

# Resistance, Renaissance, Revolution and Evolution



**Resistance, Renaissance,  
Revolution and Evolution**

**Patrick A. Howell**

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Global International African Arts Movement – Global I Aam





Aesthetic  
Ascension  
series by  
Malik

Seneferu, ([www.maliksart.com](http://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*



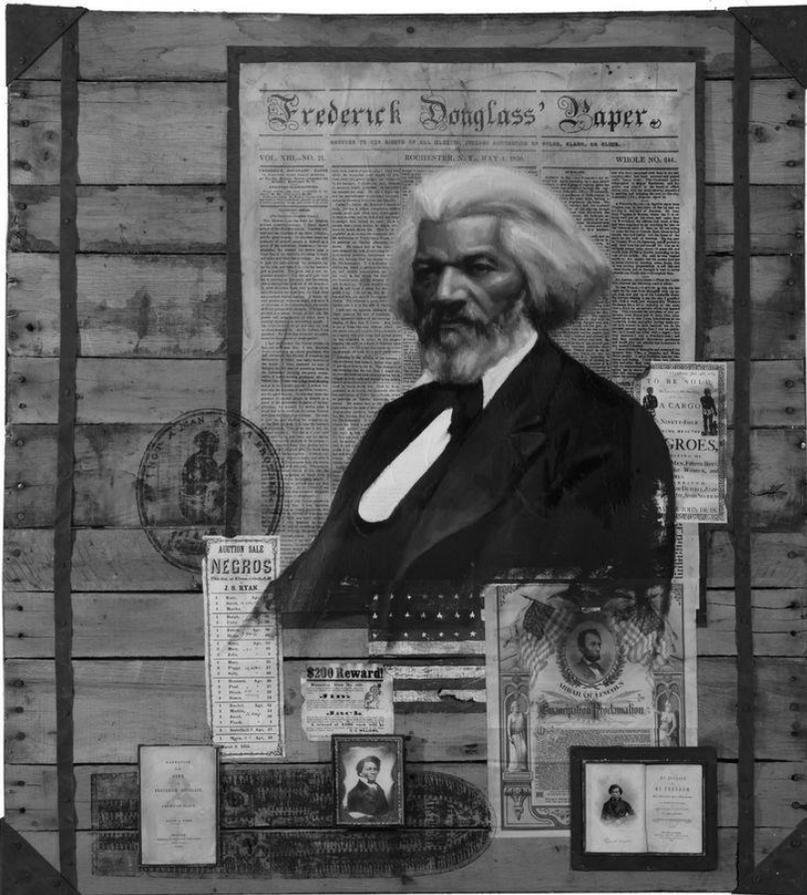
*Photo and Artwork by Malik Seneferu*

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](http://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](http://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,  
21<sup>st</sup> firmly in hand.

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lars palm – *case*

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Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

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John Lowther – *18 of 555*

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Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetta, and Wesley St. Jo – *No Names*  
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Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*  
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Patrick A. Howell – *Resistance, Renaissance, Revolution, and Evolution.*

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