

# Ka 'Ba

A closed window looks down  
on a dirty courtyard, and black people  
call across or scream across or walk across  
defying physics in the stream of their will

Our world is full of sound  
Our world is more lovely than anyone's  
tho we suffer, and kill each other  
and sometimes fail to walk the air

We are beautiful people  
with African imaginations  
full of masks and dances and swelling chants  
with African eyes, and noses, and arms,  
though we sprawl in gray chains in a place  
full of winters, when what we want is sun.

We have been captured,  
brothers. And we labor

to make our getaway, into  
the ancient image, into a new

correspondence with ourselves  
and our black family. We need magic  
now we need the spells, to raise up  
return, destroy, and create. What will be

the sacred words?

**Amiri Baraka**