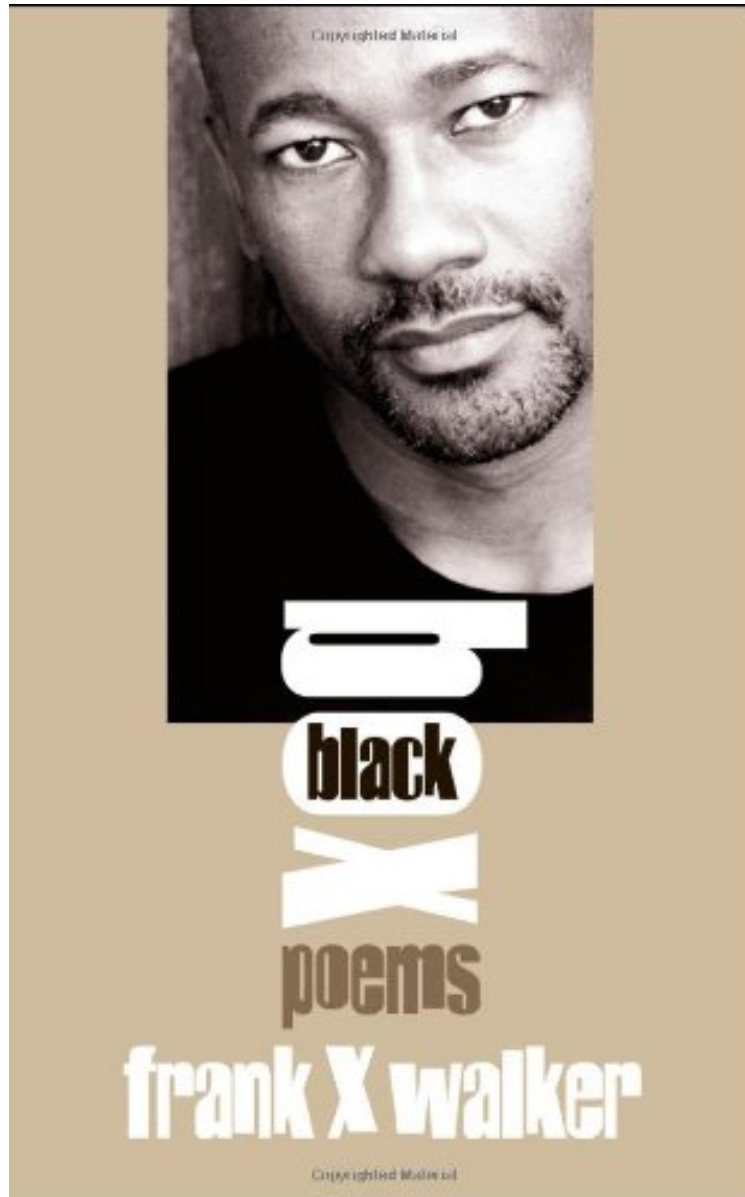


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Black Box

Frank X Walker

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#1430384 in Books Old Cove Press 2005-11-12 2005-11-12Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 9.06 x .52 x 6.78l, .62 #File Name: 0967542413144 pages | File size: 42.Mb

Frank X Walker : Black Box before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Black Box:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. ExcellentBy Karalee CarterGreat quality book, just as described by seller. Bought for college son for class. PERFECT!! Will buy from again!1 of 1 people found the following review

helpful. Real Life in Poetic Form By T. L. Cooper Black Box Poems by Frank X. Walker transported me to a place I both recognized and didn't recognize while expanding my understanding of the human condition. Family dynamics combined with life experience create a glimpse into country life and city life as well as juxtaposition of the simplicity of living complex lives and the complexity of living simple lives. Walker writes with a clarity that uses symbolism and bluntness in perfect harmony to drive home a point or to provoke thought. I'm always entranced by poetry that reminds me that we all share at least some commonalities in a world that works so hard to convince us all that to allow our differences to divide us rather than complement our efforts at living better lives. Reading Black Box Poems felt like taking a trip home and going into a strange land all at once. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Shaman of the common man By Janice Morgan This poet was a new discovery for me. Once I started reading a random poem, I heard an interesting voice, telling me about experiences that weren't my own, but that I could relate to. So, I went back to the beginning and read the sequence in the way the author presented them. A boy from a poor family in Danville KY becomes a man, told as snapshots from the album of his inner life. He has that poet's way of capturing emotion as it passes on the wing, and holding it so carefully that it still flutters alive in your hand.

This powerful collection of poems from award-winning poet Frank X Walker continues the autobiographical, political and literary journey of Affrilachia, his groundbreaking book of poems about growing up black in the Appalachian south (Old Cove Press, 2000). In Black Box he offers the reader 68 new poems -- written with passion, clarity and emotional honesty -- that illuminate experiences of race, love, social justice, family, identity and place.

"The spirit of a child runs through Black Box.... close-to-the-bone poetry.... a poet for all generations." --The Louisville Courier-Journal "Black Box contains many of Frank X Walker's finest poems. He is one of Kentucky's -- and the nation's -- most powerful and necessary voices." --Gurney Norman, Kentucky Poet Laureate (2009-2010), author of Ancient Creek: A Folktale, Kinfolks, and Divine Right's Trip About the Author Frank X Walker is Associate Professor of English at the University of Kentucky and Kentucky Poet Laureate, 2013-2014. He is the author of Affrilachia, Buffalo Dance: The Journey of York (winner of the Lillian Smith Book Award), Black Box, When Winter Come: The Ascension of York and Isaac Murphy: I Dedicate This Ride. A founding member of the Affrilachian poets, Walker created the word Affrilachia to make visible the black experience in the Appalachian South. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Kentucky vs. Texas Western, 1966 On our side of the tracks that game cast a shadow as luminous as Joe Louis gloves raised upright, like corn stalks like rockets, like Jesse Owens on the gold medal stand in Berlin I see Daddy and Flick, a skinny would-be point guard an even skinnier coulda been forward ace boons from way back closer than brothers since they could pee straight, skip school balance filter cigarettes like fireflies in alleys and parking lots like traveling magicians at a two-penny carnival I see them huddled around a smoldering potbellied stove of a radio still salty from frayed leather prayers launched toward the crooked rim on the side of the tobacco barn hearts pumping, muscles ready and loose they saddle themselves aboard every broadcasted syllable like neon jockeys as much a part of the audience as every ticket-holder in the arena As much to lose as the five black faces on the floor and more than any body on the bench a two-headed pep band flat-chested cheerleaders, unable to sit they slap palms and knuckle up they black hand sides, wager the value of their manhood on the final score like so many more black and country boys and men whose only connection to the pages in my history books floated on AM dials and radio waves rare television footage that imported two-dimensional black and white and flaming images of Birmingham, D.C. and Watts into quiet country towns in middle America Danvilles, Harrodsburgs, Perryville battlefields reveling in segregated comfort zones propped up by traditions as rigid as back doors and rebel flags It was not just a game, rebound it was evidence that the un-civil war, pass not only could be won, dribble but they, though young, country and black shoot were not alone swish!