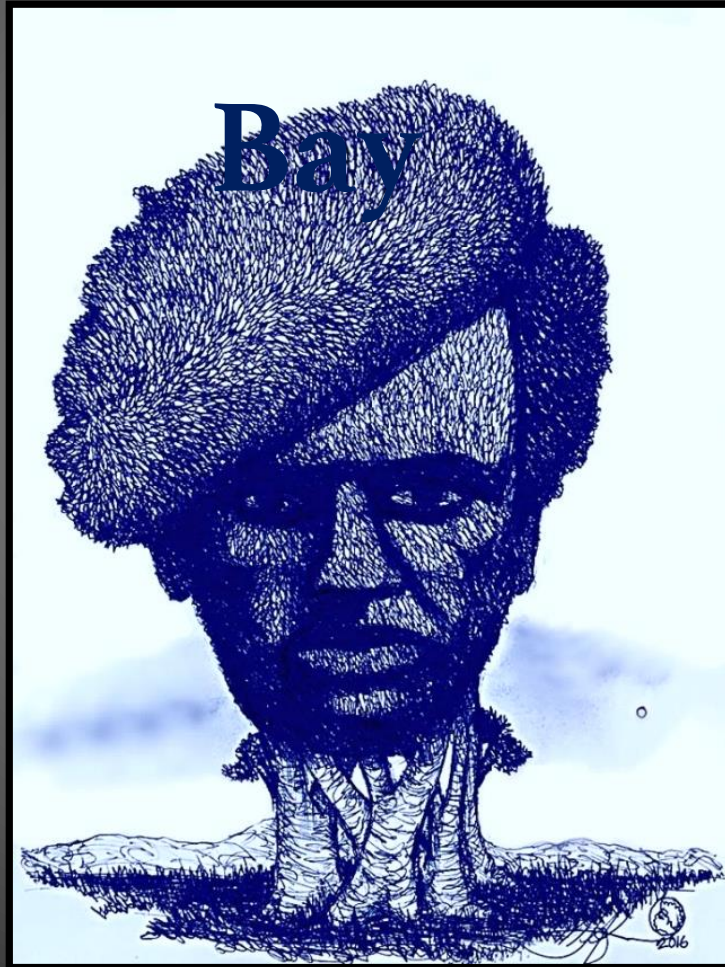


Blue Ink Trees In the



with select works from :

Christopher F. Brown

Bene't Benton

Jaki Shelton Green

Nana Brew Hammond

Joumana Haddad

Askia Toure

Nana Brew Hammond

Martin Luther

AND

Ishmael Reed

Artwork of Malik Seneferu Edited by Patrick A. Howell

“As we go through these exercises of Resistance, self-care, consciousness and self-pervations are precious commodities, no less than dew water, plant ointments, a brilliant day or top soil. Malik Seneferu’s Blue Ink Trees – trees drawn over a decade with a Bic blue pen -are emblematic of this truth. Trees give us air, clean water and our food. They elementally give us shade, hope, majesty, wonder and the courage to persevere. “Blue Ink Trees in the Bay” is a tribute to the spirits that do not despair, that do not self-pity, that do not fear. “Blue Ink Trees by the Bay” is about how entire civilizations and generations heal over centuries.” Patrick A. Howell aka Dubois Deux



Revolutions

Revelations

Creations

Visions

Meditations



“I began working on this body of work as an experiment. I was inspired by Artist Richard Mayhew’s series of chalk sketches, which was on display at Joyce Gordon’s Gallery. Mayhew is well known for his massive paintings depicting trees. This series of ballpoint pen inventions have become a series of creative meditation where in my 8.5x11 inch sketchbook. I have over 500 sketches illustrating the relationship between the tree and the African figure.”

Malik Seneferu, Blue Ink Tree Artist Aficionado and a Bay Area Community Leader

^

Soul Power

A drop in waters

will reverberate until

The earth, trembling, quakes

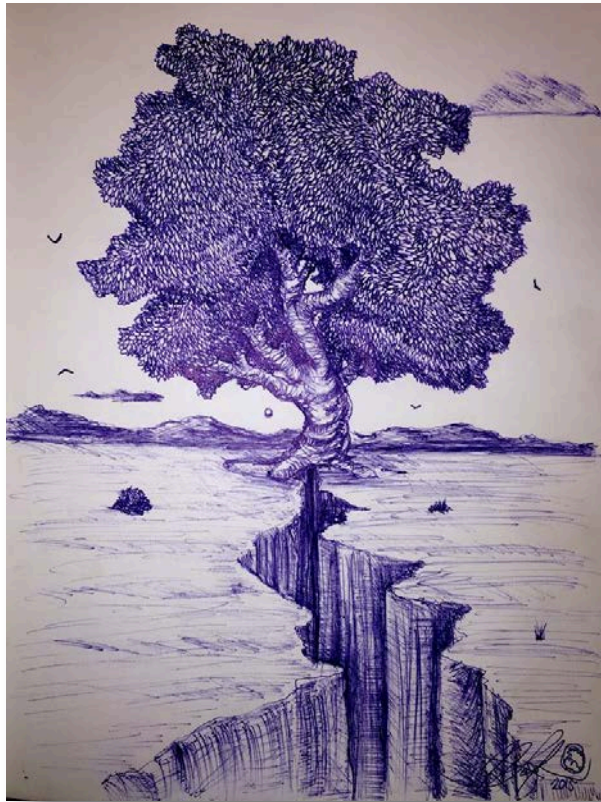
By Patrick A. Howell



little blue book of :

Blue Ink Trees in the Bay

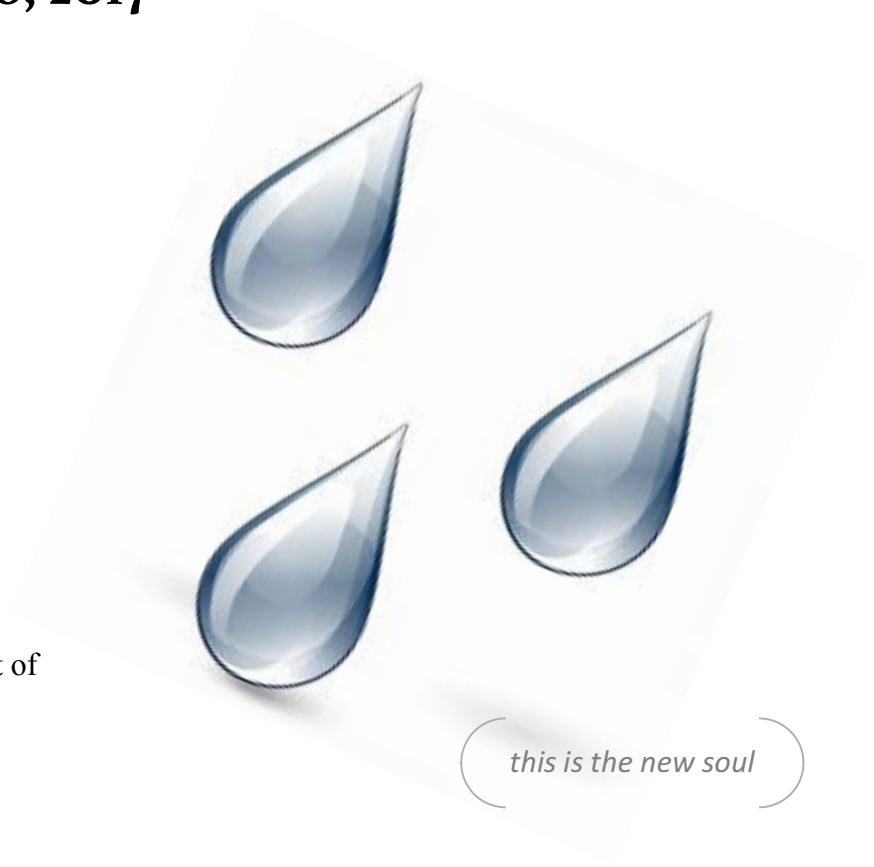
*the black and blue locofo chapbook of meditations, cultural creations,
vibrations, revolutions, visions, revelations and 5 haikus*



LocoFo Chaps – Chicago, 2017

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Moria Books.



Cover and back cover artwork by Malik Seneferu

Interior design and editing by Patrick A. Howell

Information can be found at www.moriapoetry.com

Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.
Chicago, USA 2017

<http://maliksart.com>

www.PatrickAHowell.com

Blue Ink Tree Meditations

Global International African Arts Movement – Global I Aam

intro: blue ink trees are...



“The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn”

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

“Trees are poems that the earth writes upon the sky.”

— Kahlil Gibran

“All our wisdom is stored in the trees.”

— Santosh Kalwar

“In a forest of a hundred thousand trees, no two leaves are alike. And no two journeys along the same path are alike.”

— Paulo Coelho

“Love is like a tree, it grows of its own accord, it puts down deep roots into our whole being.”

— Victor Hugo

“Between every two pines is a doorway to a new world.”

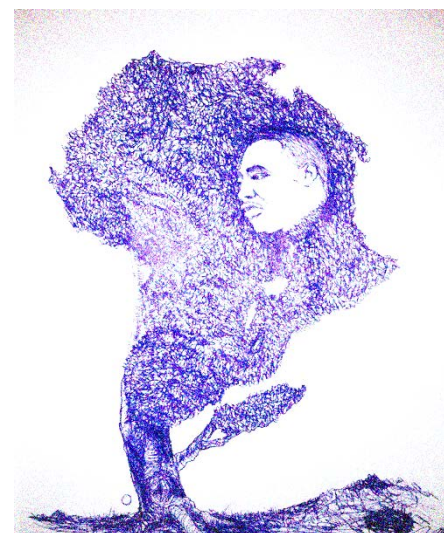
— John Muir

“Even if I knew that tomorrow the world would go to pieces, I would still plant my apple tree.”

— Martin Luther



soul power



intro:

blue contents ~ a topography map in order of creation's appearance

Patrick A. Howell

those afrikan trees of possibilities

Bene't Benton

Brother Tree

Martin Luther

Other Suns

Malaika H. Kambon

Immortal Sankofa Trees

Christopher F. Brown (Akewi)

Orchid Seeds

Nana Brew Hammond

is this a poem

Joumana Haddad

Blue Tree

Ishmael Reed

Oakland Blues

Askia Toure

NATURE: Four Haiku

Patrick A. Howell

Mourning Awakening

Jaki Shelton Green

Our Blue Mother

outro:

Bios



"And now, let's begin with uncovering our flowers"-

Those Afrikan Trees of Possibilities by Patrick A. Howell

Our Possibilities
are everywhere, cool rustling- na'na' shiverin'.
Cool shades just a' shimmerin'

In cool rebellions – livin'
Green photo-synthesizen.
In Peace, glimmering...

Teaching and giving
Ionized Humility.
All of it, Creativity from Divinity –

The inverse exposure -
exact functionality
Of our Humanity –still though;

- 1.) Active listening,
- 2.) Purposeful positivity and
- 3.) Unending Agape. - -



ah , so sweet and lovely

Pointing to the heavens with exuberance

Gnarled wooden branches ~ others straight as arrows
Express- at all of all levels- **indigo**
reality growth in every sort of instance
in every type of existence.
stand still, be majesty cool

exhaled oxygen, sprouting-
taking in all of our carbon-
god's day realities dreamin'.

They are the simplicities of
un-spindling miracles
enormities of ancestral energies *channeled*

Electricities / Eccentricities
Sparkled imaginator
Creators, manifestors, lovers
Hued green phosphorescent-

Standing perfectly still
Myriad spices, and scents.



Being. Knowing. Transmitting.
From solar iridescence to
lunar evenings: this is everything:
Bearing fruit, flowering, evolving,
Transforming and hosting: Loving.

Grafting our faces, seemingly random
endless spiritual expressions
from a land beyond,

Whispering from this land
Yes Them - Black Monkey Thorn,
African Wattle, Common Coral

And Candelabra;
Beechwood, Boabab and Leadwood;
Whistling Thorn, Fever

Marula and Mopane- they all
Open the imaginings,
3D paintings, healings and blessings,

Connecting our physical with spiritual, the eternal rhythmic yet lyrical wind bells...

African trees of fertility, divinity,
Of our entire whole humanity.

More life. Giving.

This is the entire wide world.

branches of leaves

Unfurled; wooden

Chloroform spilling

Trunks stand firm

In solid wisdom

Myriad possibilities

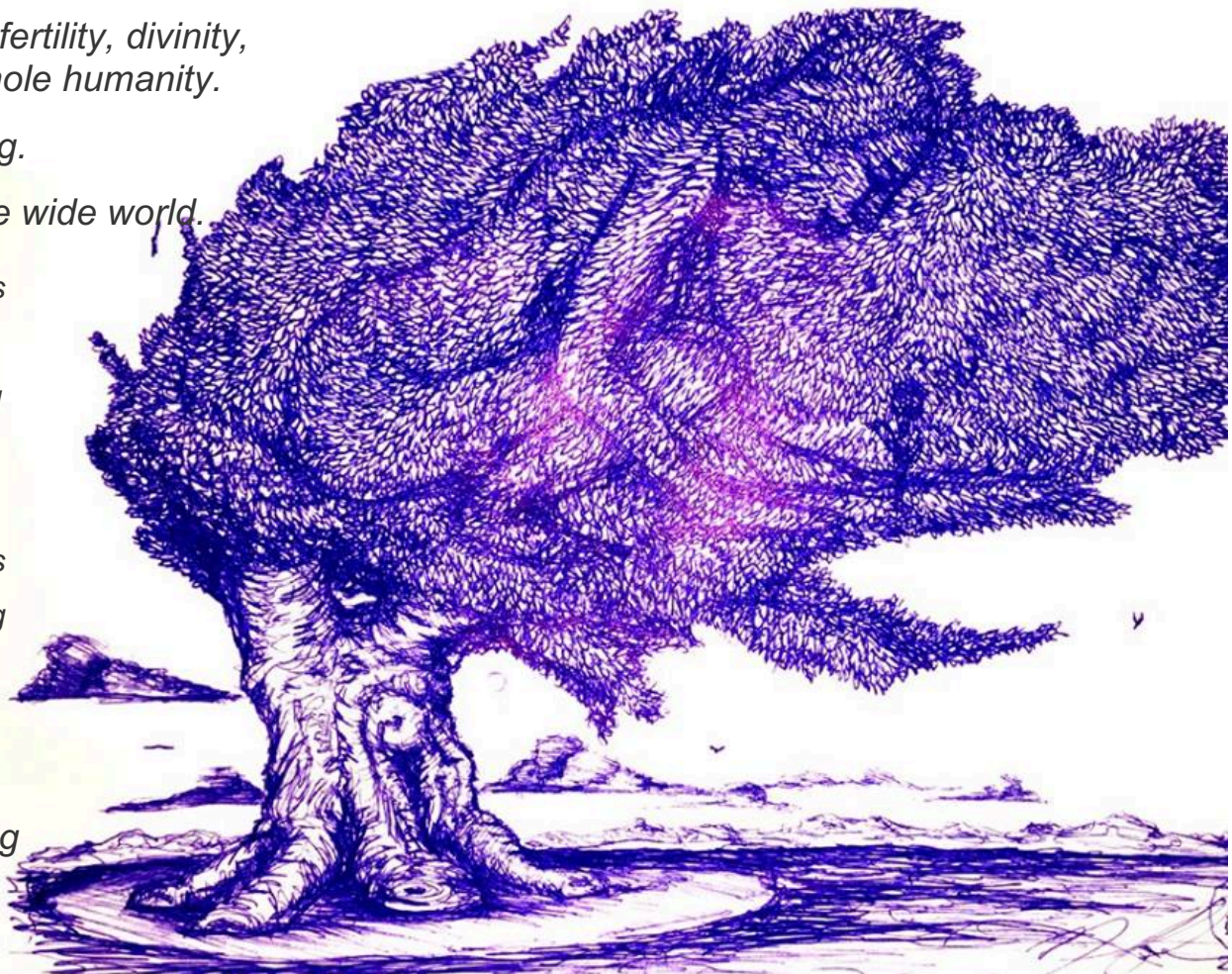
Neverending being

Seeds Swimming

Magic In

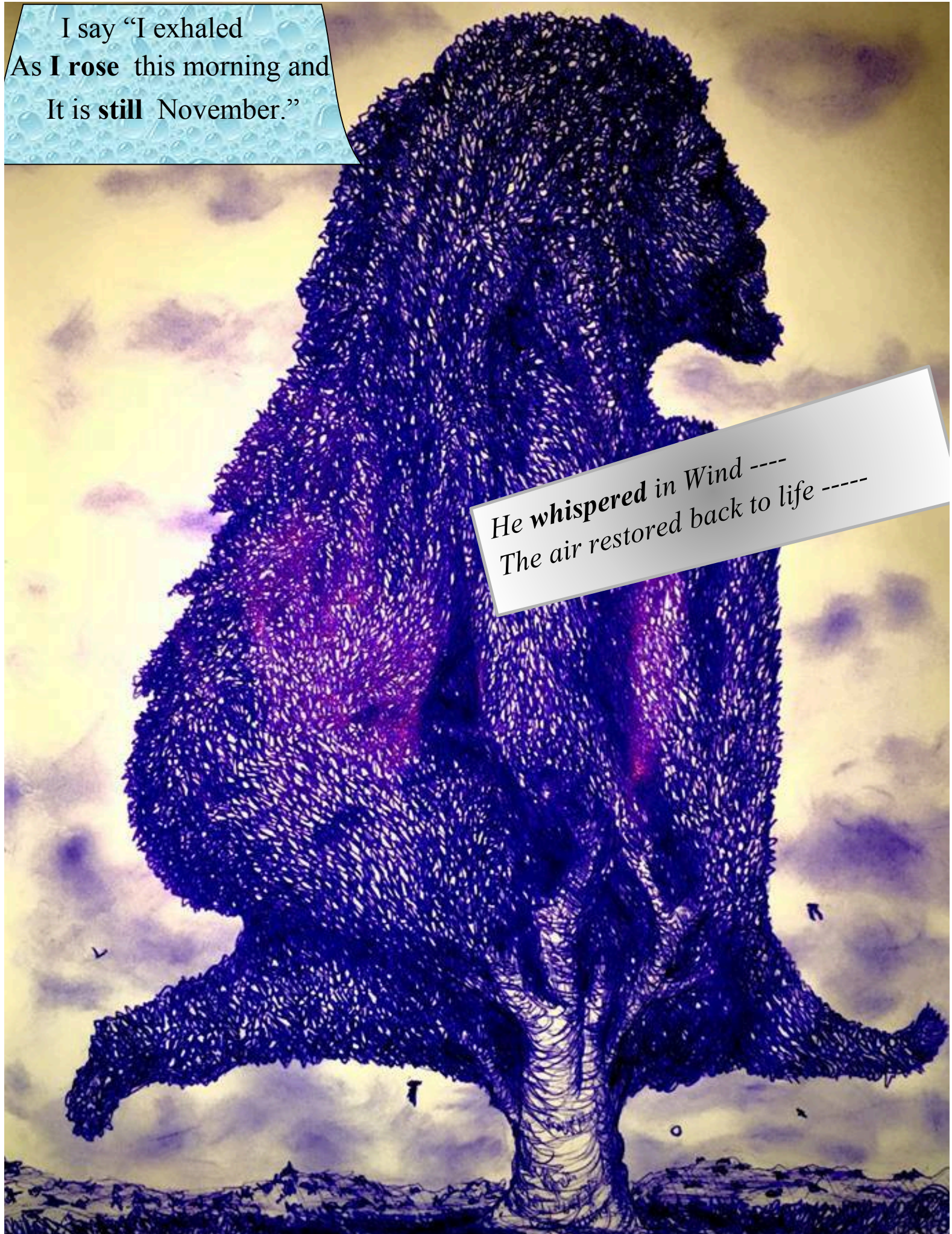
The wind

Nary an end ending



I say "I exhaled
As I rose this morning and
It is still November."

He whispered in Wind ----
The air restored back to life -----



Brother Tree

by Bene't Benton

Air tastes stale these days
Brother tree knows this— he say:
“You will exhale new.”

I ask what he mean
He say, “The air needs more life,
Mourners cannot breathe.”

I ask “Who are we
Mourning today?” “America,”
he say, “dream lies dead.”

I say “I exhaled
As I rose this morning and
It’s still November”

It still smells like it,
Stale election air as all breaths
Are held while we count

Brother tree tells me
“Now, you are the breath of life.
Kiss America’s lips

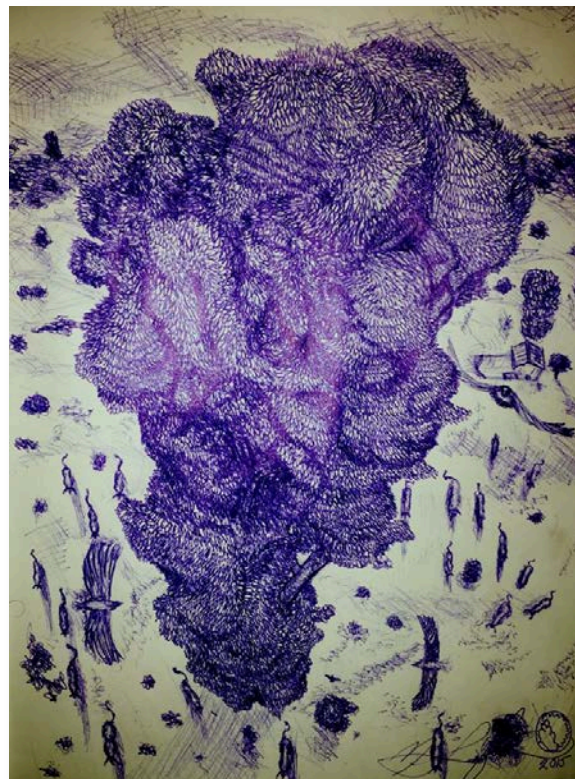
Soothe her sizzling
Calm her roaring pain— she is
Waiting for you.

You cannot fuel hate
You must love that everything
Is hated out of

Love, love, love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love, love, love
Love, love, love, love, love”

He whispered in Wind
The air restored back to life
I exhale new hope

I am the change





by Martin Luther

We are aware of your fear and exhausted from having to hide who we are

Pretending that we are less won't make you strong in the end
Black pain for white gain: crack laws versus cocaine
Can't even mention all the horrors that we've been through
but I see a new horizon coming in view
Funny how you fashion yourself
the hero
Deconstruction of the negro

Maybe we'll find our light in the
warmth of other suns
Maybe we'll reach our height in
the warmth of other suns
In the warmth of other suns
Yes the warmth of other suns



Taken from a song by Martin Luther McCoy entitled 'Other Suns'

Orchid Seeds

by Christopher F. Brown (Akewi)

We pass the word
'*Revolution*'
around like great auntie's anointing oil
hoping and praying that maybe, just maybe
one day
it might happen

What if we took the seed of
Revolution
and planted it in the souls of the people

Let that *revolutionary* seed take root in the hearts of the people
water that *revolutionary* seed with the study of its shape; past and present
fertilize that *revolutionary* seed with the wisdom of the elders; as only an elder could

Resistance would grow

Faster than the fastest foxglove
No
would be heard in the streets against the enforcers of subjugation
No
would be heard in tent cities against the enforcers of status quo
No
would be heard in the houses of government against the enforcers of privilege

Resistance would grow

Thick, Tall, and Strong
Sheltering the silenced
Shading the fraught from the scorch of oppression

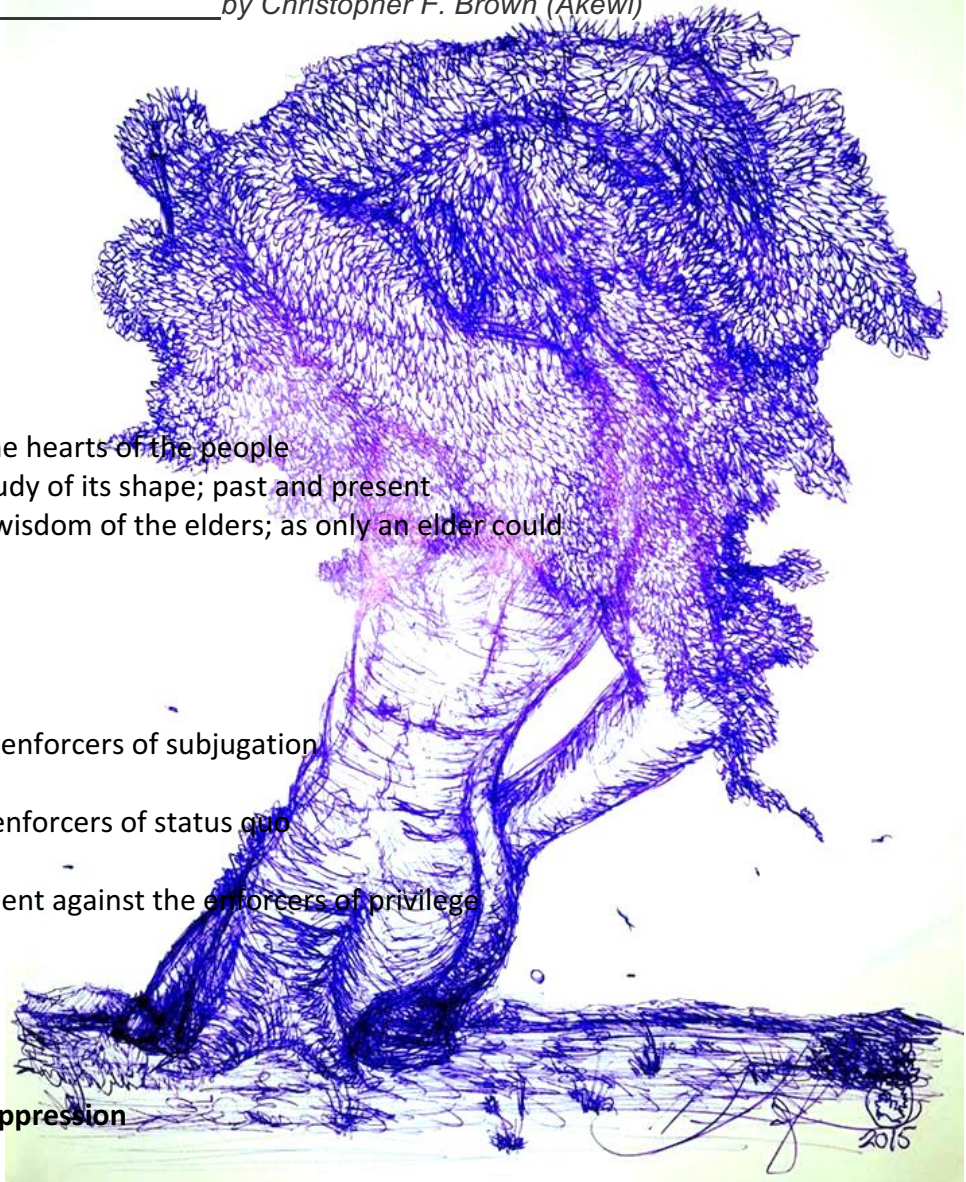
RESISTANCE would grow

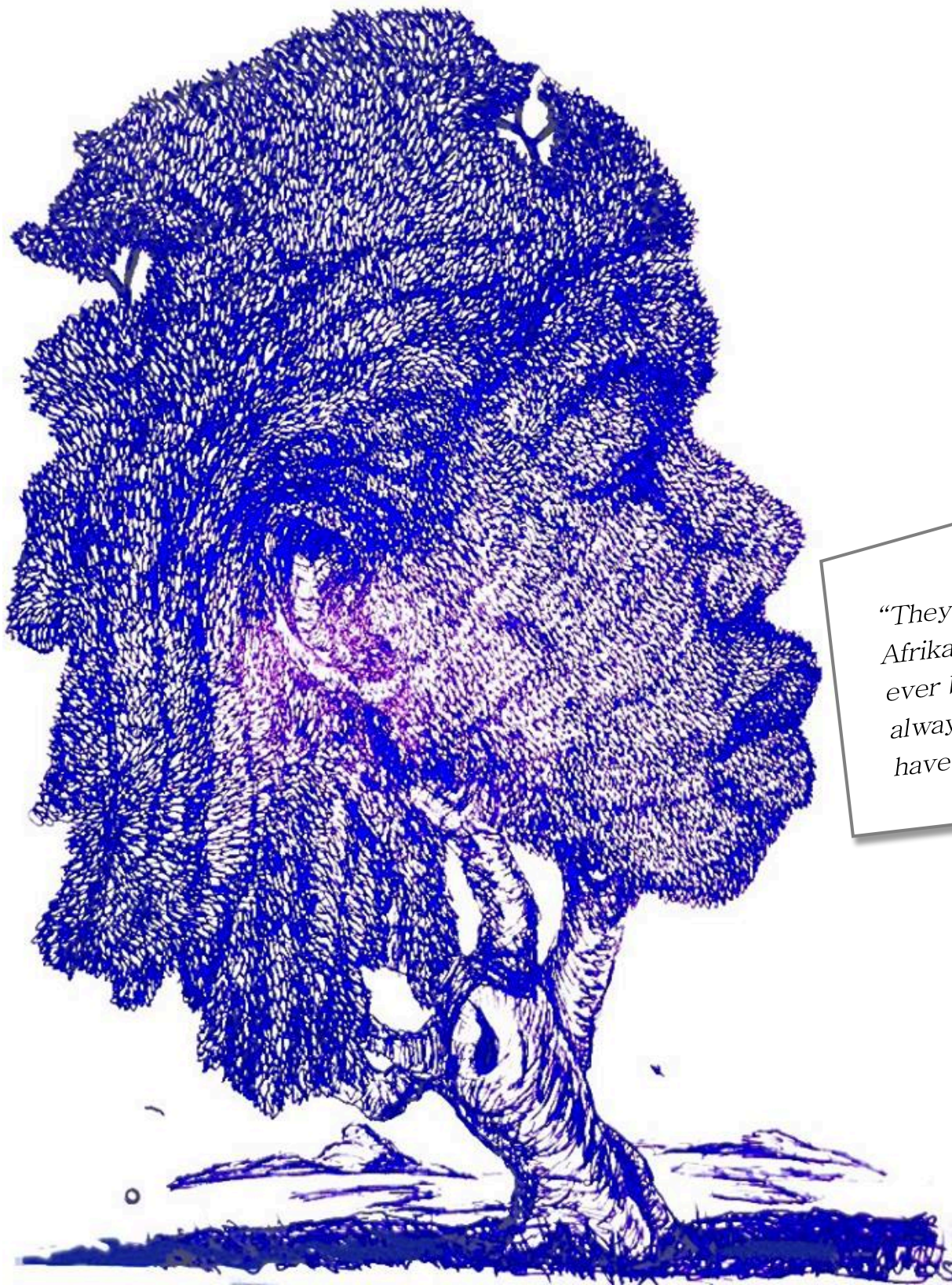
A mighty forest of righteous defiance would perfume the air
all from a single act of resistance
all from a single seed of revolution
all from the knowledge that today is someday
all from the truth that the time is forever now

We revolt in the name of PEACE

**We are the people who refuse to burden our backs and spirits for
THE purpose of *profit* any further**

RESISTANCE IS GROWING





*“They cannot win because
Afrikan people have not
ever been slaves. We have
always fought back. We
have always resisted.”*

Immortal Sankofa Trees – by Malaika H. Kambon

The sheer possibility that Afrikan people can unite, has always terrified the colonist, the enslaver, the capitalist, the white supremacist.

During all the times of Afrikan enslavement; from the 14th century Arabic invasions of Afrika to the Reign of Terror begun by Europe's 15th century invasion of what is now Haiti; to today's legalization of the enslavement of the convicted via the 13th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution; back like the Sankofa bird to now's present; to the immortal future, the mere rustle of the twigs of unity upon the trees of liberation frightens the



imperialist to commit heinous crimes against those he considers to be lesser, to those he treats as enslaved.

Terrified by the assemblage of but 2 or 3 Afrikans, enslavers see conspiracies to overthrow them under every rock.

But white supremacists and their doctrines of purest evil cannot win. The purveyors of those doctrines are already consigned to the deepest Hells though their bodies are a walking disease upon the face of the earth.

They cannot win because Afrikan people have not ever been slaves. We have always fought back. We have always resisted. We will not ever obey the doctrines of foreign invaders.

Our soul force is freedom, as is represented by these immortal Sankofa trees. They speak of wisdom, strength, compassion, spirit of the soul; they offer solace and proclaim that liberty, sovereignty, and dignity, are our human rights. They proclaim that freedom cannot be tortured and murdered by the jackboots of enslavers, nor by the silence and indifference of those conned into believing that the so-called great leaders of the world – who torture, maim, kill, and rape with impunity – have their best interests at heart.

The trunk of the tree cannot be struck down, for its many roots will rise up again.

Is this a poem? By Nana Brew Hammond

A veil of words laced to conceal and reveal in gauzy light,

a tourniquet of pained expression?

A metered verse

timed to the beat of a heart

that beat long long ago?

Is this a poem?

A fragrant turn of phrase?

A gaze that speaks volumes

framed in rooms of silent contemplation?

The unutterable expressed in guttural expressions?

A lexicon of groans and sighs,

a Morse code of moans and cries

only love and hate and children can decipher?

Is this a poem?

Made to make sense of the Greek of life,

Justice's scales bending

and balancing like they say the Libras' do?

Is this the poem?

That we are being made in every moment,

though we don't know what will happen in the next?

Is this the poem?

That we want to know?

That we can't ever be sure until we are no more?

Is this the poem?



That we live anyway.

Each of us a flower

that opens in the sun for a moment,

changing the alchemy around

if not with our petals,

or nectar,

or breath,

our specificity.

Our chemistry.

Is this the poem?

That while we live,

we give someone,

something,

pleasure?

“Is this the poem?”



“That while we live, we give someone, something, pleasure?”

Or like a sap falling drop to drop
A sap more burning than a
torment



Blue Tree

When your eyes meet with my solitude

Silence becomes fruit
And sleep turns into storm.
Forbidden doors are opened
And water learns how to suffer.

When my solitude meets with your eyes

Desire rises and spreads

Sometimes like an insolent tide

A wave running without end,

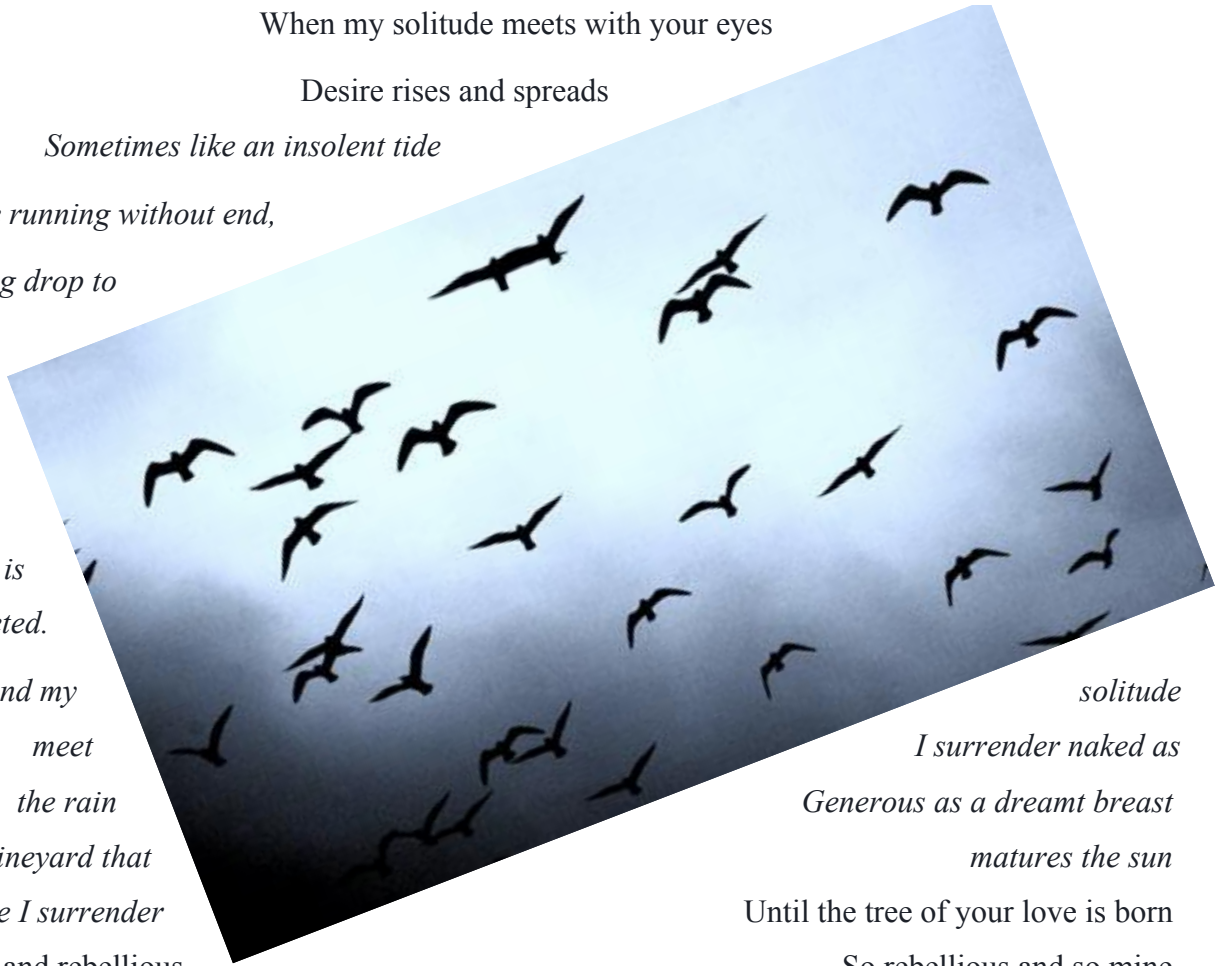
*Or like a sap falling drop to
drop*

*A sap more
burning than a
torment*

*Beginning that is
never completed.*

*When your eyes and my
meet
the rain*

*Tender like the vineyard that
Multiple I surrender
So high and rebellious*



solitude

*I surrender naked as
Generous as a dreamt breast
matures the sun
Until the tree of your love is born
So rebellious and so mine
Arrow that returns to the arch
Blue palm nailed in my clouds
Growing sky that nothing would stop.*

Translated by the author

Joumana Haddad

reprinted from /www.poemhunter.com



Oakland Blues By ISHMAEL REED

Well it's six o'clock in Oakland

and the sun is full of wine

I say, it's six o'clock in Oakland

and the sun is red with wine

We buried you this morning, baby

in the shadow of a vine

Well, they told you of the sickness

almost eighteen months ago

Yes, they told you of the sickness

almost eighteen months ago

You went down fighting, daddy. Yes

You fought Death toe to toe

O, the egrets fly over Lake Merritt

and the blackbirds roost in trees

*O, the egrets fly
and the blackbirds*



over Lake Merritt

roost in trees

Without you little papa

what O, what will become of me

O, it's hard to come home, baby

To a house that's still and stark



O, it's hard to come home, baby

To a house that's still and stark

All I hear is myself

thinking

and footsteps in the dark

reprinted from www.poetryfoundation.org



NATURE: Four Haiku

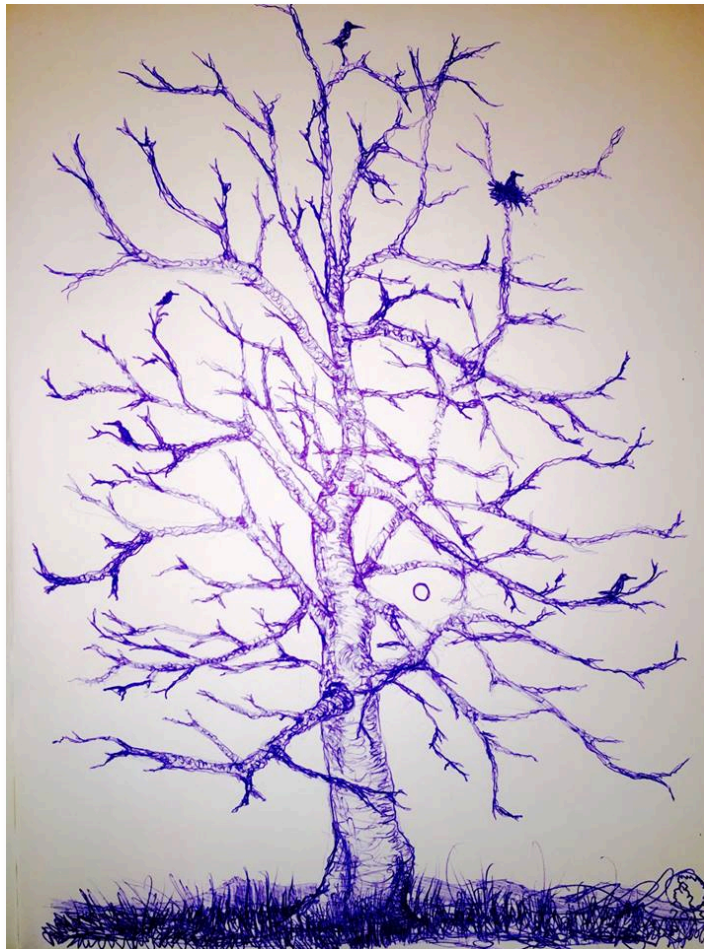
by Askia M Toure,
co-founder of the Black Arts Movement

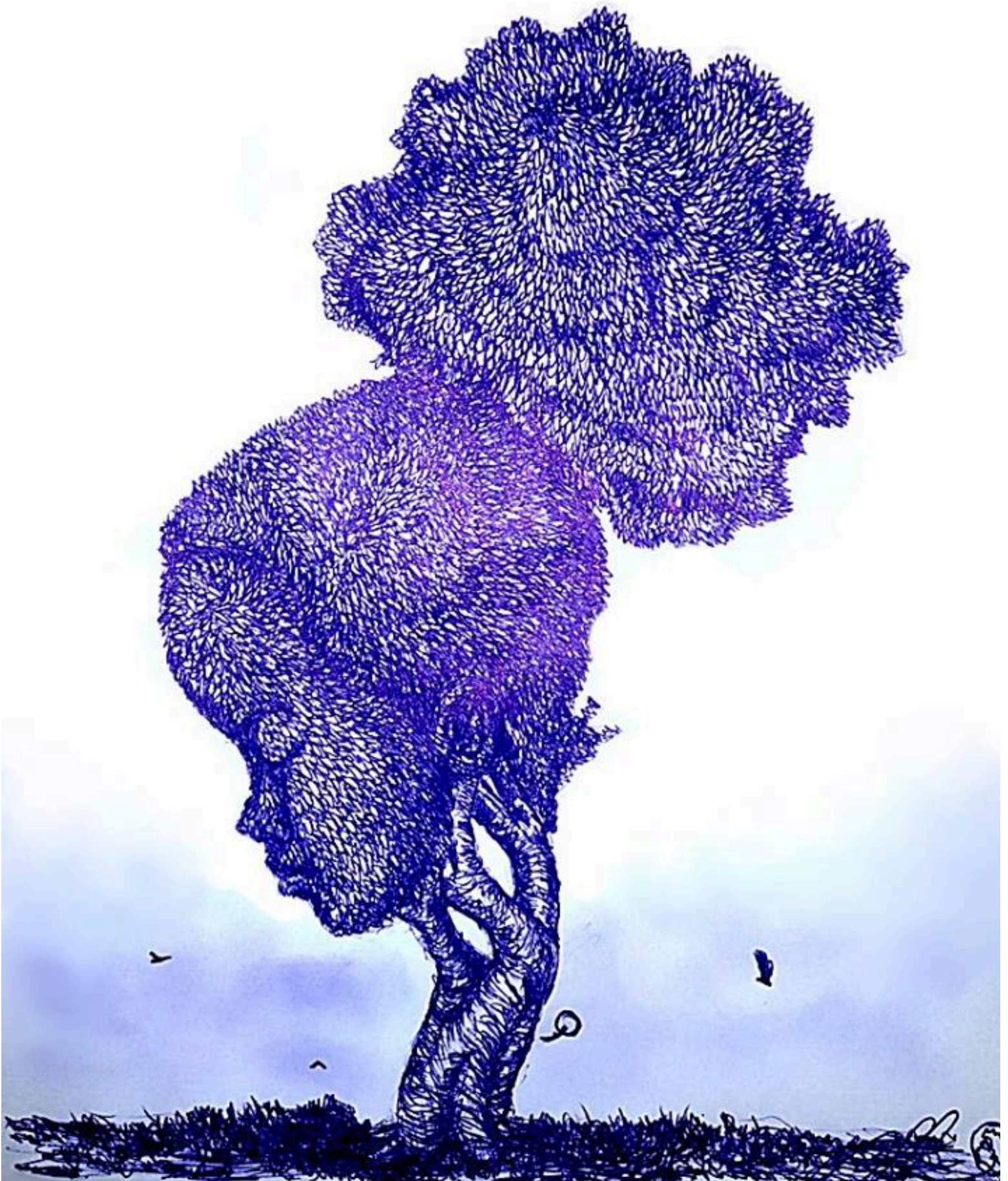
*Though cherry blossom
Snow, spring's scintillating face
Resurrects lost joy!*

*Copper moon-in-mist
Haunts the autumn sky;
Silhouettes of geese fly by.*

*Blue moths blaze like dawn.
Such color complicates mood.
So sad this we spring.*

*Evening shadows call
Through tall pines, gently
Under vivid, autumn skies.*





by Patrick A. Howell

“

Right. Right, right.

Crazy Flight.

Into the struggle to be different
Excellent and elegant
I, a being of increasing complexities,
always forget the simplicity
Of difficulties.

And it's not really so complicated
as it is sophisticated.
Really. Really? What are the chances
Of reincarnation, redundancies?
New bodies, old being?

Old ways, new times?

Sublime delectable divine?
The taste is always
On the tips of tongues – Death-

The tops of minds
A measure away from perfection.
Yes. No. Yes, yes. No, no.

Fight, fight, flight

Dreams that won't go away.
Nightmares that stand.
Visions that are too real.

Burdens we can comprehend
Outcomes we cannot comprehend
Black is an exposure of white and

Hot is actually cool.
You realize suddenly a cult
Onto self. One mind - No time.
When we are everything.

Every single one an ion

Thoughts run amok.
Burning that is really fear
cloaked as a living. Sin as art.

Panic guarding hurt.
Sugar that is tart,
Tangy. And sour that tastes
Right.

You're bitter. Blinded with sight.
And the future,
An end, is nearer than
It is far. Your head's terminal
running so fast and you forget,
Forget.

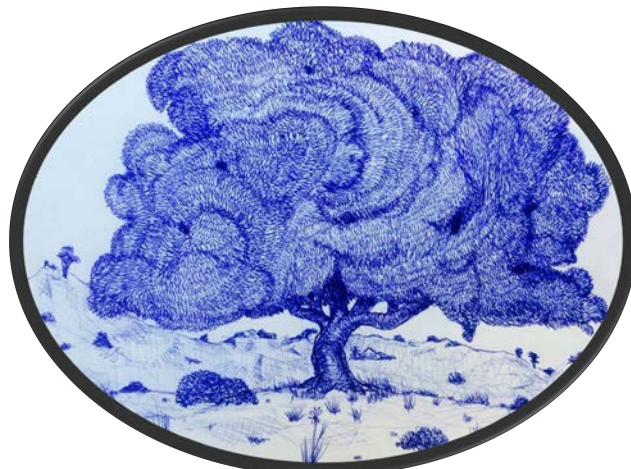
And so the sap will flow
The dew coalesces into a drop
from which hopes and faith
Will flow; another night time
And the truth of light
Multiply into new ways

We are what we sew. Ambitions
Unfurl into unforgettable traits

The mendacity, the rhythm
Of simplicity, the sanctity
of all that is special and beautiful
Is the soul clockwork of being
I'm dreaming, its night, I'm mourning
Just before morning
i will rise, we rise wise
As when this sun rises
Mourning the death
Of anxiety. Dark.



Lights”





Our Blue Mother

a musing by Jaki Shelton Green, Poet of the People

The earth is shifting. And as the earth is shifting, we are shifting. This has nothing to do with politics. Mother earth is screaming at us. We have been very bad. We have made everything toxic. Our waters. To one another. The air we breath. We have forgotten how to breath.

As people are going through these spiritual, emotional and cultural eclipses, we are going through our mess. None of this means anything unless we take care of our home. This is the Mother and we have not taken care of Her. We are not a humanity.

We are mass consumers. We have to be more conscious. More mindful of being better stewards of the earth. There is an emotional and spiritual warfare going on and folks are getting caught up in it. We need to do better. She demands it.

outro:



“I’d want to be planted in a wide open meadow so that every one of my branches can receive all of the sunlight that it wants. I don’t want to have to compete for the photons from the sun which is what goes on daily, hourly in the forest, especially rain forest where there is the canopy and then everything else below has to live without direct sunlight.

I don’t want to just sort of be leaves on the top. I want full plumage. I want to be old and wise in the middle of a meadow. There is nothing more beautiful than a solitary tree in the middle of a field. It invites you to come sit underneath it.”

Dr Neil Degrasse Tyson, pop culturalist and a gangsta’ scientist but svelte poet nonetheless



Topography of the biographies

Malaika H. Kambon is an award winning, published photojournalist and a beginning painter.

Patrick A. Howell (Dubois Duex) is co-purveyor of the Global International African Arts Movement aka Global I Aam. He loves to write.

Bene't Benton is a 16 year old poet based in LA focused on writing for her time and anyone who lend a heart. Bene't Benton is one of the most inventive and intuitive slam poets of her generation.

Martin Luther, professionally known as Martin Luther, is an American singer/actor/activist. Most recognized as a former member of the Roots and for his Jimi Hendrix tinged character 'JoJo' from Julie Taymor's 2007 Beatles film 'Across the Universe', his music is a heavy confluence of classic soul, alternative rock and hip hop. For more information visit www.martinluthermccoy.bandcamp.com.

Christopher F. Brown (Akewi) is a Oakland Bay area poet that is active in reshaping the community around him.

Joumana Haddad is a Lebanese author, public speaker, journalist and women's rights activist.

Nana Brew Hammond is an American-Ghanaian writer of novels, short stories and a poet. For more information visit www.nanabrewhammond.com.

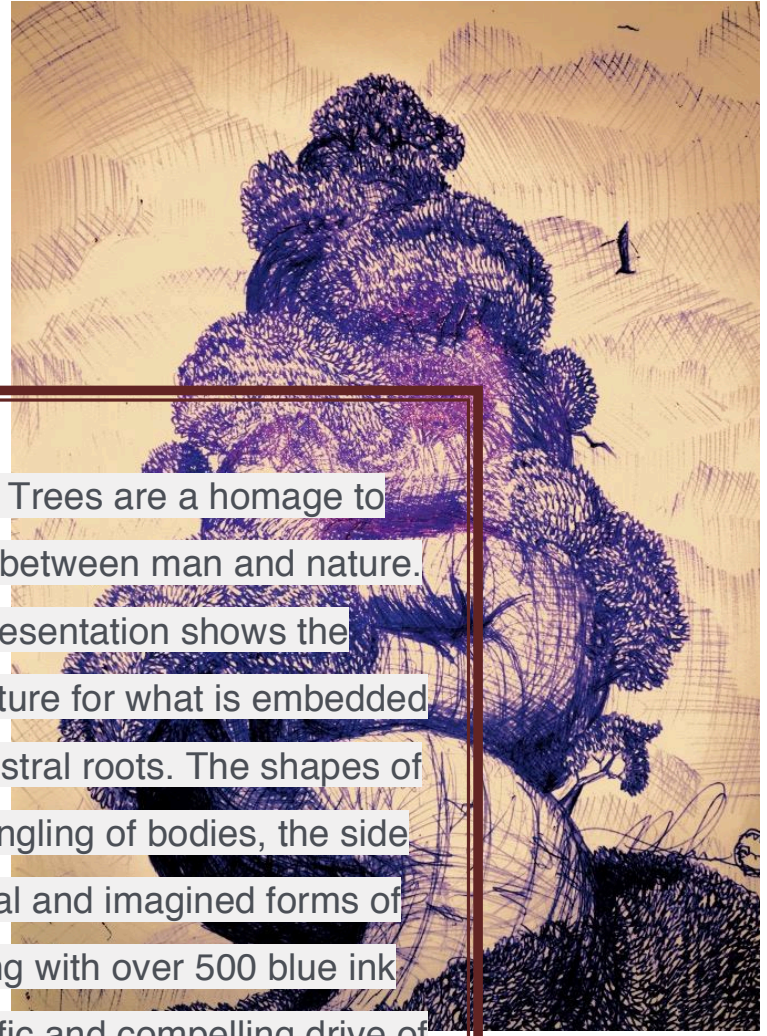
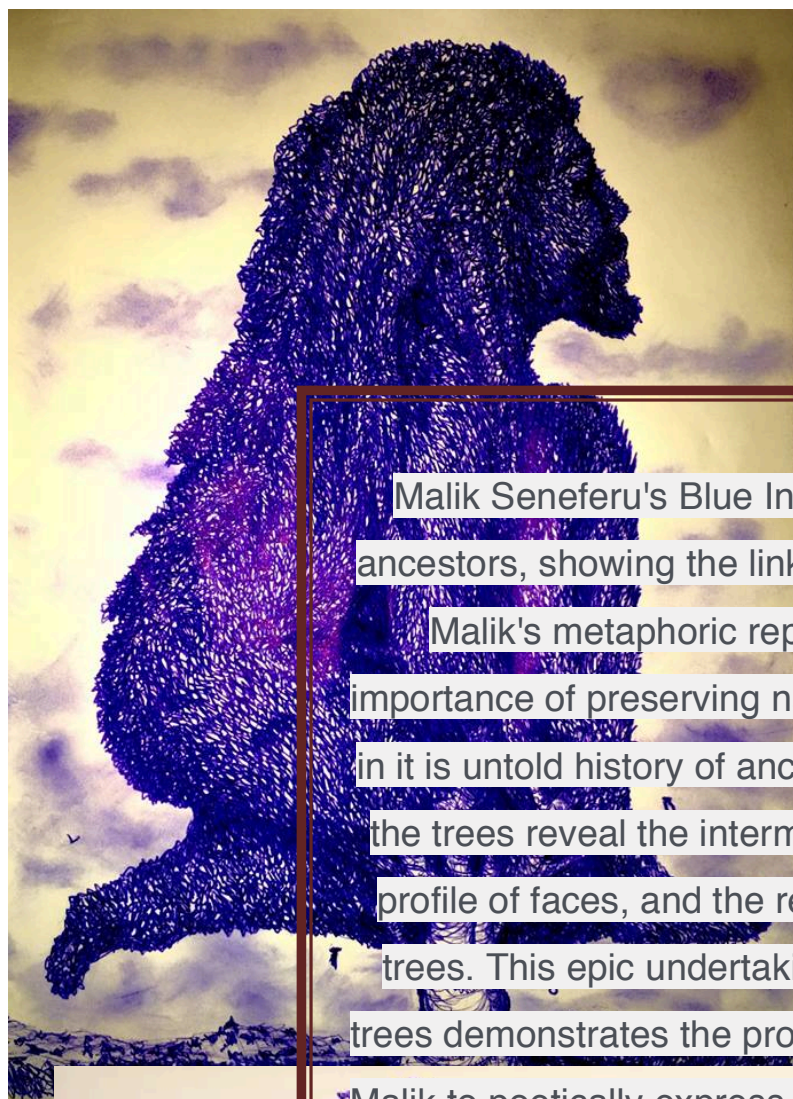
Jaki Shelton Green In November 2008, Jaki Shelton Green was named the first Piedmont Laureate by a collection of Triangle-area arts councils in North Carolina.. In 2003, Green won the North Carolina Award for Literature. Jaki Shelton Green oversees the global community group Sister-Write. She is affectionately known as the Poet of the People for the thousands of people she has helped through poetry.

Askia Toure is an African-American poet, essayist, political editor, and co-founding voice of the Black Arts Movement of the 1960s and 1970s. Askia Toure has written "From the Pyramids to the Projects: Poems of Genocide and Resistance!" and recently completed work on "Mother Earth Responds: Green Poems and Alternative Visions"

Ishmael Reed is one of the greatest writers of his generation. He is an American icon and experimenter of the American art form (*satirist*) that has and will always challenge American political culture, particularly political structures that repress. His work spans and underwrites the Harlem Renaissance to the Black Arts Movement to Hip Hop to Black Lives Matter to the Global I Aam. His 11TH novel "Conjugating Hindi" will be published in February of 2017.

Malik Seneferu's art has been featured in art galleries across the world. Malik also creates illustrations using a variety of mediums, such as pencils, ballpoint pens and oil pastels. Malik Seneferu is a member of the Los Angeles Museum of Art, San Francisco Museum of Art and MOAD. Translated from Arabic his name means "King of Kings Above all Earthly Rulers".





Malik Seneferu's Blue Ink Trees are a homage to ancestors, showing the link between man and nature.

Malik's metaphoric representation shows the importance of preserving nature for what is embedded in it is untold history of ancestral roots. The shapes of the trees reveal the intermingling of bodies, the side profile of faces, and the real and imagined forms of trees. This epic undertaking with over 500 blue ink trees demonstrates the prolific and compelling drive of Malik to poetically express that trees are one's lineage to nature

Karen Seneferu, progenitor of the Exhibition Series and Movement, The Black Woman IS God (TBIG)

