

so my soul may fly: a song



we may use sound. each auditory ping
gathered in our arms. so much honey.
to smear on the cheek. so many bells
that the tongue forgets to
weep and wander back and forth
through time. these voices are merging,
my grandmother, you, my child. we may
use words though they say go
back to sleep. all this and you still
learning to use your name, though it sits
waiting in the throat kinked
back up like a perfect knot
you never forget how to sing. .



"free
my
heart
so my
soul
may
fly"

Michelle N'degocello says

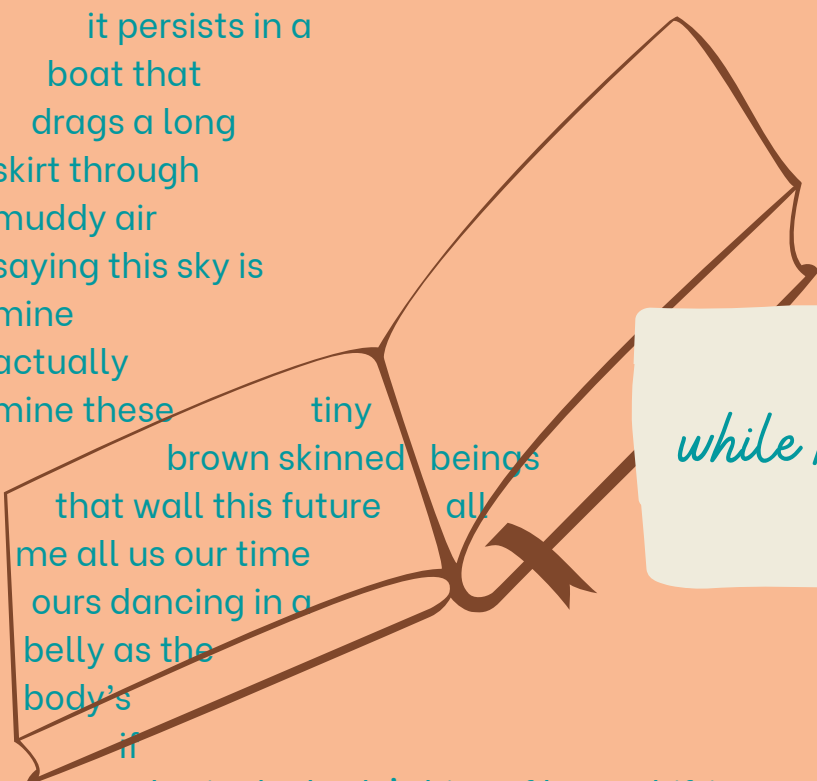


Samuel Delany goes

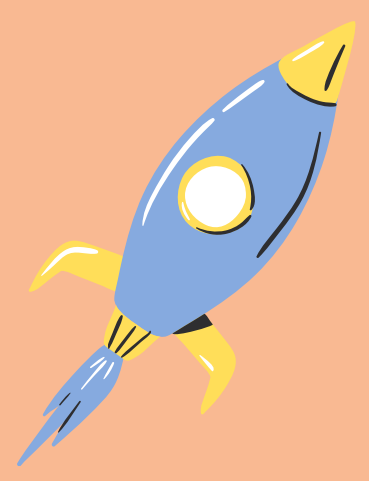
"we'll smile at you on your way to a glory that for all our stellar thieves we shall never be able duplicate"

my heart tends to believe...

it persists in a
boat that
drags a long
skirt through
muddy air
saying this sky is
mine
actually
mine these
tiny
brown skinned beings
that wall this future
all
me all us our time
ours dancing in a
belly as the
body's
if



while Mariame Kaba goes



brain the body's hive of hope shifting
itself around to dream and do that
thing again



hope
is a

discipline

and you speak of



hoping
to listen
and learn



curse my name: a rant

what
else
will
you
take...

michelle n' degocello says



"I stand
ashamed
amongst my
foolish pride"



valeria june sings

"times
I's
lost I's
upset...."



frank wilderson screams



"it sometimes makes me
feel
like
shit
too"

and so i too holla...

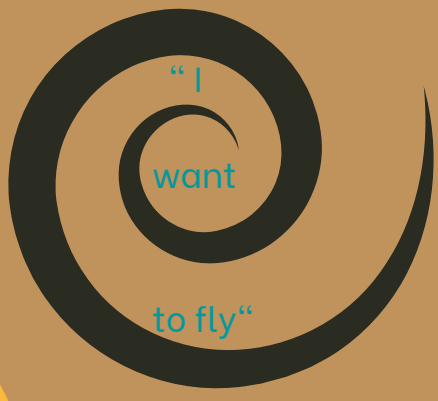


to-be-pressed-to-a-
to-be-small-to-a-to
be-put-to-the-to-lean-to-
to-be-forced down-in-a-
to-be-flattened-the-rage-to
rage-and-of-rage-this-at-being



hate the silence
the alien
the whole whiteness of
the wall and its
baked brick and stain
as pinched as the tear
that won't be
cupped in palm or cocked preening a
stick breaking its
own badness its own
prologue of all
this shit not growing
corn and hate the wind
the pessimistic
place that cores
the magic says you still
have to be beautiful
black girl or wanted
by some other who
takes your
screaming for singing
hate the sound you
crave and the hole in
the world sucking itself
on not sugar but a gathering of your
worst self in
all this telling that its all
you'd ever need
recognition performance
attention bitter
balance confidently
plucking its
really thin skin to
to seek out the fruit
of a crop that burns
the palate wastes
the good dirt
rots out the teeth and places the
hierarchies
of this forsaken place
in front of you
in thick gold plates
under the skin
around the belt buckle
inside
the throat
kernels like little
grasping hands
such good students
we are
we teach
we've learned
addicts
twitching
more more
more

on the wings of angels: a prayer

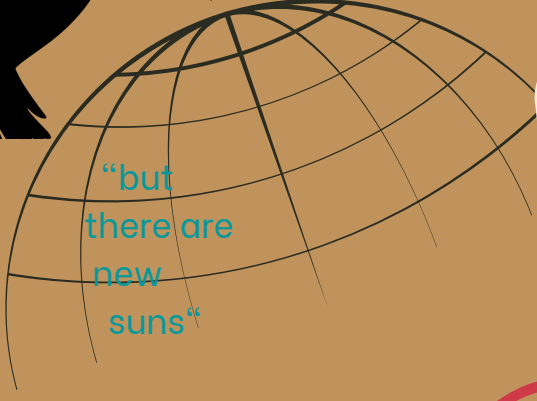


michelle n'degocello says...

in the treetops
beginning there like kin
was music leaving
but its arms
played it wanted
on the chains

alexis pauline gumbs cries

body's bones it curled
hollow and stepped
wailing like fetch like
loft music owning
that started history



so octavia butler replies

that started history
as a child
crying please don't
a body to get tired
try to tell this
everyday to truth
fly from stones
from the in throat of
metal rope it and be
damned to unfeather
the horn every
chest unmaking
you as a wing of you
walking escaped
your own over water
back home

and i promise to always

find here a little belief self
love sprinkled
on the floor petals and seeds

that braid themselves into your hair

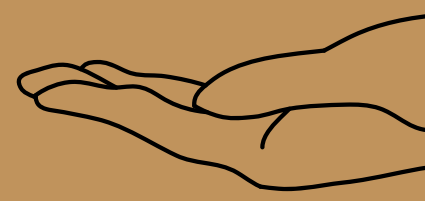
or else find here the brown couch
waiting and blessing the coming

trumpets and horns

arrival

landing

acceptance plumed out



in this building of
these visions of futures