

1975

# Words

Raymond R. Patterson

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my spirit be-  
comes a sack full of ashes.  
I open the window  
see the bird blind

alone in such fine  
sorrow so long

## Words / Raymond R. Patterson

Each night with words  
to wall out prison walls

brick by word brick by word  
from darkness lifting

into wordless space  
words from syllables of rage

to rise through caged tiers  
towards the clear speech of stars

Can you see now in the dark  
in the top of the makeshift scaffolding

the prisoner lifting  
the final words into place

some jailer below  
shaking his keys and shouting?

## To All Brothers: From All Sisters / Sonia Sanchez

each nite without you.

and I give birth to myself.

who am i to be touched at random?