

Resistance, Renaissance, Revolution and Evolution



**Resistance, Renaissance,
Revolution and Evolution**

Patrick A. Howell

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Aesthetic
Ascension
series by
Malik

Seneferu,(www.maliksart.com)

**“marching with the authority
of elephant herds in the long
rhythmic strides of gazelles
across the plain lands roaring
in the chorus of the lion’s
prides”**

spiritually speaking,

we are
cosmic earthlings asleep
at this epoch of our collective being
awakened only when our chakras
banging at the lowest infinitesimal monotone metronome
frequency
Boom. Boom. Ka-bang.
are disrupted by the wicked doings and the impositions
of our souls by them evil ones.
Then, sleeping giants tremble terrible awakened,
marching with the authority of elephant herds
in the long rhythmic strides of gazelles across the plain lands
roaring in the chorus of the lion's prides
with the organization and immediacy of the flock heading
for its true north, after our longest winter.
A lost tribe -
Intergalactic, our reach is from the earth to the heavens,
the majestic wing expanse of eagles,
the grace, precision and beauty of humming birds,
the electricity and power of the mighty ocean,
and the magic of mystery,
the majesty of gods.

Patrick A. Howell photographed at UC Santa Barbara Black Student Union



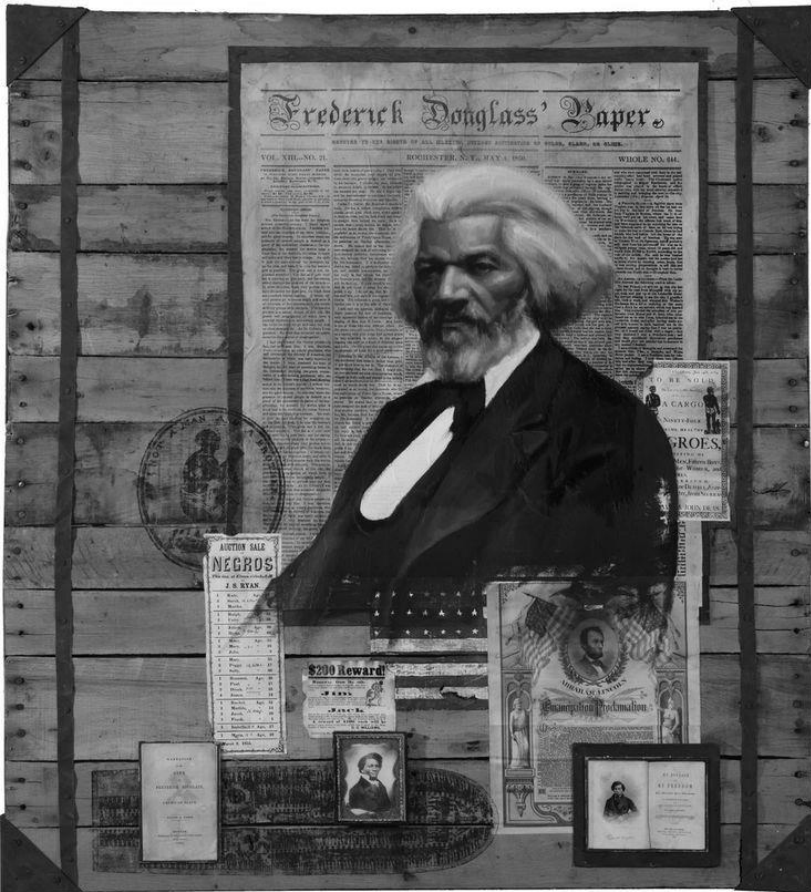
Photo and Artwork by Malik Seneferu

And then, well, the vibe is alive
and we have the love of God, a Spirit Force
where there is nothing that we cannot affect
for we have done it all before
as Olmec, Pharaohs, Moors
Kush, Mesopotamian, Stars
Black lives have always mattered most in
the cosmos, Electric church, blue notes
and the most high heavenly frequencies.

Psychosomatic cosmic dust -
We are-
the dreams of ancient eternal and ancestors
whose towering visions
are matched only by our grind
hustle and grit. We channel the earth,
our bodies with our bodies.

Yes, yes. Yes, to thyself let us be truly
awakened NOW

Magnificent like
empires, cosmic
metaphors come
from the eternal
fires of original
creation



FREDRICK DOUGLASS by Jules Arthur, www.julesarthur.com

These Griots

Magnificent energies fleshed,
low baritone is humming-
resonating truths, meting out justices...
just by simple being.

Soiled mahogany dripping.

Magnificent like empires,
cosmic metaphors
come from the eternal fires
of original creation
outside the space that created time.

These griots – they be taking thrones
Wherever they sit. As they be.
Wisdom of ages, their minds are tomes
where there was once marvel,
re-imagining worlds from with-
in - magical beings.

See them, amongst us
manifesting. Call ‘em old
their soul eternal, priceless treasures
platinum, silvers, gold.

Dark matter of consciousness
Transformed into epochs, new ages,
new ways of being
from the darkened nebulae
of the inner mind, rooted in cosmic
metaphor
re-imagines herself and her relationship
the sun burns a little rosier upon the
the griots crown – time having tinged
the widows peak silver.

Be careful !
These Griots- they wit sharp like acid
gone is they id,
call you stupid, make you it.

Yes – I said it – Griots stand/sit
and the cosmos alter.

It's not so hard to explain with these Griots-
They are made of the immortal
and their imaginations soiled fertile with living
realities. These Griots manifest by but....

These Griots.

Tea party

cold rage coiled so tight ~
fallible assumptions
made way into the light



Resolution ii

our thoughts culminate
into burning globe afire,
we must remain cool



Resolution iii

cabals of the
ancestors
battle from the realm of spirits
whilst kingdoms restore



Painting by Jules Arthur, www.julesarthur.com

King Toure' Art Man

- i. *Art Man. Hear history. Art Askia Touré. Hear now? You listen to Askia Muhammad Touré and you will hear history. You will hear the tears, brimming. You will hear the joy swimming. Hoarse laughter circling. You will hear the pride, unmasked. Yes, a distinct color timbre of glee that is in that voice that is history as it keeps time with staccatoed alliteration and a vibrato that hums. A sweet soul.*

Magnificent soul of the Kora humming is his S's. See history is made of men and women who did the work, made the time. Their time is history whose hearts sing as they walked the streets. To Harlem in the 1960s from Songhai in the 1400s, history is paved with blood sweat and tears. Hear? Bone crushing rhythms? Yes - it is loud, undeniable. And definite percussion. Authority. Animal skin on Djembe drum rapping. It is our voices emerge from the dark into the light of day. It is the sound of elections. It is the sounds of revolutions. Resistance. Soulutions. The earth's heart beating is earthquakes and them- they voices. It is the beat of a man's heart covered over in voice. And these hearts in unison, a great spirit force immortal. Risen. Now, history sits at a room in Boston and composes lines to not only record the record but carry the spirit forward. The voice carries on from the mouth of a svelte sage into the ears of youngs. Hear it now? Yes. It's the voice of Askia Muhammad Touré. Black. Arts. Movement. It's poetic dialect. Didactic. Red heart, earth center. Talk slowly beat. We are born again again and again. This fire rages. Calmed only by breezes. Spread like wild fire by breezes.

ii. *But let's ground these words to earth and bring the high talk to the earth's granular vibrations. I've said it before - What a blessing it is to converse with the elders; to glean their wisdom with simple truths, simple talk. Their words are like a benediction. They are sonar bridges throughout the ages. Are we listening to our elders? What Askia Muhammad Touré embodies is the beauty of our elders. What Malaika Adero built is the libraries. What Chestor Higgins, eye of Horus, sees is creation as the sun. What Marvin X. Jackmon embodies is the power of our spirits. What Abiodun Oyewole is the keeps the rap rooted. Who Marie Dutton Brown listens to is the orders of ancestors. And we are a wealthy people. Billions is a meager number when compared to the riches of our soul, of our legacy. Our elders are rich with time, cosmic beings who know no limits. These are the shoulders upon which we stand upon. And this is the measure by which our children will look to us, their forebearers, a new power generation.*

iii. *See now? Askia Muhammad Toure' is the spirit unrivalled in living and the spirit fleshed from ancient ruler to ruling griot, the times were not lost on him but made by him, enhanced by*

him, made whole by metaphysical knowings. How are we born? How will we die? Askia Toure is not concerned with that. The charlatans flee his presence. He knows the secrets and it is within how we live, enhanced by an eternal fire with no end, lighting days and ending nights. Black Pride! Fire that crushes the narcissism, barbarism and nihilism of capitalism. From the Niles to the Kilimanjaro, he carries within a barrel chest broad, the beat for generations- from Black Power Movement to Millennials carrying forth the fight for black liberation, from the pride of ancients, his is the voice carrying instruction. Black Panthers strut tall and long. From the tall grass of the Sahara to the Oakland, Chicago, Detroit and NYC urbans. From the Pyramids to the Streets of Harlem, his is instruction that will born Hip Hop, make the world spin like on boogie. Instruction that will born the new era hereto un-named. Instruction that will cleanse itself and renew the contract for our beautiful women, through whom travel the unborn, the unknown, the new heroes. King griot Askia Muhammad Toure' - He is ours, a smile as broad as the heavens, dimples deep as waterfalls cascading. Our living, breathing liberation. No cheap commercial, this the real thang, a cosmic heart beating. His is the divine masculine, percolating territories from ancient kingdoms to afro- futuristic landscapes. In his palms, the palm lines are oceans and mountains, hereto un-named. Futures

unfurling with great African names.

- iv. *A mystic preacher, metaphysical in form, his is the wisdom of the ages, the metaphysics of the sages, raging fierce for the divine feminine, every syllable uttered, a sly tryst increasing the entwinement betwix his masculine and her feminine. Oh, how Askia Muhammad Toure' loves his woman. He loves his women as only black man with a black soul could. He would kill for his women but so much more powerful is his towering vulnerability and gentle soul, he will live for his black woman, and passage of time will not still this beautiful will. His is the terrible fire sweeping through towering myriad conscience, keeping us straight woke! His is the spirits and souls and tribal edicts of technologies that are coals waiting to be lit by new soul, new knows, new millenniums. Askia Muhammad Toure's is the immortal soul of our beloved ancestor resurrected. A mythic figure beyond time.*

The Brotherhood

"It is a time for martyrs now, and if I am to be one, it will be for the cause of brotherhood. That's the only thing that can save this country." **Malcolm X**

Brothers, bronzed, golden and ebonied ~
Thank you imperial warrior kings.
Yes we be
A harmony
After them bone crushing thumpings
of Hip Hop chain gang on goings...
Yeah, we readied
Tempered by Allah, Jahovah, *been all ready*.

Yes brother, love you
as my Father's child
because when the times multiply
stacking high, higher than a funeral pyre,
highest than the lowest
and the sidewalk looks like a building-side
the dirt, mountains
and Hope, a dream imagining
When the times
have become tribulation upon apocalypso,
Inferno burning me soul body whole

infinity upon finite no things, poverty
armageddon upon condemnation
tribulation
ancestral halls filled with ghouls
and I am hallowed, emptied?
Job, a model of banality and stupidity?



Yes, your hands, blackened elegant instruments
of mahogany bones infused
with cosmic ancestral energies

nails manicured curved ivories,
beard, branches reaching
speckled stardust, infinight musings
are there
reaching back from eternity
electrifying me
reaching -
gently from the abyss of my own morass
my own arrogance
my own memory falling
my own insane lust
my own greatness rusted
my own silly rage
my own petty greed
my own failings
my own banal wanting,
a broken. man. dance.
You, brother man, are there reaching
With a firm grip all your own strength mightily,
resurrecting
a Holy Spirit Body.

Jesus Christ, black man, if I have a countenance of rage and
anger
painted over in shame, insecurity and humiliation,
yours is a cool contented smile,

so nice, so kind
so humble, refined
understanding and patient.

Lion of Judah,
Muhammad, Splendor. Radiant.

Yes brother man, when all of my optimism has degenerated
into failed character,
into sad days elongated -
there is your voice,
genetic collection of our ancestors
timber harmonized into a singular baritone graveled
imprinted by griot commanders
strong and stayed
commanding me to come on over, get on up.
rise on up.

Your reproof solid, founded in rational,
simple words with profound gravity
but more importantly the reservoir of your love,
life experiences
if not in grunts, rap canzonets, tribal chants
then, in simple sentences.

There is no weight of complex sundry judgments.
Yes, there is strength and determination
to lean on you, get on up,

until the depression and self-denigration

internal combustion

global explosion of

our unity

into faith and belief and positivity unshakable to my soul

embedded within my genetic coding

detonates into the hemosphere,

an entire universe.

Yes, a new cosmic happening

Yes, an epic age awakening

We are the 100 years of peace, change and Hopening.

Awaken - the awakening, the awakening.

Yes.

I stand tall now.

Powerful. Unimaginable.

The brightest day after that dark night,

and all that.

It was a repose, the dusk fore dawn.

Yes black, we is all that

in the society of world culture.

We built Egyptian pyramid brick by DC axum

From ancient Ethiopian civilizations,

Our constructs govern reality.

Really though, from Egyptian empires to modernity,

we ready to spread our wings, gallop our hooves, feel the

expanse

pound the pavements, test our resolve, dressed
in fedora hats amongst, twisted baseball caps, tweed kofi
affixed
upon crowns.

And, yes, we will
elect a black Sheeba madame president
from the flock of we the people,
amongst the flow silk robes and kinti cloth in the mix.

Yessir, absolve my enemies of their soul,
crush their bones, siphon their arrogance,
smile broadly, surge my power and flex.
Now that my vision has corrected itself and I see that brother
Job
as the model of fortitude and discipline-
Now that I have stayed the storm and beat back the tide of
four centuries of crushing darkness—
a spell for understanding the least amongst us all
is in fact the greatest ~
street side hustla is mansa musa
gangsta is a reincarnated shaka zulu
yes, yes, yes ~ a replete rest for complete domination,
lost tribe, found,
144,000 of our governance.



So, now brother, lets sit down and discuss the business at hand;

The retirement, your daughters, my son, our billion dollar

plans,

Reparations? Sure, but Re-institution of those Kingdoms
too...

The infrastructure of our world empires

The expanse of this brotherhood of love understanding.

Our time has come. Old times go too. Trump's Custer.

Times change Mother Hustler.

Ancient vision stayed.

Kings with staves in hands - The divisions are really the
expanse of our being

Across continents, within rap sonnets, we are mankinds living
embodiment of
humanity.

Millions.

We march soon.

We march in unison.

Industrial Complex Prisons?

Our billionaires, our mighty men, our governors ~

From within our tribe, the kingdom burgeons.

Yes, armies spread out from across the globe commanded by
the brotherhood.

Feed the village, clothe the homeless...

Teach our ignorant, love our women...

We are the brotherhood today.

The Brotherhood,

Ancient, classic and elegant.

Love you my man.

Let's get up now,
take that Final Stand,
21st firmly in hand.

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lars palm – *case*

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Mark Young – *the veil drops*
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Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetto, and Wesley St. Jo – *No Names*
Nicholas Michael Ravnikaar – *Liberal elite media rag. SAD!*
Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*
Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*
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Marthe Reed – *Data Primer*
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