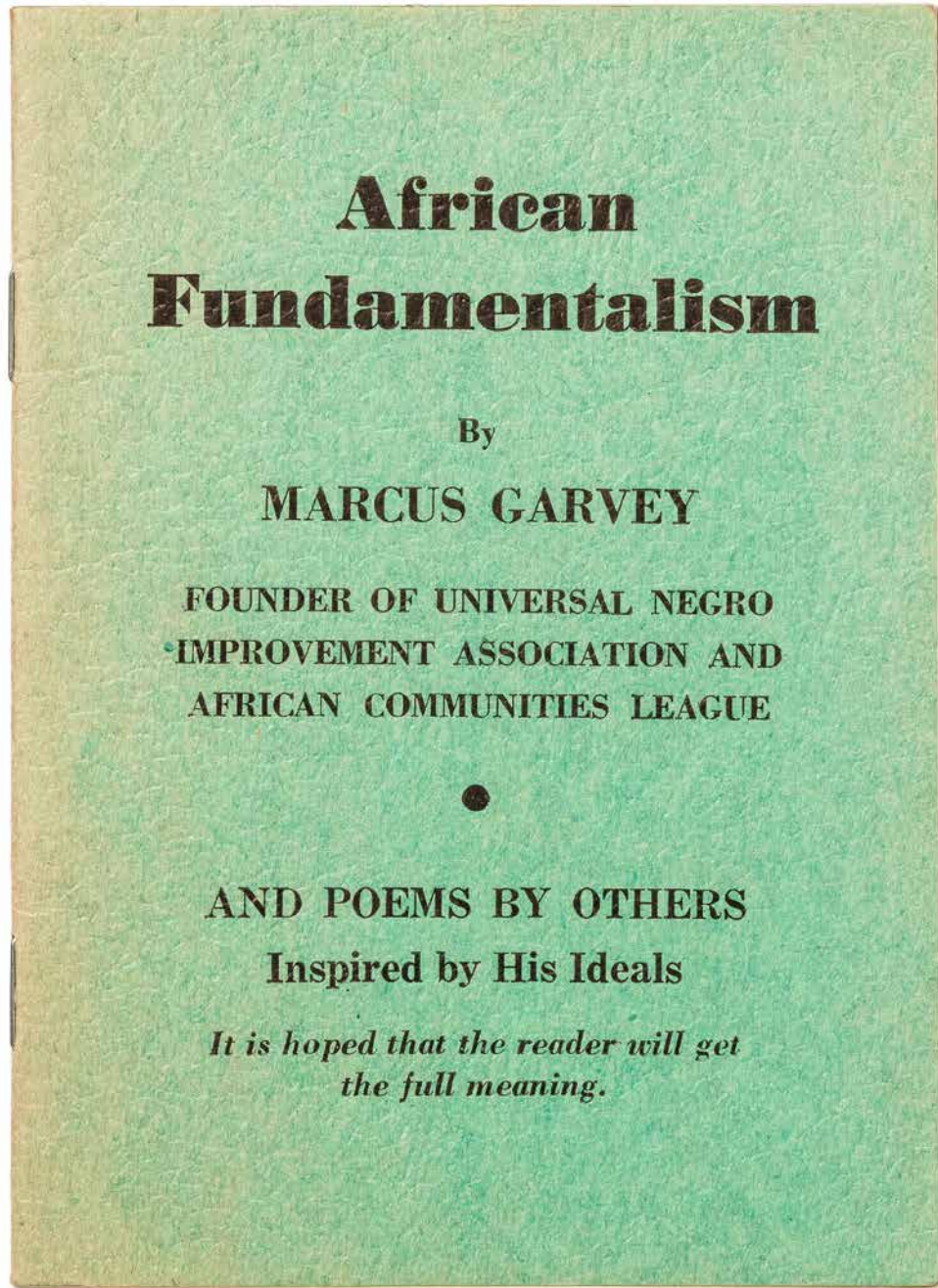


**Marcus Garvey***African Fundamentalism*

[No place: no publisher no date - circa 1965?]

**\$300**

Edition unknown. 12mo. [12mo]. Stapled into printed green textured card wrappers. Slight sunning at extremities. Half of the pamphlet features writing by Garvey pertaining to black self-sufficiency and black self-determinaton; the other half includes poems by Martin Carter of British Guinea and Edith Schomburg, an African-American. *OCLC* locates a single copy at Temple. [\[BTC#422763\]](#)

## I COME FROM THE NIGGER YARD

By Martin Carter of British Guiana

I come from the nigger yard of yesterday  
Leaping from the oppressor's hate and the scorn of myself;  
From the agony of the dark hut in the shadow and the hurt  
of things;

From the long days of cruelty and the long nights of pain  
Down to the wide streets of to-morrow, of the next day  
Leaping I come, who cannot see will hear.

In the nigger yard I was naked like the newborn  
Naked like a stone or a star.

It was a cradle of blind days racking in time  
Torn like the skin from the back of a slave.

It was an aching floor on which I crept  
On my hands and my knees searching the dust for the trace  
of a root

Or the mark of a leaf or the shape of a flower.

It was me always walking with bare feet,  
Meeting strange faces like those in dreams or fever  
When the whole world turns upside down  
And no one knows which is the sky or the land  
Which heart is his among the torn or wounded  
Which face is his among the strange and terrible  
Walking about, groaning between the wind.

And there was always sad music somewhere in the land  
Like a bugle and a drum between the houses  
Voices of women singing far away  
Pauses of silence, then a flood of sound.