The Revolution Will Not Be Televised (1974) By Gil Scott-Heron

You will not be able to stay home, brother.

You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out. You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip, Skip out for beer during commercials,

Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by Xerox

In 4 parts without commercial interruption. The revolution will not show you pictures of Nixon blowing a bugle and leading a charge by John Mitchell, General Abrams and Spiro Agnew to eat hog maws confiscated from a Harlem sanctuary. The revolution win not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by the Schaefer Award Theatre and will not star Natalie Woods and Steve McQueen or Bullwinkle and Julia. The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal. The revolution will not get rid of the nubs.

The revolution will not make you look five pounds

thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of you and Willie Mays pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead nm,

or trying to slide that color television into a stolen ambulance.

NBC will not be able predict the winner at 8:32 or report from 29 districts.

The revolution will not be televised.

There win be no pictures of pigs shooting down brothers on the instant replay.

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brothers on the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of Whitney Young being run out of Harlem on a rail with a brand new process. There will be no slow motion or still life of Roy Wilkens strolling through Watts in a Red, Black and Green liberation jumpsuit that he had been saving

For just the proper occasion.

Green Acres, The Beverly Hillbillies, and Hooterville Junction will no longer be so damned relevant, and women will not care if Dick finally gets down with Jane on Search for Tomorrow because Black people will be in the street looking for a brighter day.

The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock news and no pictures of hairy armed women liberationists and Jackie Onassis blowing her nose. The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb, Francis Scott Key, nor sung by Glen Campbell, Tom

Jones, Johnny Cash, Englebert Humperdink, or the Rare Earth.

The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution win not be right back after a message about a white tornado, white lightning, or white people. You will not have to worry about a dove in your

bedt·oom, a tiger in your tank, or the giant in your toilet bowl.

The revolution will not go better with Coke.

The revolution will not fight the germs that may cause bad breath.

The revolution will put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised, will not be televised, will not be televised.

The revolution will be no re-run brothers;

The revolution will be live.

Wailers (1981)

by Amiri Baraka

For Larry Neal (1937-1981) and Bob Marley (1945-1981) Wailers are we

We are Wailers. Don't get scared. Nothing happening but out and way out. Nothing happening but the positive.

(Unless you the negative.)

Wailers. We wailers. Yeh, Wailers. We wail, we wail.

We could dig Melville on his ship confronting the huge white mad beast speeding death cross the sea to we. But we whalers. We can kill whales. We could get on top of a whale

and wail. Wailers. Undersea defense hot folk

Blues babies humming when we arrive.

Boogie ladies strumming ourblack violet souls. Rag daddies come from the land of never say die.

Reggae worke1·s bringing the funk to the people of I. We wailers aU right.

Hail to you Bob, man! We will ask your question all our lives. Could You Be Loved? I and I understand.

We see the world. Eyes and eyes say Yes to transformation. Wailers. Aye, Wailers. Subterranean night color Magis, working inside the soul of the world Wailers. Eyes seeing the world's being.

Hey, Bob, Wail on rock on Jah come into us as real vision and action (Hey, Larry, Wail on, with Lester and the Porkpie, wailing us energy for truth. We Wailers is all.

Lie on me if you want to, tell folks its yours

But for real wailing not tale telling, the sensitive know who the Wailers be. Be We. Be We. We Waiters. Blue Blowers. The Real Rhythm Kings...

We sing philosophy. Hambone precise findings. Image Masters of the syncopated. Waiters & Drummers.

Wailers & Trumpet stars. Wailers & Box cookers. Wailers & Sax flyers. Wailers & Bass thumpers.

Wailers and Hey, wail, wail. We Wailers! Trombone bende1·s. Magic singers. Ellingtonians.

The only Tranes faster than rocket ships. Shit.

Cut a rocket in our pocket and put a chord on the wall of the wind. Wailers. Can you dig Wailing?

Call Me Bud Powell. You wanna imitate this?

Listen. Spree dee deet sprree deee whee spredeee whee deee

My calling card. The dialectic of silence. The Sound approach.

Life one day will be filled even further with we numbers we song

But primitive place now, we wailing be kept underground. But keep it in mind. Call me something Dukish. Something Sassy.

Can me by my real name. When the world change

We wailing be in it, help make it, for real time.

Call Me. I call you. We call We. Say, Hey Wailers. Hey, Wailers. Hey hey hey, Wailers. Wail On!

They Feed They Lion (1972) By Philip Levine

Out of burlap sacks, out of bearing butter, Out of black bean and wet slate bread,

Out of the acids of rage, the candor of tar,

Out of creosote, gasoline, drive shafts, wooden dollies, They Lion grow.

Out of the gray hills

Of industrial barns, out of rain, out of bus ride,

West Virginia to Kiss My Ass, out of buried aunties, Mothers hardening like pounded stumps, out of stumps,

Out of the bones' need to sharpen and the muscles' to stretch, They Lion grow.

Earth is eating trees, fence posts,

Gutted cars, earth is calling in her little ones, "Come home, Come home!" From pig balls, From the ferocity of pig driven to holiness, From the furred ear and the full jowl come

The repose of the hung belly, from the purpose

They Lion grow.

From the sweet glues of the trotters

Come the sweet kinks of the fist, from the full flower

Of the hams the thorax of caves, From "Bow Down" come "Rise Up," Come they Lion from the reeds of shovels, The grained arm that pulls the hands, They Lion g•·ow.

From my five arms and all my hands,

From all my white sins forgiven, they feed, From my car passing under the stars,

They Lion, from my children inherit, From the oak turned to a wall, they Lion, From they sack and they belly opened

And all that was hidden burning on the oil-stained eat·th

They feed they Lion and he comes.

Daddy (1962) By Silvia Plath

You do not do, you do not do

Any more, black shoe

In which I have lived like a foot For thirty years, poor and white, Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you. You died before I had time--­ Marble-heavy, a bag full of God, Ghastly statue with one gray toe Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic Where it pours bean green over blue In the waters off the beautiful Nauset. I used to pray to recover you.

Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town

Scr·aped flat by the roller

Of wars, wars, wars.

But the name of the town is common.

My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two. So I never could tell where you Put your foot, your root,

I never could talk to you. The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.

Ich, ich, ich, ich,

I could hardly speak.

I thought every German was you.

And the language obscene

An engine, an engine, Chuffing me offlike a Jew.

A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.

I began to talk like a Jew.

I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna

Are not very pure or true.

With my gypsy ancestress and my weird luck

And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack

I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been sacred of you, With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo. And your neat mustache

And your Aryan eye, bright blue. Panzer-man, panzer-man, 0 You----

Not God but a swastika

So black no sky could squeak through.

Every woman adores a Fascist, The boot in the face, the brute Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy, In the picture I have of you,

A cleft in your chin instead of your foot

But no less a devil for that, no not

Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.

I was ten when they buried you.

At twenty I tried to die

And get back, back, back to you.

I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack, And they stuck me together with glue. And then I knew what to do.

I made a model ofyou,

A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.

And I said I do, I do.

So daddy, I'm finally through. The black telephone's off at the root, The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two--­ The vampire who said he was you And drank my blood fm·a year, Seven years, if you want to know. Daddy, you can lie bacl\. now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart

And the villagers never liked you. They are dancing and stamping on you. They always knew it was you.

Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.