



WORDS BY THOSE WHOSE VEINS BLEED INK THE COLOUR OF THEIR SKIN

THE BLVCK BOOK

# BLACK INK

EDITION

EDITED • ILLUSTRATED • COMPLIED BY JADE NOVELIST X MAIRA WOLFE

THESE ARE WORDS BY WRITERS WHOSE INK IS AS BLACK AS THEIR BLOOD, UNNOTICED BECAUSE THEY ARE WRITTEN ON PAGES THE COLOUR OF THEIR SKIN. WORDS BY CHILDREN WHOSE LETTERS REMAIN UNREAD AND SONGS UNHEARD, SOULS THAT WANDER ON LANDS NURTURED BY THE MIGHT OF THEIR FOREFATHERS AND LOST TO A MILLENNIUM THAT GAVE THEM NOTHING BUT INVISIBLE INK TO WRITE THEIR OWN STORIES.

BEING BLVCK IS BEING GOLD AND KNOWING IT, KNOWING THAT THERE IS ETERNALLY MORE TO EXPLORE AND MORE TO REDISCOVER WITHIN OUR SCATTERED HISTORY, THAT THE MONUMENTS THAT CARRY NAMES OF OUR OPPRESSORS WILL ONE DAY REIGN WITH OUR NAMES.

BLVCK INK IS A COMPILATION OF STORIES, A TELLING OF TRUTHS, A PROMISE, UNASHAMED AND UNCENSORED.

IT IS SHADES OF BLVCK; UNMATCHED AND UNFILTERED.

*Jade Novelist X Maira Wolfe © 2017*

-BLVCK *wordsmiths*

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 AUSPICIOUS  
ELITES



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THE BLVCK INK EDITION BOOK

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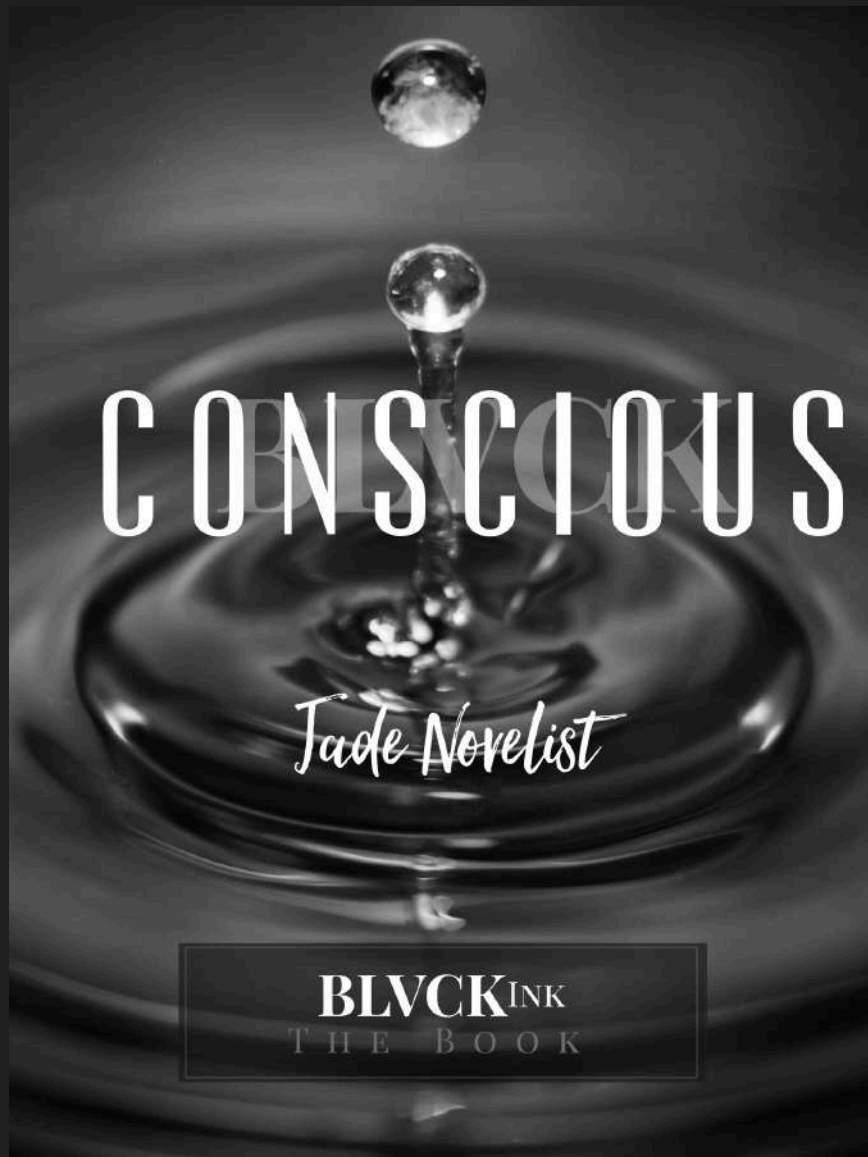
*Words by those whose veins  
bleed ink the color of their  
skin*





# CONSCIOUS

**BLVCK**INK  
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.

ME

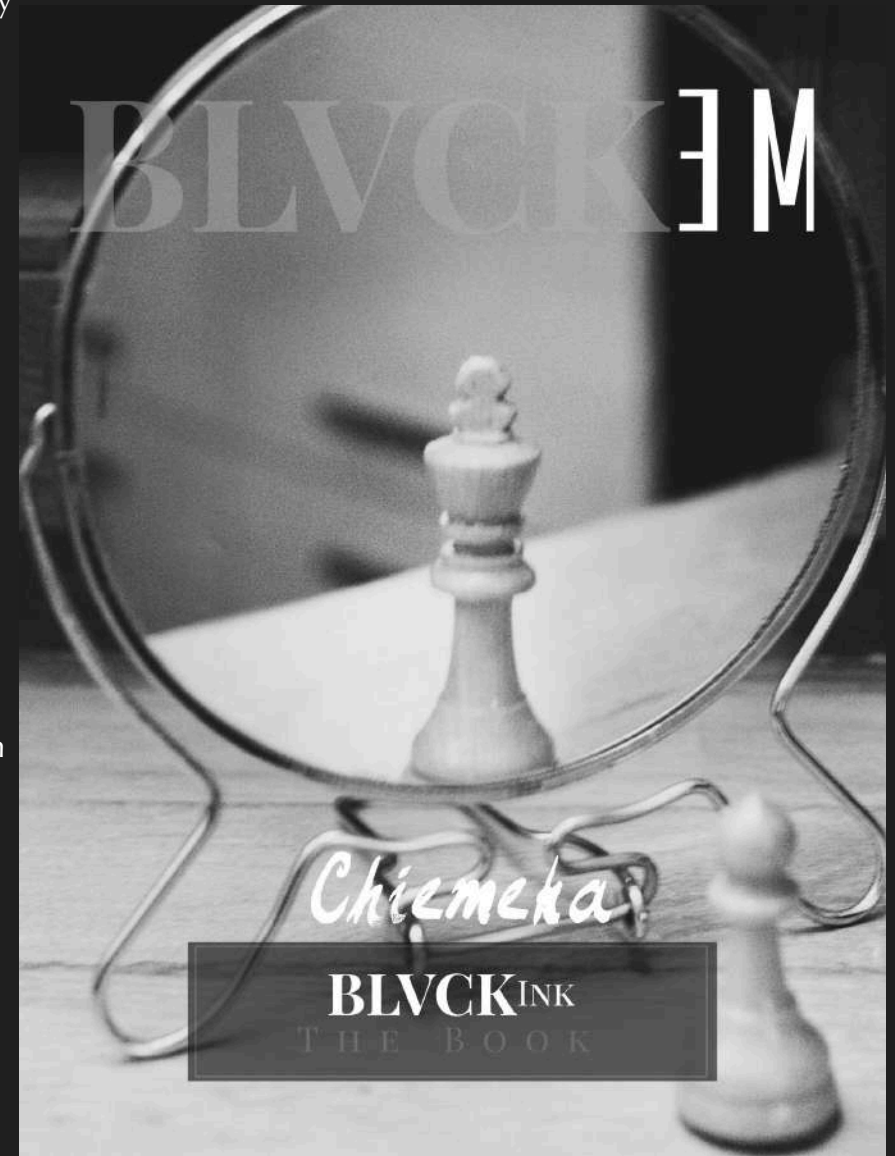
BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

When I was little, we would watch T.V.  
and see people with pale skin  
Their accents so polished we would try  
to emulate them  
Sitting and watching, smiling at the T.V.  
even if we couldn't hear a thing.  
Tilting our lips to one side and moving  
our mouths exactly how they did  
Tapping into the vocal chords connected  
to our noses, we spoke how we thought  
they did  
We did fancy ourselves posh at the time,  
superior to others just because we  
emulated  
Little did we know our nasal voiced  
chats had a particular pitch which made  
us segregated

I grew up and it became a whole  
different ball game  
The country had adapted to their habits  
In all corners, you could hear people  
speaking phonetics  
The old, the young, tall, short, fat or  
skinny, age or size was not a barrier  
Even the fat Yoruba women who sold  
tomatoes would add a little flair so she  
could sell better  
puckered up her lips while stringing  
some words with her thick Yoruba accent  
And the tall Igbo man in my area  
He always seemed to attract the finest  
girls in the neighborhood with his accent  
though he had no money to speak of  
I grew up and my speaking habits grew  
with me  
Speaking with confidence and people  
look up to me in admiration

Without the nasal tones afflicted with my  
childhood but with finesse

It is with this confidence I step into my  
village  
prepared to dazzle them  
But my grandmother you see,  
My grandmother looks at me in awe,  
awe that anyone could be so stupid  
She sits me down; she questions me  
“nwam gini k’ineme?”  
She questions me with a confused  
expression as she asks me “gini k’iga  
kwuziri umu gi?”  
What will you teach your children?  
Will the labor of your forefathers who  
gave you your roots be in vain?  
Will the values of your ethnicity  
disappear because you are enamored?  
Enamored with the culture of a people  
who are proud of where they come from  
How long before you realize that you  
have your own culture  
How long before you realize that your  
people have their own way of life  
How long before you can proudly say  
these words:  
I am not American  
I am African  
I am Nigerian  
I am Igbo.







# ASK MORE QUESTIONS

???

**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK



Why do you call me black?

Is it because my blood is of the  
stolen land?

Or that they forced me to be a  
slave once?

Because you want me fading into  
the background with my dark  
history?

Blank with pages of my ancestors  
unknown

Or it is because of my brown-like  
pigment?

I know my skin is beauty infested  
in the night with constellations  
I know my heritage is the reason I  
am,

I pride myself in the being of my  
culture

I'm the Azania child, it's no myth  
that I'm a nomad

I know of traits I posses

I know my complexion

I'm not composed of rage, no I'm  
not a monster

I'm not a monkey either, I'm  
civilised

I comprise of emotions and  
intellect

Even though the whole globe is my  
oyster

My continent has rare minerals

We have breeds of animals the  
world is eager to see

I know of Timbuktu, about the  
Pharaohs

I know of the Kings that once ruled  
for greater peace and harmony

The chants, the fire of the rhythm  
inside me is how I contain warmth

My ethnic significance,

I know where I belong

I've ran through the jungles  
barefooted

Made a hut in the wild and called  
it a home

Read the stars, I've been one with  
nature

The traces of my lineage makes me  
a god

I'm a descendent of desert

travelers,

my clan survived with time

My flesh can handle harsh  
weathers,

My name, the reincarnation of  
ancient diplomats

I have built pyramids, hieroglyphs  
in the caves

Dug deep holes, oppressed,  
don't tell me I can't work under  
pressure

Don't tell me I'm lazy, I have  
conceived bright ideas

So why do you call me black?



The image features two cameras on tripods against a solid black background. On the left, a smaller, vintage-style camera with a textured grip is mounted on a tripod. On the right, a larger, more modern camera with a prominent lens is also mounted on a tripod. The word 'MOMENTS' is written in large, white, serif capital letters across the center of the image, partially overlapping the camera on the right. A faint, larger version of the word 'BLVCK' is visible in the background behind the main text.

# MOMENTS

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

Gassed streets, burnt tires  
Blocked roads, war ready crowds  
Our greatest moments are found  
within the bodies lost in the  
struggle  
Bodies lost while those who claim  
we are free live off silver plates  
Shone by the cloths of those fallen  
for the façade freedom

Our greatest moments are  
enveloped in arrested fighters of  
our education  
While murderers and rapists walk  
the streets guilt free  
Moments shunned by the  
government claiming to put its  
people first  
Moments missed by the spotlight  
for the causes aren't flashy

They rally to impeach a black  
man for taking the crumbs of the  
cake they ate  
United, they sing Kumbaya in the  
name of healing the world  
Healing the world they spent  
centuries shaping to benefit them  
Instantaneously falling mute when  
students shut down streets

When the photographers who  
pixilated their movements  
shoot the masses in cold blood

Their privilege threatened by a  
millennium of rebels  
A millennium of the fearless  
standing toe to toe with them  
Students denied residency  
because the shade of their skin  
was not glazed in privilege  
Left to rest their heads in public  
areas  
adjacent to the yards hosting their  
graduation dreams

Our greatest moments are in the  
bullet cases  
carpeting the battlefields for our  
promised revolution  
Captured shots in rubber claimed  
not to bruise  
Battered, shot, jailed, killed,  
outcast  
Our greatest moments are in the  
refusals of surrender

MAIRA  
WOLFE



MOMENTS

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK





# TOUCH

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

He said it won't hurt  
He said he will take it slow  
He asked that we play a game of  
grabs, pulls, and suffocate  
That she would get holds and hugs,  
if she won their little war tug  
Because men are strong he showed strength  
Because men are wise he convinced her with  
lies  
and because she was raised to respect men of  
colour,  
She believed black men respect innocence

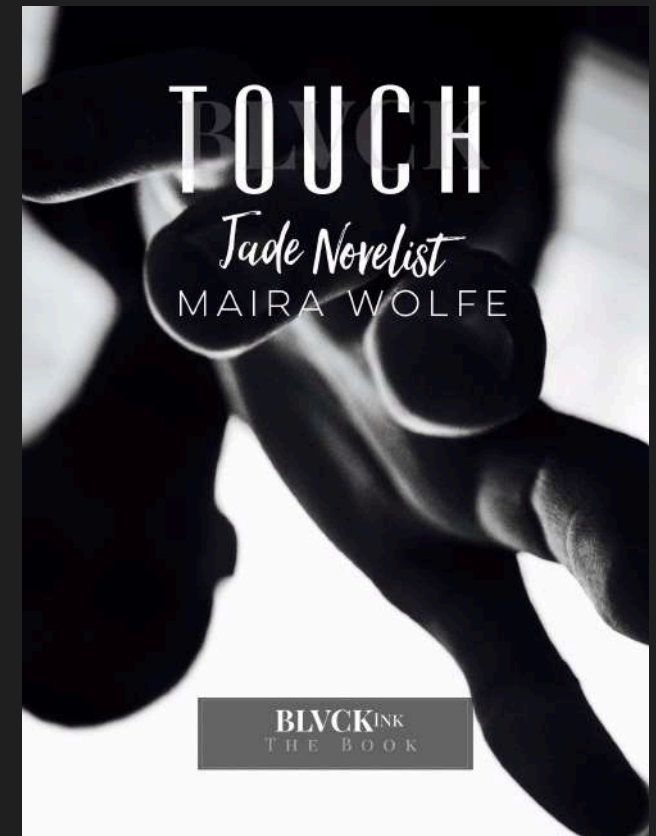
So she participated in a dance with the devil  
while he partook of her as a meal  
Dance moves filled with tight grips, crucifix  
Clutched fists in a losing fight  
She lay counting the pounds as they stepped  
on her soul  
Every thrust, a pleasure to the thieves in the  
night  
And a loss to the little girl dying within her  
Gasps for air between chokes from tears  
Rain overshadowing her screams  
Silencing pauses between slams of the door  
they broke into

His skin cold, with nothing to warm her but  
the tiled floor beneath her back  
And before she could catch her breathe, a  
new devil joined the dance  
This one reassuring her she was a good girl for  
giving up  
That her yells were senseless noise  
Hooks curving their mouthes into smiles  
Two became three, became four but four had  
the sense to close the door  
So at least she was offered some privacy

Passers by could use the excuse that they did  
not see

And so the dance continued, different  
partners, one damsel  
To them it was just sex, nothing special  
It was a desire being fulfilled but to her it was  
a void that could never be filled  
For she would celebrate its anniversary more  
than her birthdays  
They were engraved in her essence even  
though she never saw their faces  
Their hands branded her and the slits she cut  
on her skin would heal but only beneath the  
places where they touched

They said it would hurt, they said nothing of  
the after effects  
They said they'd take it slow, but why does  
the memory always rush in  
They said it was just a game but where is the  
restart button so she can do it again  
So she can not be alone that night  
So she can once again be the girl who never  
questions her mother's teachings  
Or wonder if she missed one of fathers  
lengthily preachings  
Because it is mama who once taught her to  
respect monsters  
and papa who wasn't there to protect her



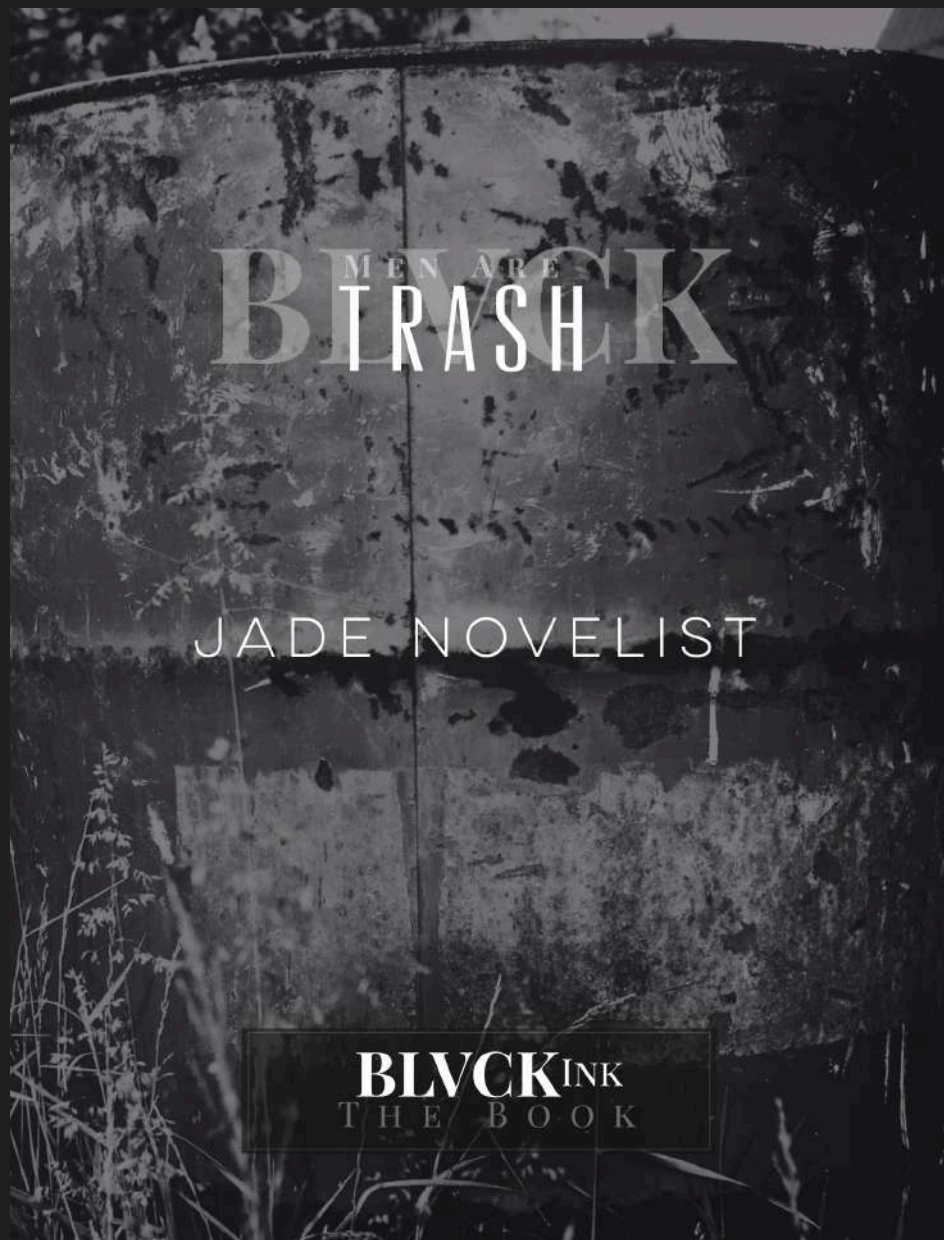




# TRASH

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK





Men are trash  
Promising long nights lasting 5 seconds  
Enforcing glass ceilings as if every  
young lady was a Cinderella seeking  
glass slippers  
Quick talking, slow thinking, loud  
boasting and sometimes externally  
handsome  
But internally contradicting pigs who  
whistle anthems as skirts walk by  
Militants on a mission to put women in  
their place  
Categorized saints, labeling others  
sinners because they offer loaned out  
love belonging to other females

MEN. ARE. TRASH.  
Weak minded and short sighted  
cowards  
Raising fingers to form hands to lay  
assaults on better halves  
Deserving of better maths  
Like making mistakes should not equal  
to blue eyes  
The sum of the years you spent together  
should not be the reason she stays  
behind  
And the number of nights you may or  
may not have made her cum is not  
testament to your greatness

Trash mindsets inhibit soulless bodies  
filled with self validating thoughts  
Only monsters confuse no for yes  
Stop for go and decorate truths with lies  
Offering wedding rings to girls chosen  
for one night stands

Neglecting offsprings because it's not  
the in thing  
Sitting back while others tarnish the  
gender  
Rising up to compliment big spenders  
Ignoring care givers who put  
consideration into their actions  
Those who see words as their oath and  
not just fictional currency to be used for  
sex transactions

MEN  
ARE  
TRASH  
So god help us because conception  
requires our seed  
Yet all sown are sorrow and heartache  
Doubtful prospects for future  
generations override all hope protocols  
Why bring up fathers you are nothing  
like, sons you never look after or  
brother's who decided to do right  
And if they are wrong it will soon come  
to light  
Next time catch your sub in silence  
If it's not you, move on, don't mind it  
But regardless men are trash until we  
rise up and do something



A black and white close-up portrait of a young Black girl. She is looking upwards and to the right with a contemplative expression. Her hair is short and styled in a natural way. The lighting is soft, highlighting her facial features. The background is blurred, showing other people in a crowd.

# BLVCK THREAT

**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK

Here, on bent knees, kneels a young and prominent male figure,  
currently residing in the new South Africa.

His prayers seem to be accompanied by fits or rage,  
hints of bewilderment and squads of sorrow.

He doesn't seem so proud of being the person he is, in the place he's in.

Who would've ever thought that your birth  
resulted in the fear and outcry of the opposite sex?  
It's worse because the actual culprits are faces very unfamiliar to him,  
but commonalities found in their genitals and hormones  
are the only common ground needed for all the inappropriate boxes to be checked.

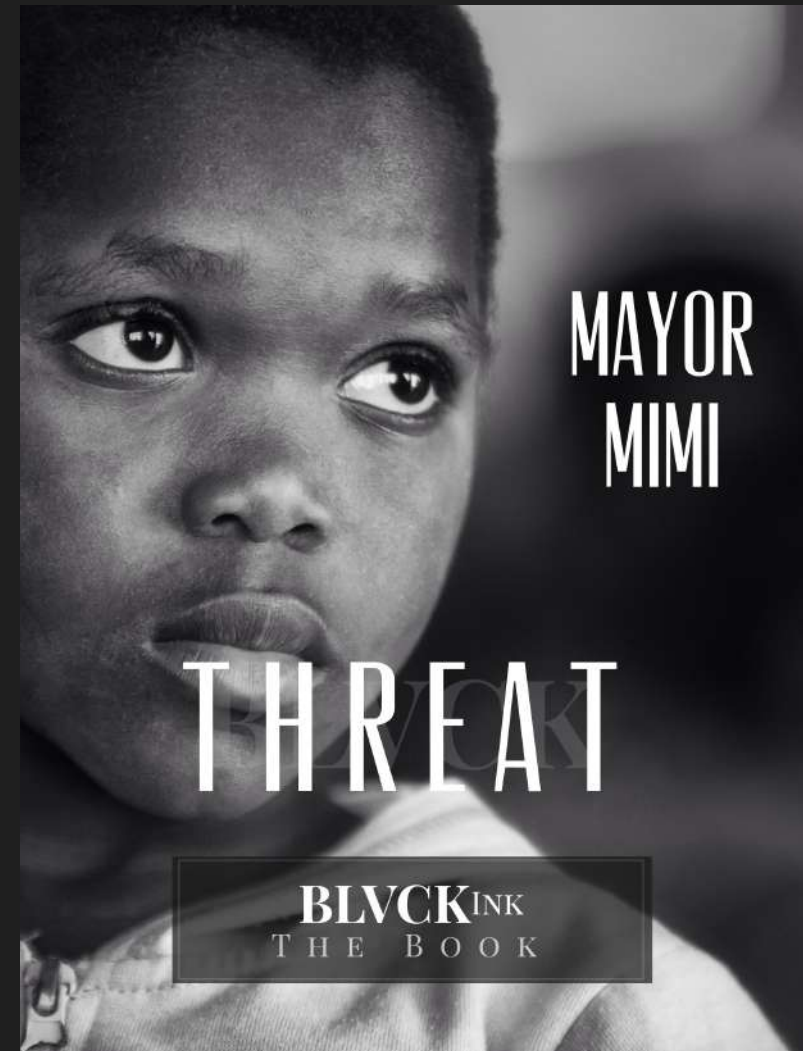
What good is there defending a gender that takes pride in the degradation of our foundation structures?  
What good is a king who laughs when his queen's crown is skew?  
What good is a father who fails to discipline his son  
after he's answered his mother inappropriately?

Forgive me for ranting, but wouldn't it be easier

to forcefully give respect instead of forcefully stealing dignity?  
How long will you walk around with your head held high  
after all the commotion you have caused?

Flip the script for a second;  
visualise yourself fearing to walk across a dark alley  
when you need to in order to get to safety,  
fearing to pay your loved ones a visit because they might just end up doing the visiting,  
fearing for the safety of your prized possession  
as it might be snatched by inconsiderate beings  
who have lost all grounds of humanity and values  
that we - as a nation - grew up upholding.

Call it what you may,  
but deep, deep down there's a prayer being recited  
begging and pleading being done by a young, prominent male figure  
who is sick and tired of being sick and tired,  
and all he desires is healing upon the land,  
forgiveness and the restoration of the stature that the whole gender carries





# LIGHTS

**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK



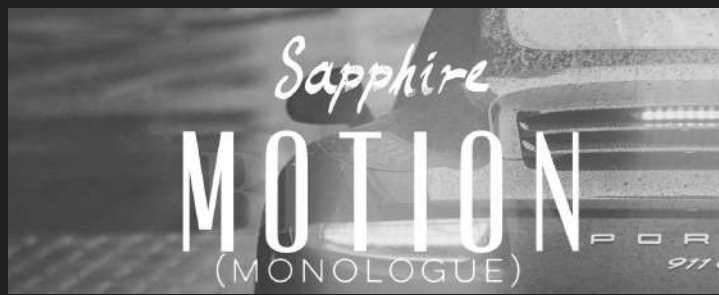
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Black lives put out like night lights  
Forsaken by instincts  
Failing to alert them that they lay with demons  
Murderers close in proximity  
Transfiguration experiences,  
from earth bound angels to souls lost seeking  
obituaries  
Bystanders telling them about vigilance  
Urging them to be aware of predatory  
behaviours  
But these wolves mask their presence while  
they hug their fears away  
While they whisper promises of safety, love  
and serenity  
Premature residents to graves in the name of  
"no man will love you like I do"  
Blind hearts wishing for love  
Receiving nothing but condolence hashtags  
Bodies in black bags, black ditches  
Bathed in black smoke with black corpses for  
coal  
All black funerals while monsters are  
downgraded to criminals

Yet they deemed themselves worthy of godly  
actions  
Worthy of mercy when they mercilessly saw  
others were worth less  
Masculine bravado causing feelings to be  
caught at the sight of the word trash  
This is not about you but the fact that our  
sisters are suffering  
Fake job interviews resulting in endless  
sorrows  
Celebrated by our brothers who look at their  
peers laughing  
that he had her all night  
Pounding and pounding without her asking  
Women are no longer safe in their home land  
Because they fear the thoughts of man  
Selling dreams of brighter tomorrows,  
without disclosing that the end is tomorrow.

# MOTION



**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK



Which attributes help define and develop my Black identity?  
Answers to the questions always answered by our oppressors  
Frustrating, disappointing, demeaning answers  
They have permeated their western ideas into our ancestors  
Made them forget their indigenous truths that have been passed on  
by their forefathers.

"You were nothing before we came", they would preach with their  
false prophecies  
Sold us materials that stole our spirits  
But who are they to set limitations to our aspirations?  
Even with the blood shed and lost souls  
We still remain insignificant  
Due to locutions vocalised by outsiders whom  
we have allowed to set rules in our homes

Women have become puppets of social standards that deem them  
unworthy of greatness,  
"it looks unprofessional, too big to deal with,"  
"It is an apparatus used to show defiant acts",  
Our hair was created to defy the laws of gravity  
To remind us that we are the daughters  
of the bronze soil of Africa  
Yet we chose to use concoctions  
that denature our prestigious crowns  
to fit criterions they created  
So now I ask; when will we realise that it is not our responsibility to  
fit their societal standards?

To my brother I say; you have transformed from protectors to  
tormentors

With every skirt that passes by you seem to see a victim for your  
sexual desires.  
Her fragile soul now serves as a tool to deal with your frustrations  
Punching bag, old rag; is what you have turned her to  
Yet you still claim to be a gentleman?  
How do you expect to be respected when you fail to respect those  
close to you?  
How do you expect them to think highly of you,  
you belittle those who wish to cater to you?  
Respect is earned  
You forget time has passed  
and your manhood no longer shows your status

Years have passed  
The oppression has subsided  
But we still remain chained to our thoughts of feeling insignificant.  
Our progress has proven to be immobile  
We have lost our chariots to the horses that lived to terminate our  
kind

Our vehicle for change has crooked wheels  
The speed we choose to use; slow and steady keeps us slacking  
Fast pacing only leads us to early graves  
how long it will take us to reach our destination?  
We have become enemies of our own advancement  
Being inert is not what we were created for.

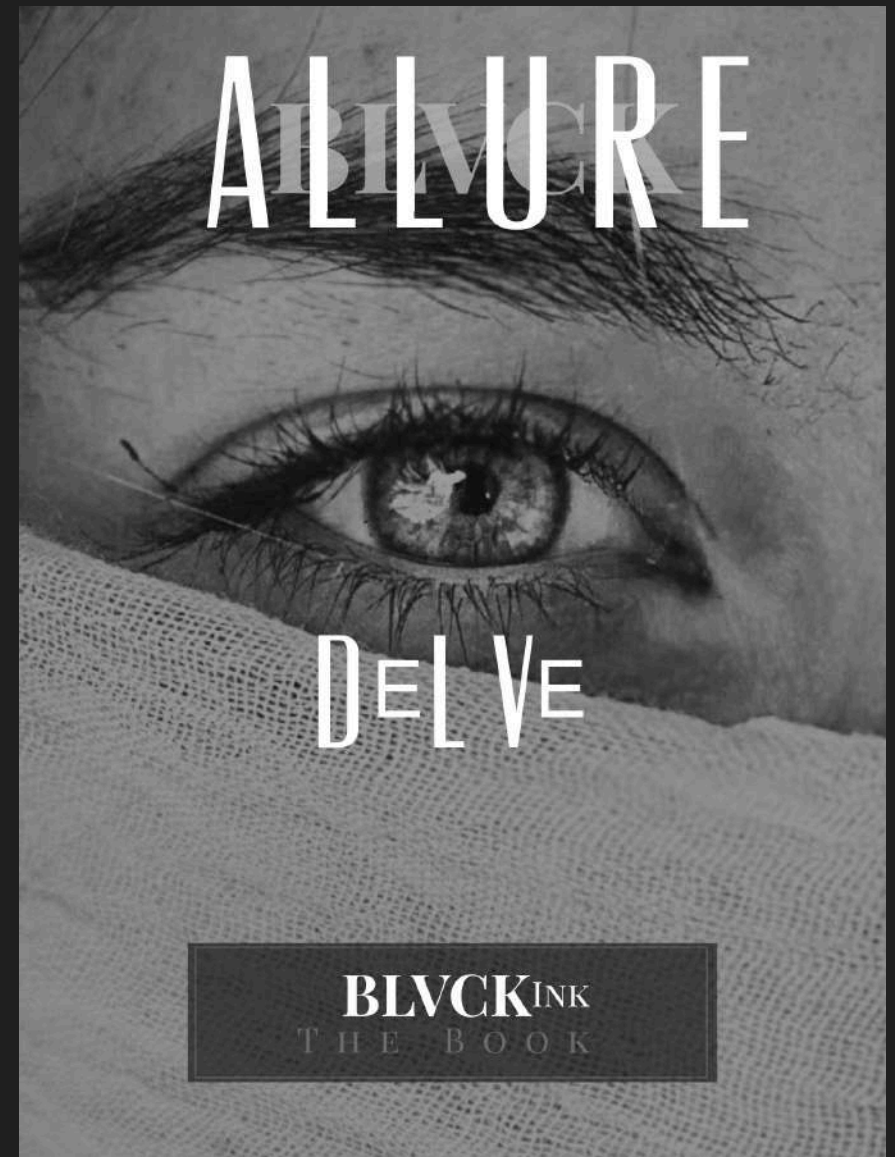




# ALLURE

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

let me be lost  
totally and utterly lost  
in your embrace,  
in tangled warped emotions of why  
the stillness of your voice  
the quake of your touch  
the captivating glance of symphonic bands  
that play when you are around  
let me profess in soliloquies  
how ensnared I am of you  
Admit to the moon and stars how  
a captor has captivated my inner  
enthralled my beating spirit  
As juvenile as this maybe  
I have witnessed the failure of many that have  
skipped to the beat of your appeal  
seen hardhearted men fall at the beauty of your  
mold  
endearments said to freeze moments shared  
I am yours  
bits and pieces  
shreds and wreckage  
I am yours  
Allured by black spheres of what many cannot say



# BLVCKXOTIC



BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK





"you know, I've never been with a black girl before"

"this is my first time with a black girl."

caucasian men always say this with a smile.

like the simple spreading of their lips softens the blow.

what, kind sir, in my anatomy causes you to feel the highlighting of our differences is important?

then he'll go on to tell you how he's mostly been with blondes. and you can't help but wonder if he brought it up when he slept with a brunette.

did he say "I've never been with a pale girl" when he slept with that redhead?

these men will kiss you with a mouth full of fetish and take that same mouth into tomorrow preaching colourblindness and #alllivesmatter yet continue to

distinguish himself as the norm and you as the other.

its as if when they call us "exotic" we should be beside ourselves that we are the subject of their voyeuristic gaze

ladies, don't let these colourless men sweep you off your feet with meagre words like exotic as if you had no knowledge that your existence alone demands the sun to rise.

Sarah Baartman wasn't paraded through Europe for you to accept you are "pretty for a black girl" 2 centuries and some liberation later

as if your beauty is despite being black  
as if you are only enthralling in the bracket of blackness.

question: why does your beauty have a clause?



BSHAMEK

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



Growing up in a white man's world is far more complex than first imagined.

As a child you believe that all men are equal; colour factors no part in the separation of man. How naïve.

For fear of being labeled an outcast, you change... change into who they want you to become; change into them. You think like them, act like them, speak as they do. But you will never truly be them. You believe them to be superior, that their lives are the pinnacle of which our minds have been limited to believe is best.

Then comes the shame. The melancholic, unnecessary shame. Fruit born from the hateful seed of those who selfishly want you to be as they are. Not allowing you to embrace your true self. They are ashamed of who you are. Ashamed that you have the potential to be better.

They say we're all the same, but they won't let you date their daughters.

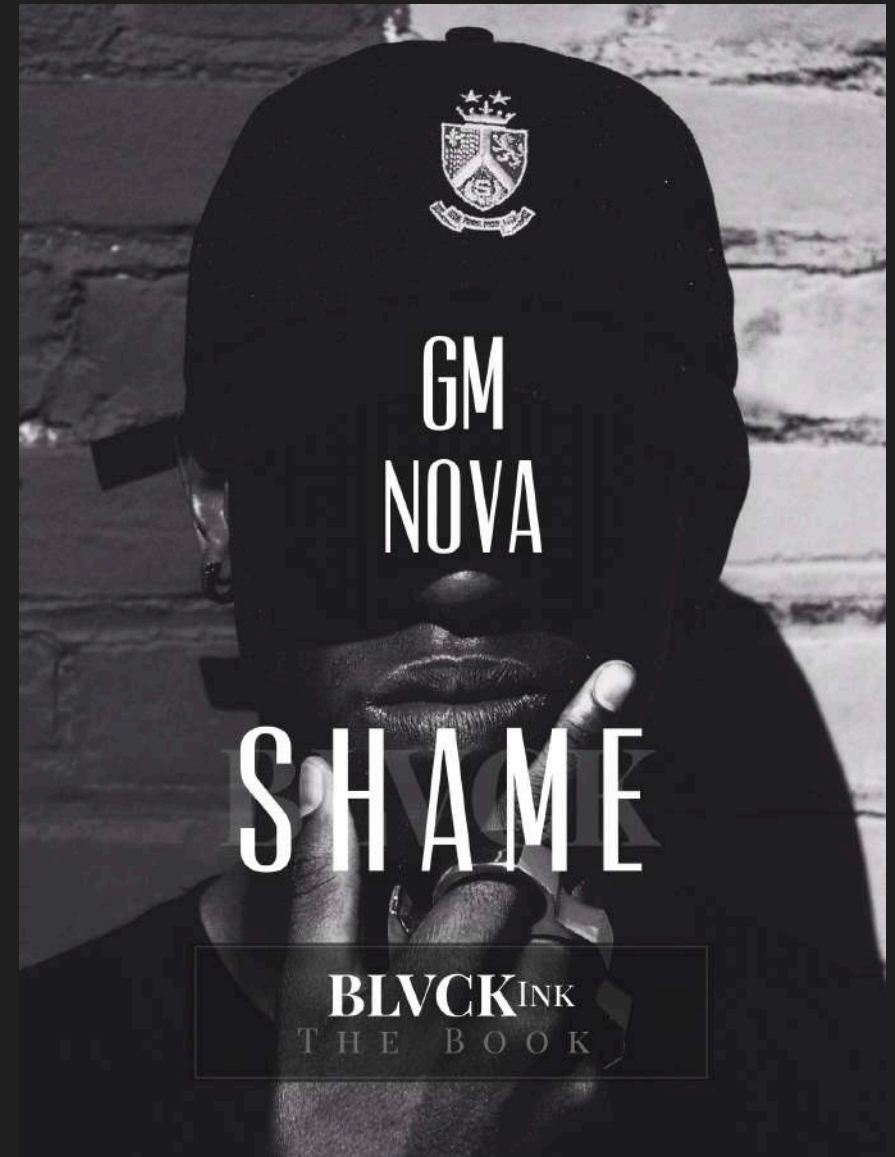
They say we're all the same, but they won't give you equal pay. They say we're all the same, but they won't let you meet their fathers.

They attempt to limit our potential, our ability to thrive.

They feel shame; directed at you, and with that realisation, your own shame is gone. You realise your worth; find the beauty in yourself. Your need for acceptance by those who are not like you becomes a love for who you are and what you represent.

No more shame, no more change, as they've been trying to do.

All that's left is the beauty of accepting you.



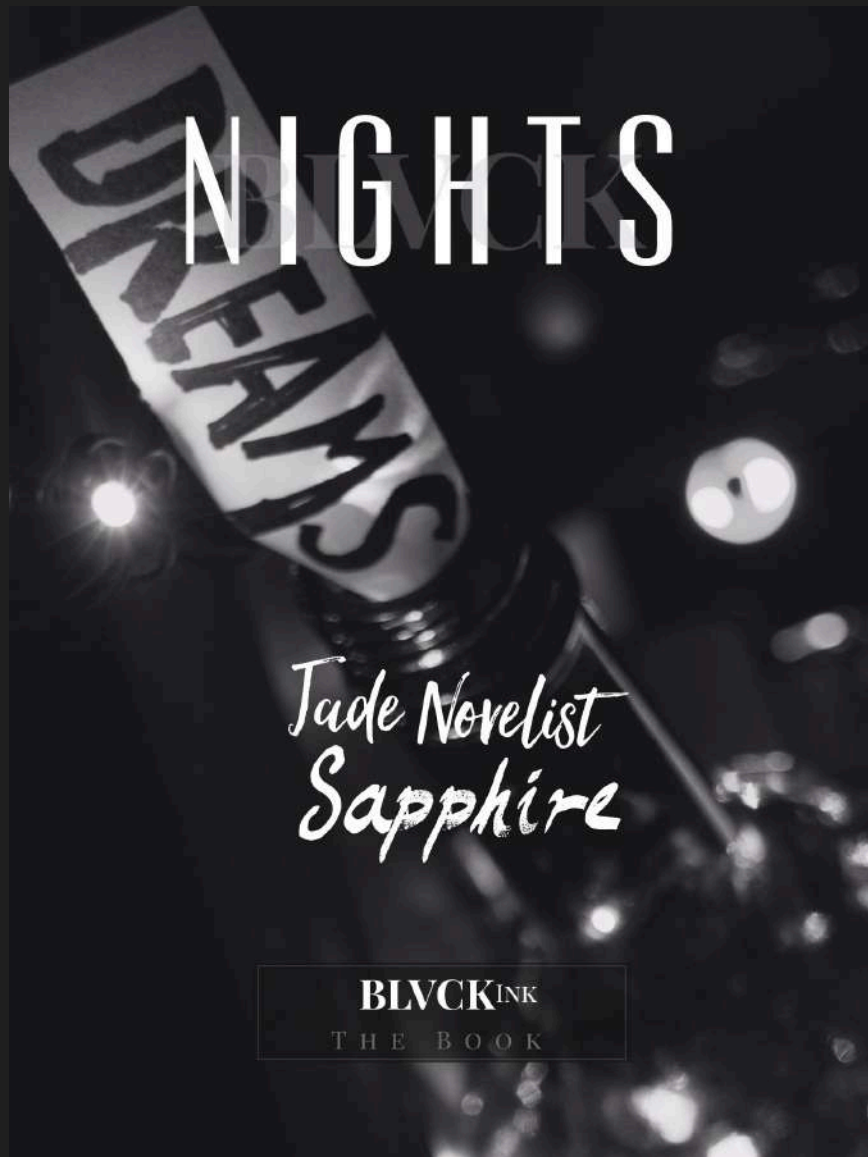




DREAMS

# NIGHTS

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



In memory of our ex potential  
presidents  
We offer condolences and short  
eulogies  
Offered after paper notes and used  
condoms gather up under street lights  
To degree holders living the night life  
College dropouts who only shine under  
the night sky  
Using planets and stars for code names  
Who knew "Venus" was great at giving  
head  
Giving new recruits teachings on how  
to swallow  
Classes on which pills numb the pain  
Math lessons on how much to charge  
And self taught preaching on how God  
forgives

Once upon a time, prostitution was  
something I only saw on tv  
Now the girl from high school, who  
used to sit next to me  
Shamelessly walks past me, proposing  
to do to another the things I always  
foresaw for me  
I thought I would marry this girl but she  
tells him it's okay for half price  
Because she has mouths to feed  
Appearances to keep up and her pimp  
wants his cut  
But he doesn't care, his mind isn't there  
All he wants is to bust a nut  
Avoid pregnancy but still wants an  
experience worth his cold currency  
After-all he can't cheat on his wife  
without self justified reasons for  
spending his money recklessly

Short skirts blowing in the wind  
Tears hidden under the rain

Lip stick stains from clothes worn for 2  
consecutive yesterdays  
Performing shows in dark rooms  
Offering fake love in hotels, bands for  
pieces of the souls they sell  
Black queens worshiping gifts offered  
by lying kings  
Who lack the ability to do more than  
her father could,  
to tell her she's beautiful during the day  
time  
And she wasn't meant to lay on her  
back,  
No, mother wasn't right this time

I remember how I used to judge such  
lost souls  
Where I went left, they sat down at  
cross roads  
Waiting until the wrong opportunist  
offered a hand  
Could have been a man or a woman  
Either way, we lost a female president,  
again and again  
Lost treasures lost in the daylight  
Fading out of sight  
Presuppositions made about how she  
chose to be a daughter of the night,  
ignorantly forgetting the possibility of  
the choices picking her.  
We don't condone it, we own up to it  
We as society, failed to protect these  
young ladies  
We can't save everyone but how many  
of us try to save even just one?



# BIRDS



**BLVCK**INK  
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?’

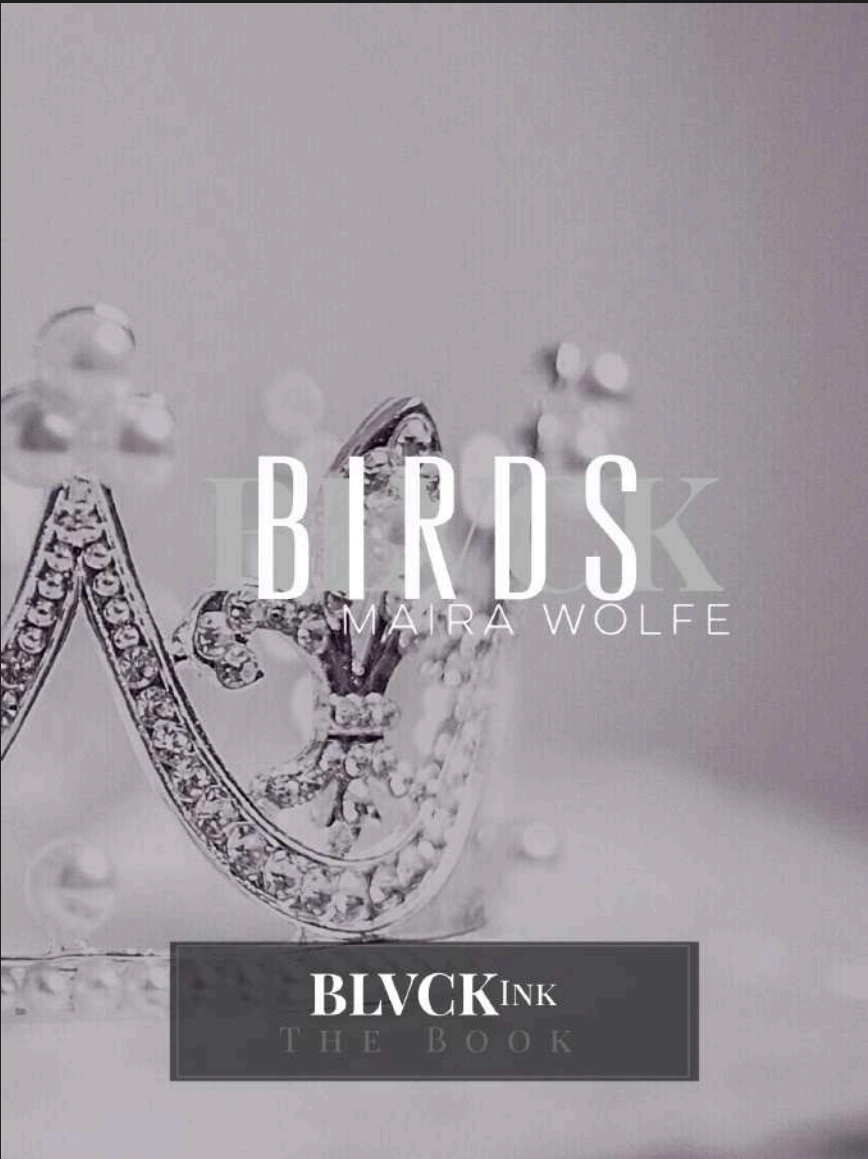
Wings clipped by social injustices and it  
being your fault that your threads invited  
spiteful creatures into your sacred place  
from the second the first feather showed  
strength to soar  
Urged to leave the nest and find our own  
In the same breath held back by slander  
disguised as encouragement  
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 posses, 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?

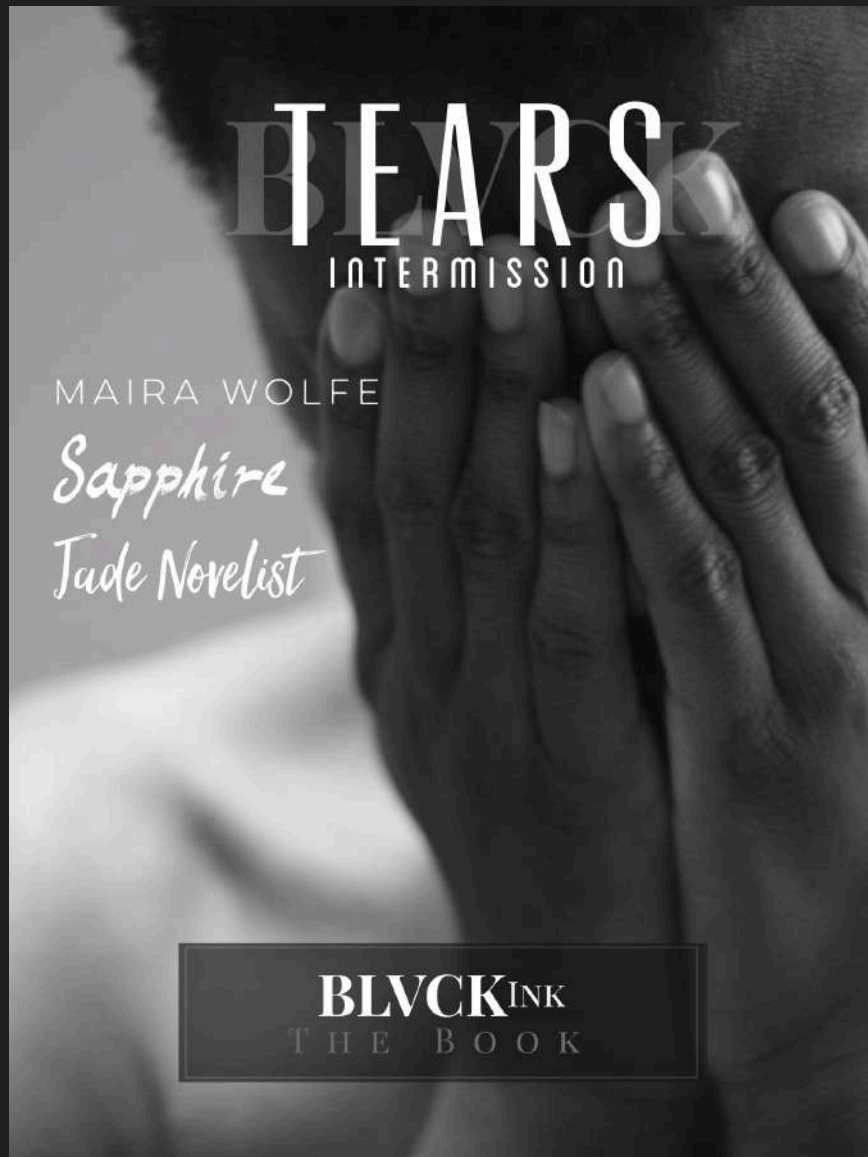
Our black mothers and aunts never taught  
us to believe in ourselves  
They align their failures with ours  
reliving through us the moments they  
could not stand for their own  
born to carry a nation on wings clipped  
from your birth  
So black bird, where will you go with  
clipped wings that know not to fly?





# TEARS

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



Like love letters written in black ink, on black pages read in a well lit room  
I'm unseen even in the best light  
My existence is imperceptible because I fade into the background with ease  
Acknowledgement is a tease  
And despite all efforts I'm part of the nothingness people ignore  
My loud is still quiet  
My hard doesn't hurt enough  
My initials are misspelt  
Words falling to the ground, through cracked spaces,  
my remains are lost  
No longer existing,  
merely going by with the shallow beat of my heart and missed steps  
Forgotten by those who matter most  
A faint memory to those who believe they know me  
Faded into the darkness that holds secrets untold to the world  
Sirens ringing in my head yet muted when I release them  
I'm a statistic, soon to be part of history although I had no present.  
Still I release, from black ink to black pages read in a lit room with a magnifying glass  
I am barely seen  
Even my shadow no longer follows me  
Other than my third leg,  
I'm not afforded a respectful identity...





# DIAMONDS

**BLVCK**INK  
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???

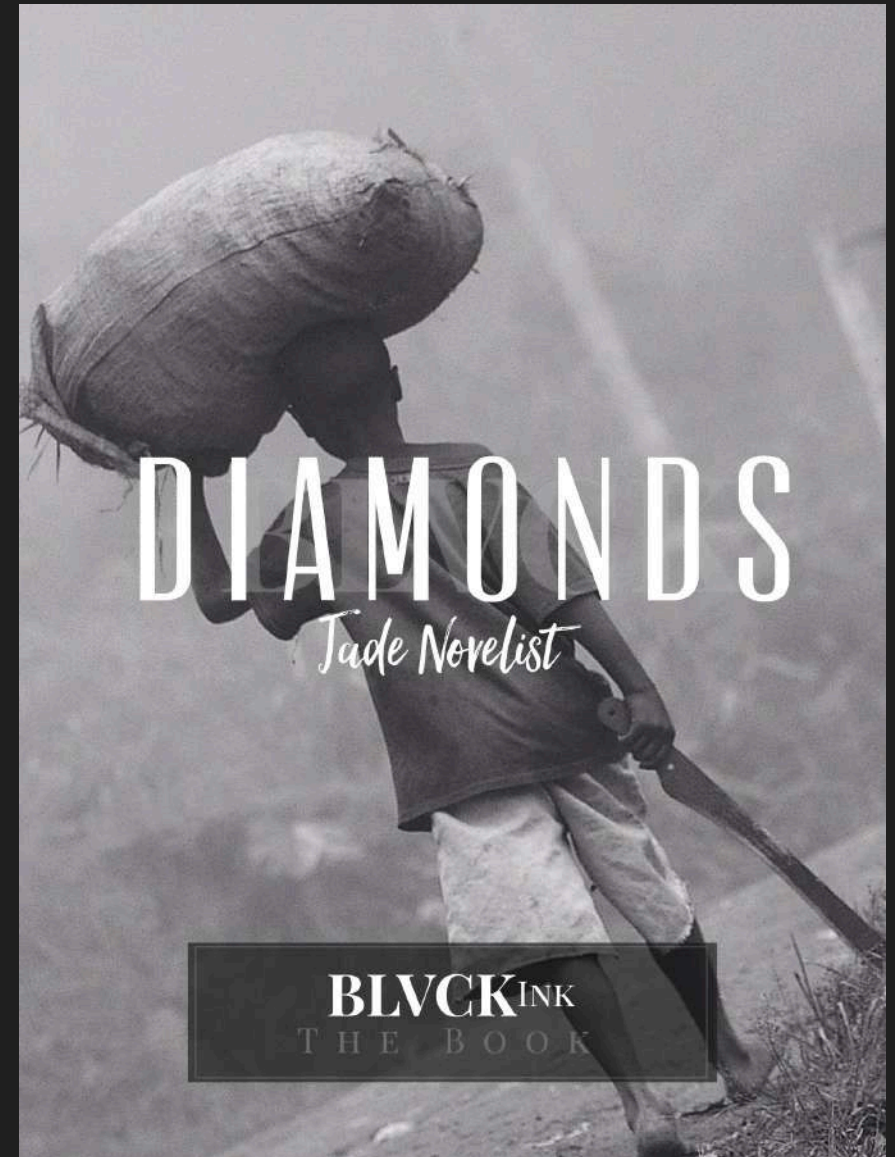
A man must provide but when he does,  
are you are grateful?  
Whispered praise does not qualify  
I hurt too but I have to hide  
You assume it's my male pride  
Leading with ego or thinking with the  
wrong head  
But the world does not stop spinning  
when I go to bed  
So my problems still chase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



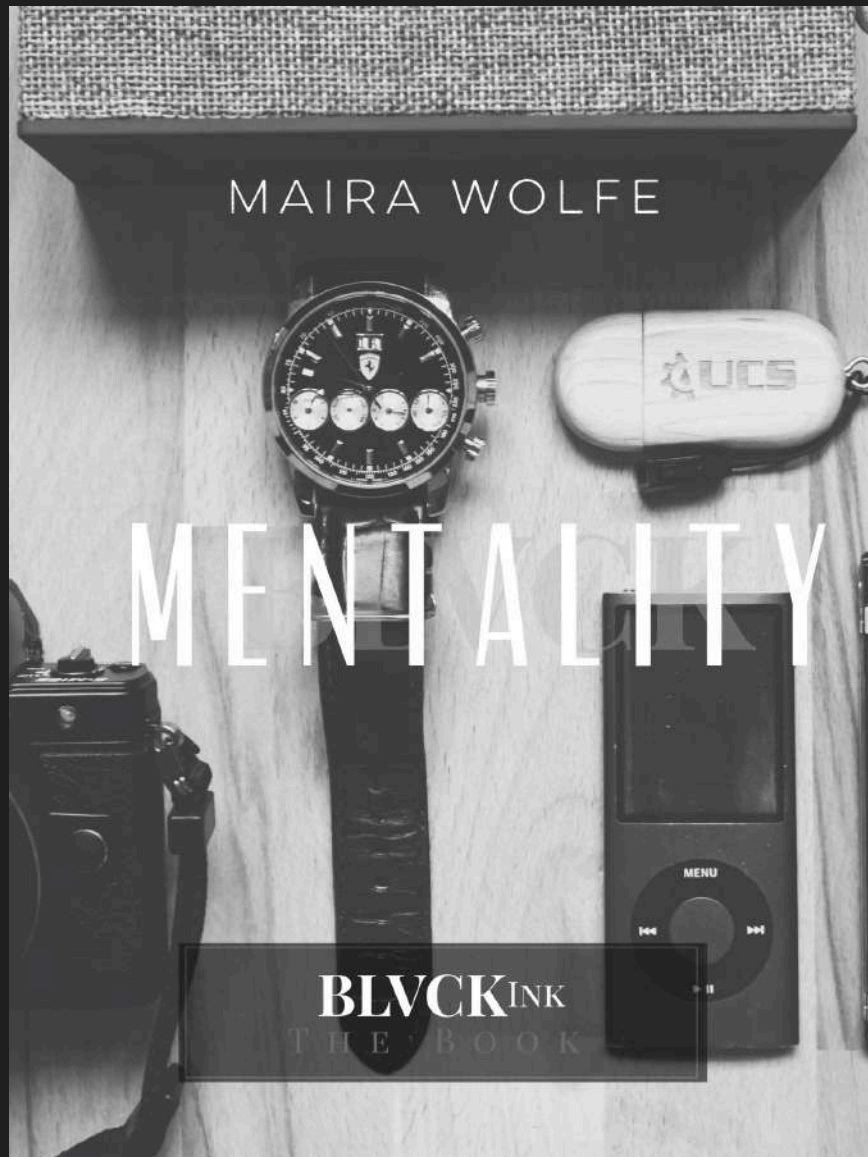


Beautiful as the rain across a meadow, I see the  
sun peaking through  
Love in every aspect of the earth, the girth was  
curved in time but fools remain subtle  
Against the darker shade, trust me, I am you if  
only you would close your eyes, awaken your true  
self, listen and hear the truth  
Cultivating every seed we plant; kindness we  
shall give if only you would simply ask.  
I am not familiar with the labels you've placed on  
me  
Nature has no colour lines, yet you've given  
yourself the right to divide our times  
It is BLVCK and it is beautiful in these pivotal  
times.

BTIMESK

- Twze





## *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.



BART

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

it is in the food preparations,  
the 7 colour combinations in a  
Sunday dish  
it is in the patterns on your  
headwrap  
and Mama Esther's patterns on  
walls and beamers  
it is the ululations in salutations  
and beaded ankles against solid  
ground  
it is the wave of colour from  
xibelani  
the smoke from inqawe  
the height of isicholo  
and the dancing of our tongues  
to the rythm of clan names  
  
it is in the shaming and never  
naming,  
the unwavering manner in  
which we kept creating  
despite the dismissal of  
blackness  
  
it is the finally naming and then  
renaming  
from trinkets to treasure to art  
it is in the unrecorded

the gap in identity and trying to  
fill it.

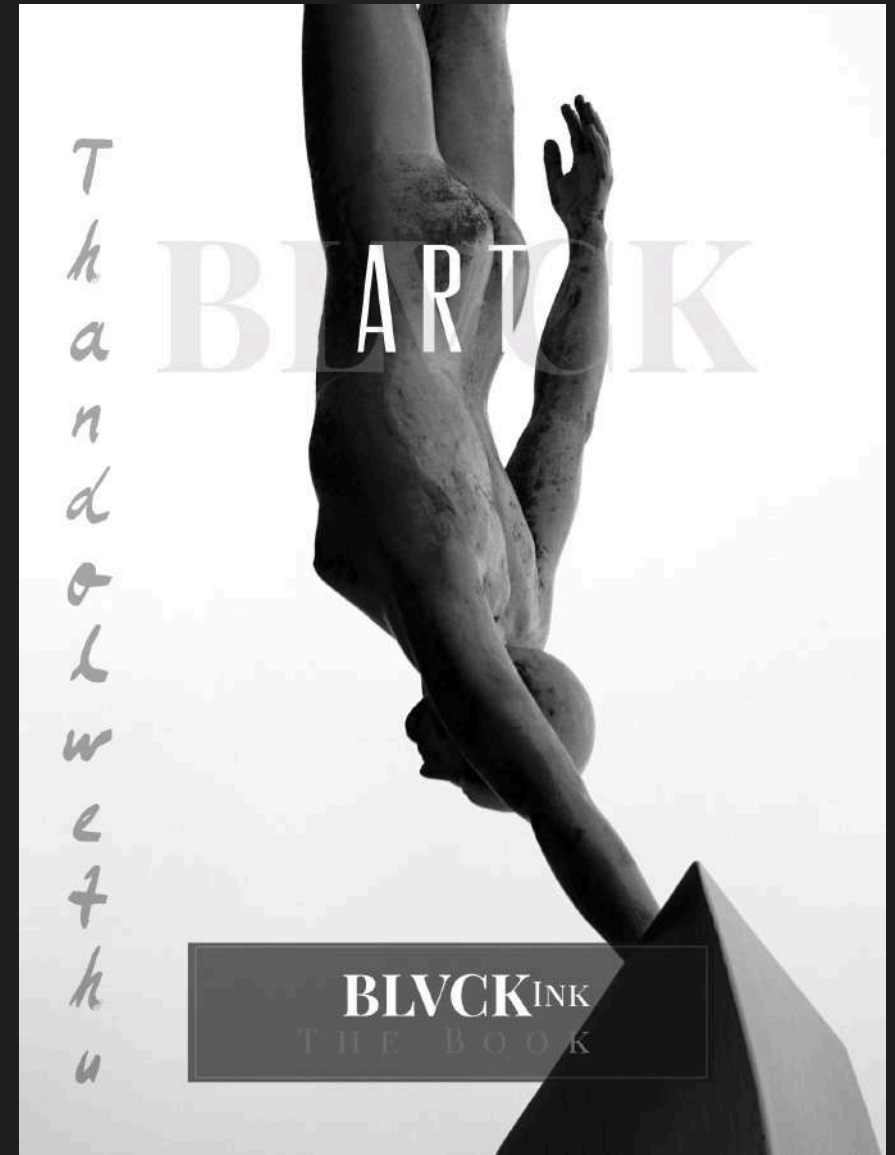
it is the lost and never  
recovered  
the unprivileged and never  
discovered  
the elite with resources and  
minimal talent

it is the nuance in mixing  
English with vernac languages  
- the navigation of African art in  
a postcolonial identity

it is fluid and solid in the same  
breath  
it is a series of dichotomies  
the new generation of blacks  
who question generational  
philosophies

it is black skin against a canvas  
it is black skin as a canvas  
and painters with monochrome  
palettes

it is - you are - black art.





declared him to be the handsomest man she had ever seen, Gail suddenly recalled. . . .

"There was a time in our history when we had exile in a state of tribal warfare, preferring to risk our neighbors—not, even better, the wealthy often English women the better."

Gail laughed then.

"That's not very nice!"

"We are speaking of long, long ago," he reminded her.

"Were you as bad as the historians make out?"

"I'm afraid so," he admitted. "You see, Scotland grew under the clan system; we had chieftains who themselves were barbaric even though they were also honorable and brave, descended as they were from the highest nobility in the land. Feuds brought out the worst in all participants and the bloodthirsty deeds committed have not been exaggerated." He went on to expand and Gail listened with keen interest. How

69

[illegible]

just I won't tell you again? Her caw jangling jingly hardly held his smouldering stare. I'm not that easily intimidated! "No, you're not, are you?" his anger changed quickly to a soft mockery, which he found even more frightening. "You aren't the same girl who ran, almost screaming, when you thought a camel was going to bite you, and who shrieked hysterically that the heat of the sun was running your complexion? This new Maxine arouses my interest, and I have need of this interest-of the passion you have in me.

Before she could reply he let her go abruptly and left the tent, leaving her trembling.

The room was filled with people. One of them was Miss Khan.

He wondered what he  
 e love and admiration  
 re meant the fact that

"It's a piece of cake now, compared to when you're still," Eshel related to MacIntosh, who had been a nurse at Massachusetts General Hospital.

halation dei Tritoni and others played; I had had admired his pre-

He eyes were half closed and their blue brilliance was dimmed. On his brow and his beard burned were white cloths, as I watched, Miss Rhode, possessed eyes

all in good fun, and  
thing went on I was  
went overboard. He

As I moved aside to let the servants out, Miss Klondike

and she laughingly shook her head. "No," she decided. "Standing on my feet all day on a man's hair—and mom's. It's not

into a dressing gown. Her head was not so old. I went to the end of the row of the stairs. I

**Don't come any closer**  
"But you," I began  
fervor until I had no

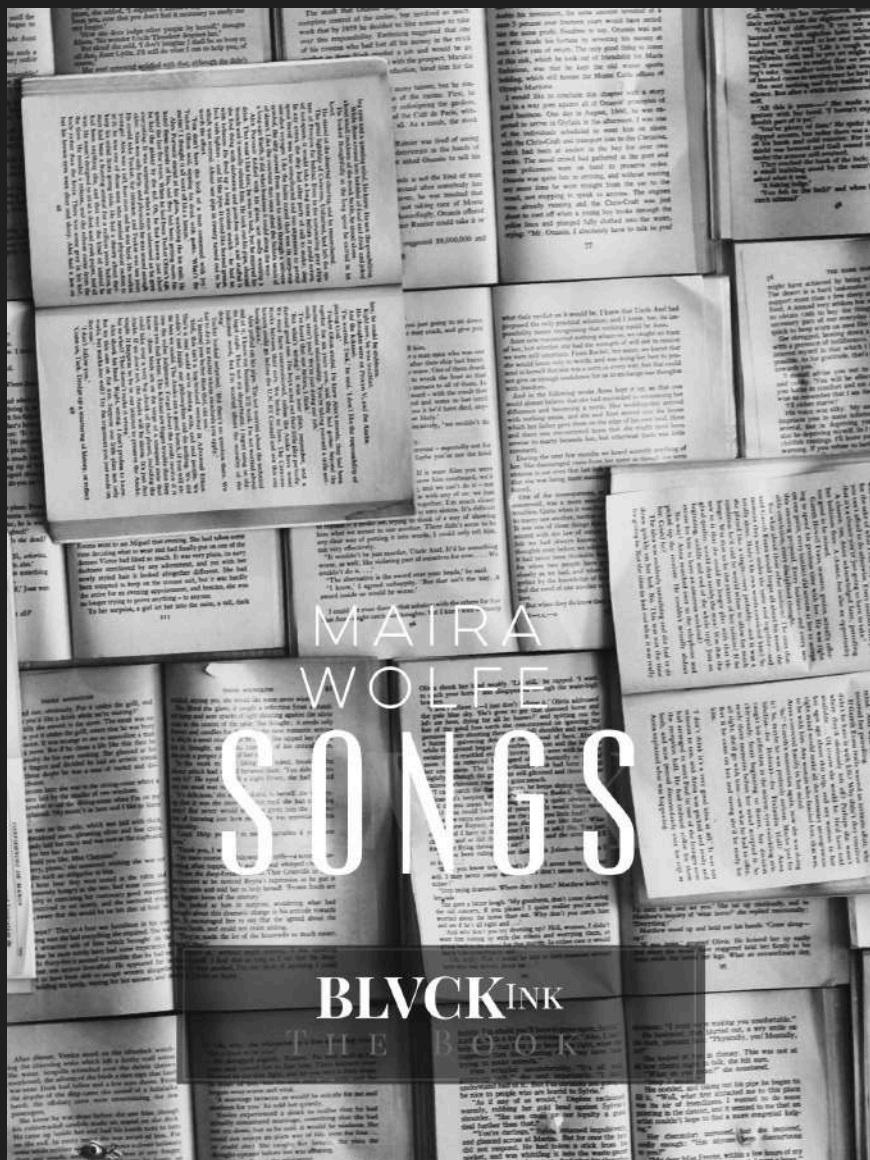
...had nurse's training  
condemnation for his

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growth of hand and tie

[illegible]

...and I've been thinking about you a lot lately. I hope you're doing well. I miss you so much.



Our symphonies are composed  
by the  
sling of the machete through the  
corn

The fields for amphitheatres  
at which our concerts are held  
daily

Whips to our backs  
signaling the commencement of  
our show

We sing our sorrows to make-  
believe joy

Sunset, a curtain call to the day  
An opening to the night show  
We stand single file behind  
them

At their beckon call  
Dancing in fear

When they send one of us to  
rest,  
Dying keys echo their screams  
the winds of time tune us in the  
distance of our own melody  
Notes muted by the vulgarity  
following the names given to us

Names eliminating the strength  
of our own

Our arms raised, bodies frisked  
We hum to the chains tying us  
together

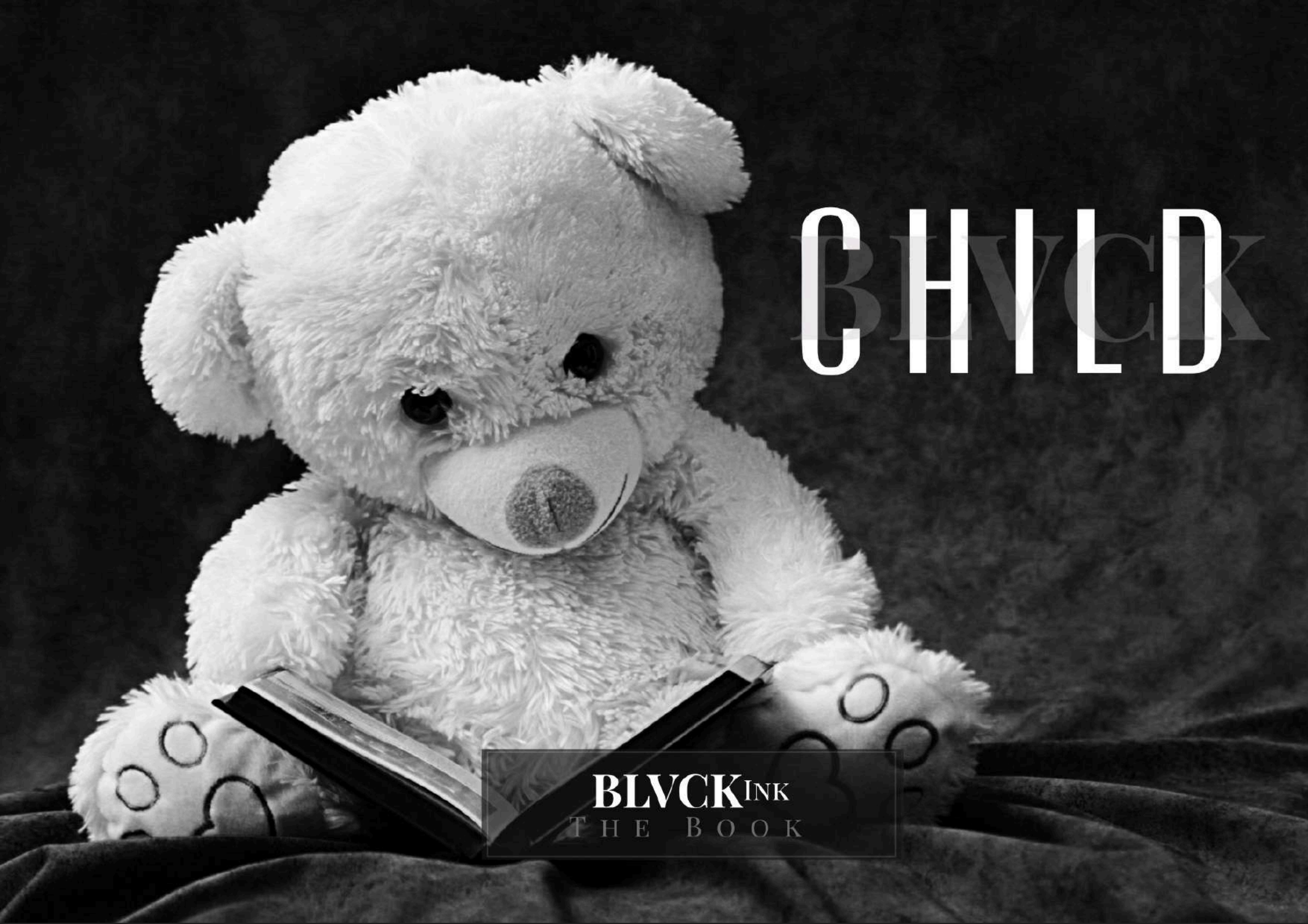
Mozart of the cotton fields  
An orchestra of spinning wheels  
Turning to compose their fine  
linen

Our fine linen, ripped from our  
backs

Splattered music sheets  
Poetry written in shackles  
From the pits of our vocals,  
from our lips we sing freedom  
dreams

to many ears they fall quiet  
But in our hearts they ring loud  
Echoing our desperation for  
change  
Yelling to future generations  
That time for us to dance to a  
new song has come





CHILD

**BLVCK** INK  
THE BOOK



I remember the whispered words  
In my ear, from her lips to my heart  
Not everyone will like you...  
Nor will everyone admire you...  
Most won't understand you but I have faith  
one day everyone will have to look up if they want  
to see you because you will be up there where  
you belong...  
With the stars and world's greats.  
Never forget you are your own strength  
And that you are on your own, even when surrounded  
by many  
Your steps are giant leaps  
Silence louder than Roman trumpets  
You are a ruler, a leader, a titan  
Guard your mind, your soul  
Other than life, this is the best I can offer you  
My word, my prayers, my strength  
My words for when the worries overflow  
My strength to save you from floods I foresee  
My prayers for your own wisdom to swim when the tide  
takes you below...





# UNAPOLOGETICALLY BLVCK

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



# UNAPOLOGETICALLY BLVCK

BLVCK *people*

**BLVCK** INK  
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*





# APHRODITE

**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK



Everything I am is by choice

My beauty...

Sexuality and Resilience in poise

I've seen women grow and

change whilst adopting barriers

Seeking to fulfill roles set in old

ways back in the old days

Created to control those who

were forced to submit

But steadfast I stand firm and

refuse to lower my voice

Thus my confidence is showered

by words of disapproval

Whispers of "O rata Bashimane..

o tlo Prega.. Sies moboneng

schaparapa"

So I look ahead smiling "ka go

Phapha"

I carry the same black cross other

women do

With equal bonds, restrictions

and boundaries but I look past

them

So am I the only woman

deserving to seek love on my own

terms?

How many look at heartbreak

and say I survived?

How many choose to stay and

feel compelled

While I live freely in bliss not

under any mans spell

My spirit infiltrates his, he accepts

without care

Fulfilling my pleasures like a

dream

I'm not loose, I'm just a queen

who gets her way

She who always gets her fill

Why live and be deprived

Before your time

Independent and headstrong

Does not mean promiscuous

I simply know my worth

And the day will come, where I

will choose to settle down

I will teach my daughter the same

lessons

You are a goddess they must

respect you

Move on if he neglects you

Be present for the one who loves

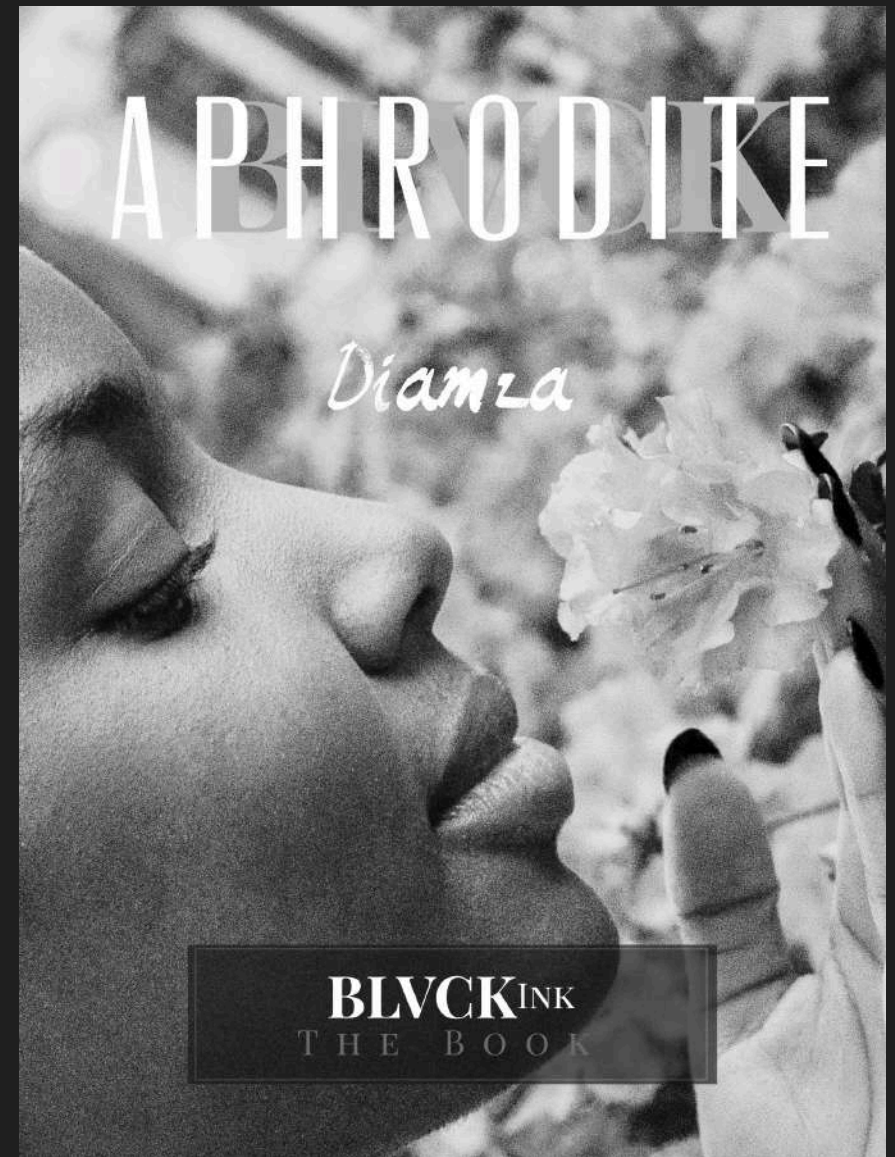
you

Marry the one whose shown he

deserves you

Love

BLVCK Aphrodite





BLVCK

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



It seems as women we missed more than just being created second.

Like Adam and God had a secret handshake about provision.

Till this day, seductress, temptress... She.  
She is meant to believe that money is a reward partly for beauty but mostly for sex.

To fill a lust that doesn't rest with your body parts but stretching your spirit into an elicit affair.

At the whim, a beck and call of a man who doesn't utter your full name. To know you biblically and not call you by your identity.

Like a number plate on the car he bought you. The trips he takes you to ultimately degrade you.

How heavy are your cries for wanting something nice. The trade is not equal to the price.

She gets more than what she bargained for.

Looking to feed her greed she walks away with an addiction. For cocaine and bad treatment all she wants is to be called by her name.

Marriage is the throne for success her mother told her. Be beautiful and someone will take care of you. Ntwanam.

Learning that being a princess means pick pocketing princes. For lavished gifts, maintance and up keep.

Lobola money, egoli money, why wait for marriage. When there is all this money?

There is a cost to being royal she preaches like a gospel. That there is an entrance fee to enter her chapel.

The promise is to worship her but the result is the destruction of her alter.

Conned into thinking that the offerings and tithes are meant to praise her.

Instead to strip her of her title of Goddess, Mother, Queen to sugar baby, blessees and just glorified prostitute.

Less than mortal, scum of the earth. To eat his cum for a purse.

To sit by his side at the Durban July so he can fuck you on your period, so you can send pics to social media about how life is great from the presidential suite.

You let him sleep with all your friends so you can go to Bali next week.

The sacrifice doesn't measure the outcome. Not for the nightmares that happen behind doors. There is no limit to how he shames you because for everything else there is MasterCard.

He exposes your health to disease. Come on, R50 000 a month with your Peruvian weave and expensive taste. What you mean, he has to use a condom?



# BLVCK

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



I was still in the middle of finding myself, so  
what purpose would I have for a soulmate  
Especially one who functioned so well on her  
own

All she would do, would be to highlight my  
insecurities

Why would a young queen be inviting of a  
black king into her kingdom

When black men have become the reason for  
the fall of so many homes

Teaching to fly above limitations

Breaking down shackled mental constraints  
and traditional upbringing

All the while your soul breaks at every turn  
Your fragility at its end

And you have lost your sense of being

The more cracks I saw, the less I believed you  
would desire me

After all how can two broken beings create a  
whole relationship

Would we force the shattered pieces to fit  
together

Or cut ourselves on the hurtful edges we dance  
around

I see the pain you place behind the façade  
A black women shedding tears is a sign of  
weakness

So you entrust your sorrows to Pandora,  
another misery for her box to keep

And with the little you have you love me

And all I want to do is make you feel that you  
are enough

So you can hear the melodies I hear in your  
laugh

I wish to be your anchor, not to ground you but  
to be your link to reality as you fly through  
life's winds

To remind you that no matter how far you fly  
away, I'm still with you

Ololufe mi, ma fi mi le

But where did you come from?

All I recall is you wrapping your strings around  
my arm and pulling me in your direction

Your heart strings made unbreakable due to  
doubts and fractured aspirations,

nights dreaming of romantic days

Days crying over lonely nights

Yet you say you wish to nestle your roots in my  
neglected soil

To cultivate your demons in my not so holy  
grounds because you believe my demons calm  
yours

My devils speak to yours in languages only  
they understand,

and if God forsakes this union then we shall  
create our own religion

Be the first ancestors to a love lacking a slave  
history because we chose one another, we are  
our own masters

If being in love is not meant for the afterlife  
and heaven is our resting place

then we shall take the long way home

You say things I could never fathom

So where did you come from?





# SKETCHES

**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK



My canvas is not laced with Coca-Cola type silhouettes  
My eyes feast on pear shaped images  
Standing next to upright blemish filled unmasked faces  
Landscapes covered in stretched markings  
Some boasting of wide mountains while housing narrow valleys  
Unconventional body types grace the lands surface  
Requiring sight seeing not below the exterior  
But accepting that the beauty of the black skin lays within the ancestral struggles  
Painted across using tribal aspects  
Never needing more than 32 white horses to carry across the message of her courage  
Tapestry reflecting scars branded on by society  
This is a whispered ode to queen's in broken kingdoms  
surrounded by ill advisers who make royals feel unworthy of their thrones  
Talks of too thin or only necessary during winter  
whistles of sweetie you're just my size  
and memories of hidden bruises brought on by words thrown by parents who found her friend more attractive  
Haunting lovers who made her feel unattractive  
And magazines that glorified every girl except her  
Inner demons that worshiped other girls who were reminiscent of her figured but never failed to remind her that instagram wasn't for her  
And even though I sketch you with my words  
My "you're beautiful" falls on deaf ears  
How can you tell me my portrait of you isn't true  
When I fashioned it with my own spirit  
I shaded in your self perceived flaws  
Took note of the wrinkles brought on by time  
And decided to acknowledge you are a masterpiece  
Because in the sea of God's art, you're the piece I appreciate most



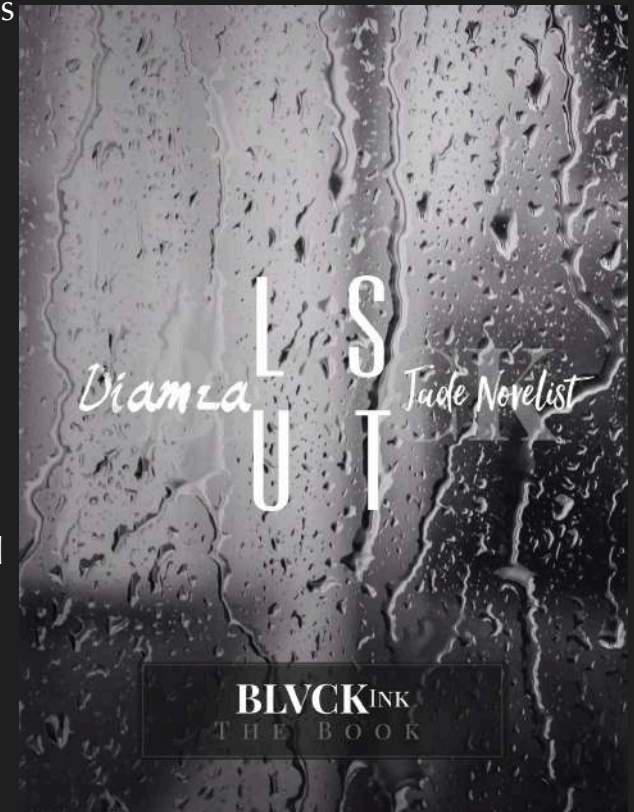
# LUST

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



Give me everything  
Give me everything  
Give me arched backs, manes in hand  
Under the night stars used as flashlights  
Face pressed down, labored long strokes  
leading to moist sheets ,  
relinquishing deserts of their thirst  
Catching glimpses of the scars from black  
love offered to corrupted lovers  
While fists pulling on manes, fingers dipping  
into wet canyons and tongues exploring tips  
of milky mountains  
Creating never to be documented memories  
of ripped clothes  
Darkness colliding with dark skin, loud  
howling traveling under the moonlight  
Untamed thrusts aimed at reaching her  
center,  
unrestrained claws digging into his back  
Evolutionary actions, requiring secondary  
functions of appendages  
Lips not required for speaking, hands lacking  
control using forceful touch  
Causing echoes of yes, no, in languages  
similar to tongues  
Accompanied by manic spasms and taboo  
blasphemy to gods who shouldn't be  
watching  
Shallow breathes matching heartbeat tempos,  
whispering secrets hidden behind  
involuntarily closed eyes  
Seeking treasures in forbidden escapades,

tracing his thumb on her hot lady part  
tasting her fruit while she spreads apart the  
pathway to her inner valley  
Hands on the sides of her hills, until her  
body is motionless  
She places signs of affection on him, from his  
top to the head of his staff of authority  
Cleaning it with gentle gesture, all the while  
giving firm attention to its base  
Making it disappear and reappear,  
performing this ceremony ritually until a  
portion of his soul's essence leaves his body,  
down into hers  
Innocent attraction turned into dangerous  
desire, dirty passion  
Long strokes. Short breathes. Loud moans.  
Deep intentions.  
Mound in the air, balanced by knees parallel  
to elbows  
Losing self consciousness, uttered words  
proving loss of ones upbringing  
No longer him and her but desiring to be  
filled by the one bestowed the title of father  
and the one he is pleasing  
Unplanned strategies culminating in a  
relentless war of who will lead the other to  
the promised land first  
Long strokes. Short breathes. Loud screams.  
Deeply buried explosions in battles.





# SILENCE

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



Life is a prison  
And death is the ultimate escape  
Some make the most of it, and find ways to create happiness  
Flirting with prison guards named narcotics and intoxication  
Others have ulterior means of distraction until their finale, in the  
form of goals and aspirations  
Those left behind in misery live off meals of desperation  
Hurt and self preservation, caught in moments of fleeting joy  
While dancing with other inmates, simply the blind leading the  
blind  
And exercising using their demons as weight lifts  
Using them as a measure of success or failure  
Running rat races, who's ahead, who's behind?  
Competition is an innate part of mankind  
But what about the losses against the things simple eyes can't find  
I'm talking about things that infuse with our DNA  
Things that hide in our blood stream  
Things said to kill us slowly even though they are simply a  
manageable disease  
But some are manageable to those with the funds  
Mostly killing those below the class of privilege  
Spoons dig graves and forks pitch tents for their funerals  
Because in this prison, black sees infection as a death sentence  
Tumors or STDs, they cry "God, why do you call me home early"?  
There is no alternate for a people raised to believe wealth is  
everything  
And bad health is sign of abandonment by both the ancestors and  
Christ  
One after the other, songs unsung, they fade into silence imposed  
on them  
In a hurry to praise other survivors but slow to see a future beyond  
your misfortune  
Sometimes anemia, sometimes leukemia  
And other times growths in dark hard to pronounce places  
requiring chemo

So you wish for solutions from elsewhere, forgetting the only faith  
you know  
But there is no growth worse than one caused by a man, grown in  
a girl  
Today pregnancy is a disease, little girls catching babies like dogs  
catching fleas  
Quickly ostracized like side chicks caught catching feelings  
Labeling her as damaged, he is now a "man"  
They are both adults  
But will they make it, no one cares about the results  
And others seek late self awareness for their actions  
Like the lover that you really gave love but should have never  
loved  
Because they shared too much love was your fault  
All you were was a good woman trying to love a black man who  
had nothing to offer but the smile on his face  
Or you were a young man trying to change the mindset of a black  
girl who knew no love from a man due to the absence of the one  
who brought her into this world  
Unspoken words from head to heart, "your death is sealed"  
You just tested positive for HIV  
"No need for ARVs, they don't work on people of my skin  
After all we are the ones always advertised in the commercials  
Publicized on tv, if they work, show me the white man who got  
rich"  
You fear loss of your humanity so you suffer in shame  
Afraid all they will see will be the virus  
Doctors sharing the truth of your status on your death bed  
Children finding out mother and father hid an important secret  
Rushing to get tested before they tell the one they love, they may  
have passed on an infectious inheritance



# BLVCK GHOST

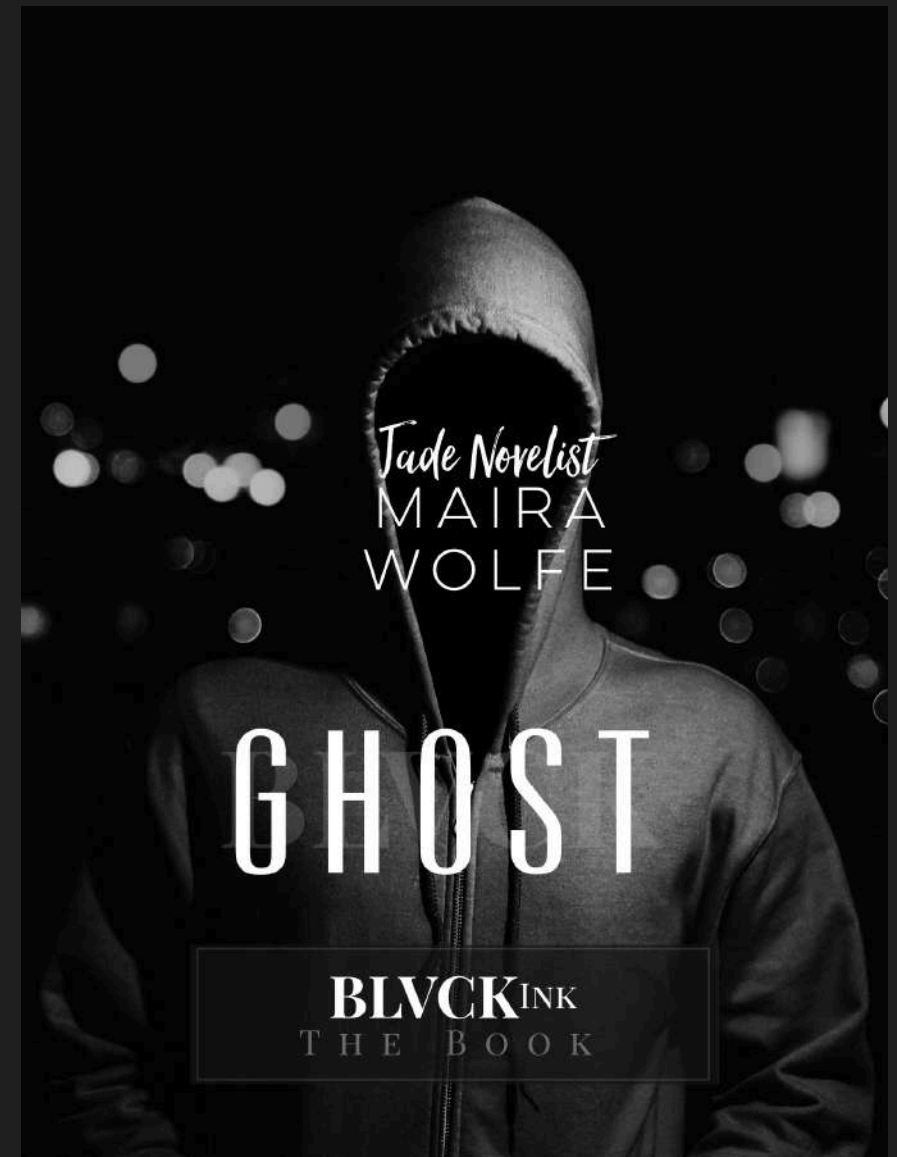
BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

His seduction as unending as the  
night sky  
Dark, deadly stares into my  
departure  
Broken doors, battered soul, eyes  
rolling back  
Pain piercing through  
Lied down in a crucifix  
My body hosting souls of ghosts  
Whose deaths rest on their  
unwelcomed pounds  
Their thirsts quenched by my  
cries  
One after the other,  
They buried their impositions in  
me  
they laid their tombs  
sacrificed their young  
preconception offsprings  
to satisfy their fleshy desires  
filthy desires dumped in my  
spirit's sanctuary  
an oasis turned into a grave  
  
They painted lies with truths  
Dishonest about their desires for  
me  
but full of integrity when it came  
to sharing their dreams

how they wished to marry and  
live in holy matrimony  
little did I know, they referenced  
plans for another instead of me  
Black love, passionate love  
Stolen moments under the dark  
Unfailing love, ghosted love . . .  
Silent exits from a montage of  
failed promises

The bearer of stereotypes turned  
to reality  
Inescapable statistic to sadistic  
fantasies  
I am the one before the one  
I am the sacrifice for you to be  
happy  
An experiment for your black  
power  
Ghosts taunt me  
Ghosts turned angels claim you

Here lie the remains of black  
ghosts  
Lived up to societal expectations  
Murderers, rapists  
Fallen black potential

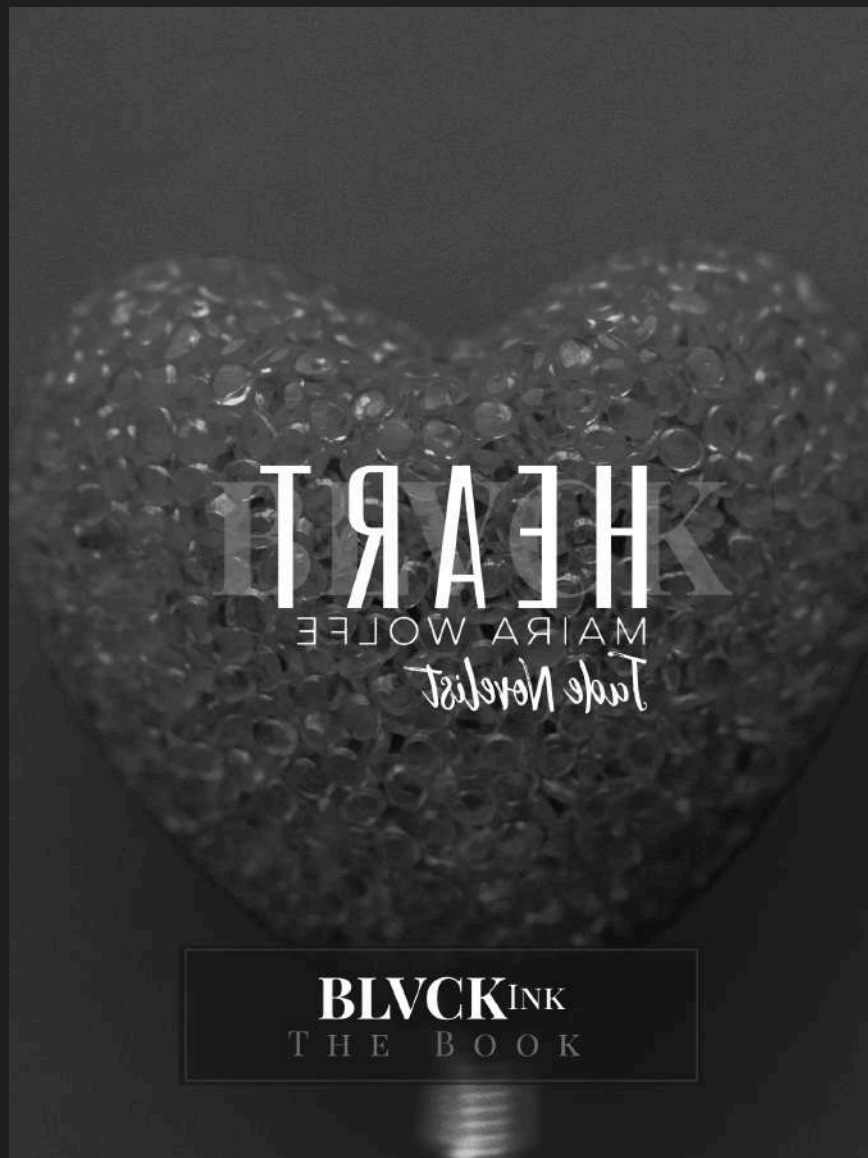






# BLVCK HEART

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
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

# PSYCHOLOGY

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



Guns sounding, bullets flying  
Children under tables  
Huddled in close proximity  
That was my last memory of mother  
telling me she loves me  
Letting us know there was a chance  
we wouldn't make it through  
The tanks marched in the streets  
Causing the ground to rumble  
beneath us

She said this was the fault of bad  
men with a lack luster love for  
power

A war that was pointless and the  
soldiers killing my friends were  
victims

Mother is a forgiving woman, I was  
a son who struggled with forgetting  
Stun grenades, sheltered behind  
smoke screens hid the blood rivers  
But the screams echoed unsilenced  
Like sirens they called to me

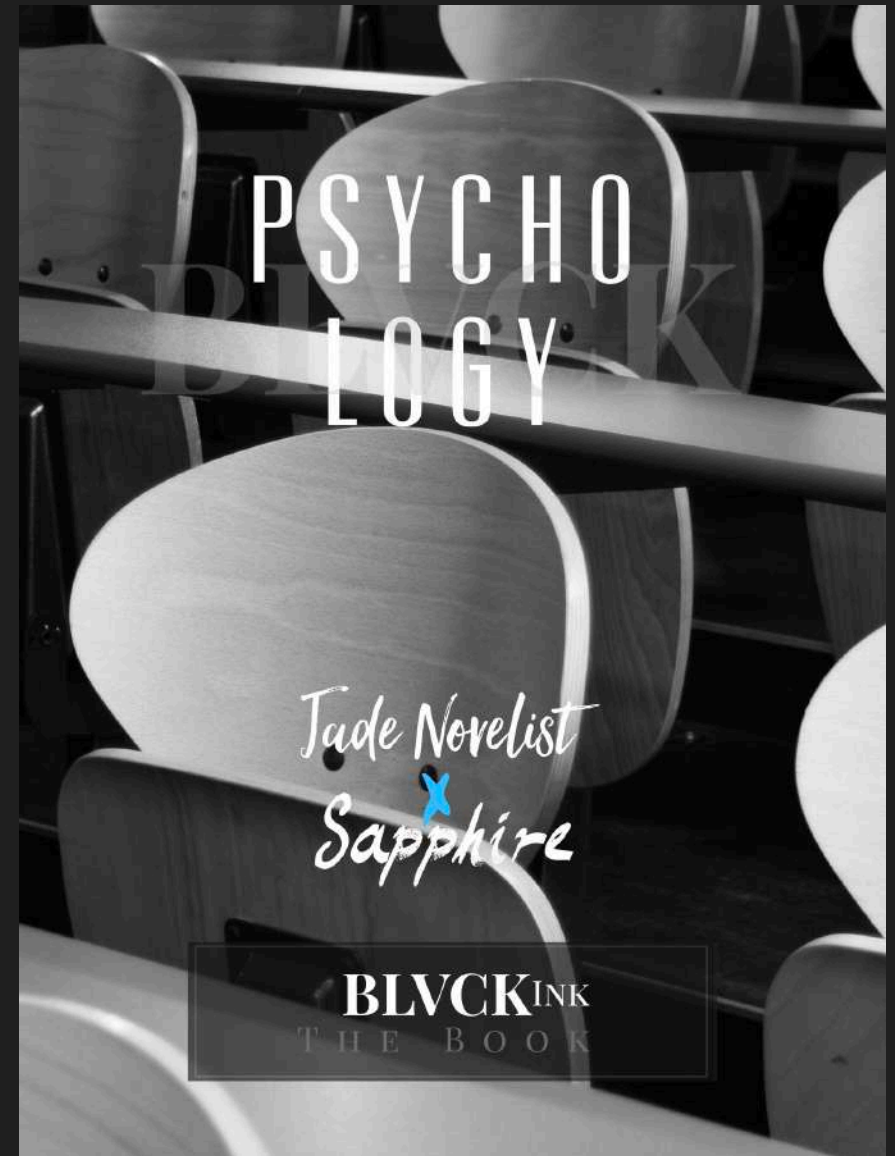
Mothers eyes prayed for my safety  
And my hearts amen rang loud like  
the door I slammed behind me  
As my feet moved from steps to  
paces

Joining the sea of protesting faces  
All of them reminders of the self  
induced military mission I have  
pledged to take part in

As we march on, our voices  
harmonized  
Songs sung, on empty stomachs by  
bodies fueled by rage  
Directed at oppressors who felt  
their language was more important  
than our own

Songs sung by a united people,  
moments mimicking funerals  
Moments preceding mass funerals  
Suppression fire raining down on  
South African youths singing their  
negro spirituals

Seconds moving so fast, events  
happening in rapid succession  
Oh my god, what happened to  
Hector Peterson  
Some when else, 40 seconds  
moving so fast  
Interrupted attempts at genocide  
Massacre never to be forgotten  
Hearts struggling to forgive  
And even though mother had a  
forgiving heart  
She never forgave those who never  
acknowledged the sacrifice of her  
son who never forgets





BLVCK

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK

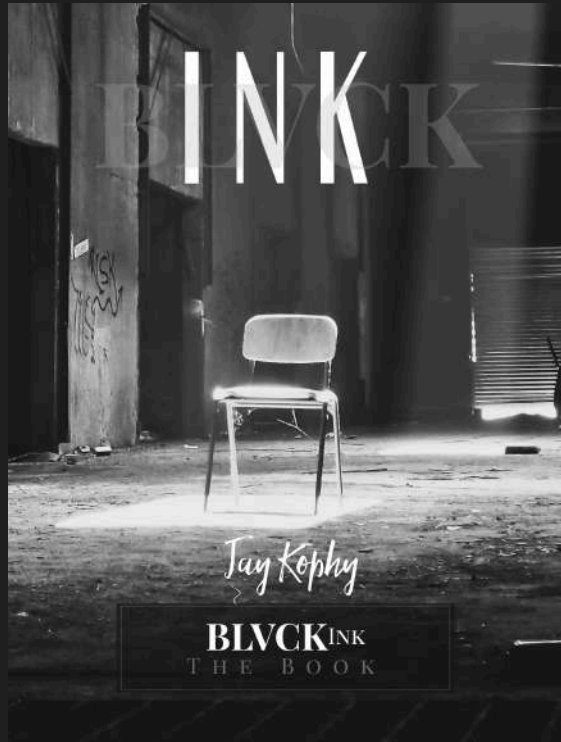
In the beginning, man made paper and ink because our thoughts  
were limited and unrefined.

We needed a map to guide us to unlocking the treasures of our  
world,

to help identify the uniqueness that makes up our cells.

So the book was made, a collection of our thoughts, a body for  
our knowledge, a housing for our wondrous discoveries.

This gave man the power to alter, the power to cause changes  
we prayed to gods for.



Scholars and philosophers changed the world's perception with  
the stroke of a pen,

Freeing our inner spirits and opening our minds to the truth  
which had been trapped in a den,

Broadening our knowledge which was once smaller than the  
coop of a hen

But where I come from, the story is different.

Where I come from, the saying knowledge is power is what is  
actually resisted,

Where I come from, the wisdom left for us in Timbuktu is what  
is neglected.

So it's no surprise to me that in Africa illiteracy has claimed  
more innocent lives than civil war,

That illiteracy is the sickness that is killing our self identity and it  
is quite contiguous.

It's quite outrageous that the power of illiteracy is evident in our  
everyday lives,

Powering us to act in ways that create questions like, why is  
Africa still locked in the cells of poverty and inferiority.

Our youth keep struggling with their identity because they don't  
flip through the pages of our history before slavery

And look to another mirror to reflect their reflection.

Upon reflection, it's sad that our minds suffer from malnutrition  
While we're concerned with filling our bellies with the earth's  
nutrition.

But like Dr. King, I'm a dreamer, dreaming of an Africa where  
we more than just believe that the pen is mightier than the  
sword.

Where the masses will be educated to overcome and become  
their own lords,

Where our minds knowledge will birth the new Africa and our  
old image will be lost,

Where the African will rule and control his own affairs with no  
interference from external laws

And everything the white man says the African won't nod.

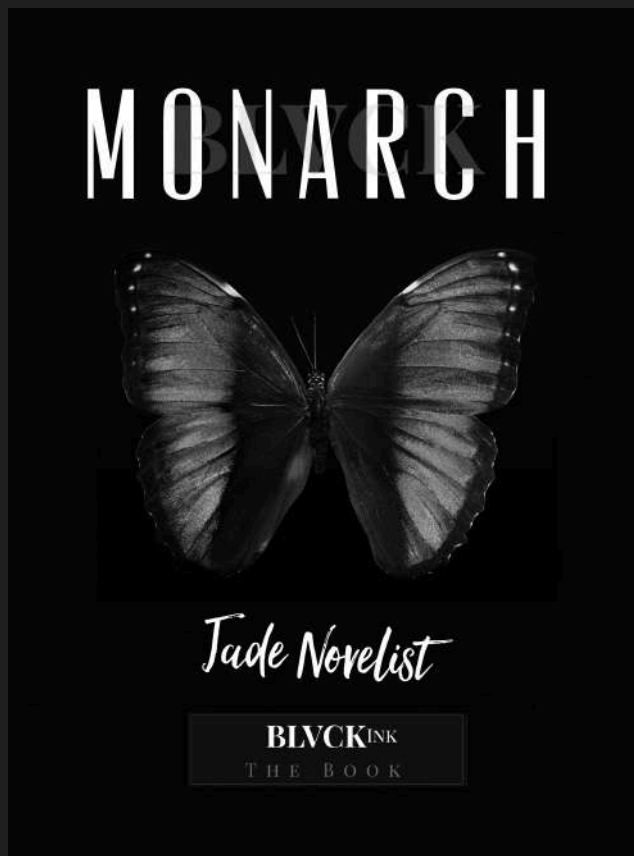
Yet unlike Dr. King, I'm alive, witnessing my people behind the  
trigger trying to assassinate the way we can be truly  
independent.





# MONARCH

**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



You are world leaders without titles  
Young revolutionaries considered political  
rivals

The world goes to hell because those in  
power do nothing for the people  
So it's left to little girls with big afros to  
address the matters and raise awareness  
Left to academics who become prison  
regulars and recognized social saints  
College residence heroes circulating  
ranting videos refusing to stay around  
sexually violent unquestioned criminals  
Innocent till proven guilty but allowed to  
torment the victim

Bare breasted protesters carrying more than  
big mounds are ridiculed for standing for  
something

While others fall for everything, every false  
promise, political garbage, recycled  
nonsense and repeated slogans

Democracy has become a synonym for  
capitalism

Corruption undermines state legitimacy  
and service delivery

Black monarch, fly away, fly away  
The world we live in isn't a safe place

Black monarch, fly away, fly away

You came too soon, come again on another day

Issues relating to those in lower tax  
brackets are marginalized  
Education is said to be the key to success  
yet it has become a substandard  
Students march, assemblies held,  
agreements made, all forgotten with little  
effort

Monarchs who continue to fight, are made  
martyrs

Categorized as trouble makers, attention  
seekers

Freestyle flowing, pen to paper word  
forming and note singing individuals are  
labeled talentless because their words  
voice the thoughts of the people

The ones treated unequalled

So they go silenced behind walls of ignored  
but deserved cries for impeachment

Ex leader becoming varsity chancellor

If this is an endeavor to produce the next  
president in a controlled environment

Then I endorse it

I don't know if this will reach the right eyes  
But I know it would open more minds if  
someone famous wrote it

Mama said, black monarch, fly away, fly away

The world we live in isn't a safe place

Black monarch, fly away, fly away

They'll hate you, get away, run away





# FREEDOM

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



# BLVCK FREEDOM

MAIRA WOLFE *Jade Novelist*  
(With MALCOM X)

BLVCK<sup>INK</sup>  
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  
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?

“  
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.

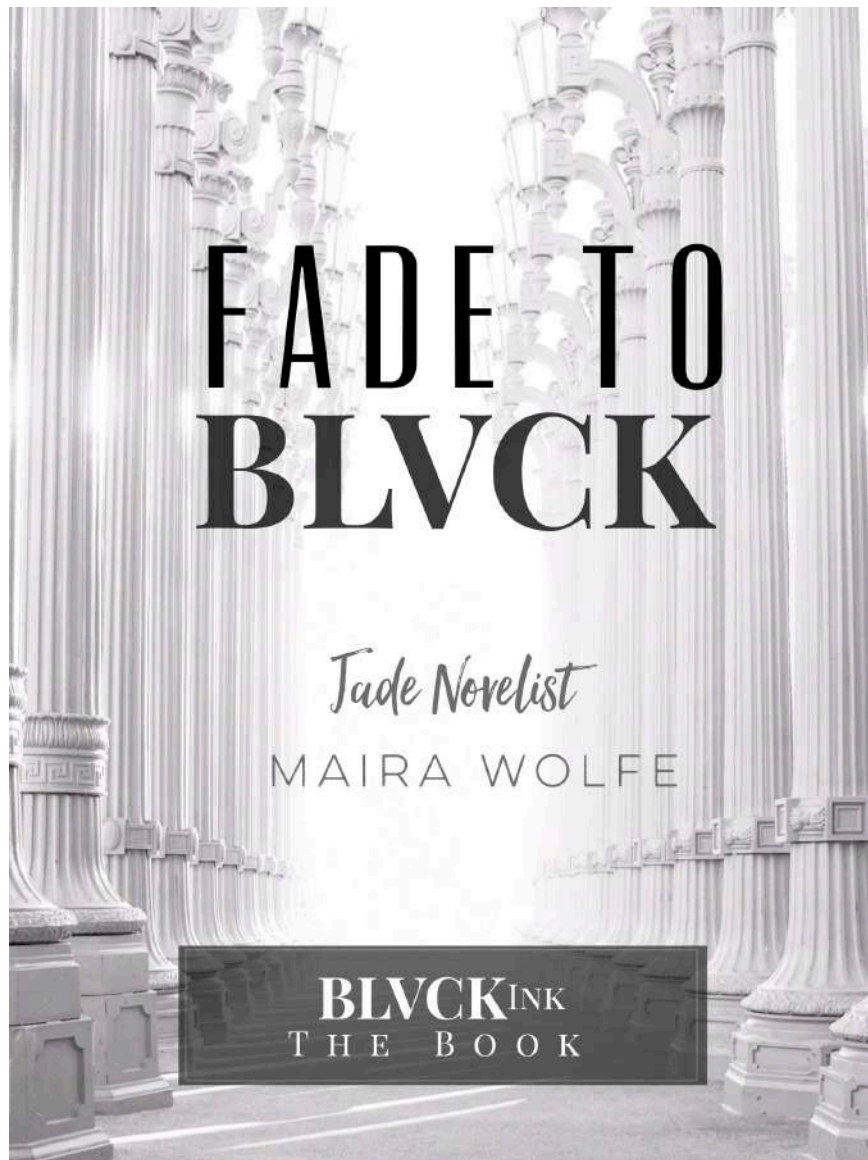
And by having destroyed it,  
now we don't know we have  
any achievements.  
Any accomplishments.  
And as long as you can be  
convinced you never did  
anything you can never do  
anything.”

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 mentality, you can never be free

# FADE TO BLVCK



**BLVCK**<sup>INK</sup>  
THE BOOK



Self proclaimed prophecies,  
stories more promised than  
those placed between genesis  
and revelations

Lengthy chapters with missing  
verses

Books with stripped pages

Vanishing faces

Unseen mirages

We are the negatives on the  
abacus

Our positives in acronyms,  
defined by untimed exits

Fading ...

But the fading, a fading into a  
new era

A new existence is forming  
Black is changing from a colour  
to a statement

We are not a season, there is no  
new black

So keep your other colours

From weak shades to solids

Black is evolving from slaves to  
masters

So keep the rainbow we never  
feature in

Your emotions are blue

Anger is red

Veins purple when you're  
boiling

Green the colour of your grass,  
the grasses we watered with our  
strength

We were never a shade in your  
rainbow

Even when the colours mixed,  
we never existed

We fade from your rainbow to  
our own

Of blacks, browns and greys

But we are reclaiming our  
rightful place

As Kings and Queens of our  
territory

A territory you once stole

We are coming

No more forced forgiveness for  
apologies we never received

No more vague excuses and  
shaded borders for constriction

Before you know it, the world  
will fade to BLVCK



# BLVCK

## HEART EXTRAS

FROM BLVCK MINDS LED BY BLVCK HEARTS

BLVCK EXCELLENCE  
BLVCK WORDSMITH  
BLVCK CONDOLENCES  
BLVCKLIST\*  
BLVCK CASKET\*

\* NEW POEMS

**BLVCK**INK  
THE BOOK





**BLVCK EXCELLENCE** by Jade Novelist

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 color 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 WORDSMITH** by Jade Novelist & Maira Wolfe

So you label me a black poet  
Is that to signify that I am the black Shakespeare  
Modern day Shaka Zulu with words as 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 CASKET by Maira Wolfe

Carrying souls unknown,  
Deaths without names  
My black skin is a museum of art  
painted with blood that is not mine,  
blood belonging to who I used to be,  
who I was taught to be.

I am a casket carrying lungs that draw air to contaminate the earth  
A heart beating to serve the purpose of existing  
Barely alive with every breath,  
fading with every beat

My screams, a concert to deaf ears  
Hands raised in fists  
The rock I am as a woman now buries me  
Sinks the box that cushion my death

My stories, told by my faded steps  
to a history missed by curators of life  
Curator of black lives that matter when my brothers take bullets  
When their blood became red carpets for the men dressed in blue  
And bullet shells, the confetti to their victories

## BLVCKLIST by Maira Wolfe & Vintage Write

Black wright, blue collar job  
Blacksmith, red coal, grey ashes  
iron is solid but it can melt too  
Just avoid the blacklist

Black consciousness, black  
with  
a blue ribbon. Black queen...  
silver crown seating on the  
throne

Green corn always in the  
background,  
born to be purple  
Looking for a greener pasture

Black swan, here the sky and  
the  
water are the color of pollution,  
brown air and yellowdog  
contract

Gold is the worth of my  
visibility  
Gold ring on my right pinky  
but the soul is matte white  
I'm fragile to the presence of  
my being

Orange barrels on a black  
asphalt  
Life is full of rough textures  
and I'm glass-like in my  
existence

Peach clouds and burgundy  
moons  
Velvet flowers, roses are even  
green with envy  
Yellowstones in the lawn  
decorated

In the pink of conditions  
Copper bottomed and genuine  
Platinum black creations

Black narrative on white pages  
Black history by non blacks  
Stories told by strangers  
Misplaced truths

Black king  
Gold crown, thorned edges  
Tattered throne  
Burnt down castle  
No seat at the table  
Just a bystander in your own  
frame



# **BLVCK CONDOLENCES** by Maira Wolfe & Jade Novelist

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 you 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.

# CLASS REGISTER

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SUBJECT CODE					
BLVCK Literature	BLVCK History	TAXI Math	BLVCK Athletics	BLVCK Tax	BLVCK Culture
28%	66%	76%	36%	75%	89%
94%	54%	44%	36%	6%	66%
18%	50%	32%	56%	88%	69%
64%	94%	14%	6%	16%	86%
48%	26%	85%	37%	100%	89%
74%	83%	64%	64%	64%	64%
50%	50%	60%	48%	75%	99%
64%	84%	0%	74%	54%	68%
51%	66%	45%	100%	75%	89%
70%	64%	49%	64%	35%	64%
87%	66%	76%	76%	75%	89%
70%	43%	24%	64%	64%	64%
82%	66%	33%	0%	75%	89%

THE BLVCK BOOK

BLVCK INK

WORDS BY THOSE WHOSE VEINS BLEED INK THE COLOUR OF THEIR SKIN

FOR ALL THE ARTWORK FROM BOTH THE BLVCK BOOK & BLVCK INK DOWNLOAD

THE  
BLVCK EXHIBITION

ALL THE ARTWORK + NARRATIONS ON WHAT INSPIRED THE POEMS + 10 EXCLUSIVE POEMS

EDITED • ILLUSTRATED • COMPILED BY

JADE NOVELIST X MAIRA WOLFE





#BNCKink



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