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Round Robin

Dorothy E. Smith

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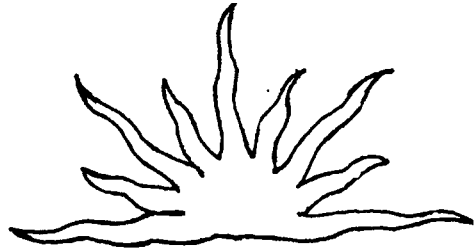
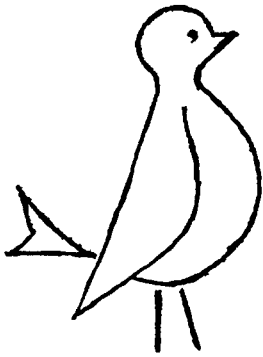


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ROUND ROBIN

Dorothy E. Smith, Editor

“Beware of the liberal . . .”

He’s a big polka-dot,
Cause he can’t decide if he’s for black or not.
He always implies, “You can trust me.”
But you’d be wise to just wait and see.

“Sure I like Negroes,” he begins.
“One of my best buddies . . .” he finally ends.

“And yes, Negroes live right next door to me, ain’t that a smash?”
So you decide to move in and he’s accepting cash . . .
for his house before he misses his chance
to uh . . . travel to Spain and maybe France.

“We had a Negro baby-sitter once, as you know,
But we uh . . . had to let her go.
She was telling the kids all kinds of lies
About Cleaver, H. Rap and THEM other guys.”

“Oh no, I didn’t mind that so much, but it could
frighten the children, you see.
We’d like to tell them about THESE people ourselves, just
my wife and me.”

“Oh your naturals are so nice!
Yes, I agree, but aren’t they some form of militancy?
Folks won’t like them. They won’t hire you.
I’m only being helpful. You’ll thank me too.”

Watch out for the harpoon.
YOU’RE vulnerable.
If it penetrates your heart your trust will show.
Just a little subtle praise and you think you’re in,
You’re accepted, you’ve made it and found a white friend.

But wait my brother! Sideways! Turn!
What is that sticking through you from bow to stern?
A harpoon of deceit has found its mark and is drilling
A hole in your fleshy bark.

How silly, how dumb, how foolish of you,
You just let a liberal run you through.

—Op Davis