

1975

# The Point of the Western Pen

Etheridge Knight

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## The Point of the Western Pen / Etheridge Knight

*(for my son, Etheridge Bombata)*

Where come we from? and so forth?  
The point of the western pen is red  
With the blood of us. The pages of Harlem,  
Timbuctoo, Waycross, flutter  
And float on the midnight waters  
And turn to flowers.

Where come we from? and so forth?  
The point of the western pen is red  
With the blood of us. You, me.  
The sages sing.  
We sunflowers facing the east,  
Dancing in the wind and folding at night.

Under the noon-day light  
We drop, red petal by red petal  
Into the mid-night waters,  
Into the rushing, swirling waters.  
Where come we from? and so forth?  
The point of the western pen is red  
With the blood of us.

## The Old Women of Paris / Dudley Randall

In the Boulevard Raspail  
from classic grey apartments  
with show windows displaying  
new cars and antique treasures

morning bright young women  
in orange, red and green  
pour to the blue canvas stalls upon the grass  
for fresh fruits and vegetables

and at dusk black-gowned women  
their backs curved like bridges across the Seine