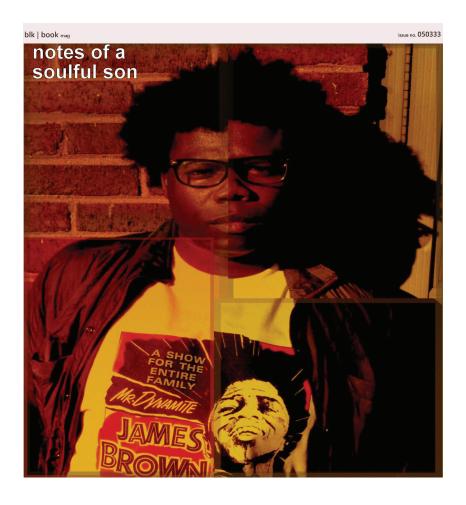
NOTESOFASOULFULSON

avery r. young



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i want cullud folk to say my poems or songs or whats-in-ever i make wif dese blk hands & from dis blk mind meet dem in dey middle lay a wicked night derr cold sweat holla & pray on dey tail bone i want folk to say dey be moved & dis cook countyian make dem take up dey beds & walk jerusalem shiny & new like my face be when i tell a jook-joint of folk goodnight god bless if i cud pull a jb caper & make a people jump back & kiss demsleves in order to taste how sweet a dark berry really be den i wud know all dis humpin i be doin in dese streets & all dis language boogie i pop on dese pages aint bein done in vain ... avery 1, young @ de cros





liner notes: twas @ de box 86 (wif 19 in front of it) i 1st saw de light from de bafroom shut off heard feel good sin (smelt a lil of it too) dem starcrossed luvahs hadta been gon off shrooms & tanya's tayta salad definitely muze(ak) to keep dem unworried bout shame or what my auntie called decorum him took him pecker loose from him plakka hole strange banana(d) her cul de sac liff-ed her good gainst de wall cried cuss words in bohannon-nese & her hollered good lawd her hollered like one of dem emotion gals & folk came runnin in & outta dat hole in wall laffin pointin foot stumpin catchin lets-fuk-i-tis but no nee-ger-row in blues came tellin dem freak deeks dis herr party tank waddnt no roach moe-moe (nasty buzzards) twas free too bak den or at least worf a super transfer home so her cud get to de crib & fix herself up enuf to keep sis. clemens & de mother board from throwin her fass azz to de altar (chile) her had entered de box lena horne but came out buckwheat | from de recollections of booker t soltrevne