

*On June 22, 1982 Timonthy Adams died as a result of multiple police gunshot wounds sustained some eight years ago in an incident which left him severely paralyzed until his death. The following poem was delivered as libation to his spirit in memorial services held for him. It is offered here as libation to him, Mtayari Sundiata, Kimu White, Twyman Myers, Fred Hampton, Mark Clark, Jonathan and George Jackson, the Attica fallen warriors, Sandra 'Red' Pratt, and all of those who gave their lives in a quest for freedom.*

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Today we come to honor  
one who honored us.  
To thank one of our own  
who tried to do his best.

Today we come to link hearts  
with the spirit of a fallen warrior.  
We do this because his only wish  
Was that we not forget his commitment  
To our lives.

And we come today  
So that we might honor  
Might uplift  
Might embrace  
Might engulf  
A drop—A speckle of that commitment  
of that courage  
And of that hope.

We come to soothe his spirit  
To message the air with our love  
And our appreciation  
We realize what he gave to us  
Those many years ago  
When they first snatched him from us.

We come to applaud his spirit  
So that he can rest inside our hearts  
and minds  
So that our children will know him as  
an ancestor.

We come to commit our hearts to him  
And to wallow in his determination  
To bring dignity peace and justice  
to each black child.

And when we leave this room today  
When his body has been committed  
back from which it came  
His spirit will ring out words  
spoken before he left us  
Comrade Fred taught us early on  
'You can kill a revolutionary  
but you can't kill the revolution.'

And so we ask Timothy Adams  
Red—Charlie—another of our fighting princes  
To deliver his indomitable commitment  
to black dignity and freedom  
To deliver it now  
Today—to us  
So that we may keep the flame alive  
Rest sweet soldier.

—Afeni Shakur

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MARCH 22, 1948 - JUNE 22, 1982  
SATURDAY - JUNE 26, 1982 - 9:30 A.M.