

## The Seed of Starchild

### Glenn North

We are among you,  
the celestial seed  
of Starchild,  
heads held high  
fists raised  
standing  
not just knee deep  
but total-ly deep  
in old-batch-  
of-collard-greens funk.  
Like Big Mama  
standing in the doorway  
with her switch,  
can't get around us  
can't get under us  
can't get over us  
you can't get away.

We are here,  
packin'shoot-'em-  
for-they-run bop guns  
to dismiss  
the rhythmless...  
*If you choose not to move  
you will be removed.*  
Gotta help the Interstellar  
get her groove back,  
as we promoticate  
a neo-funkdafied  
philosophy of  
Afrofuturism.  
This is a subatomic  
attempt to reappropriate  
& transmogrify  
that which has been  
commodified.

We are One  
Nation Under a Groove  
with a mission designed  
to occupy minds  
& restrain  
the maggot brains  
of tea party drones  
cloned from the “junk  
DNA” of Sir Nose  
(Devoid of Funk).  
Hard to conceive  
but we believe  
every Biff  
& every Becky  
can reach a state  
of Funkentelechy.  
We are not haters  
but originators  
whose only concern  
is to funk  
& be fucked in return.