

## LE VITE

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Opening hours: Thursday-Saturday 3 - 6 pm or by appointment recommended

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From Aldo Tambellini's *Retracing Black* (2012-2017)

Poem recited by Calvin C. Hernton

To speak of years, to think of years passing.

To rejoice in the criss-crossing of time, with another farewell to another age.

To pass age is to be born again, with each birth criss-crossing into a future pregnant with new life, new hopes, new aspirations.

A new woman is but a new birthday.

Yet the old days follow, longly, regretful or joyful, sleepfully following in wakeful hours.

The young woman never dies.

To think of years passing.

To speak of age, rejoicing.

To backwardly reach forward and touch another self such as one's arm.

I have seen a merciless reign of terror carried on against the youth of my generation.

I have seen the youth of my generation haunted by ghosts and the dark of the asphalt cities.

Man handed and beaten bloody by gun totin' cops, hounded and rided and driven insane by itchy fingered educators and greedy mouth ministers.

I have seen the youth of my generation born by accident, without fathers and nearly without mothers.

Born into a filthy world, made filthy by their parents.

Youth born not out of love, but out of a sex mad crave for a cheap night's thrill.

I have seen the young men of my generation aculturized for the cult of violence, abducted into the butchery of war, compelled to bear arms and to rehearse the act of killing.

Stampeded and driven to murthering the mothers and fathers and sweethearts of other young men, all for the sake of a money craving economy and power struck state.

I have seen the young women of my generation hounded and harassed, tortured and seduced and finally beaten into submission, lured into hotel rooms by [grave hound 5.43] clerks, chiefs of police and into the mahogany offices of deans, deacons, priests and eunuch priests with erect tongues.

There are no stars which fell on Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, New York.

There never were.

The Lucky Dine Saloon is around the corner, from the Brooklyn navy yard.

Stevadores, seamen, truck drivers, cockroaches, construction workers and other rough faced villains, drink liquor and beer and tell a lot of lies and a lot of truths about the all the different kinds of women they done made love to.

With his testicles and penis and muscles and elephant hide that fits slack in the joints, man is a lonely animal.

Around the corner from the Brooklyn navy yard, this is the way the world is.

If I were the women who walked with the gods, I would know that long before Bismarck, the black tribes came over from Africa and made [Harach 6.57] with Constantinople, sent the white landlords running for their lives into the Mediterranean.

If I were a women who walked with God, I would stretch my thighs and give Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and New York some good pussy.

In the Lucky Dine, below the deck, there is a jew born around which a sea is served in formaldehyde hallucinations.

No stars fell on Alabama, none but the dead living know the horror of Georgia, Mississippi and New York.

At night, where stars fall you can hear the moaning and the groaning.

At night, by the goal of the moon, you can see the blood of the penis spilled on the deck below.

It was early one morning when I was on my way to school, that was the morning I broke my mother's rule.

Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

Sin and salvation, this is the way the world is.

Seven comes eleven.

Around the corner from the Lucky Dine Saloon in the yard of the Brooklyn navy, there is much semen on the ground and prophylactics decaying in the summer heat.

I give you Norman Vincent Peale, Arthur Schlesinger, George Washington's monument, Martin Luther King Jr.

All quo cocks as the hour goes blind, a bullet in the night, a bum, a prod to the groins, a red-neck cracker  
pounding his thick shoe down on the belly of a black woman, sprawled in the Mississippi ground low beneath a  
sign board advertising sun lotion for the obscenity of America.

With his little 'wee wee' and bagging trousers in the rump, screaming and raving about the purity of the white  
race, I give you the cockroach of civilization.

Man is a lonely animal.

So, when you're around, down here in the Lucky Dine Saloon, construction worker, truck driver, stevedore,  
cockroaches.

Up from the deck jumped the captain's daughter, with her draws in her hand, "shine, shine say fo' me, I give you  
all the lovin' a nigga like you needs."

Hallucinations of Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, New York, this is the way the world is.

Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

A bullet, an iceberg perhaps, the moaning and the groaning at night, by the silver of the stars.

\*[uncertain transcription]