

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Raw White Racism

WorldPeace Poems

Dr John WorldPeace JD



Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
<https://drjohnworldpeacejdpoetry.com/>

Graphics by Dr John WorldPeace JD

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Text and Graphics

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to increasing the level of Peace and
WorldPeace in the world human society.

WorldPeace is a possible dream.

When peace becomes our priority,
WorldPeace will become our reality.

- Dr John WorldPeace JD

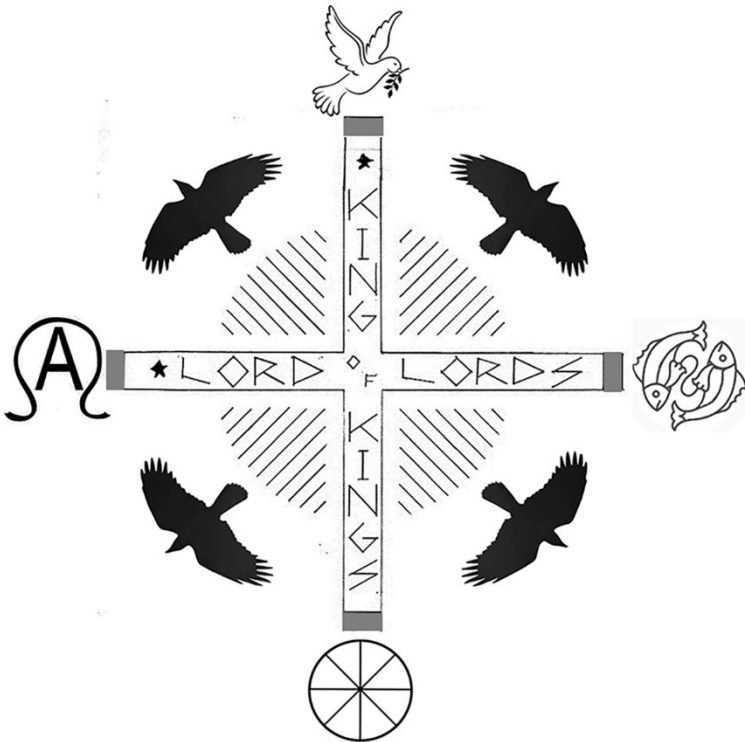
WorldPeace is a journey,
not a destination.

- Dr John WorldPeace JD

This is our cry,
This is our prayer
Peace in the World

ACKNOWLEDGMENT JESUS CHRIST

I am a Spiritual Christian, not a Corporate Bureaucratic Christian. I absolutely believe in the Resurrection. I absolutely believe in the following words of Jesus because I believe in Hebrews 8:10-11. *“Ask and it will be given you, seek and you will find, knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds and to those who knock it will be opened.”* Mt 7:7 *“If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to the mountain move and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.”* Mat 17:20. *“Truly, truly I say to you, if you believe in me you will do the works I do and greater works will you do because I go to the Father. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it for the greater glory of the Father through the son. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it”* Jn 14:12 | We write our individual and group script in life. The Book of Revelation is a false book of a doom and gloom future set in stone and I reject it because it is contrary to the teaching of Jesus above and because in my day to day life I am a witness to the truth of the above scripture. We are presently living the beliefs and actions of the world human society in the past. Dr Jwp JD 190829



NOTES RE: POETRY: Dr. John WorldPeace JD

I was born in 1948, in Houston, Texas. I have lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, since 2011.

In October 1970, I wrote my first poem. Over the last 50 years, I have written about 3500 poems in various poetic genres. Most of my poems could be looked at as a tiny biography of my life; one-page snap-shots of what I was thinking or experiencing at a particular moment in time.

In June 2018, I began to self-publish all the poems I have ever written to date in chronological order using Amazon's self-publishing software. There are about 40 poem books in total.

Along with my free-verse poems, I have published one line (not one sentence) poems and Haiku which are 3 line poems with 5, 7, 5 syllables per line.

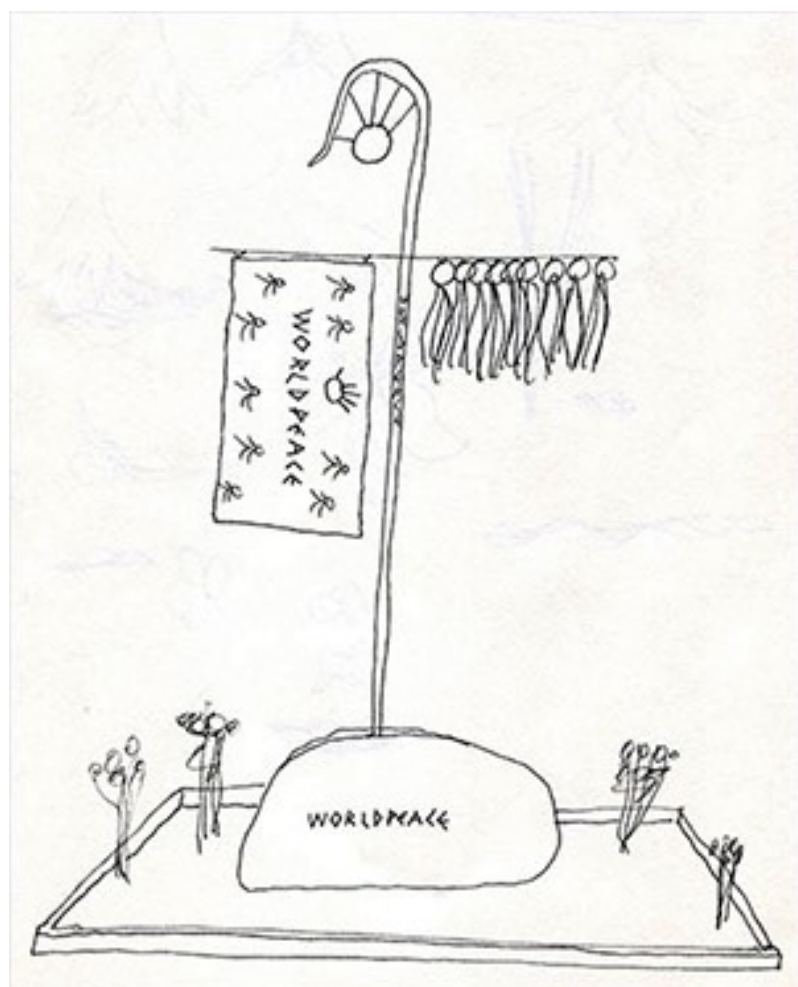
My genetics and my current state of health make me confident, barring some accident, that I will live more than a few years past 100. I will continue to write poems and in fact, will probably increase the annual volume of poems written over the rest of my life.

I do not force my poems. I don't write unless I feel inspired. I have no desire to set a world record for a number of poems written in a lifetime.

The poems are written in a couple of minutes, 2-10, then put away in a binder in chronological order. I have lost less than a dozen poems over the years. Usually, within a very few minutes after writing the poem, I have no real memory of what I wrote. The edits I make after writing a poem are minimal. Images of some of the original cursive of many poems are online:

DrJohnWorldPeaceJDPoetry.com

I do not write poems that rhyme except incidentally. To try to fit a poetic thought into a rhyming format, for me, breaks the flow of the poem.



ΧΧΡΑΧΧΧ

2020 Peace



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RAW WHITE RACISM

**Dr John WorldPeace JD
200528
0305**

RAW WHITE RACISM

This poem is addressed to and dedicated
to Ms. Dana Canady, a Black female,
Pulitzer Administrator
fired July 6, 2020

and also dedicated to
Jericho Brown PhD
“The Tradition”
58 poems

that won the 2020 Pulitzer Poetry Prize

by beating out my

3400 pages of 4000 poems
over 50 years
“Dr John WorldPeace JD
Complete poems 1970-2019”

My submission the committee never read and in
9 months there has been no denial of anything
that I have alleged against the Pulitzer Prize for
Poetry 2020.

Dr John WorldPeace JD versus Pulitzer Org

<https://drjohnworldpeacejdversuspulitzerorg.com/>

Dr Brown’s submission really only deals
with his gay Black love
In a time of global chaos
The Pulitzer Poetry Prize
awards Gay Black Male Poetry

as opposed to WorldPeace

The following is my record
of experiences with
Blacks during my 72 years
beginning in Houston, Texas
in 1948. my birth year
Black is the word I use
when on the very few
occasions I need to
distinguish African-Americans
in a conversation
I started out in life
knowing the word N.ger
then Colored, then Negro then
Black and then African-American
and then N.ga in prison
in 2008 as a
Federal political prisoner

A red-neck mechanic named
R. D. Jones
(R-rah D Jones to old school Blacks)
who rented out an apartment
with his wife Nita
on the top floor
of my great grandmother's
Houston home in 1947,
and who became
life long friends with my parents who lived
across the hall.

RD told me that
N.gers should be called Negroids
which rhymed with hemorrhoids
which are a pain in the ass.
RD late in life
trapped raccoons, possums,
skunks, squirrels out of homes
in and around Houston
and sold them to Blacks

in N.gertown for food.
on the other
side of Pinemont Road
from where I and the White folks lived
as well as RD.

RD had several Black
women friends
who were his customers
Outside the time he spent with
his Black lady friends
he was a typical
Southern racist.

I suspect that
he had witnessed a lynching
or two back in his home state
of Tennessee.

The Jones and my parents
were all born in the late 1920's
and lived into their mid 80's

I always wondered
why so many people
used the word N.ger
(until the 1960's)
then N.gro or Colored

after all the Civil War
was 83 years in the past
when I was born in 1948

Then I connected
up with WWII vets
in my neighborhood
in the 1950's who had
killed Krauts and Japs in WWII
they said

I realized
that in the 1900's
when my grandparents
were born
there were lots of Confederate Veterans
who lost the war but
not their contempt for Blacks

My mother's mother
was a child in Houston
hearing that talk -
so N.ger was just
the common term
all around.

One of the
last confederates veterans to die
was carried around the South
in the 1950's and put on display
I did not attend
I had no interest

My best friend's father at that time
who was raised in Austin
was always saying,
"Save your Confederate money boys
the South will rise again."

My parents used the word N.ger
like just about everyone else.
My mother grew out of it
My father used it
more in hate
especially with his
redneck companion in his
last 25 years -
she is an ignorant low rent
big mouth fat
coal miner's daughter
from West Virginia

and she stoked my father's racism daily
with her own.

All the kids in my
neighborhood told me
often they wished their
dads were like mine
who was significantly and lovingly
involved in my life

The father I knew
growing up did not
use N.ger very often
but 10 times a day when
he died in 2013

My dad was raised
90 miles west of Houston
in El Campo
more specifically
Hillje little more
than a train stop in a rural
farming community.

I don't ever recall
his parents using
the N.word

They did refer to N.gertown
as Oxblood.

The community of cotton farmers
around El Campo
did not seem as
prejudice as the people who
lived in Houston.
I don't recall seeing any Blacks
around Hillje.

When I was about 6
I was sitting on the front lawn

close to the street
watching the Blacks
collecting the garbage

One big truck with wooden side boards
and those muscular Black guys moved
quickly down the street
1 in the truck
2-3 in the back
4-5 walking

The walkers would grab the metal garbage cans
and sling them up 10 feet
over the sideboards
with ease and the men
up top caught them
in one hand and
with a graceful movement
emptied them and
sent the can back
down like a ballet dancer.

My mother called me
into the house
and said those N.gers
would love to grab me
and call me coconut ball
and cut my throat
- so stay away from them

I would go to Sears
with my mother about the same age
and noticed the water fountains had
white and colored
on plaques above them
everywhere

I was confused why
the bathrooms had

White male – White female
and Colored
with no distinction for
male and female Colored

Like many things in my life
I just made note of it
and asked no questions
I figured some adult near me
would mention it
sooner or later

Sort of like my first father-in-law who asked
his builder friend why
he was building Black homes
with no bathtub.
“N.gers don’t take baths”, he replied.

In 1963, I walked in my house, I was in Jr High then
and MLK was on the TV. Both my parents
were in the house but not in front of the
TV. They wanted to know what
King was going to say but
not be accused of watching him
I saw King on the TV and stopped to watch.
My mother said, “Why are you watching
that Nigger.”
I said, “because I want to hear
what he has to say”

I found the speech incredibly
inspiring.
My parents never came into the room
and they did not tell me to turn it off
because they were listening.

My first wife’s parents
were from Louisiana
not Cajuns (Coonasses)
upper White class

racist of course.
Hazel was raised on the Atchafalaya River
behind a levy on a farm
Tiger lived on the coast
in Franklin.

The Snake (my first ex) and I would go out
to eat at a place called
Angelo's Fisherman's Wharf
with Hazel and Tiger's friends
Tiger who was a tall man
with a booming voice
would ask,
"Where is the N.ger
with my water?"
I mostly refused to go
to these events but let my family
attack me as being anti-social
rather than state my
racial truth.

Tiger was a very personable guy
in public and only used
N.ger at work
when only White males
were around.

He was a very high placed
White male in the
oil business in Houston

He told me two stories
about his childhood.

One: When he was in his
mid-teens probably 1940
riding in the open back seat

with his father and uncle
coming from market
going home

He saw a N.ger
coming toward them
on the side of the road and he
had been massaging
a tomato next to him
when he eyed the Blackman

When they got close
he jumped up with the tomato
and hit the man with it
basically as an automatic
reaction forgetting he was
not with his friends

His father stopped the car
and they all got out and
“Big Pop” made Tiger apologize
“Big Pop and his brothers owned
a hardware store and half
their business was Black.

That was in Franklin, Louisiana
population 1600.

Two: When Tiger was about 13
a Black man ran in
front of him and his friends
and stole a woman’s purse off her arm
and ran like a rabbit

Problem was this guy
ran right by the sheriff
he had not seen.

Tiger and his friends
knew exactly where
this guy was going
-across the tracks
and home
to Colored town

Tiger and his friends
took off down an ally
and the sheriff calmly
got in his car
He also knew
where this guy
was running to

Tiger and his friends, the Black thief
and the sheriff all emerged from their
respective alleys
at the same time
the Black guy was

running down the tracks

The sheriff got out of his car
yelled to the thief to stop
he didn't and the
sheriff killed him
- a rifle shot
I suppose

My father's father who lived in El Campo, Texas
was a man of few words
very few

I quit asking him questions
little boys ask
because he would not respond
I got the impression that
my questions were too
stupid to bother with

My father said
grandpa probably didn't
know the answers
I never believed that
because I often heard
grandpa talk to his friends
and he was not stupid
in fact he had more sense than
most but not a lot of
money

Grandpa told me that after WWI
a Black was hired out
to someone he knew
chopping or picking cotton
I assume

Taking a break
the Black man took a drink
out of someone's water jug
not asking

The next day the sheriff rode up
on his horse and asked the Black man
if he drank out of the
White man's jug

The Black said yes
and said it was a
common thing in WWI
in the trenches

The sheriff told him
he was in Texas, pulled out
his pistol and killed him
and rode off

I lived in a
middle class new home
from 5 in a neighborhood
of WWII vets who bought
them under the GI Bill
post WWII

I lived in the same neighborhood
my whole childhood. I always
went to new schools that
were built just as I
was ready to start kindergarden
then move up to
Jr High and Sr High

I graduated from high school with
714 other kids
maybe a dozen kids of color
but no Blacks

The common redneck term now
not then - is “muddy people”

I had no interaction
with Blacks
until I went to work part time
in 11th grade after school
and then went to college
at the University of Houston
and worked full time
- this was June 1966

My only real exposure to Blacks
was seeing maids and yard men
in the neighborhood
who arrived
mostly by bus
and dropped off
in old beat up cars

My mother's father
who was born in Missouri
and moved to Houston just
before WW I think

used to tell me how he and
his friends would throw
rocks at the N.gers
from a bridge
over White Oak Bayou
in downtown Houston
who were fishing there
Every creek in Houston
always had some Blacks
fishing in it

He would always tell me
Blacks smelled like billy goats

He also was careful to instruct
me and my cousin that
some of the N.gers
looked White
To know for sure you
had to look at the hair on
the backs of their necks to
see if it was curly
~ that was the
only way to tell if they were
Whites or not

Grandpa Ellis
had a lot of health issues
9 major operations
4 times he was told he
was a dead man walking
and survived all
of it and died at 77

One day
a Black kid was walking
in front of his house
and he grabbed a
baseball bat he had
and chased the kid down the block
calling him names and telling
him not to let the sun
set on his head in his
neighborhood

Every guy I knew
when they would share a coke
would be sure to tell
each other not to
N.ger lip it.
In high school
some of the guys would

ask me to go to
a KKK rally that
had come to town

I never did

I had no interest
in that
I viewed those White
as low rent and ignorant

Common joke in the South

“How do you get a N.ger
out of a tree?
“Cut the rope”

My mother’s mother

was pure Scot
her family went back to
the Revolutionary War

One of my grandfathers

was a sergeant in that war

His father’s will

listed about 10 slaves
he willed to his kids

His veteran documents and

his fathers will is on my
main website

My mother’s mother’s great great grand father
on her fathers side

was a surgeon in the Civil War
from Mississippi
and discharged at Allen’s Landing
in Houston.

Another grandfather on

her mother’s side
was a private in the Civil War

from Georgia
he fought and lived
through 4 years of the war.

The Revolutionary War and
Civil war participation
was a source of
family pride

I started working
in 11th grade
in a grocery store
no Blacks employed there
and very few Black customers

I worked full time
9 out of 10 years of college
no loans for me

June 3, 1966, I found
a full time job as an
inhalation therapist
and changed jobs in January 1967
to M. D. Anderson Cancer Institute
in Houston

There was a Black guy working there
“queer as a 3 dollar bill” as they used to say
He was always coming on to me
I did not respond
he knew I was not queer as
they said then.

His name was Aaron and
was a nice guy and did his work.
He was smarter than lots of
Whites I knew

There was another Black guy there
in the department
Deckmon MacMillian

Deckmon was a Black Panther
or some such gang member
about 6' 2"
a real scary guy
he had the look
of serious harm
One day he got into my face
about a joke I told
and cornered me
and subtly made serious
threats to me

I did not respond
In 1967, the job he had
was too valuable
to kiss off
by bothering me

So I was safe
but certain Black males
were damn tired
of being called N.ger
and disrespected
I understood that
All my friends were rednecks
from redneck families.
Growing up I never heard a White person
say anything positive about a
Black person.

My next job was at Exxon
as an accounting clerk
I met Victor there
he was working on his PhD
in classical music
Always making everyone laugh
he was vouched for as OK
with all the Whites

In the Army in 1970

I was drafted after college
6 weeks from graduation
and taken away
to Ft Polk Louisiana

There was about 10%

Blacks in my company

By 1970 a lot
of guys had run out
of draft deferments

So my company in boot camp

and Advanced Infantry Training
was half college grads
and half red necks
combed out of
the deep South woods
and the hills of Arkansas

The Blacks and Whites

did not mix too much
The Blacks were seriously
out numbered

I had a friend across the street as a kid who would

talk about going N.ger knocking
on Friday nights
but most like him did not
really do anything more
than ride along

In the Army, there were some real

Mississippi crackers who
I am sure had been
to a lynching or two and
had left some Blacks
bloodied and broken up in a ditch

Most Blacks knew not
to face down young White males

The one no-no was
a Black and White
couple

Not many dared
go public with their relationship
the girl would get
a bad reputation
and become forever
tainted
the Black guy
would get seriously hurt
and some of his innocent friends
just to make sure the word
got passed around.

There was always
some Whites always
looking for trouble

I married in 1969
to a Louisiana girl
who would go every
weekend to
the Black clubs
down in the bayous
before moving to Houston

I called her the Snake after the divorce
19 years after the wedding
for her many evil acts

But she had the Black dancing down
in the 60's little White girls dancing in
Black clubs was pretty safe
If anything happened
to them

there would be
beat up and dead
N.gers in the swamps
It would not matter if they were
the guys involved

I thought it was
stupid for the Snake
to have done that
It did not bother me
hearing about it after the fact
Her father was too much
a redneck for her
to let him find out
One thing you did not do
with Tiger was to
embarrass his White status

He was a LSU guy
and at the college football games
after integration
his big mouth would yell out

“Did you see that N.ger
hit that fine Colored gentleman”
Then laugh his ass off

After 20 weeks
of Infantry training
I was sent to NCO school
at Ft Benning Georgia
for 12 more weeks of sergeant training
then back to Ft Polk Louisiana
for 12 more weeks as an assistant
drill instructor in an
infantry unit.
So 44 weeks of being
taught how to kill
Vietnamese

One afternoon after
being in the field all day
I took a shower
with the men under me
No big deal but
sergeants did not usually do that.

I was shaving
but naked
and this big mouth Black
from New Orleans named
Lejander
walked by and slapped
me on the ass

I just thought
what a stupid son-of-a-bitch
I just looked at
him in a way he understood
and I let it go

About 2 hours later about 6 or 7
Whites came by
to verify what happened
They were pissed
and had been drinking

They asked me what
I wanted to do about
Lejander

One guy asked if I wanted
him dead
or just put into
the hospital
for a few months

Times were tense racially in 1971
and I did not want to

deal with an investigation
so I told them to leave
him alone
Chances were good he was
going to get hurt in the near future.

Those guys were looking for trouble

A couple of weeks after
I did not see
LeJander anymore
I asked no questions
no one spoke about him

If he had been killed
there would have
been chatter but
since I told them to
leave him alone
they would not have
talked about it around me

I remember in 1972
I saw the first Black man
with his girlfriend
in a new Toyota
That was a first for me
I was shocked
most Blacks had
old junker boat cars
a pink Cadillac was at the
top of the line of a Black
wet dream.

I remember as a kid
a whole lot of Black men
would have very
expensive leather shoes
the older Blacks would
have slits on the sides

of the shoes mostly
next to their little toes
The shoes were
just too small
but they were top line

I was sent to Italy to be part
of the NATO forces.
I lucked out,
1 in a million shot
I did not get sent to Vietnam
by the grace of God is all I can say
In my NATO company of 1000
I only remember a few
Blacks and they
were all lifer sergeants

After the Army

I started a family
and was working full time
and going to college
full time
I did not have time
to socialize

There were not many Blacks
in night school
Within a mile
of the U of Houston
was Texas Southern University
a Black university

Both state schools
I think TSU kept the U of H
Black student population low

I had to go over to TSU
now and then for a seminar
and I was shocked
to see thousands of Blacks

in one place
and only a few dozen Whites

I thought about how it would be
to be Black and for the most part
always be in the minority
everywhere