Remix and Response Activity (30-50 minutes)

In this activity, students will engage with poems from *Chicory* and create their own poem from one or more. This activity can be used with high school or college students in a variety of classes depending on how it is framed and the questions you ask.

The packet includes 10 poems from *Chicory.* You can use fewer or more, and choose different poems from the *Chicory* digital collection at http://bit.ly/chicorymag .

Materials needed:

- Printed copies of *Chicory* poems
- Packet for each student including each poem
- Sticky easel pad notes
- Markers

Instructions:

Hang up each poem next to an easel pad note around the classroom. After introducing *Chicory* magazine through this video or using the information here, ask students to walk around the room and read each poem. They should react to each poem with one or two words on the large note paper. Depending on the class, you can ask students to respond to particular aspects of the poem. Students should circulate long enough for them to read the poems and everyone's reactions. Approximately 15 minutes.

Then each student will be asked to use one or more of the poems to create a blackout poem of their own. To help them focus, you can ask students to create a poem in response to a prompt, such as, "these poems are about Baltimore in the past. What is your experience of Baltimore today?" To create a blackout poem, the students will choose one poem. They should read it over a couple times, circling the words or phrases they find powerful or meaningful. Then, using a marker, they should black out all words they don't want to see in the final poem. Take about 15 minutes to create the poem. Debrief and discuss.

Chicory Poems:

- Turk, "Going Home," Dec. 1966
- Handy, "Black City Summer," Oct. 1967
- Anonymous, "Growing Up Black Baltimore Style #1" Nov. 1969
- Phyllis Jones, "Africa at the Park," Nov. 1972
- Kwame Seitu Kambon, "Nation Time," April 1974
- Racine Winborne (age 15), "Denied," April 1974
- Leon Coleman, "THE SPIKE THE VEIN AND THE MENTAL CHAIN," Nov 1976
- Vermont Lee, "Spiritual Growth," Nov. 1979
- E.A.J.-Hasan Mobutu Ngozi, "Be More," June/July 1981
- Shelia Quann, "One of a kind," June/July 1981

Turk

Going Home

see had me a thing
with a cop
after walking my girl
home they picked me
on the street where you going
this hour of the night

been walking my girl
where she live
a long way from here
what bus you take

why you asking me
these questions then he jumps

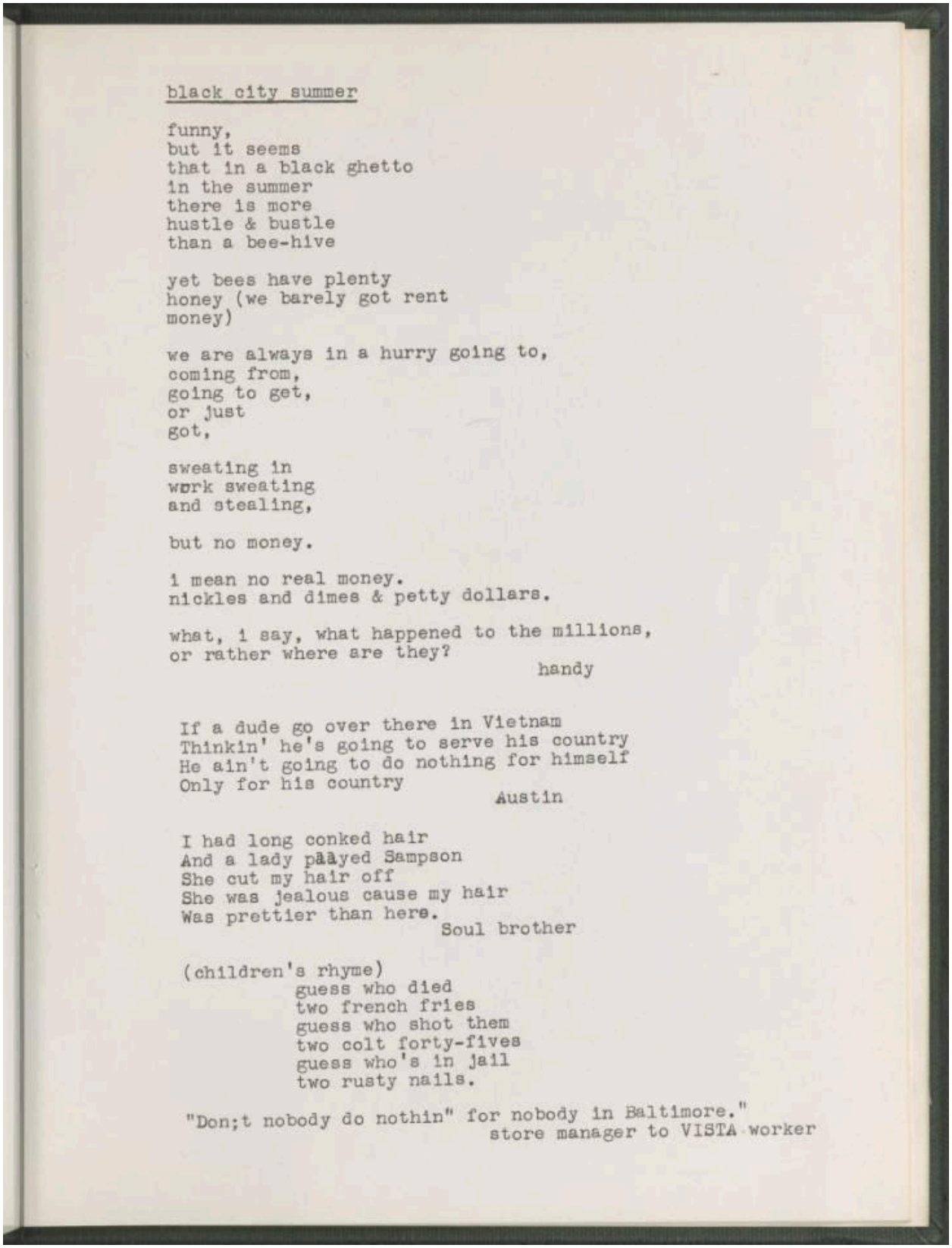
from his car you getting smart with me son
no sir i could smell his tough ness

where you been
my girl's

you better stop lying he looks at the other cop
this boy thinks he 's smart or something then he
starts to feel my behind and then i jump as i always
do when someone feels my behind oh shit he says
when i jumps did you see that that boy was going
to hit me then he hit me

now how it was going to be for me run he said so i saw
that night boy if you run i going to blow your head off run he said
he kicked me pushed me with his gun then he saw when i was not
going to run he put away his gun then i run

me running smelling the streets bumping
into dark gates



black city summer

funny,
but it seems
that in a black ghetto
in the summer
there is more
hustle & bustle
than a bee-hive

yet bees have plenty
honey (we barely got rent
money)

we are always in a hurry going to,
coming from,
going to get,
or just
got,

sweating in
work sweating
and stealing,

but no money.

i mean no real money.
nickles and dimes & petty dollars.

what, i say, what happened to the millions,
or rather where are they?
handy

If a dude go over there in Vietnam
Thinkin' he's going to serve his country
He ain't going to do nothing for himself
Only for his country
Austin

I had long conked hair
And a lady pääyed Sampson
She cut my hair off
She was jealous cause my hair
Was prettier than here.
Soul brother

(children's rhyme)
guess who died
two french fries
guess who shot them
two colt forty-fives
guess who's in jail
two rusty nails.

"Don;t nobody do nothin" for nobody in Baltimore."
store manager to VISTA worker

GROWING UP BLACK BALTIMORE STYLE #1

when i was a kid
i encountered race
because the city
built a park
for colored before
white

they could go everywhere
we just fell apart
in summer or looked around

walk over to the tennis court
in the park and look at the white
pool when you build a segratied
pool washroom or school something
is always better and equal

when they intergrated the park
they closed the colored pool

now druid hill park
is in a black area

few whites swim or picnic
in the park

they always will have other
better places to go

AFRICA AT THE PARK:
July 23, 1972
Baltimore, Maryland

dancers,

drummers,

dancing,

drumming,

getting high
making love

loving one another

feeling one another

needing one another

caring one
a
nother

dancers,

drummers,

babies,

mothers,

fathers,

bikes
and
bugs

flutes
and
horns

laughing,

singing,

intermingling,

(continued)

trumpets,

bells,

skirts,

and

wails

all rejoicing
at the spirits

all endorsing
all the spirits

all enforcing every sound

reaching realms that Blackness found

Get down Brothers and Sisters,
Get down!

Phyllis Jones

Nation Time

we be movin now
   movin to move us who don't want
to move   but we will.

we be plannin now
   makin plans and movin
movin on those plans we have planed
to make   movin those plans
into some pos-i-tive movement
like   institutions   institutionalizin
the value system

building our own schools
bein self reliant
building, operatin our own stores
Day care centers to take care of
our future our children. Our future
builders of the world.

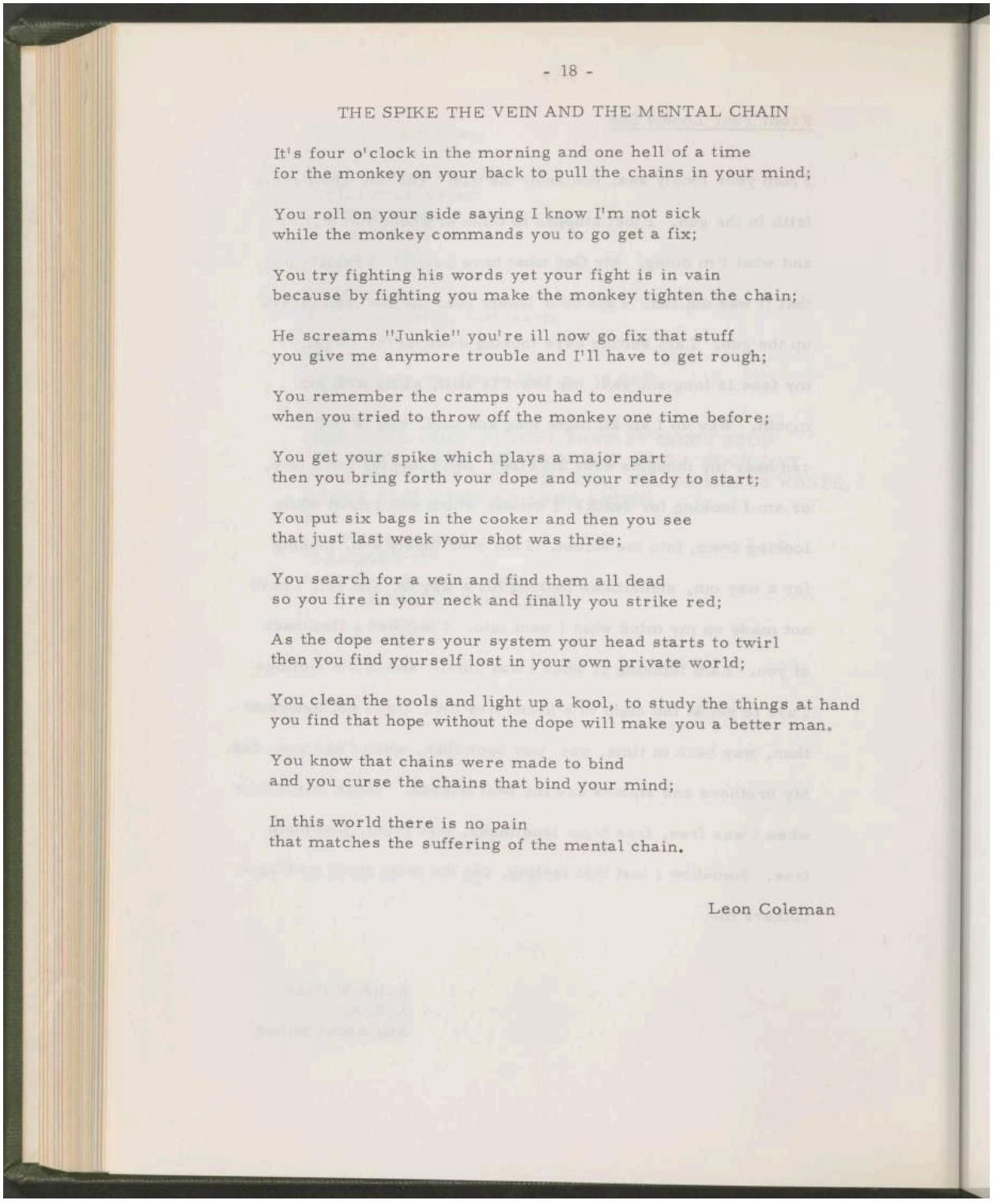
A yeah   we be creatin now
creatin Pan-African Nationalist Organizations
PANU   CFUN   Congress of Afrikan People
creatin and re-creatin
    the Afrikan personality
through a new way of life livin
    the Doctrine of Kawaida
practicin the value system   Nguzo Saba
    the seven principles

Hey yall   we be Kazi-n now
    workin and studyin
Kazi na Kujifunza   Kazi na Kujifunza
work and study   study   study our work
and work and study and work
work a new nation into bein

Harambee Harambee Harambee Harambee Harambee Harambee Harambeeeee

and everything else will come.

Kwame Seitu Kambon



THE SPIKE THE VEIN AND THE MENTAL CHAIN

It's four o'clock in the morning and one hell of a time
for the monkey on your back to pull the chains in your mind;

You roll on your side saying I know I'm not sick
while the monkey commands you to go get a fix;

You try fighting his words yet your fight is in vain
because by fighting you make the monkey tighten the chain;

He screams "Junkie" you're ill now go fix that stuff
you give me anymore trouble and I'll have to get rough;

You remember the cramps you had to endure
when you tried to throw off the monkey one time before;

You get your spike which plays a major part
then you bring forth your dope and your ready to start;

You put six bags in the cooker and then you see
that just last week your shot was three;

You search for a vein and find them all dead
so you fire in your neck and finally you strike red;

As the dope enters your system your head starts to twirl
then you find yourself lost in your own private world;

You clean the tools and light up a kool, to study the things at hand
you find that hope without the dope will make you a better man.

You know that chains were made to bind
and you curse the chains that bind your mind;

In this world there is no pain
that matches the suffering of the mental chain.

Leon Coleman

Spiritual Growth

Like roots of plants absorb the waters,
and all natural things, so may I gather
all the positive energies within me.

May the trunk grow thick and tough
as my will grows stronger and stronger.

Like the stems that reach out in
different directions, may my love spread
throughout the land.

May the leaves blossom into exotic colors,
as my spirit becomes radiant.
The center stem grows straight
towards the sun rays; so shall it be
that I may grow toward the heavenly rays
into everlasting life.

Vermont Lee

Be More

Baltimore's a rowhouse with a marble stair
Charm City: with a ghetto here, a mansion there
Your faces are black yellow brown, red & white
Baltimore's o.k., but it's not all right.

Schools of higher learning turn out scores of cracked-eggheads
Drop-out grade three, or Ph D....ya mind can still be dead
Ya cryin as the sun shines, happy in the night
Baltimore's okay, but it's not all right.

Many a godly palace, many ways to praise
Many ways to ease your soul off evil olden days
New slaves & Native victims hope the Boss will see the Light
Baltimore's o.k., but it's not all right.

Oh, you got to be more, B-more!
Yes...yes-yes-yes
You got to be more.

E.A.J.-Hasan Mobutu Ngozi

One of a kind

Everyone dressed to suit their style

No one trying to out do.

Driving cars to fit their design and not to say who beats who.

Everyone speaking a regular tongue, no using big words

to show who's number one

This is a city where they all belong
Everyone's different but it does no harm
They are united by a seal of love
Stamped with the approval from above

Many religions combined in this state

But they don't put down others cause it's not their faith.

Schools all over with a variety of colors

None feeling that they're better than the others.

The air blows love thru out the city

The sun shines down warmth thru out their souls

The rain washes out those who don't belong cause

this is a city that won't go wrong.

This is a city where they all belong
Everyone's different but it does no harm
They are united by a seal of love
Stamped with approval from above.

Shelia Quann