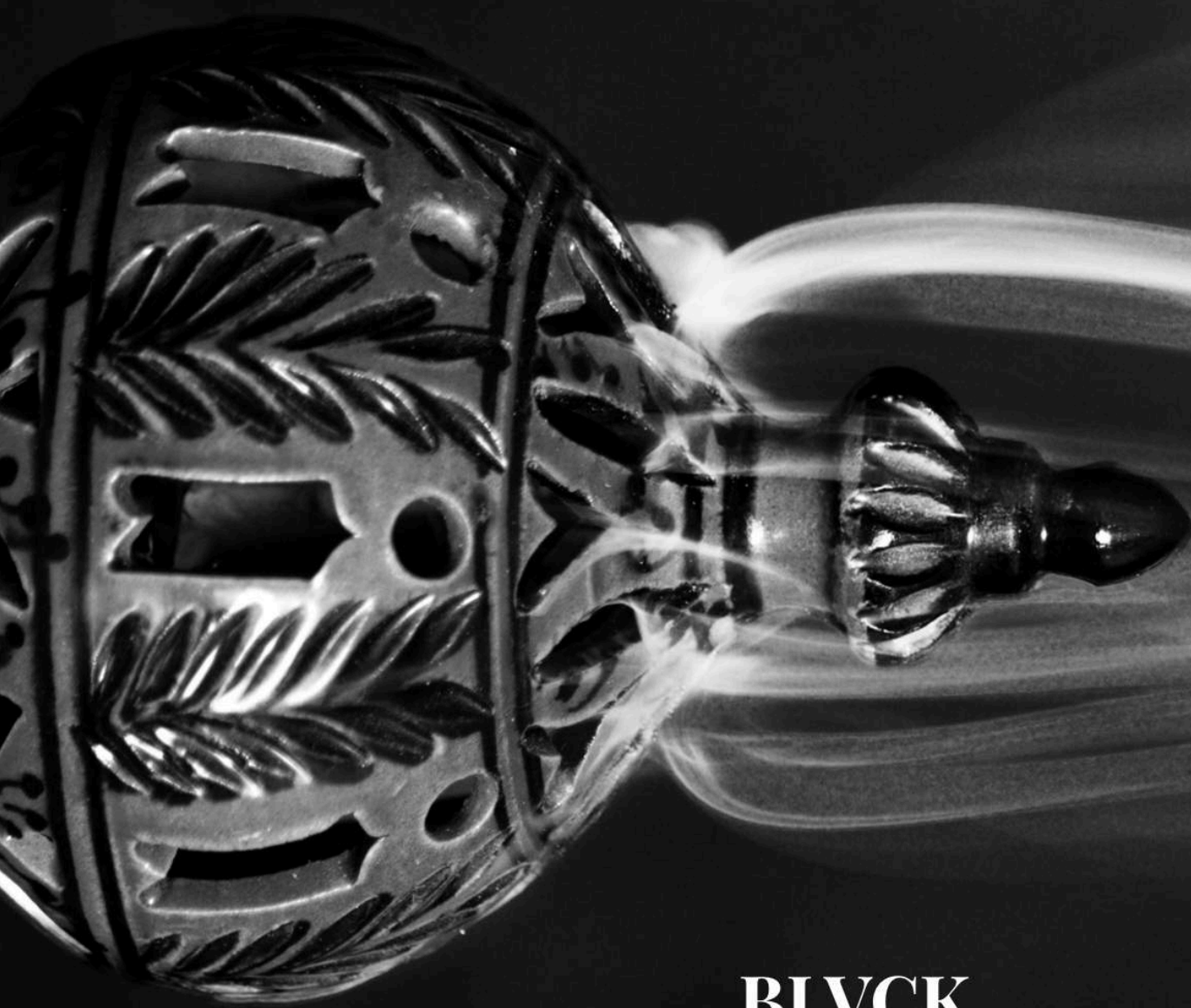
Dear black men
You are the trees from which
the flowers find life
Your boldness, the trunks
rooted in the earth
Rooted for those who lost
theirs before you
And those who come after
you
There is wealth within the
crop
Wealth brought by your
resilience

From your stem, you grow to
lead
Grow to take your place with
the Kings

Bearing the strength of a
thousand armies
You are the fields that hosted
their battles to change you
Where they lost a war and
mother earth raised you

They water you with
insecurities;
make you believe you are a
thorn among a garden of
roses
That your only destiny is to
be discarded from the
bouquet
That you can never be a
centerpiece
but black boy you are the
garden
from which bouquets are
found
Your blood is the nectar that
feeds the monarchs
your tears, the spring
enriching the soil
from which your roots
multiply
to birth orchards of life and
serenity.





BLVCK
RELIGION

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^



BLVCK RELIGION

Tade Novelist

MAIRA WOLFE

BLVCK
THE BOOK

A father never curses his children
So why have you covered my body in
a hex?
Are my cries not enough visuals of my
pain
or do I have to face mountain tops?
Ready to plummet to my sacrificial
death
For you to see the sufferings endured
by my kind,
For you to listen to our ethnic prayers
Tongues tied in twists of begs and
giving up
Are our dry lands blurred from your
panoramic views from above?

We seek answers in avenues
unknown to our culture
Praying to ideas given by free world
leaders
Who imprisoned my kind with what
religion should be
Our own, transformed into taboo
practices
Documented in films
Showcased to the world to see the
odd one
The ones who worship dead relatives
The ones murdering one another in
the name of the spirits

Bones thrown, slaughtered sacrifices
We shed blood and blow winds to
figures unrelated to us
Skin like the night
Is that why you aren't seeing us?
Is that why you remain on your throne
Watching my kind murder each other
in your name?

I'm talking to you father, I mean
mother
I mean, I don't know anymore
Maybe that's why you ignore our pleas
because our idea of you is in the
inverse
Maybe I should conform to exotic
concepts like the universe
You said your people will return home,
free from our masters and be rightful
owners of the land
But Africa is dying, is the condition to
our inheritance that it be barren with
nothing but sand?
Perhaps the problem lies with me as
to why my prayers fall on death ears
I'm part of a species that speak
languages no longer pleasing for you
to hear
We've been praying so long, you must
feel you've done enough
But Baba, in you we trust
So I will wait impatiently for your
response
I'm not asking you pick favorites but
do something for your other children,
before all is lost

Amen



BLVCK SHEEP

BLVCK
THE BOOK

This is an open letter I pen to my sons and daughters and to their children.

This is not hate speech but my truth. I want you to learn from the lessons life taught me the hard way. (And I hope this will help those who struggle to discuss the issue with their own).

Being black is not easy, it is both a blessing and a curse. A blessing in the sense that you can't choose how you look, so instead of looking at it negatively, I ask you accept it, so you won't end up hating yourself. It is a curse because even if you accept yourself society won't accept you and your side has already been chosen.

Many times I contemplated dating outside our race but I know the world will always see the part of you that involves the dark melanin in your pigment. So I opt to just make you wholly "impure" instead of giving you the confusion of where you belong.

Your achievements are not your own, so when you make it, all black people have made it but when you fail, all ownership of that is yours. Sometimes I feel I wasn't meant to speak proper English, be good at math or have the ability to think logically because I see the surprise in their face, that a black man can do more than rape, beat or drive a taxi.

Don't believe the lie that things are good for some of us, they are just better, so when you see our people protesting and you don't want to take part, don't look down on them but their actions. Let them fight for their perceived rights, and if their method is in appropriate then you may question their actions but not disown your people.

Never be ashamed of who you are, I named you so never change your name to make it easier for them, no one made it easier for me to learn their languages, no one made it easier for me to watch #BlackLivesMatter trending, to be reminded of apartheid, June 16 or the Sharpeville massacre. If you find no joy in the name I gave you rather not use it than adjust it.

Black child, as I said, no one made it easy for me, so no one will make it easy for you, it will probably be harder. You will have to work twice as

hard as the next person and when you accomplish, they will try discredit you, they will ridicule you or remind you you aren't the first to do it, but that's okay because I don't want you to be the first to do anything, I just don't want you to be the last. So share your knowledge. Share your insight. Help someone help someone else.

However don't misinterpret me, I said no one made it easy for me, not that it wasn't my choice to learn. Don't learn because you wish to conform to their system, learn because you wish to better yourself. There is nothing wrong in learning a language or skill that isn't native to you but before you do, ask yourself why. You want to be a ballerina, then learn ballet but not because you want to impress them, do it because it completes you. Be who you want to be, just remember to have done enough for the ones after you because our struggle is far from over. We fight financially, academically, we fight for opportunity, so where I failed, I beg you succeed. Change the stereotype, can our people no longer be seen as societies black sheep?





BLVCK TAX

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

TAX NUMBER:

B7VCK91A3X

NAME:

BLVCK CHILD

REASON FOR RE-ASSESSMENT:

I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN

ID PHOTO:



As I said I didn't ask to be born, I feel I shouldn't but I pay it anyway

They say you can never go far if you forget where you come from

So from the age of 5 I've kept track of everything

The number of times uncle sent me to buy him a drink

The times mother took care of me when I was sick

And the number of birthdays father missed because of night shift, his other mistress or because he refused to acknowledge I was his

Hands stretched monthly, paying bills for living

That unsaid, "I clothed you all your life, so you owe me"

So you should get paid for doing your duties?

The constitution speaks of rights and responsibilities

So you exercised your right to conceive, now please trust me to spend my money on my own, responsibly

To be a black child means role model at 18 and breadwinner at 19,

And my white friends don't understand at all

It's like the more they achieve, the more gifts they receive

Clothes, gadgets and cars.

I'm still paying off the bicycle I never rode because the local repo man chilling on the street corner felt it needed new ownership

Hands stretched at leaking pockets
Brothers, sisters, cousins
All fishing for a hand out

I understand paying for groceries and assisting with stationery but why is it now that I've moved out, the family home needs DSTV?

Why is it the car we never drove needs a new radio and why didn't I know we had so many relatives, where were they when parents struggled to pay my school fees?

The BLVCK TAX Income Act needs to be amended to accommodate people like me

How does one begin to build their own when their pockets leak back to those who encouraged them to grow?

I'm not opposed to paying, I just wish for lower rates

But let me speak less, before I'm said to lack respect

You know ngwana a senang hlompho

I await your response at the next budget speech, at the forth coming family meeting.



BLVCK GIRL MAGIC

BLVCK
THE BOOK

To be born black with a vagina and tits
Is to be a walking target
for oppression from those who see a
threat

A meal to some, slave to societal
prerequisites

My figure a sculptor of the word
museum; the streets

Whistles as I walk, names thrown to
crash my strength

My threads a tale telling the type of
woman I am

Personality? What is that?

My magic is the voodoo now translated
to being saucy

Too much of it irritating to those who try
to tame it

But too little of it is deemed weakness

I reserve the right to say no

Only that no is muted to those who
bust my windows

Bust the veins of my being

To drain from my soul what feeds their
empty tanks

My yes is celebrated

For it isn't right for a woman,

No

It isn't right for a black woman to
dominate

To lead the pack, to be a KING

They turn blind for we rose from the
bottom of the throne

Rose to take our place at the top of the
tower

We perplex them with our bounce
backs from their slander

Forgetting, our satin flesh is kissed by
Pharaoh's might

Midas sculpted, we bleed gold

Gold they cheat their way to get an
ounce of

They can be Houdini

But a black girl with "magic" is a witch

When did we lose our light, black girl?

When did we dim our glow for another?

We worked and toiled the land beside
them

We led the sun in the mornings with
pales on our heads

and put the moon to rest after they and
their offspring were fed

Yet we are still considered lazy and
ungrateful

Stepped on, muted from the world

And still like Maya Angelou, we rise

We rise, shaking the grounds of their
privilege

We rise, strong, untamable

Taking our crowns

Owning our witchery, our voodoo,

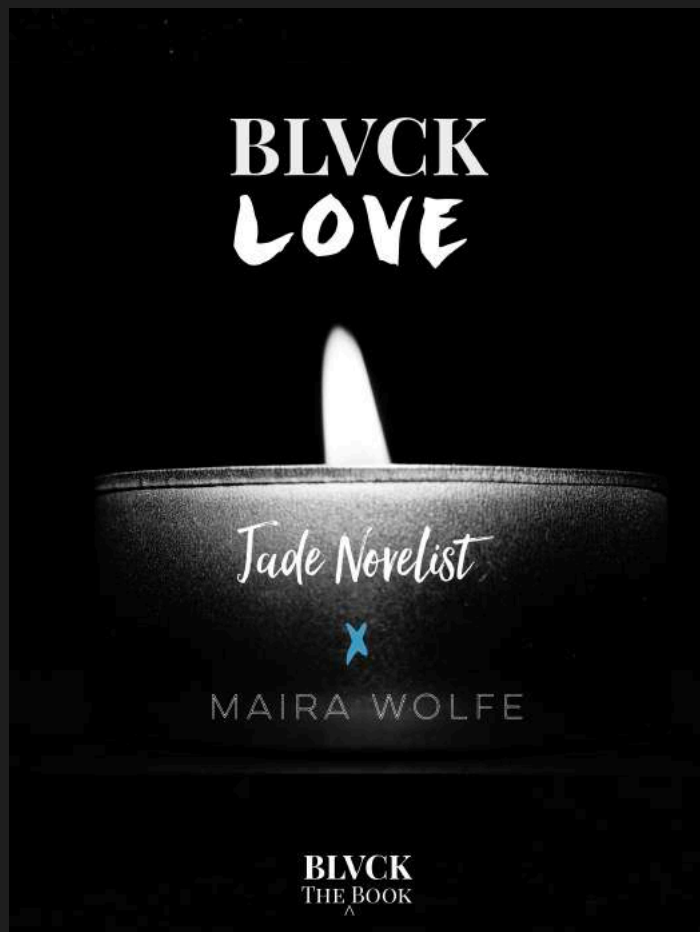
Owning our BLVCK Girl Magic.



BLVCK

LOVE

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^



Black love. BLVCK LOVE. Black love...

As delicate as a flame
Birthed with the potential to be dangerous but shrouded with an aura to
illuminate lives
It is a sacrifice
Made by parties wishing to share their struggles and strengths
It is raw like skin to skin, potent like breaking wind and relentless like
repeat confessors addicted to sin

Black love is violent. Painful. Unforgiving.
A fight through meadows of lost wars and life
A river of merging souls and conquered strives
Initiation patterned faces narrating ones willingness to die for their own
It is still forming. Ever changing. Consistently.

Inherently passed on from generation to generation, like engraved
secret codes told on painted caves of the Khoisan
It is rich like the solitude offered by the Sahara and untamed flow of Vic
Falls

It is misunderstood. Misconstrued. Underestimated.
Deliberately.

It is about more than girls making videos at 16 for black boys who don't
know that it takes more to be a man than just shedding off some foreskin
It is more than simply having the pigment but rather appreciating it on
another, seeing them from head to toe and appreciating it all, even
memorizing their eye colour

It is a journey. A destination

A universe amongst the rubble of what is considered a norm

Black love is more than sticky notes placed around the house with sweet
somethings, more than online pictures with long captions basically
saying nothing

Black love is the only love I've ever known, so to me black love is the
best thing

Because it is more than the texture of our skins and the depth of our
hearts

More than whispering "kea o rata jo" to mirror a sung "mon' ife e"

It is not bound by carved monochromatic commandments like the Bible
Sometimes it travels through many moons seeking solace in foreign
tribes

Finding treasures in same shades from foreign lands

It is fist paintings to calm ones rage and water down their jealousy

That 'you made me do this because I love you' love

Doesn't always involve weddings rings but it's that never forget where
we are from love

Black love is survival through the rainforests of foreign territory and
finding more of yourself through another

Black love is critical

Black love is more undocumented sacrifices

Black love is BLVCK LOVE and BLVCK LOVE is ours...

A black and white photograph of a person, likely a child or young adult, walking away from the camera on a dirt path. The person is carrying a large, heavy sack on their head and holding a machete in their right hand. The background is a hazy, open landscape with some structures visible in the distance. The overall mood is somber and evocative.

BLVCK DIAMONDS

BLVCK
THE BOOK

Unspoken words never said, carry the
greatest weight
So buried diamonds never seen,
should shine brightest
But ours are buried under false
accusations, extended sentences and
hooded descriptions
Lost in mountains of degradation,
failed expectations and reprimandation
So instead of shine we reflect
stereotypes,
We're sperm donors, misogynists,
We are womanizers and rapists
Filled with hate and always angry
So we beat our wives and molest
children
Because that takes the pain away???

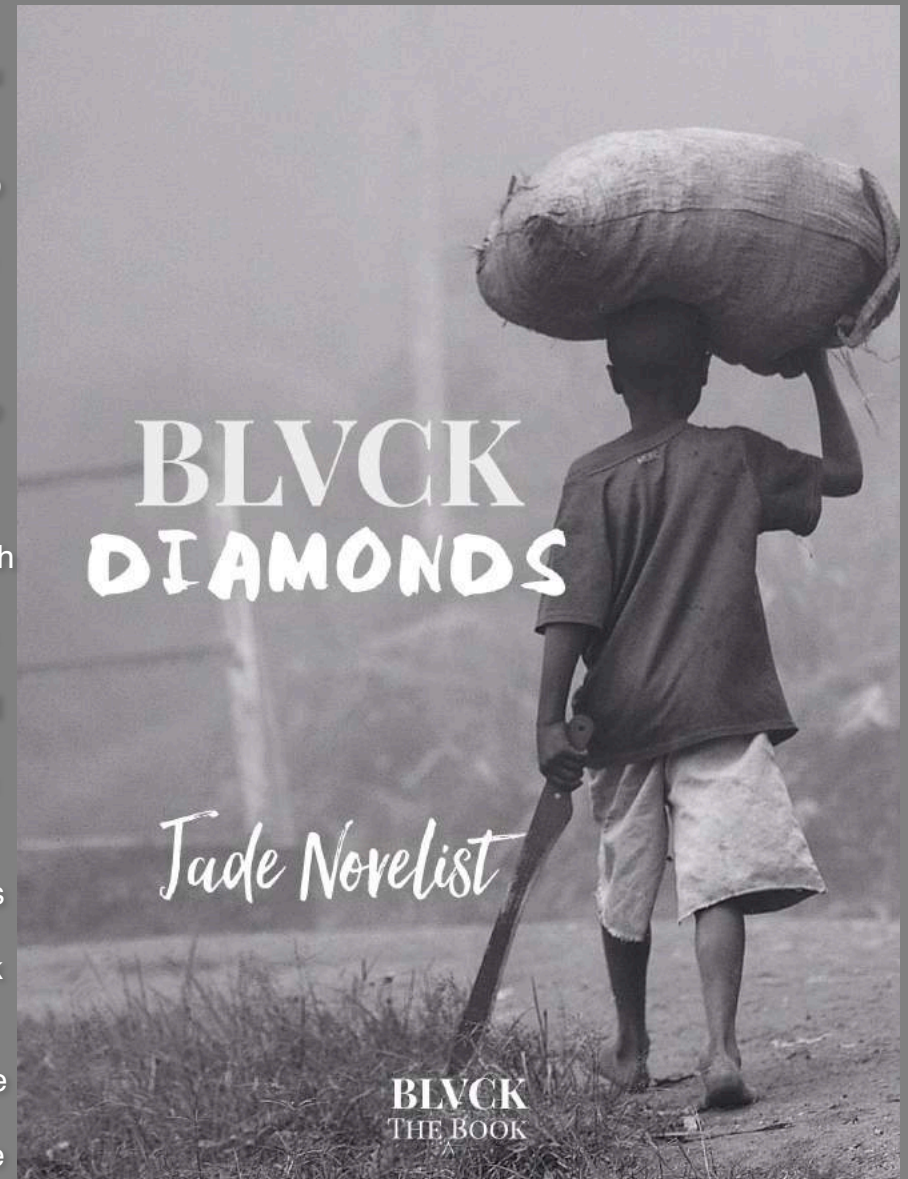
A man must provide but when he does,
are you are grateful?
Whispered praise does not qualify
I hurt too but I have to hide
You assume it's my male pride
Leading with ego or thinking with the
wrong head
But the world does not stop spinning
when I go to bed
So my problems still chase me
I'm still outcast by society
I still have to work twice as hard to gain
credibility

Black lady, why have you abandoned
me?
You now take on the title of King?
Does your rise have to feed my
insecurities?
Do you realize that you announce that
we are failing in our roles?
Why do you seek to rule the throne on
your own?

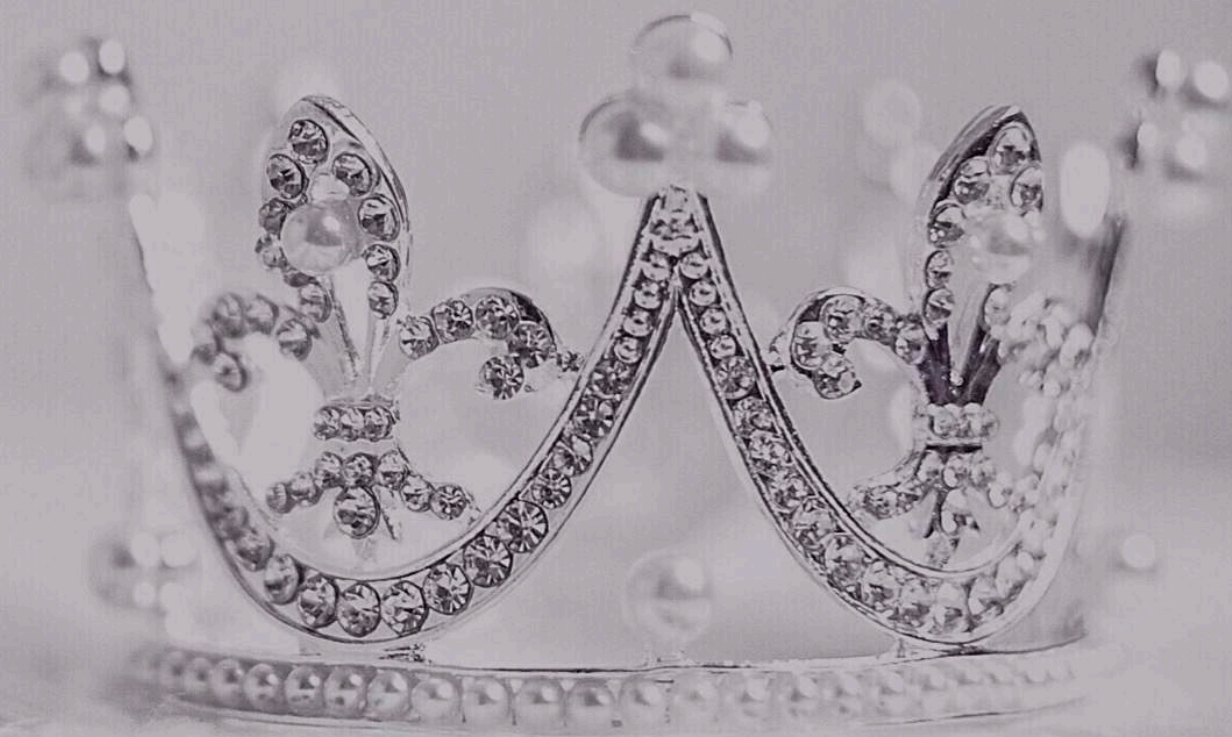
They lost the battle but succeeded in
separating us
We had aspirations to build a house, a
home
I never asked you to conform to
submission
You mothers paved the way, now you
blame me for wanting to follow
procedure?
You claim to be a leader but refuse to
teach me change
Your patience is wearing thin and so
you say don't need me
But I need what we used to be
Not King and King but man and
woman, working towards a dream we
said we'd liberate

Black child, why do you look at me with
hate?
Maybe I wasn't taught well and I'm a
victim of being a fatherless child
So I can never teach you something I
have never known
Other than that your skin will get you
into trouble
Your life will be filled with labels
And when you ask the right questions
they will distract you
Questions like, when last was a black
man a "hero"?

Unspoken words never said, carry the
greatest weight
Like silence echoed in an empty cave
Black men are unappreciated till buried
in unmarked graves



BLVCK
BIRDS



BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

BLVCK BIRDS



MAIRA WOLFE

BLVCK
THE BOOK

Our black mothers and aunts never taught us to love who we are
They never taught us to embrace our differences

To value our strangeness as strength in a world filled with too much of the same thing

The only thing my mother taught me was to dream less than my abilities

To be boxed from my forces, for her own failures suddenly became mine

For I was the failure she could not detach herself from

Mother never taught me to love me with the ugly parts

Love was always 'o ja thata, o nona too much, o mobe'

I can count with one hand the number of time she actually told me I was beautiful

The value of my strength weighed second to none,

compared to the beauty possessed by my skinny friend

That 'don't you envy your skinny friend?'
'do you want to be boney your whole life?'

Wings clipped by social injustices and it being your fault that your threads invited spiteful creatures into your sacred place from the second the first feather showed strength to soar

Urged to leave the nest and find our own
In the same breath held back by slander disguised as encouragement

Boxed by the pigment of your skin

To evolve into a phoenix, rising from generational failures

To rise from the ashes of your former self,

a self they killed with words said to give it life

Black bird your wings aren't made of feathers

Your wings are unseen

Still you soar, will owning the ground on which your feet are enthroned

Black birds

Ravens, your fierceness reduced to the shallowness of a crow

The only images of beauty we see are expectations set up by society to demean the strength you possess, the strength they fear.

The strength they know when unleashed can move mountains and rise skyscrapers

Your falcon wings cuffed by criticism to undercoat the beauty that you are

Made up face, borrowed hair, pulled up tits

Is our black beauty only acceptable when we fit societal barriers of the norm?

When Vogue decides to publish a black model?

Is our black beauty only beautiful when appropriated

by those who know nothing of its worth?

Our black mothers and aunts never taught us to believe in ourselves

They align their failures with ours reliving through us the moments they could not stand for their own

born to carry a nation on wings clipped from your birth

So black bird, where will you go with clipped wings that know not to fly?



BLVCK
CULTURE

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

For my own, for my music
My djembe drums beat
Soundtracked as my royal step
moves across the soil of the Sahara
Dressed in skin of animals who
gave their life for mine
My body coated in beads and
strings sing honor to my heritage
Our songs speak to the victories of
the past
And my voice dances rhythmically
around the tales told around fires by
elders who never pass on without
imparting their wisdom

Even though I view lobola as
modern day human trafficking, I
can't help but appreciate what it
used to be

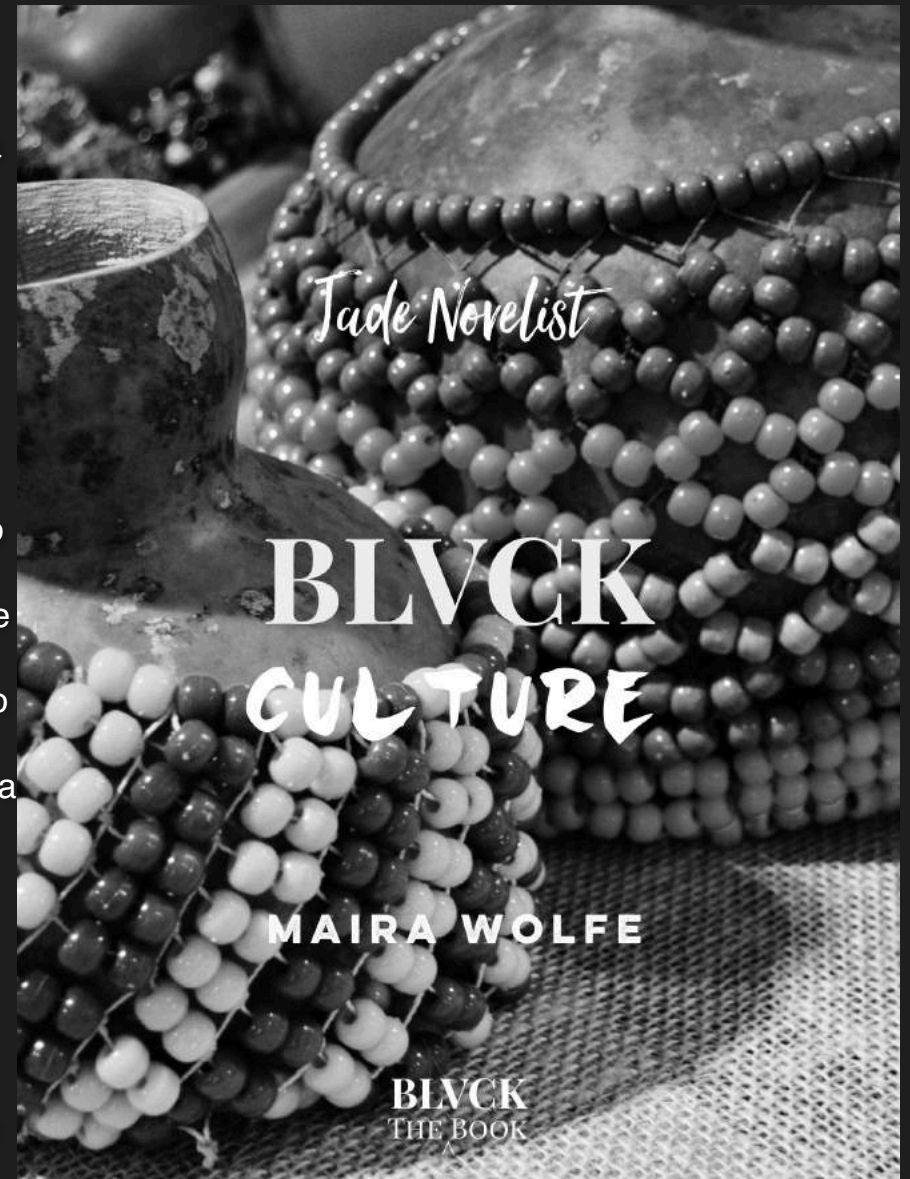
A single whisper invited the whole
community
Languages were celebrated and like
caged birds; cultures were set free
Explosions of colour graffitied on
attire
Laughter mystified the air, hiding
any potential detest behind fake
smiles
And drinks flowed beyonds the eyes
mile

Praises to the rebels who question
the state of the norm

Revolutionaries who refuse to be
westernized
In order to feel like they matter
To the ones who live on their clan
names
Radebe-Bhugne, Mthimkulu wama
khulu

Boyabenyathi, Izingonyama,
amaqhawe,
Mdlane unomdimba ututuse
Ntlokwana banzala
Descendants of Maqoma
Whose roars tremble the earth
Bakone ba phirima le letsatsi
Mofokeng wa thabeng tsa Basotho
mo tshela noka e tletse
Vha Venda, maguluvhe mahulwane
a luonde
Di Khoshi tša ditšhaba tša Limpopo
Batho ba loko la magana
gohlangwa madumela go hlaforotwa

Bo ya, bo yoka
Bana na biso ba ye
Le lo bo ko mona ke ba koli
Ba ye ko zwa eloko nyoso
The sun and the moon rise to
worship them
The world will erect monuments in
their honour
Sons and daughters of Azania.



The question to answer should rather be 'why not?'. As a creative, it is exhausting seeing the world mention 'black' before something extraordinary done by a person of colour. Black President, Black Astronaut, Black Scientist, Black Ballerina, Black Poet? The term black has gone from being a colour to being a prefix to the success of a race. Society has marginalized people of colour to never having abilities to attain success at a level surpassing the top 1% of the world, forgetting that the top 1% is much too reliant on black people.

Why BLVCK?

Because the ideology has found its way within the corners of black people in their own circles. That "Oh, you are one of the best black writers I have ever met." Would I have been great if I were any other race? Would my artistry pack a greater force of a punch? Or plainly my litness is odd for a 'black poet'? Because my listening to Thirty Seconds to Mars or Steve Hoffmeyer brings the strength of my blackness into question, because I am not black enough if I don't write about the struggle, baby mothers or fathers who felt being sperm donors was enough. If I don't write about slavery, because I am not black enough fa ke sa kwale ka SePedi within dipoko tsa me, and yes, that sentence is not in SePedi either.

BLVCK is about us expressing our frustrations through poetry that makes one fall in love with who they are, poetry before society cemented the idea of what black is, and what black should look like, and what BLVCK should feel like. We do not fit the mould.

Us celebrating ourselves shouldn't take away from other races, this book is not an underhanded sub or a jab at other races but if you find yourself misinterpreting words and getting hurt, it's okay, we don't mind being the naughty kids with our names all over the The BLVCK Book...

Jadedwords.com

WHY BLVCK? THE ^ BOOK

MAIRA WOLFE

© 2017



JADE NOVELIST



BLVCK
WORDSMITH

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK WORDSMITH

MAIRA WOLFE X *Jade Novelist*

BLVCK
THE BOOK

So you label me a black poet?
Is that to signify that I am the black
Shakespeare
Modern day Shaka Zulu with words for a
spear
But maybe you give me too much credit
because
When everyone is asleep at night and
silence awakens,
the voices in my head beckon me to
conjure what you find entertaining
Sleep deprived, eyes only knowing rest
upon the escape
taken by my thoughts through the pen
Left on pages you discard
for I choose not to write in a language native
to my mother
Despite my lack of London grammar
I reside comfortably in my African accent
with my clicks, loud ululating and
proverbs often taken out of context

Why do you call me a black author?
Are you acknowledging that I have a
disease
That my veins bleed black ink
That the way I speak, is evidence that there
are more than just rhymes in the way I think
Is it that there are irregular patterns to how
my words are fashioned?
That my journals hold make believe stories
translated
From the horror I've seen, from made up
memories
Is the prefix to my being a creative a way for
you to rate me with the unsung heroes?
To compare me to Mozart and his notes, to
Solomon and the proverbs he wrote
Or do you imply my words paint a better
picture than the Mona Lisa

Rich with innate soul and surrounded by
delayed appreciation because of the
blackness I behold
After all, most artists only find fame when
dead or old

Is "black writer" your way of wishing to star
as the antagonist in my story?
Rushing me. Pushing me. Telling me.
Forcing me to write one story.
Words expected to be revolutionary for they
praise trailblazers of the struggle?
They paint murals in honor of my skin tone
Can I not tell tales of my own?
Or is the title there to limit me
To demotivate and berate me
To remind me that my kind had a late start
Are you implying we will never catch up?

That we may never surpass your limited
glory of our greatness
Greatness we were born with
Are you now saying that I am unable to
recreate the world order?
Order you created to limit my kind
For I tread in fields you once dominated
So you embrace me with slander and
criticism for my differences
But continue to strip my artistry of its
proclamation
Because these words will out live my name
and mock your slowly fading attempts at
oppression

Signed
BLVCK WORDSMITH



BLVCK

CARD

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

Bottles in brown paper bags
Round tables
Weekly worships from strangers
Saturday nights that revolve
around heightened debts
Carrying you to the top of the
chain only to drop you back
down on Monday's morning

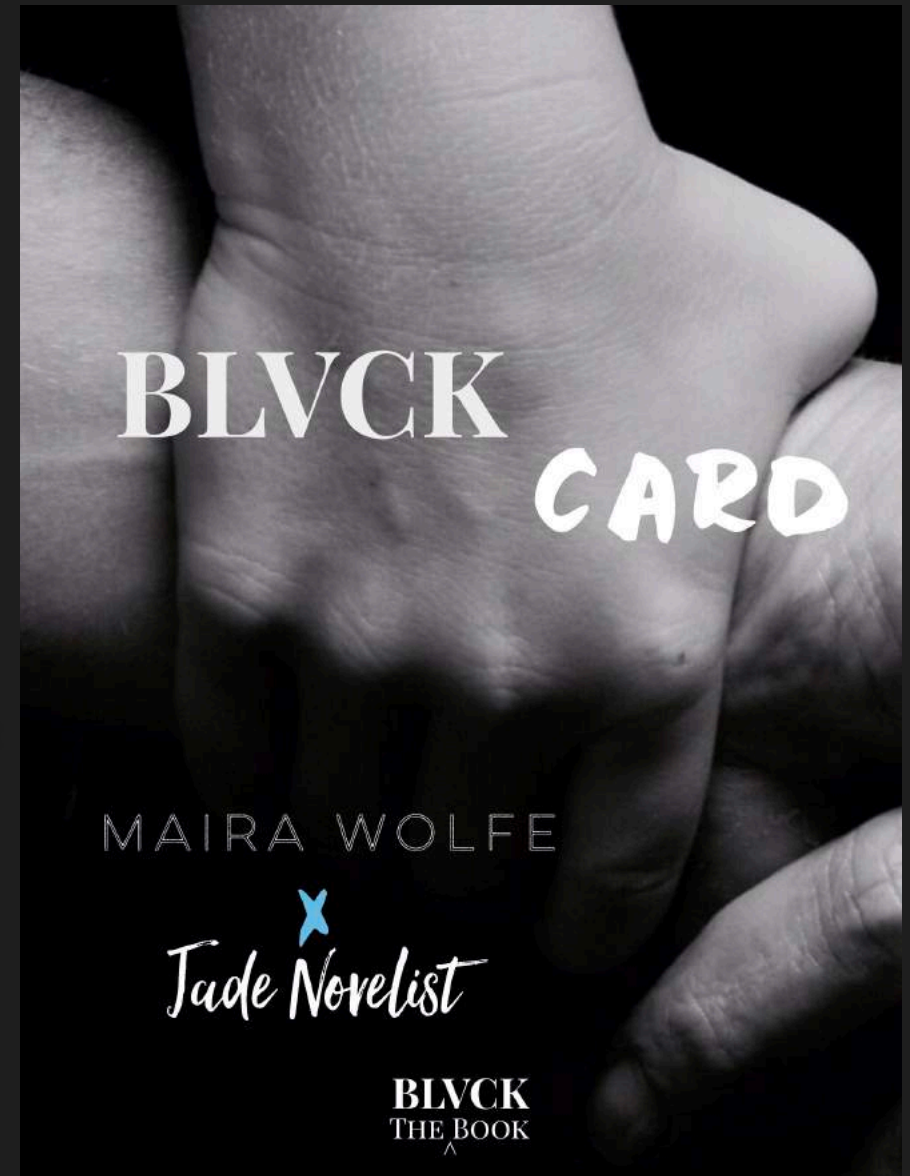
Black merc
Suffering home, spending money
to please the world
Stripped bare
Stripped like the truths you
fabricate to quench their
expectation
All in the name of "they must
know I made it"
So you park your expensive car
outside your shack
Cause that's an achievement
when black

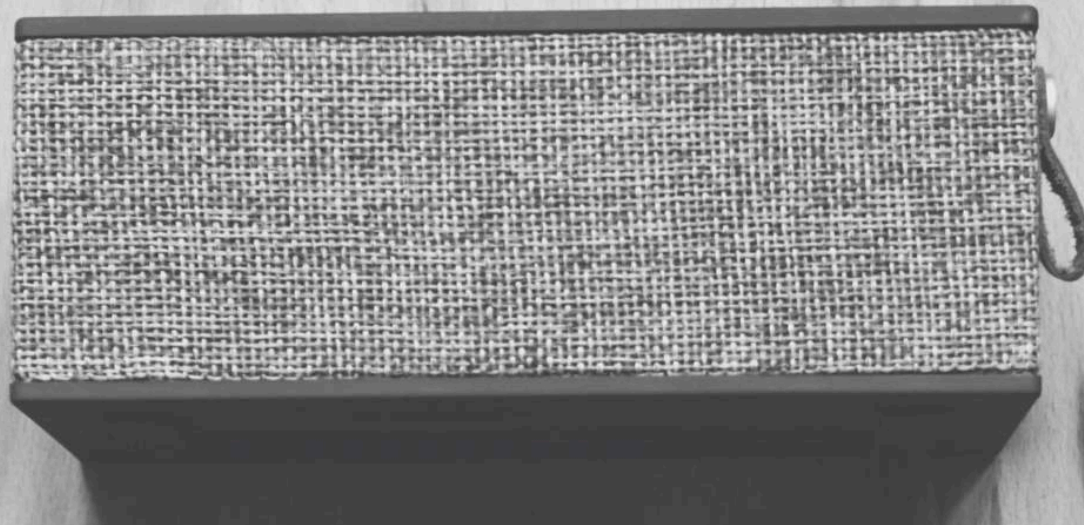
Living a façade in the name of
"what will the people say?"
Your only peace of mind is the
feint minute before realising you
are awake
Your only other temporary
escape is when your eyes close
Debit orders sing you lullabies as
your earnings bid you goodbye

What good is your privilege
when its sole purpose is to pull
up and ball out?

You believe in black economic
empowerment but refuse to
empower yourself
Because the government has
your back
Grants and tenders but you
never see a cent
Because your money is pre-
spent on clothes you never wear,
food that makes you sick and
lovers you don't love
But it's your money, who am I to
judge?

Pull out your BLVCK card when it
suits you
Remind them where you are
from
Brag about your aspirations so
they know where you are
headed
But when they ask you why you
are not there yet
Remind them success is a
continuous journey and not a
destination
You're still on your first step

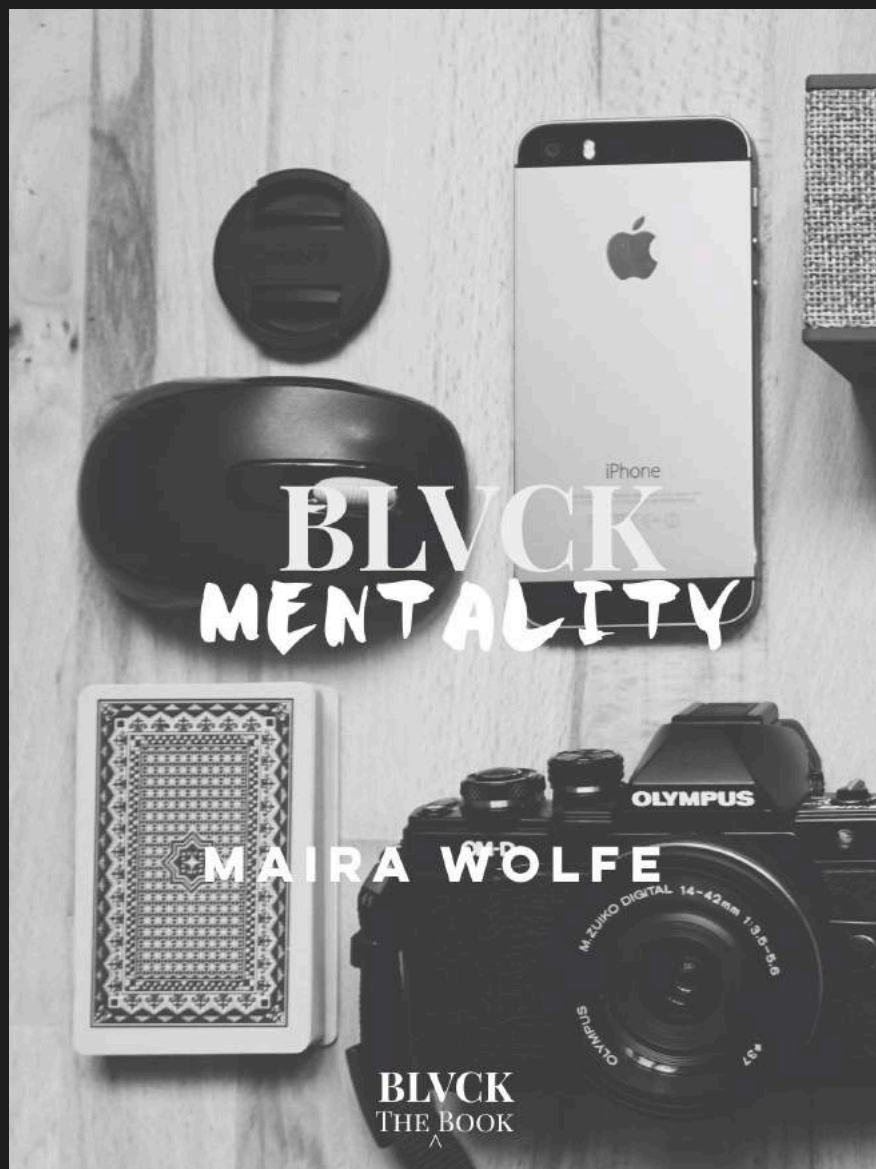




BLVCK MENTALITY



BLVCK
THE BOOK



Journal entry to the black mind . . .

From the head of a black child with
love handles and a pimpled face
The heart of a skinny girl with an A-
cup and sticky legs
The soul of a confused young man
searching for himself
And from the life of a black child with
an uncontrollable skin condition

When will we be given the platform to
be our greater selves when our kind
shuns us?

Shunned by those we look up too for
our bodies came with defaults
Our cries unheard

A black mind cannot be sick; a black
mind can never have disorders
It can never be weak, never fall apart
Because worlds fall apart when a
black mind does

Nations fall to ruins when a black
mind fails

But how good is that mind in an era
of double taps
And numbers that increase nothing
but the fictional ranking of your life?
How excellent is that mind when all it
does is belittle the ones it feels are
below it?

The ones with little to show for their
thoughts

Little to show for the devil that keeps
them up at night

Our minds hold genius inventions
It holds cures to what is wrong with
the world we reside in
A black mind holds the truth to what
is wrong with humanity
However, a black mind is a double
edged sword
It is the river from which life is found
A pit at which life is lost

What good are we?

When we drag down our own for
trying their hand?

When it isn't enough to have little
Yet the more you have doesn't fill you
up either

Giving those against us more
leverage

For they see us, publicly humiliating
one another for trends

For likes and memes flooding a
timeline that diminishes our truth.



BLVCK
EXCELLENCE

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

This is an ode to the blueprints of the next generation
The never should have beens that made it
The collage drop outs who started something worth millions
The varsity graduates with honors and unemployment
To the ones with study loans and outstanding fees
All actively making an effort to contribute to society positively
To contribute to a society that devalues your achievements
What is the meaning of black excellence
When ghosts of the roads you traveled to reach it haunt your pockets?

This is for the dark winged angels who never get to testify
Drug dealers who got out and the kids who avoided them
Go out make sure others make the same decision
To the single fathers who are good testimonies but will never get shine because "men are trash" even when we do right
And our skin colour doesn't make it any easier
They change focus from not being there to not having enough
My black brothers I beg you, please don't give up
I hail my single mothers doing it with their legs closed
Prayer books open and knowing the goal, staying focused
That without guidance our youth is hopeless
The world is silent about you but know that some of us do notice

This is a thank you from the ones who conquered by means of hand me downs

Who thrived despite fathers who were never there or mothers who never cared
Who had nothing more than a wish and a prayer and appreciated atchar as a salad
Who never used personal tragedies as a handicap
Those who understood they were loaning their clothes from someone not born yet and that black tax is the interest
Those who never needed to be told but understood their parents were desperate
Those who never wasted opportunity
And when they did, they got back up and found a legal way to catch up and succeed

For those who had to grow up before their prime
Forced to adopt your siblings or take care of your parents because no one responsible was around at the time
Had to make sacrifices before you had anything worth offering
As I pen this stanza, my heart is crying
Because your childhood is a nonexistent memory
Life had you play mommy and daddy rather early
And whether or not they smile when they say your name
You will never hide your face in shame.



BLVCK EXCELLENCE

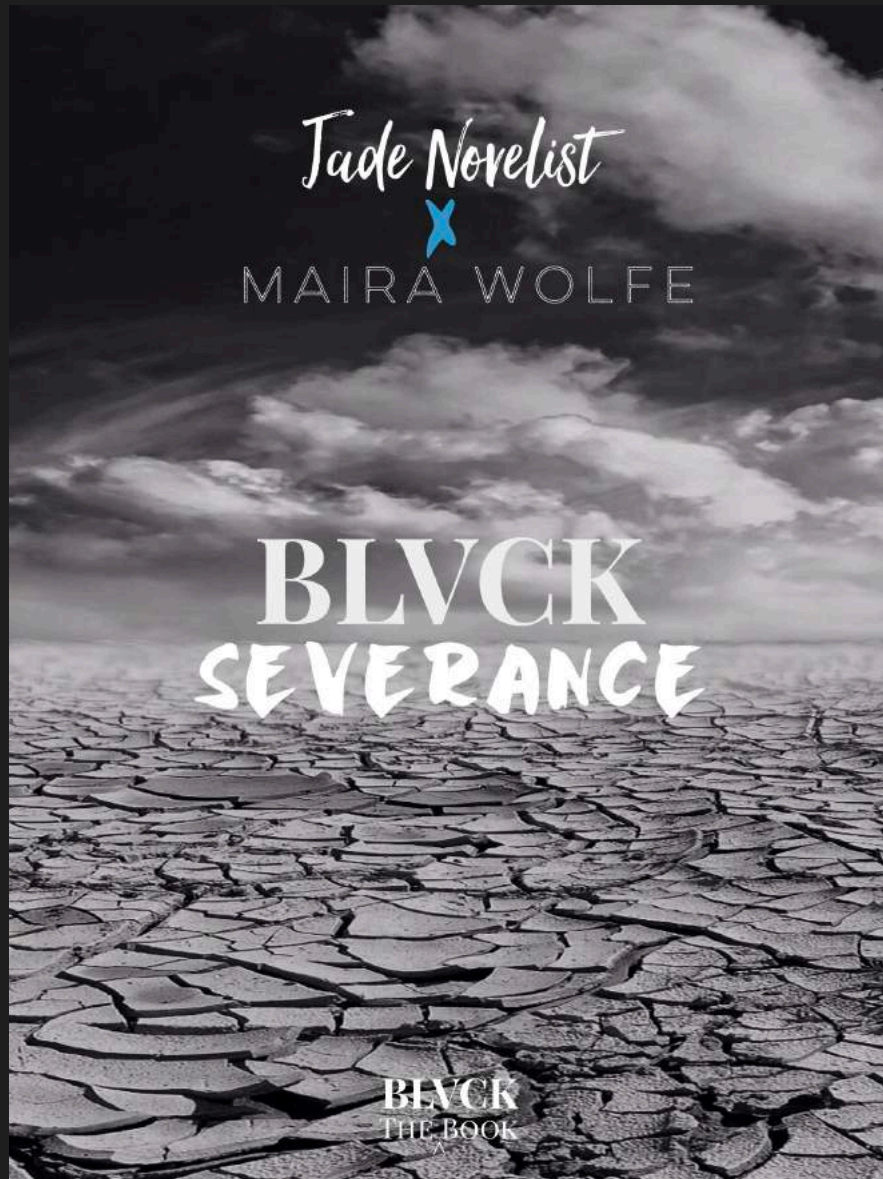
Jade Novelist

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK
SEVERANCE

BLVCK
THE BOOK



Dying trees. Scattered leaves. Segregation leads.
Blurred lines. Distant memories. Forgotten shared history.

Sharp words. Painful thoughts. Salted wounds still bleed.
Misplaced letters. Curious eyes. Screenshots taken for eternity.

Passion builds. Buildings fall. Foreigners camping in fields.
Hate speech. Silent hearts. The error with society.

Closed minds. Open wallets. Politicians and greed.
Pompous vocabulary. Educated mind. The best you had was
"monkey"?

Smiling faces. Hidden intentions. Performers performing
performances on repeat.
Rushed decisions. Travel arrangements. Presidents fluctuating
currency.

Dry lips. Cold hands. Dead child who couldn't feed.
Unheard pleas. Decorated lies. The youth are angry.

Misheard warnings. Undercover deals. Fear is what nuclear
breads.
Xenophobia. Racism. Segregation.
Barren conscience. Uncultivated remorse. Reasons for our
severed land.



BLVCK CLICHÉ

BLVCK
THE BOOK

An endless list of tags created by
people who aren't black
Because if we create our own list of
who we are,
It bears no weight in the scale of
societal preferences and norms
No weight for a black man to live his
own tale without classification
Without being lined with the faults
by those who are like him
Those who look like him
Because black people were born
with the word 'master' in our
vocabulary
That not bowing down became a
criminal offence
That standing for our own became a
rebellious act
An injustice to the system we were
forced to live under
An order that when reversed is seen
as racism
How?

Feds breakdown your doors seeking
faults in your story
For it is not okay for a black man to
make it without dealing
Without busting corners cracking
more than the surface
Because no black man can never
make it from his sweat alone
Have they also not made it from
black man's sweat?
Their skyscrapers and towers that
trump the earth

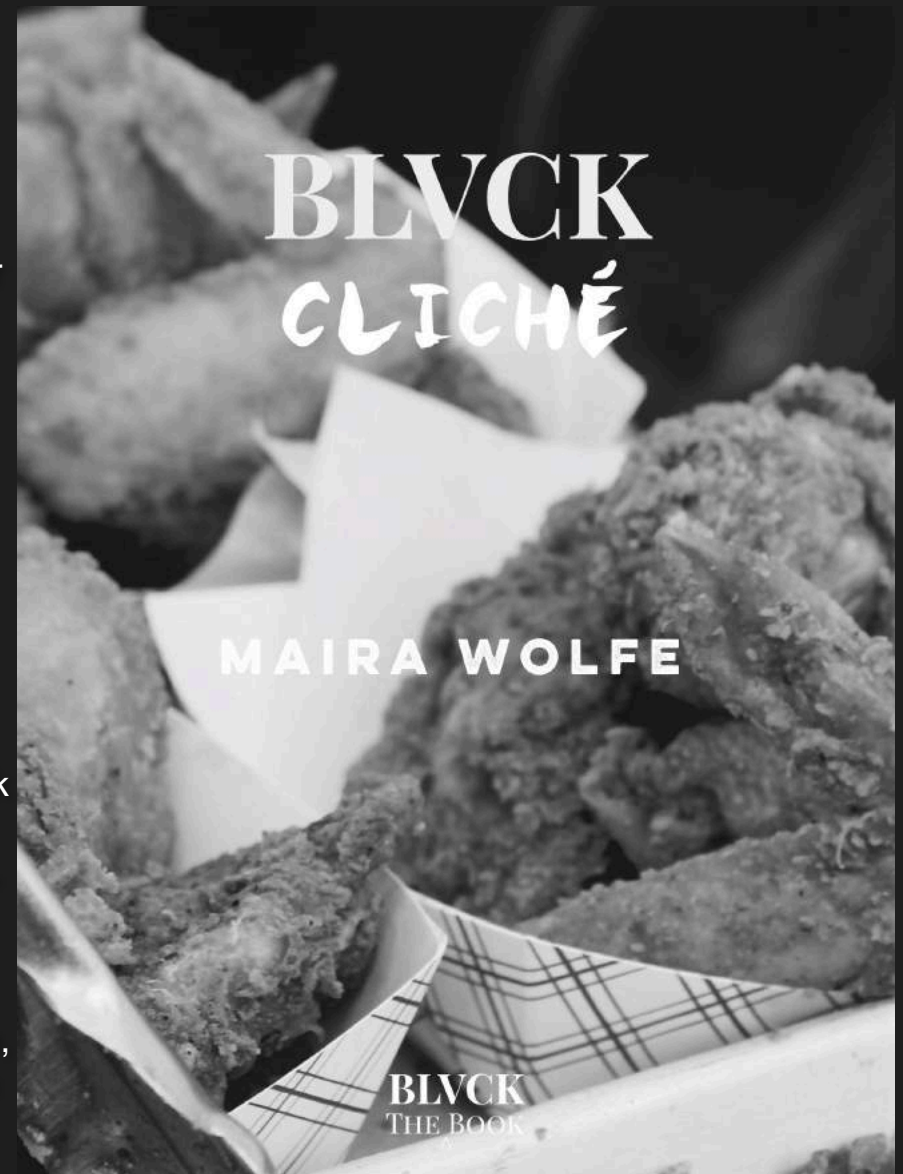
Have they not got their wealth by
the sweat of a black man?

It is a crime for a black woman to
lead a nation
To lead an army of those like her
who have endured more than they
deserved
They say a woman is a rock,
only that rock is never to strike their
windows
never to question their elevators to
the top
while she effortlessly takes the
stairs,
earning her way to earn half as
much

Stealing the worlds resources and
reproducing at a rapid pace
Ebola transferors, aids incubators,
are what's associated with the black
race

Inferior beings with a God complex,
always shouting they own the land
Good dancers, singers with soul
and drug dealing entrepreneurs
Thugs with degrees in fried chicken,
masters in victimology and PhDs in
wasting money
Despite the world moving forward,
stereotypes are the most common
part of being black.

UGLY • NEVER SUCCEED • MURDERES •
UNINTELLIGENT • DIRTY

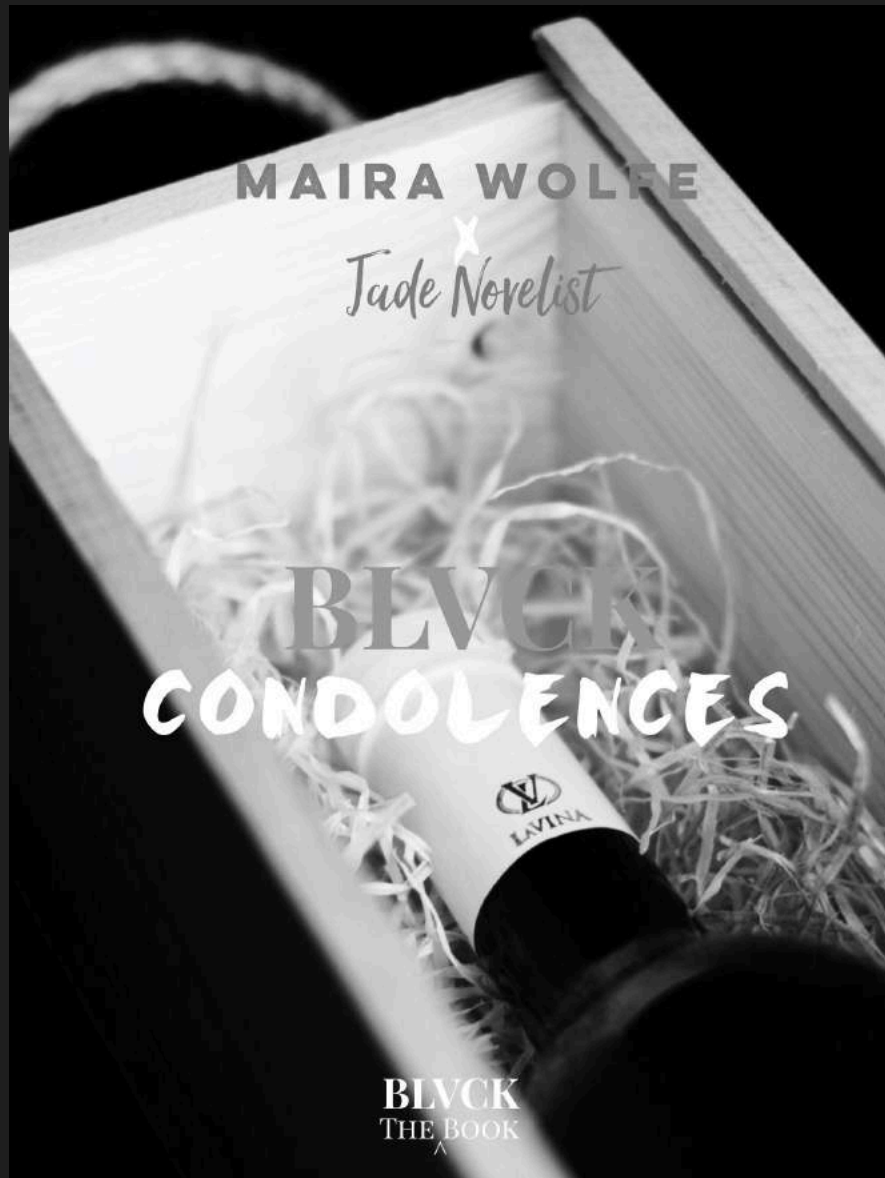


WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD •
UNTALENTED • POOR • INCAPABLE



BLVCK
CONDOLENCES

BLVCK
THE BOOK

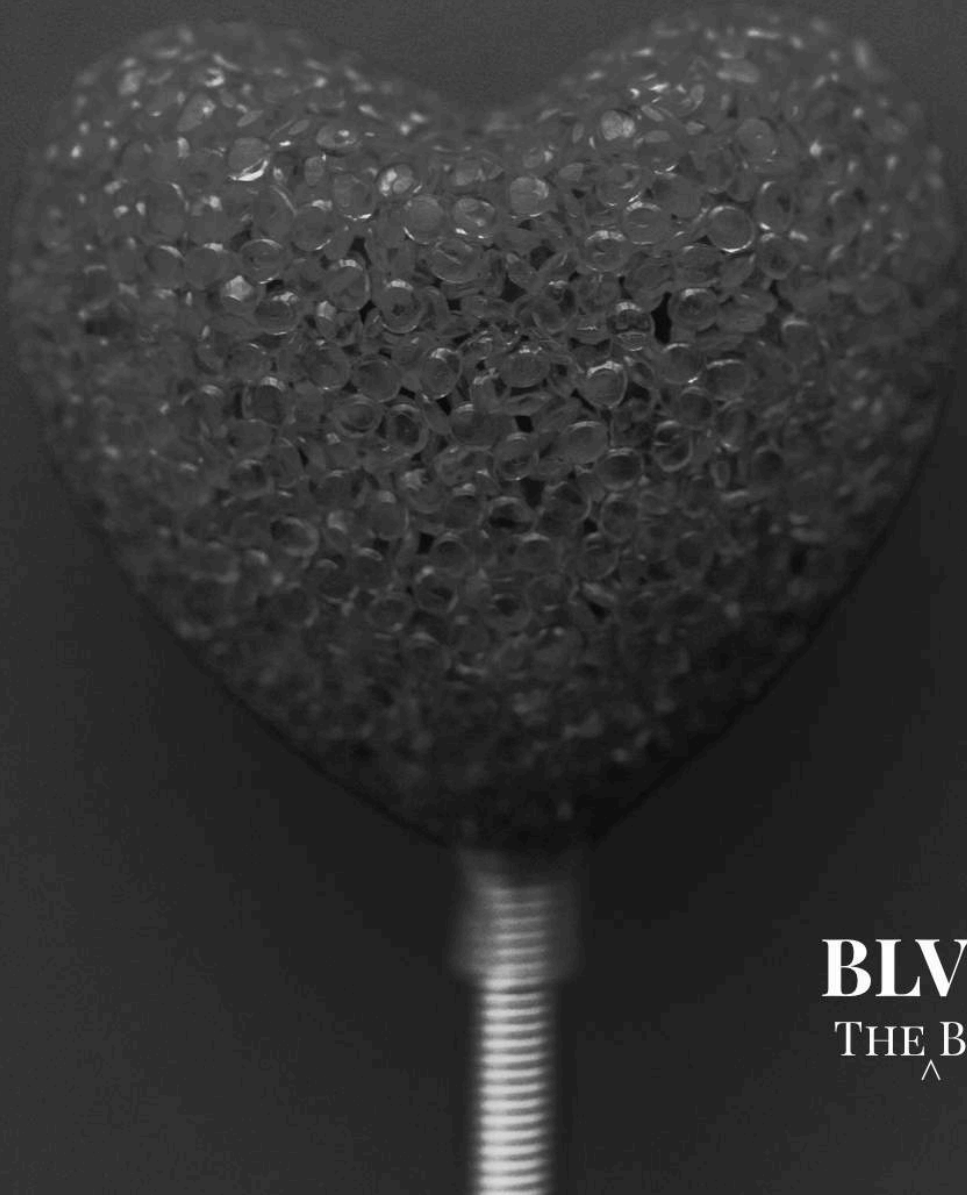


A eulogy for the fallen souls
Buried deep within their shame for
who they are
Given to societal influences of
black being a curse
Washed up flesh to recreate one's
fate
All in the name of deepening the
purse
All in the name of switching lanes
to ride the express to success
Is your skin a curse that you strive
to look like your oppressor?
That even when they show
nothing close to faith in you,
You worship the glass carpets
they laid out to watch you kill
yourself
To watch you fall out of yourself
Abandoning your truth to seek
foreign prophecies
That save nothing but draw you
away from the light you were born
with

But in time you will offer late
apologies
When you remember the life you
half lived
Chasing a life of extra strands and
extensions

Comparing natural to a broom
stick
Wena maan, you think you slick
Even though you were too good
for it, umqhoboti will be passed
around at your memorial
Where people will try to piece
together the puzzle of who you
really were
Below the falsified textures of your
lighter skin
Painted on eyebrows and non
stick lips
New face every morning
Have your seen yourself lately?
Given into the hype of meeting
expectations
That limit the heights you were
born to reach

Hand extended to shorten yours
Condemned to a reality of losing
inches of yourself
In the chase for make believe sold
on credit
Here lie the remains of black pride
Sold to wishes of dreams never to
come true.



BLVCK
HEART

BLVCK
THE BOOK

Beating for fallen nations and
nations struggling to rise
My black heart is an afraid heart,
a tortured heart
It dies to awaken at each dawn
Beating for twice its life, twice its
being
For those unable to beat for their
own
When will it hum quietly in the
face of peace?
When will it only beat to keep me
alive and not pump for my
survival?

Black Heart, pure heart, heart
with intention and misinterpreted
love
Black heart, strong heart, heart
with pain trailed from century to
century
Pain that shapes millenniums to
the glory they become
It is by my black heart that the
world finds its monuments
The world rewrote tales of my
people
But my black heart crafted
unchangeable stories in the face
of damnation and eternal struggle

Cardiac arrests at thoughts of our
desolate land
Veins clogged with spiteful words
And my black heart is breaking at
it's stitched seams because my
brothers don't have love for me
But still it beats the drums
sounding the rising of the African
sun
It sings chants to the clans that
raised me, clans that made me.

Black heart, my heart echoes
worship to those who conquered
before me,
Black hands praise the hands
that sculpted the clay known as
me,
My heart strings play names of
soldiers who fought for me,
Warriors whose blood flow from
our streams of self dignity
Because my black heart knows
black pride and humble black
supremacy



A black and white photograph of a heavy metal door. A large padlock is attached to a horizontal metal bar across the door. A chain is attached to the left side of the door. The door is made of dark, weathered metal plates. The text "BLVCK" is overlaid on the left side of the image.

BLVCK

FREEDOM

BLVCK
THE BOOK

BLVCK FREEDOM

MAIRA WOLFE *Jade Novelist*
(with *Malcom X*)

BLVCK
THE BOOK

The world has changed and we are no longer in chains but we're still chained
They say it's hard to hold on to something that isn't yours or was never
guaranteed

I suppose that's why we hold on to yesterday so easily because the future is so
bleak

We traded in whips for new forms of captivity

In trying to keep up with trends, we buy things we don't need

The worth of your capability is measured by the model of your car and amount of
stories in the house that hosts your slowly fading self

We stopped begging for things the old fashioned way

We now do it through means of awareness
retweets

Social media is the biggest tease

We run it, but we ain't really running shit

Making someone else profit

Or has having a huge following got you that
dream job yet?

And black is most relevant on my CV when
it's related to BEE but that's a topic for
another poem on another BLVCK page

This is not black rage but coming to the
realization that we're still slaves in so many
ways

We still face demons from our tattered pasts

But the greatest demon exists within the same breathe

We are prisoners of the black mind set

Everything unheard of is considered a "white" thing

So no trust funds or savings

And some still believe boys matter more, so girls aren't worth educating

We were taught to be inferior, so we accept our circumstances

“
What makes the so-called

Negro unable to stand on
his own two feet?

He has no self-confidence.

He has no proud
confidence in his own
people.

Because the white man
destroyed your and my
past.

Destroyed our knowledge
of our culture.

And by having destroyed it,
now we don't know we have
any achievements.

Any accomplishments.
And as long as you can be
convinced you never did
anything you can never do

“
anything.

Some are honest while some make up excuses

"We don't make enough to save" but can afford your vices

iPhones, taking selfies of how drunk you can get

How much weed you can inhale and how awesome your night was and have no
regrets

And we are our own worst enemies until it comes to having a protest

We put aside the jealousy and envy cause "black" looks amazing when united

So why is when asked for a helping hand, your quick to remind
them

You're black too and they should continue going cause God will
find another way to help them?

Once again it's a black mind thing

We're only family when there's something you can get from me

So if it's not month end, I'm not of importance

Most times we're strangers exchanging smiles at funerals

Because before education we were taught to bury our kind

Because of segregation, we discriminate against our kind

We have become classists, elitists

We judge those in need, laugh at those who fail to succeed and
abuse the freedom creed

Calling us free is ambitious when we wrestle with gaining

knowledge

I salute those who marched for fees to fall during the day and studied at night

But does burning down and looting form part of your human rights?

Black remember where you come from, who you said you'd be

Until you change your mentally, you can never be free

UNAPOLOGETICALLY BLVCK

BLVCK

THE BOOK



To: Society

No longer will we quiet down our loudness to curb your fear of us.

No longer will you limit us with a prefix
or use our past as a character assessment.

No longer will you filter our might.

The sun has risen and we are it,
we are the moon that unsettles your night.

Darkness and light combined.

We are **BLVCK ,UNAPOLOGETICALLY**

— BLVCK *people*

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

JadedWords.com

BEING BLACK IS NOT A MATTER OF PIGMENTATION
-
BEING BLACK IS A REFLECTION OF A MENTAL ATTITUDE.

"WHEN YOU SAY 'BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL'
YOU ARE SAYING, 'MAN YOU ARE OKAY AS YOU ARE,
BEGIN TO LOOK UPON YOURSELF AS A HUMAN BEING'."

- STEVE BIKO

JADE NOVELIST

@JadedWords_

#JADEDWORDS

jadedwords11@gmail.com

MAIRA WOLFE

@Maira_Wolfe

#WOLFEWORDS

wolfewords13@gmail.com

SPECIAL THANKS

T. MAMANE
NSUKU "GIN"
R. MADISHA
O. SEATE
C. MTJONKWE
TSHOLO "STY7EZ"
MPIMY
N. MOFOKENG
MXOLISI
M. TSHABALALA
XHAMLALA
AMOGELANG
BAKS

THE **BLVCK** BOOK

```
jQuery(document).ready(function(){
    $('#panel-btn').on('click', function(event){
        event.preventDefault();
        $('#panel').addClass('is-visible');
    });
    //close the lateral panel
    $('#panel').on('click', function(event){
        if( $('#event.target').is('#panel') || $('#event.target').is('#panel-close') )
            $('#panel').removeClass('is-visible');
        event.preventDefault();
    }
    });
});
```

```
jQuery(document).ready(function($){
    //open the lateral panel
    $('#panel-btn').on('click', function(event){
        event.preventDefault();
        $('#panel').addClass('is-visible');
    });
    //close the lateral panel
    $('#panel').on('click', function(event){
        if( $(event.target).is('#panel') || $(event.target).is('#panel-close') )
        {
            $('#panel').removeClass('is-visible');
            event.preventDefault();
        }
    });
});
```

THE BLVCK GALLERY

[Zinedwords.com](https://www.zinedwords.com)





**BLVCK
CONSCIOUS**

BLVCK
THE BOOK



UNAPOLOGETICALLY BLVCK

BLVCK

THE BOOK

#JADEDWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEEWORDS



**BLVCK
FLOWER**

**BLVCK
THE BOOK**

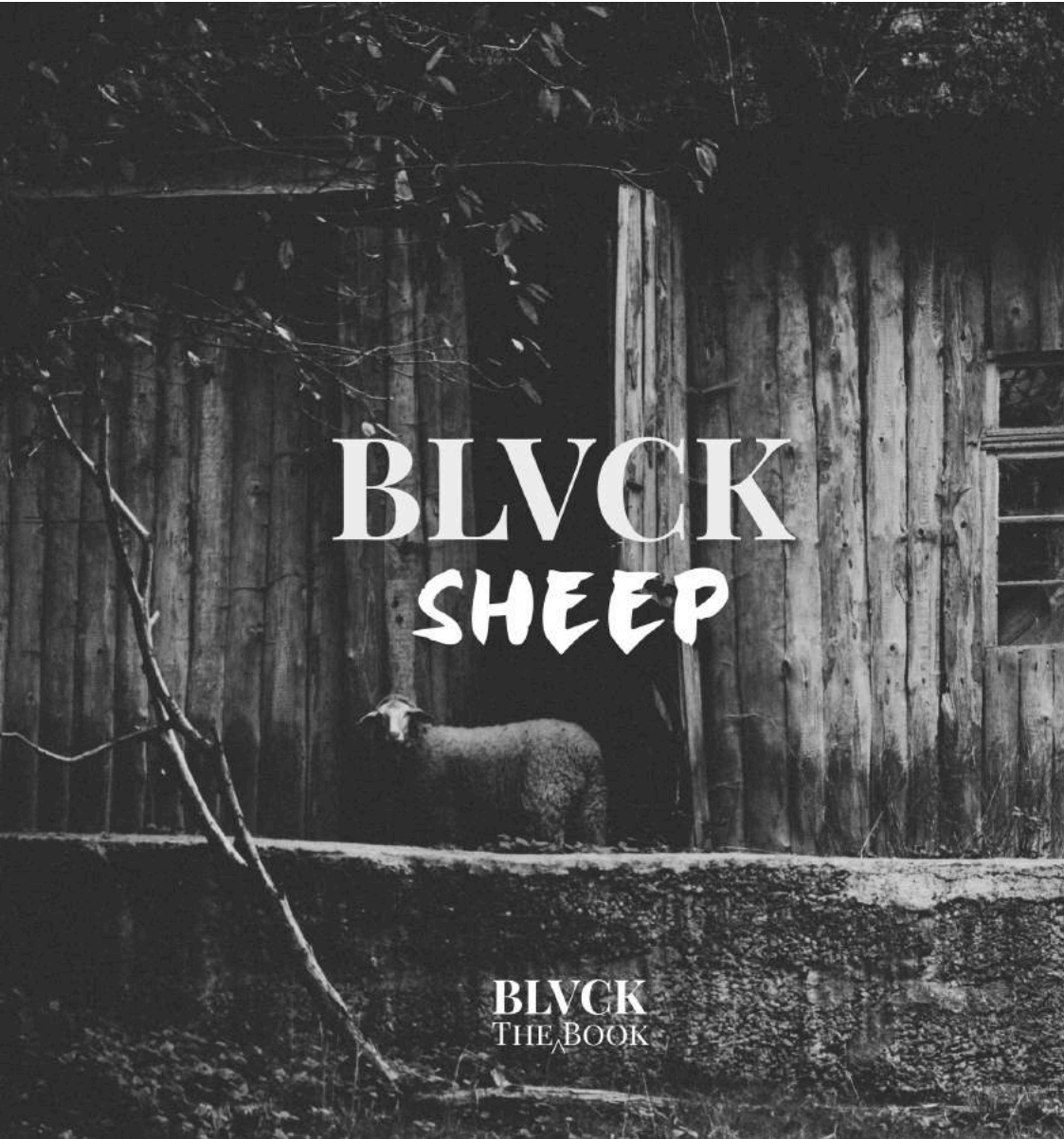


BLVCK

RELIGION

**BLVCK
THE BOOK**

#JADEDWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEDWORDS



BLVCK SHEEP

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK TAX

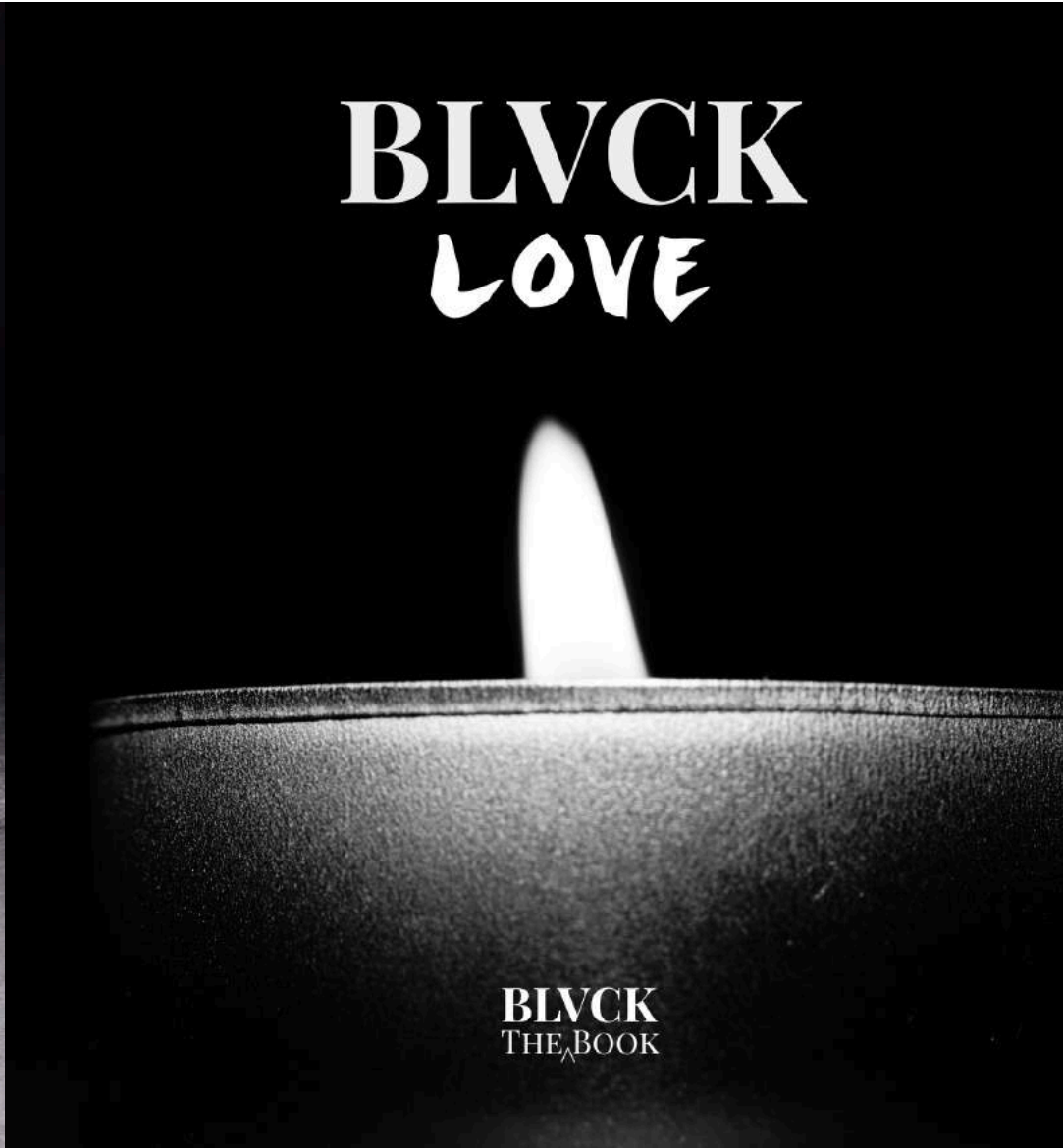
BLVCK
THE BOOK

#JADEDWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS



BLVCK GIRL MAGIC

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK LOVE

BLVCK
THE BOOK

#JADEDWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS



**BLVCK
FREEDOM**

BLVCK
THE BOOK



**BLVCK
WORDSMITH**

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

#JADEDWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS



BLVCK CULTURE

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK MENTALITY

BLVCK
THE BOOK

#JADEWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS



BLVCK CARD

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK SEVERANCE

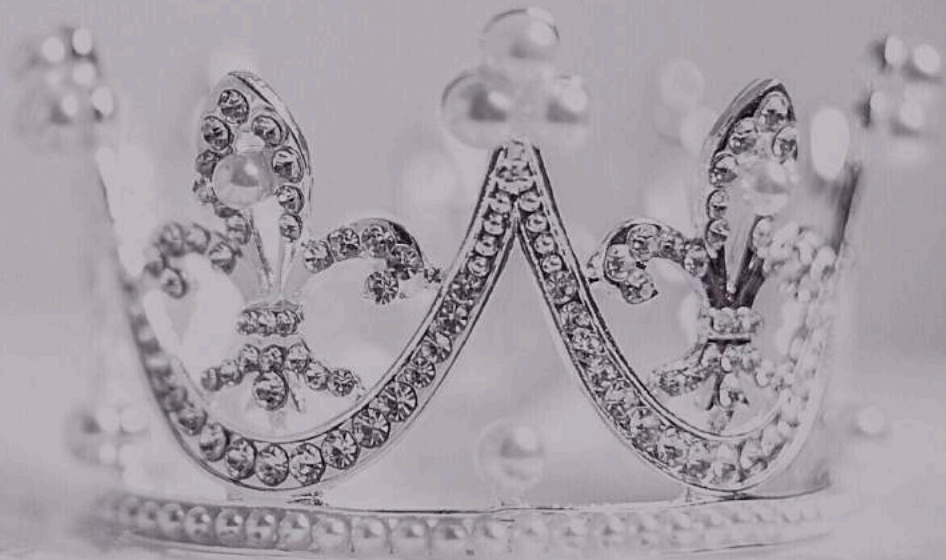
BLVCK
THE BOOK

#JADEWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS



#JADEWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS

BLVCK BIRDS



BLVCK
THE BOOK

BLVCK DIAMONDS



BLVCK
THE BOOK

#JADEWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEWORDS



BLVCK
HEART

BLVCK
THE BOOK



BLVCK
EXCELLENCE

BLVCK
THE BOOK
^

#JADEDWORDS **BLVCK GALLERY** #WOLFEDWORDS

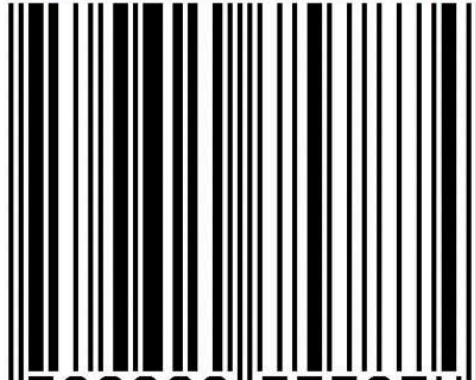


THE BLACK BOOK

WRITTEN • EDITED • ILLUSTRATED • COMPLIED BY JADE NOVELIST ✕ MAIRA WOLFE

#theBLVCKbook

ISBN 978-0-620-75787-4



9 780620 757874

WE GET IT.

WE ARE BLACK.

WE ARE WRITERS.

BUT STOP CALLING US BLACK POETS!!!