

Love, Tears & Blood, From D.C.

by Angelo Lewis

—**— you don't need a weatherman
to tell the way
the wind blows...**—by dylan

I. Prologue

"Only the innocents will die, be buried..." The morning, pale blue Sunday morning that it be, paints sky, mist of white sky stone clear above D.C. I awaken in silence & see for miles. My thoughts are in front of me. Speckled pictures, sing-song sentiments. Only these & children. Lying in circles & dreaming dreams...

II. Vision.

Golden Dream.

Come darkness, come darkness. Sweetness of dreams: orange phases: walking upstairs & into sunlight. Gun in hand, mind clear as

D.C. morning. Soaring through clouds & into stars. Walking on With sunlight, With sunlight. With sunlight. Come forth the children. Feel their grace all of you. Riding on rainbows. Vision for blind eyes. Water for thirst. Natural beauty in time of the gun.

Aching phases. Dessert of tears. Why every season. The same old way. Why moves my fate. With way of the wind. Who is the lover. I share with the most.

Ask of the Ching. Three questions, Answer addresses itself to one. Timeless question, timeless answer. Who is the one. I call the one.

Ching gives answer. Shape of a hexagram. Spells Revolution, way of the change-maker. Lady rebellion. Lover of mine. Soft-skin goddess of streets. Naked angel of midnight. Crave of you. Be mine. Be mine. Revolution be mine. Alive on the throne of justice, divine on the table of gods. Be mine. Be mine. Move hither...

Gently she stirs on untouched, warm sun of quiet woman, coming on & moving mountains, proud & fine in country air, dawning...

III. D.C. Bleeds

*it does, it does, i have seen it
bleeding, brothers & sisters, i have
seen it, i have seen it, come*

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flicting orders. Be Cool. Move back slow vs Charge the Pig - Off the Pig. Cubano Ray gives me his flag. I tear off the cloth to use against the gas and keep the stick for the Man.

Then about fifteen explosions and large clouds of gas loom up on the edge of the street. The wind takes hold of the clouds and they begin to roll in over the crowd. The first wave hits and burns the eyes and lungs like fire. Cough, spit, and move out of the way. The crowd is cool, nobody runs, those with masks advance on the pigs and those without retreat into the park.

The gas manages to split us up and the crowd is now down to small knots of stray dogs. These Weathermen some bad mother-fuckers. Admire their courage and hold judgment on their motives, as some of them are clearly crazy. I find myself in the shadows of the Washington Monument with a bunch of them. We light a fire and talk street strategy. Of a sudden a gas container sails out of the darkness and into our midst, hitting a brother and bouncing to the ground, exploding in a cloud of chemical misery. Me I'm sick

*rushing, walk crippled, fall flatly
on tears of sad streets where
creatures fall onward with cold
eyes over them, armies on
buildings over them, police on
pavements, tear gas in faces, fire
in minds, windows broken, all of
them innocents, yes, yes, i have
seen it, it bleeds, it bleeds, have
seen it bleed, spill blood at my
brothers, cough no at our dignity,
i tell you, i tell you, we must,
must, kick on this monster, till it
dies, till it dies, dies, dies, lies
in the dirt with its blood & its
sickness, head fall rolling in
gutter, red, white, & blue, flow
freely, flow freely, move over, fall
down, down, down, be finished at
last...*

IV. Truth

Arriving in D.C. with maze of fever. Fever. Burns it does. Mind moves blindly in circles. Visions & sickness & sadness & pain. Still not the motion of SPIRIT. Continue, move onward. Keeping your light & that which you learn. Tide of evening draws closer. Rolls on slowly. Night creatures cut hard through soup of darkness. Ghost of warmth through ice of air. Sight of flag waving on backstreet. Red, white, & blue but beautiful. Look over at James & smile. We get out of car & do our bogey. Take the flag

with it can't breathe only run. In to the shelter of the medical tent, breathe some oxygen.

The gas is evil, not regular tear gas at all, it rips into your system and you can't see and want to retch. It took a good half-hour for the effects to wear off and by then it was 8:30 nighttime and groups were forming again for more dance. The pig is all over the edge of the park, but he doesn't seem to want to engage, and I split the park to check out the rest of the night.

Things seem cooler than they were earlier. The Volunteers in small bands around burning trash barrels, laughing storming cutting up. All jumping on the pig's cases. Mellow tired and gassed, I meet a sudden brother who carries some wine. We walk quietly back across the park, trading stories of the turmoil. Fun and adventure; it was a good day's march and a better night's stomp. Sudden brother splits blood from the gas damage, curses and we drink more wine. Talk of where Revolution is at and where it's all going. Towards regeneration or towards realizing the fate of this decadent society with fire. America goes on, straight to hell. And the wind blows colder. Om.

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unto our own.

Joyous prankster that we be. Talk of one more tomorrow. This time to make the morning move. As night clothes the fire of 1,000 angels. Marching on DuPont Circle toward Saigon Embassy. Setting fires & throwing stones. Time to do the street thing, children. We are the volunteers. We are. The volunteers.

Heavy eyes demand our sleep. Darkness offers wreaths of dreams. We dream.

Awaken next morning & hit the streets. Liberate our breakfast from the People's Drug Store. Walk on the edge of autumn. That the cold be made warmer. On all these strange days.

Marching we moved. First with Michigan people. Down people moving. Slogans upwards towards the sun.

We looooooove
Chairman Mao

We looooooove
Chairman Mao

We looooooove
Lin Piao

We looooooove
Lin Piao

We looooooove
the PRG

We looooooove
the PRG

We haaaaate
Richard Nixon

We haaaaate
Richard Nixon

We looooooove
our Revolutionary Brothers

We looooooove
our Revolutionary Brothers

& Sisters!

We looooooove
our Revolutionary Brothers
& Sisters!

Right On!

Later with Moter City Panthers. Chanting the Panther Standard. Power to the People, Off the Pig! Bold & Beautiful through the Streets. Brother screaming "Power to the Weathermen." Onward march the volunteers.

Liberal contingent in masse at monument. Looking sadly like a be-in. Moving on. Splitting to inner city. Still hear Spock & Gregory pouring through the airways. King Harvest Has Surely Come.

The street is cold & mean. Pigs are everywhere. Fully equipped & licensed to kill. We chant "Off the Pig" at them with small group of Panthers. They smile & stink onward. Oink on, America.

Some face screaming at hippies about private property. Sun cuts through autumn wind. Reach up and feel the urge. "I will exercise my revolutionary rights to piss!" Speech time. Pig wants me to talk about it. Ask me for ID. Told him to oink off. And no I don't have a draft card.

Five o'clock. Police surrounding Justice Building. Clubs & Helmets & Everything. We join the Yippie-Weathermen contingent and march around the building screaming. Some of us

have blood in our eyes. Converging on building. "Free Bobby Seale!" "End Bullshit Justice." Break windows, are tear-gassed, remaining unmoved.

Police clubs threatening, we shout for the freedom of Bobby Seale. Pepper-gas screams into the air of young night. We disperse & come back again. Five-thousand strong. "We're going to the White House." We would if we could.

Moving uptown Weatherman are breaking windows & splitting immediately. Police are pissed. They oink about, do a mating call & GAS EVERYBODY. Well, that's showbiz. The dawn of another battle having ended. Many lessons have been learned. By all of us.

For my part, I have seen no more courageous revolutionary attitude, however faulty hardy, than that of the Weatherman. They make no speeches. They know the way the wind blows & move forth to fight. Fearing nothing. Alive at the teeth of the monster.

We grow stronger: When we come again, we will not leave until the War—every particular war—is over. The time of the tiger is NOW. Defend yourself. Get it together.

JOIN THE CONSPIRACY
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

V Clear

*the children they move stand
about roam freely
be rushing,
their Innocents
solemn
their grace
have you seen them have you
seen them
can you feel the revolution
Clear as the sun that makes
the morning blossom
Flowing and Brilliant
through circles & meadows
& on into
Streets...*

angelo

