

Hard Black on Cotton DRAFT
Mansa Musa
Crazy Black People Slavery
Cosmology

I have been thinking - this feeling, not yet a thought Occupying my being:

The management of lies...

Here we stand on Roman land their tales engraved, the place they called
Alexandria burned, Timbuktu erased [erasing].

There's a reason they've kept this from you
for if you knew what it was / how it was to stand on a mountain and
command

you would not be here sitting

Concussed Tied

Contemplative Silent

you'd be warring in the guise of mmmmmmm Every womb-man
sharpening womb-man

like steel sharpening steel.

Instead you sit here
broken in your amnesia

your lost his STORIES Our STORIES

HER STORIES.

Hard Black on Cotton DRAFT

I lied when I came here, I said I would tell you of the series [stories] of the
Moors - your people in this land... but I came here to claim back
you can find these stories with ease now: l o o k i t u p

l o o k i t u p

My mouth may say burn the Vatican
the arsenal of Empire

holding constraining our arms with their combative cross . . .

But my mind says temperance is needed, Because this is the dutiful slave.

NGATI MPHEPHO YOFIKA KONSE

God is as the wind,
which touches everything.

If you're asleep spirituality and if you're asleep spiritually
You can be oppressed and manipulated
It's a tool, given to you by the universe:
Use it for good, use it for bad
It's your choice...

I was always taught to use it for good.
That first Christian who
worshipped Jesus at the end
of a whip.

How would
you take the religion
of your oppressor?

The tradition the culture is to do with the universe
And our place in it. Religion doesn't deal with
that, religion deals with one person...they have
personalised God.

The Profiteering Prophet and the Useless Sinner.

If you disassociate yourself from your
ancestral heritage, you are lost
And if you have a lack of understanding
Of your ancestry.
You don't know where you've been\
you don't know who you are
and you don't know
where you're going.

Because if you are asleep to that
you are asleep
spirituality.

And if you are asleep spiritually
you can be oppressed
and manipulated.

So it is absolutely vital for your own survival to have this cultural identity
and cultural awareness.

Who knows how the sphinx lost her nose?

Rock
Water

Trees

Saints are Ancestors are Saints are Ancestors.

An experiment in shading & shadows using Hard and Black for Chiaroscuro.

The story of secrets lost

sought for formed
adopted

The Sphinx from Napoleon: Caucazoid feature to the noseless one we know today:
the firing of the canon.

Hypoxis hemerocallidea

Hypoxis species are tuberous perennials with lone, strap-shaped leaves and yellow, star-shaped flowers. The species can be distinguished by the size shape and orientation of the leaves and the size and shape of the flowers.

H. Hemerocallidea (previously also known by the name H. Rooperi) has broad

SLIGHTLY HAIRY
LEAVES

which are arranged one above the

other

to

form

three

distinct groups

s
p
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t o
u w r r m the centre of the plant

o a d f
BRIGHT YELLOW

STAR

borne

on

long

slender

stalks

Mutant Beats
Blazing Arrows
Rebel Women
Mine Boy
Gran Espectaculo

“Many-Sided Wisdom: A new politics of the Spirit”

Nothing to be gained here:
Come to my room let me tell you a story.

The Crescent Moon in Lwandle’s curls along with the Ocean, a Double Rainbow.

A hand, a ghostly hand,
A WAVING MAN drowning
A Whale
A Shark:

A tribute
Kori Newkirk
get your grid on.
The Napoleon Sphinx
The Existing Sphinx
The Canon Phallus
and the ball who blows:
an eye
a nose
Conquering the demons of the past.
A Black Aesthetic.
Dumile Feni
a leaf to balm the wound
for a cure.
Phala Mautloa Sihlali Sekoto Baloyi*

Jean Michel
God Fried
My Creators
SUPER HEROS.

*Black South African Artists: Madi Phala; Pat Kagiso Mautloa; Durant Sihlali; Gerard Sekoto;
Vincent Baloyi; Koloane.