



THANKS, MAMA HARRIET!

I CRIED, "HELP, MAMA HARRIET, HELP!" AND YOU,
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WARRIORS, CAME TOYI-TOYING
FROM FERGUSON, BALTIMORE, THE TOWN,
THROUGH TEARGAS CLOUDS, PEPPER SPRAY STORMS
YOU CAME TYING TRAFFIC INTO HANGMAN NOOSES,
SHUTTING MALLS DOWN LIKE OPEN AND SHUT CASES
OF KILLER COPS WHO WALK. YOU CAME WRESTLING
YOUR MINDS FROM THE HANDS OF OPPRESSORS!

I CRIED, "HELP, MAMA HARRIET, HELP!" AND YOU,
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WARRIORS, CAME INCANDESCENT,
KICKING, SCREAMING FROM CAPITALISM'S WOMB—
WATERS BREAKING, UNLEASHING TORRENTS OF ENERGY,
SENDING SURGES OF RESISTANCE, ELECTRIFYING OUR
STREETS, ILLUMINATING OUR STEPS LIKE LAS VEGAS
NIGHTS! YOU CAME GALVANIZING, MOBILIZING—
OUT ORGANIZING WET BLANKETS OF FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS,
SUFFOCATING CONFUSION, DESPAIR, PLASTIC CUFFS, 'PROTEST
PENS', 'FREE SPEECH ZONES', POLICE STATE CHECKPOINTS,
POLES WITH EAGLE EYES, WALLS WITH ELEPHANT EARS, JAGGED
RESTING PLACES OF
BOOMERS BAMBOOZLED BY THE STATE'S COMPLEX SIMPLICITY!

I CRIED, "HELP, MAMA HARRIET, HELP!" AND YOU,
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WARRIORS, CAME WAISTBANDS
CONCEALING QUESTIONS. CAME, ACTIONS UNRAVELING
RIDDLES WRAPPED IN ENIGMAS, SHROUDED IN SUPERSTITION:
WHAT'S THE STATE? WHAT'S THIS OCTOPUS: TEN THOUSAND
TENTACLES, CIRCLING THE WAGON? WHAT'S THIS CREATURE OF
CONSTITUTION, COURTS, PRISONS, JAILS, JUDGES, LEGISLATORS?
WHAT'S THIS MACHINE OF MEDIATORS, ARBITRATORS, GOVERNORS,
GENERALS, ADMIRALS, WARDENS, AGENCIES, BUREAUS, SPIES, SNITCHES,
PROVOCATEURS, PATSIES AND—FOOT SOLDIERS, SONS OF SLAVE PATROLS—
THE POLICE; ALL COMING FROM THE SAME PLAYBOOK, THE SAME PAGE?

I CRIED, "HELP, MAMA HARRIET, HELP!" AND YOU,
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WARRIORS, CAME TRUSTING FRESH, UNVARNISHED
PERCEPTIONS THAT THE STATE
PROTECTS PRIVATE PLANE, 'TOO BIG TO FAIL', CAYMAN ISLAND
CROWDS
SERVES 99% PIG FEET & FISTS—KNUCKLE SANDWICHES,
BOOT BURGERS, BATON BLOWS, TASER AND LOADS OF HOT LEAD—
COMPLIMENTS OF THE 1%
YOU KNOW IT AIN'T BROKE—EVERY EPITHET, INSULT, PUNCH, KICK,
BATON BLOW, BULLET, SERVES SUPERBLY! YOU GET THAT THERE'S NO
FIXING THE ROBBER'S
GUN LEAVING SKELETONS WASTING IN DOORWAYS ON CARDBOARD
MATTRESSES; HANDS CURLED INTO CUPS FROM BEGGING...
YOU SEE THERE'S NO TINKERING WITH TERRORISTS' BOMBS, BLOWING UP
FOOD STAMPS, SOCIAL SECURITY, MEDICARE—AND YOUR SCHOOLS...
YOU'RE CLEAR, CLUBS CRUSHING RESISTANCE, SUPPRESSING
FREE SPEECH, SHIELDING SCABS, SMASHING STRIKES, AND DRUM
MAJORING FOR WARS SLAUGHTERING TENS OF THOUSANDS OF AFRICAN,
ASIAN AND LATIN AMERICAN CLASS BROTHERS AND SISTERS CAN'T BE
ADJUSTED

I CRIED, "HELP, MAMA HARRIET, HELP!" AND YOU,
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WARRIORS, YOU 'FIT THE PROFILE'
TOYI-TOYING FROM FERGUSON, BALTIMORE, THE TOWN,
VYING FOR MASTERY OF MASS STRUGGLE'S
MYRIAD FORMS: SIT-INS, BOYCOTTS, MARCHES, MASS MEETINGS,
MASS RALLIES, TEACH-INS, FREEDOM SCHOOLS, FREEDOM SONGS, STUDY
GROUPS, SABOTAGE, ARMED SELF-DEFENSE, DOOR-TO-DOOR: DOING THE DIFFICULT
TODAY—THE IMPOSSIBLE MIGHT TAKE A LITTLE WHILE...