



Frank Marshall Davis
2994 Kalihi Street
Honolulu, Hawaii



**For Poetry, Photography, and Partying,
*Come On-a My House!***

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My Little Ann of the Island:

Hey Baby! What up? I hear you're back from Indonesia. Bill and Bernardine said to tell you Hi!!! What you doing next weekend? We are having a Sleeper Cell Sleepover to celebrate Labor Day and we got plenty of room. Hope you can make it. I wrote a special poem for you and the little man. I call it:

Scary Black Man

My little Keiki Kane,
You may have been born at Kapiolani,
But I want you to know,
Your roots are in Chicago.

Hawaii is fine
If you like beaches and sand
And hula gals shaking their cans,
But Chicago will make you a Scary Black Man.

Don't want no son of mine surfing,
And dining on poi.
That shit'll kill you,
I want a Chicago Hot Dog eating boy.
(And don't go putting no ketchup on it!)

When you grow up, get thee hence to Chicago!
However- boat, train, car, air
'Cause I got me some friends that will help you there
Like Bill and Bernardine _____.

(I can't say their last names because that dead bitch Massa Jay Edgar Hoover probably still has his G-Men reading my mail. But it rhymes with "air" and "there.")

Once you go black, you'll never go back!

Chicago is rough and tumble and a burning hot sin pit.
And if you ain't careful you might get stabbed or shot.
So always carry a first aid kit
And you will probably survive it,
More likely than not.

And, be proud of those scars that you get.
Show them off whenever you can,
And one day you can just bet,
You'll grow up to be a Scary Black Man.

So there it is Son.
You're my little "Beau."
Your momma will tell you
When you're old enough to know.

The End.

Sooo, was that good or what??? Oh, I still have the touch!!! You just hang on
to this letter until you think the time is right. Hope I will be seeing you
Friday.

Long Live The Revolution!

Frankie Davis.

Once you go black, you'll never go back!