Summer Words of a Sistuh Addict

deep patterns,  
this woman, wet with wandering, 
reviving the beauty of forests and winds  
is telling you secrets  
gather up your odors and listen  
as she sings the mold from memory,  
there is no place  
for a soft/black/woman,  
there is no smile green enough or  
summertime words warm enough to allow my growth,  
and in my head  
i see my history  
standing like a shy child  
and i chant lullabies  
as i ride my past on horshoeback  
tasting the thirst of yesterday tribes  
hearing the ancient / black / woman  
me, singing  


like a slow scent  
beneath the sun  
and i dance my  
creation and my grandmothers gathering  
from my bones like great wooden birds  
spread their wings  
while their long / legged / laughter  
stretches the night,  
and i taste the  
seasons of my birth, mangos, papayas.  
drink my woman / coconut / milks  
stalk the ancient grandfathers  
sipping on proud afternoons  
walk with a song round my waist  
tremble like a new / born / child troubled  
with new breaths  
and my singing  
becomes the only sound of a  
blue / black / magical / woman, walking  
womb ripe, walking, loud with mornings, walking  
making pilgrimage to herself, walking.

From A Blues Book for Blue Black Magical Women

From Part Three

PRESENT

1

This woman vomiting her  
hunger over the world  
this melancholy woman forgotten  
before memory came  
this yellow movement bursting forth like  
coltrane's melodies all mouth  
buttocks moving like palm trees,  
this honeycoatedalabamianwoman  
raining rhythms of blue/black/smiles  
this yellow woman carrying beneath her breasts  
pleasures without tongues  
this woman whose body weaves