

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

### **Wake-Up People...Wake Up!** By Bernard Harris, Jr.

Wake up people, hear what I am saying.  
The hour is late, there is no time for playing.

Realize and open your eyes,  
injustice will induce our, ultimate demise.  
Racism...makes life unlivable, makes me  
feel like a social criminal, sly real slick and  
subtly subliminal done discreetly neatly  
completely a camouflaged conspiracy designed to defeat me.

Wake up people, try to understand.  
What I'm talking about is the brotherhood of man,  
hypocrisy and prejudice is not in God's plan  
but her won't help you until you take a stand so  
grab a hand of the brother of color,  
and then hug his dad, sister and mother. Then maybe  
ultimately, we'll all act like the human family  
and then we won't act, it will come naturally, perhaps  
not tonight, but, eventually.

Wake-up people we need to get busy now,  
on our knees praying, instead our own kind we keep on  
in trouble. No more jungles, a big hole in the sky,  
acid showers and planes that don't fly. (No respect for  
nature if there is any wonder why.) All the movers and  
shakers policy-makers suffered serious shut-eye.

Wake up people hear what I'm saying, by now we should be  
on our knees praying, instead our own kind we keep on  
slaying, perpetrating, discriminating, raising generations  
to grow up hating, the black man, the yellow, brown, and  
red one believing the only good one is a dead one.

Wake-up people, people wake up. I only have time for a few  
More minutes and I intend to stretch this thing to  
the very limits and if your can't get to that  
then you're not even in it

Wake-up people! Wake-up!!  
The time is now . . . . .

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