

INTRODUCTORY POEM – THE BLACK IMAGINATION

Liberating yourself from the oppressor

liberating yourself from the liberator

Taglines of the black imagination:

“Blackness is everything”

“Black pain”

“We cannot breathe”

Like twinsavers you’ll forget us not,

Better than McDonald you’ll love it.

Us, like Nike are just doing it.

Our imagination is the hard work of making your personal

oppression your professional life,

Working on weekends

No sick days no leave

Constant oppression, overwriting the files of your oppression

Overwriting and overwriting

Rewriting and coding

Yourself like a machine,

Committing knowledge suicide for a regeneration

The black imagination is omni [present],

It is the convergence of all existence based on the experience of blackness

: In a system that does not recognize its existence.

The black imagination is the mind, body and the spirit in conversation with nature –

Mother Nature

The black imagination is saying I am and I exist, when the existence of blackness has been made foreign on the Mother land.

Cyclical – Imagine the existence that is in perfect synchrony with cycle of life and the seasons.

Like the cycle of life, the imagination is processing existence.
It is processing existence using the mind, body and soul.
The black imagination is understanding the histories of this earth by listening to the
calls of Mother Nature and by existing in her spirit.
At the intersection of mind and intuition, the black imagination transcends spatial-
temporal understanding.
It is not past, present nor future.
The black imagination is saying I am and I exist outside of spatial-temporal
understanding.

The Black Imagined[Nation] is omni[potent]
iAll-Present!

Alive -> But constricted,
by colonised cages; columns + pages.
We are here to tear & Tear. With no fear.
To rip apart these frames and pages,
With the fury of black rages.
Unleashed.
The Black Imagined[Nation]

I've heard stories about you.
About how you were slaughtered and poked until you forgot yourself.
I know they butchered you, chewed all your narratives and spit you to the ground
that you once professed as your own.
But, Black imagination you are omnipotent.
You are a cluster of narratives that travel without restrictions, surpassing the
countless borders of the mind, dancing as they swiftly roll down; as though one
wants to outshine the other.

The black imagination is everything
my imagination takes me speeding down dark roads
it's windows are open and it gets cold
it gets very cold

my imagination finds beaches and galaxies
it climbs to the tips of my brain, and rests there just for the view
from here I sometimes fall
and even in my imagination, it hurts
my imagination gets me into trouble
the visions it plants in my mind are tricky to ignore
because they seem to contrast so starkly with *their* visions,
their imaginations of boredom, of grey, of dull

the black imagination will get us into trouble

-Rhodes Must Fall

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