SONIA SANCHEZ
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SONIA SANCHEZ

POEMS

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A SUN WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS

READS HER POETRY

SIDE ONE

Band One

This record is gonna be talking about love. A black woman's love for her children, man and nation. But you know before you can love someone you gotta love yourself. I mean you gotta dig on yourself, know that you be bad, badder than bad in fact — in fact you gotta really know what you're about. We black people here in America have been told that we're not bad and we shouldn't love ourselves and so what I really want to do is just talk about us really digging on ourselves and loving ourselves. And once we began to really believe we is bad then like we can love a man and love our children and probably begin to build our nation.

There's a singer who is not really too political, but every now and then he says something about like we oughta jump back and kiss ourselves. And so I say to you, black people, we ought to start a five year plan of kissing ourselves — just jumping back and kissing ourselves, and then we gonna believe that we is bad, been bad for a long time and we gonna get badder.

The first set I'm gonna do is love poems. Love poems of a black woman for her man. And the poem I wanna do is called black magic.

---

BLACK MAGIC

MY MAN

IS YOU

TURNING

MY BODY INTO

A THOUSAND

SMILES.

BLACK MAGIC IS YOUR

TOUCH MAKING

ME BREATHE.

---

Yea. It be about that if you understand what black magic or love be about. They're about the same if you understand what that's about.

Band Two

And love isn't always serious as such. I mean sometime we be dealing with someone and they be jealous and at one point I was reading this psychology book and in the midst of it came across at me this theory that jealousy was a form of homosexuality and I said, 'Wow what a gas.' I mean that was just too much and I said well let's deal with that, put that at the back of my mind and use it later on in this poem called:

---

to a jealous cat

MY MAN,

DONT TRY NONE

OF YOUR JEALOUS SHIT

WITH ME. DONT YOU

KNOW WHERE YOU

AT?

NO ONE NEVER TOLD

YOU THAT JEALOUSY'S

A FORM OF HOMO

SEXUALITY?

---

in other

words my man -
you faggot bound
when you imagine
me going in and
out some other cat.
yeah.
my man.
perhaps you aint
the man we thought.

I mean, I figure as long as people write them theories we can write them poems, which is very very hip if you understand where I'm coming from.

Band Three

And like we have to deal with people who are loved, whom we love, and sometimes we might love someone who'll ask you a question about won't you by my woman even if I use drugs, even if I go on drugs again, or if I use dope or scag? And you might answer them like this:

---

---answer to yo/question
of am i not yo/woman
even if u went on scag again---

& i a beginner
in yo / love
say no.

i wud not be yo / woman
& see u disappear / each day
before my eyes
and know yo
reappearance
be to a one
nite / stand.

no man.

blk/
lovers
cannot live
in wise powder that removes
them from they blk/selves
cannot ride
majestic / wise / horses
in a machine age.

blk / lovers
must live /
push against the
devils of this world
against the creeping
viteness of they own minds.

i am yo / woman
my man.

deal in babies
and blk/women
sweet / blk / kisses
and nites that
multiply by twos.

Band Four

Different kinds of love that we have for men, for our man. I mean sometimes you be setting up writing and you
think about somebody that maybe you loved once, and you write a poem that says:

last poem i'm gonna write bout us

some times i dream bout you & me

a street laughen.
me no older
u no younger
than we be.

& we finnally catch each other.
laugh. & toouch

in the nite.
some
times

of my mind

& u be there

lookooking at me.

& smilen.
yo/see away/smile.
& i mooove
to you.
& the day is not any day. & yes ter day
is loooNG

& we just be.

Some
times

i be steady dreamen bout u

cus i wassannNt

neeeEeeD u so baaaaAddD.
with u no younger &
me no older
than we be.

Band Five

It be about all kinds of love. It be about love for your husband.

poem for etheridge

stone/
cold/
daylight ./

stretched turnen togetha changen
positions. man.

this is so real. i am swingin/

runnen/

man

hangen upside down/

man.

it is u
it is u
it is u

/oosweheh - heh
/oosweheh - heh

music in my legs/

stomach

travalen to meet u man.
feel my
african / pulse rite now.
it is dark/

and beautifullee wet

pushen us

toward past / beginnings.

as we
dance our togetha songs.

shhh beautiful

music

coveren our

blue / indigo /

bodies............

And we move to all kinds of questions. Sometimes, sometimes we as black women say wow what is gonna happen to us? I mean are we really loved are we unloved? And we do a poem that simply be saying black women chant.

Band Six

blk / wo000omens / chant

we stand befo u
plain ol blk/wo00omen
& what u gon do
with us

blk/men
u gon protect us
treat us rite

lokooovVVe us

yeh. here. now.

blk/men.
yo blk/bitches/queens/
nigger wo000omens
waasit for yo
sign that u be
see/en us.

we walk rite up
to you & turn yo corner
of beauty

blk/mennnnnnNN

do u SEEEEE us? HEERRRRRRR us? KNOWWWW us?
black/mennnnNN/ we be here.

waiten. waiten. WAITEN. WAITENNNNNNN

A long AMERICAN wait.
hurrreereehurrreereehurrreereeeeneeeneemeeneeneeneeneeneeneeneeneeneen
black/XEEEEEEE/XEEEEXmennnnnnnnNNn/

warriors

of black/electricity

move

lokooovVVe

lokooovVVVeON

to us

yo/hy/voltage/

wo00omenNN

Band Seven

And we move on to different kinds of love. You move on to a quiet love poem that says:

welcome home. my prince

into my wite/season of no you.

welcome home.

to my songs

that touch yo/head

and rain green laughter

in greeting.

welcome home
to this monday

that has grown up

wid the sound of yo/same

fo i have changed to yesterday's sun

to hurry back wid

his belly full of morning.
come, and you have
trembles and I stumble things as you
stand tall and sacred
so easily in yo/self.
but I am here
to love you.
to carry yo/name on my
ankles like bells.
to dance in
yo/arena of love.
you are tattooed on the round/soft/
parts of me.
and yo/smell
is always wid me.

Band Eight

And you move on sometimes understanding that these are very important things that are going down. That if you love a man then automatically that brings about or brings forth children. And you have what is important. You have monad, triad which be very important — out of two coming the third person. And so you move on to love for children which be one of the most important things we can deal with. I mean if you really love yourself and then love someone else and then have that child, then you must begin to deal with loving that child. Also we as black people will have to teach our children about love, about themselves so then when they grow up they won’t have to wait until they’re 20, 25, 30 to begin to love themselves. It be very important if we teach them at early ages what they be about, that they are beautiful, that they be black that they will one day have a place in this world, in this universe, in this planet. And that’s what we’re about when we write new songs for our children, new things for them to deal with because quietness is kept the heroes in the black communities — still be the pimps and the whores and now the dope pushers. I mean these are all the important people who go around looking very cool and bad with their bad threads on. So young children look up at this and they be seeing this and say I wanna be like that and we gotta tell them they can’t be like that. They have to be different kinds of people. We have to raise a different kind of black child. And in my first book Home Coming I did a short poem to my children which simply said:

for my children

MORANI AND MANGU
WEU SI
AIN’T NO PRINCE CHARMS
AND ANITA
AIN’T NO CIN/DE/RELLA
BUT,
U & I KNOW THIS IS A FAIRY LAND.
YEAH.

Band Nine

One of the first kinds of poems I wrote to them simply because this is what probably this country be about at this time if you check it out carefully enough. If you understand what it be about. And so one has to move on to write new poems for them. Poems for children to read and hold on to and understand and smile at and probably move with and so the first poem I want to do is a poem called to MORANI/MANGU my twins. MORANI WEU SI means black warrior and MANGU WEU SI means black god.

Band Ten

And to ANITA. A poem that be so important, simply because if you check out what is happening in elementary schools, in junior high schools we still have young black children going around calling each other black bitches and yellow bitches and they ain’t being pleasant. I mean like they saying like we use to say it when I use to go to school. Someone would call me a yellow bitch and they were not being friendly or very nice about that. So we gotta write some poems for our young people to read and to hold on to and to understand.

TO ANITA

HIGH/YELLOW/BLACK/GIRL
WALKEN LIKE THE SUN U BE.
MOVE ON EVEN HIGHER.

THOSE WHO
LAUGH AT YO/COLOR
HAVE NOT MOVED
TO THE BLACKNESS WE BE ABOUT.
CUZ AS CURTIS MAYFIELD BE SAYEN WE PEOPLE BE DARKER THAN BLUE
AND QUITE A FEW
OF US BE YELLOW
ALL SOUL/SHADES OF BLACKNESS.

YEAH, HIGH/YELLOW/BLACK/GIRL
WALK YO/BLACK/SONG
CUZ SOME OF US
BE HEAVEN YO/SWEET/MUSIC.
And we do mean its some sweet beautiful music. I mean like it be all kinds of sweet music like blackberry music and yellow music and brown music and blackberry music and yellow music and brown music, yes. It be that kind of music and it be important because they're all equal as black.

**Band Eleven**

And we gotta teach new songs to our children. They gotta like be different kinds of people coming behind us. We gotta teach them and sing to them songs like:

```plaintext
don't wanna be

no pimp
cuz pimps hate me and you
they mommas, women, sistuh too
u name it, any hate will do

don't wanna be no pimp no mo
don't wanna be no pimp no mo

don't wanna be no numbers runner
cuz runners promise an uptown hit
while downtown nite/boys just sit & sit
while coun't millions of four bits

don't wanna be no numbers runner no mo
don't wanna be no numbers runner no mo
don't wanna be
no junkie
cuz junkies kill themselves, you and me
sticken needles in they arms, legs, and knee
while robben our black community

don't wanna be no junkie no mo
don't wanna be no junkie no mo
Just wanna be
a/Reverend/Cleage/man
a/Minister/Parrakhan/man
a/Imam/people/Imami/man
a/Elijah/Mohammad/Messenger/man

wanna be
a/blk/man
a/loven/my blk/woman/man
a/standen/still/father/man
a/Constant/TCHing/black man

it got to beeeEEE. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah.
it got to beeeEEE. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah. yeah.
```

To get ahead today, you do have to be black. And you don't deal in no kind of stuff that like kill people. Understand what that be about. People who kill themselves haven't dealt with what I first started off by saying. People who kill themselves and other peoples don't love themselves. When you don't love yourself, you will kill yourself and anybody else around you. And it be about you — young brothers and sisters, whoever you be digging on yourself and loving yourself cause you know:

**Band Thirteen**

**WE CAN BE**

we can be anything we want
for we are the young ones
moven without footprints
moven our bodies in tune
to songs

echo us, the beautiful
black ones.
recently born.
walken new
rhythms
leaven behind us a tape dancer's dream
of sunday nite ed sullivan shows.

**WE WILL BE**

**ALL that we want**

for we are the young ones
bringen the world to a Black Beginmen.

**Band Twelve**

Other songs we gotta sing be like dope pushers:

**City Songs**

dope pushers dope pushers
git outs our parks
we come to slide on slides
climb the monkey bars

```
don't need yo/dope
to make us git high
the swings will take us
way up in the sky.
```

dope pushers dope pushers
u ain't no friend
no matter how you smile
and always pretend

cuz we know nowadays
black is a badDDD groove
and dope is a trick bag
for fools fools fools

dope pushers dope pushers
offs our street
cuz one of these days
you gonna meet
some together black men
who'll show you the score
and you won't be standing round
tempting us no mo

dope pushers dope pushers
change while you can
it's nation/building/time
for black people in every land

so c'mon. c'mon. brothas
run fas as u can
and be what u must be
sun people in a black land.

dope pushers dope pushers
hit back, hit back
cuz to git ahead today
you gotta be black. black. black.

**Band Fourteen**

We gonna do that because one day with this new generation coming up — the ones who deal with themselves and love themselves and deal with education and deal with what they be about, they gonna come. They gonna advance on the world and as they come we gonna see them and know them.

**When we come**

When we come
riding our green horses
against the tenement dust,
when we come, tall as waves,
holden our black/brown/
high yellow/tomorrows,
then you will hear young hooves
thunderen in space
and we will rise with
rainbows from the sea
to silence
our yesterday blues
when we come
riven our green breath
against the morning sky.

Band Fifteen

We gonna do that. We gonna come together and be together
as one. Because it be about that at this time, at this
place, because whether we gonna deal with it or not as
I said once before in my book for young brothers and sisters,
I said it's a new day, and it is a new day if you check out
how people be moving today. It is a new day. We're not about
going back to the 20's, 30's, 40's 50's or even the 60's, it's
a new day and we're in the 70's and we gonna move on.

It's a New Day

we gon be
outsight black/men
gon be part/
panther
gon be all Minister Farrakhan
gon rap like RAP
gonna teach like Elijah
gon rule like Nyerere
gon believe like King believed
gonna be TCB/ing black men
as we walk in our red/yellow/sums

we gon be some
beautiful/black/women
gon move like the queens we be
gon be full/
time MUSLIM women
gon be strong as sojourner
gon be gentle as
sister clotelle's smile
gon be the poetry of gwendolyn's words
gon be the green south of fannie lou hamer
gonna be warm as an african nite
while walken like songs

we gon be some baddDDDD people
just you wait and see
we gon be some baddDDDD people
just you wait and see.....

SIDE TWO

Band One

When I say we have a black nation many people in the
country laugh at that. But we have millions of black
people in this country, which means that many of millions
of people constitutes a nation.

We have many tribes in our nation. Walking, talking, working
together. I mean at this point we began to understand that
the nation will have probably many tribes walking, talking,
working together. So this is what we must concentrate on,
our blackness and no hatred of people, but our blackness.

listen to big black at s.f. state
no mo meetings
where u talk bout
whitey. the cracker
who done u wrong

(like some sad/bitch
who split in the middle of yo/comen)
just sitting. stroking
outs boys.
blkwomem
outs girls.
movin in &
out of blknss
til it runs this
400yr/old/road/show
(called
amurica.
now livin off its re/runs.)
off the road.
no mo tellen the man he is
a dead/die/en/motha/
fucka.
just a sound of drums.
the somnNng of chiefs
pouren outs our blk/sections.
aree-un-doo-doo-oooooo-work
aree-un-doo-doo-oooooo-love
aree-doooo-unity
aree-doooo-land
aree-doooo-war
aree-doooo-builden
aree-un-doo-doo-ooooooo. malcolm
aree-un-doo-doo-oooooo. elijah
aree-un-doo-doo-ooooooo. inamumu

just the somnNng of chiefs.
loud with blk/nation/hood
builden.

Band Two

And at one point a lot of us who start dealing with
blackness came across a man name Franz Fanon, who
said something that:

"To Fanon, culture meant only one thing - an
environment shaped to help us & our
children grow, shaped by ourselves in action
against the system that enslaves us."

Because we are enslaved, you know.

the cracker is not to be played with.
he is the
enslaver/
master. we the slaves
the evil he does is not new
cannot be resolved
thru rhetoric/
hate/
poems/
loooooeven more than one
woooooowwwwww.

the cracker is deep
deeper than the
400 yrs of our slavery
we must
watch out
slavery
especially when it looks like freedom.
cus slaves can look beautiful, talk beautifullee,
can be deceived by the DEVIL
who lights our small
flames of rage
then extinguishes then when
they threaten to spread.
the master is
mas/ter/ful.
is the SUPREME ANIMAL of
destruction and cannot be destroyed with only:
long dress - swahili - curges - soul food -
fervor - dashikis - naturals - poems -
SOUL - rage - leather jackets - slogans -
polygamy - yoruba.

WAR. DISCIPLINE. LEARNEN.
And we do look beautiful even though we still be slaves. People tell me I'm not a slave. Some people in a nation who might make a lot of money still might think they're free; but as long as there are the thousands and thousands of black people who are poor, if you just walk up to Harlem and see the conditions of where I grew up and other black children are growing up then you understand that only slaves live like that.

**Band Three**

*liberation / poem*

blues ain't culture they sounds of
oppression against the white man's
but now, when I hear billie's soft
soul / full / sighs of "am i blue"
no, sweet / billie.
no mo.
blue / trains running on this track
they all been de / railed.
no, i'm blk/

**Band Four**

And we have to be ready for things. For the world, and you're only ready if you really deal with yourself. If you deal with yourself, if you deal with the discipline of yourself and you're not ready for anything if you're still dealing unrighteously with yourself. I mean if you are still shooting scag, let's say if you're doing stuff like that, then you will listen to a young sister tell about why and how the first day that she shot dope.

*summer words of a sistuh addict*

the first day i shot dope
was on a sunday.
hom from church i had just come
and she got mad at me u dig?
got mad at my motha.
went out. shot up.
behind a feelen painst her.
it felt good.
gooder than dooing it. yeah.
it was nice.
i did it. uh,uh. i did it.
i want to do it again. it felt so good.
and as the sistuh

sits in her silent/
remembered/high
someone leans for
ward gently asks her:
sistuh.
did u
finally
learn how to hold yo/mother?
and the music of the
drifts in the room
to mingle with the sistuh's young tears.
and we all sing.

And we do do songs sometimes and sometimes they be songs like that. And those are not pleasant songs because scag, dope has nothing to do with our nation. But we have 16, 17, 18 and 25 yr olds, and 35 and 40 years old still dealing with drugs, with scag and they're saying I'm still part of the nation—but the nation don't need that.

Because our mamas and our daddies, you know, dealt in harlem with a whole lotta liquor and alcohol and we had a bar practically on every corner, which seems to me should be illegal some place even in New York City, but that's what that be about. It be about not having a strong nation, if you have people drinking and shooting, popping pills and smoking all the time.

**Band Five**

*so this is our revolution*

niggus with naturals
still smoked pot drinken
shootten needles into they arms
for some yestuday dream.
sistuh's screen another sistuh's
husbands
cuz the rev o lu shum dum
freed them to fight the
enemy (they sistus)
yeh.
the
revo lushum is here
and we still
where our fathas /
muthas were
twenty yrs ago
cept we all look
prettier.
cmon brothas. sistus.
how bout a fo/
real / revolu/shum
without a fo / real / battle to be fought
outside of bed / room / minds.
like, there are children
to be taught to love they blk/selves
a blk/culture
to be raised on this
wite / assed / universe.
how bout a
fo / real
sun inspired life
while
these modern / day / missionary
moon / people
go to the moon
where they belong.
same spot. The 70's comes in, and it ushered in hustlers who wear probably dashikis, it ushered in hustlers you know, who come and say I'm black and I'm beautiful. I'm proud and who still take your money and do nothing for you-- for you, for us, no change, harlem stays the same. I was away four years and I came back and harlem was the same. And it'll be the same until people began to deal with themselves. Cause you know:

what happens after
wearing that beautiful
natural
natural Lee
short and lonnnng?
what
happens after wrappen
our heads in echonin' gelce / chants
what happens after
rap rap rap
rap rap rap
rap rap rap
rap rap rap
rap rap rap pen fo/rys?
what happens after watchen
our husbands, wives, brothas, sistas
children gotten strung out on wite / dope that denies our blinness.
what happens after all the available
sistus done been screwed into nationalism
what happens after our continued worship
of the dead keeps us from followen slave leaders
what happens to our bodies; i waaaAnt
knooooow, what happens to our bodies
i neeeEDS to know
who will bury them. yeh. that's what i sed.
who will buy them
and take them away
from the moon/eyes
of our enemies.

i waaaAnt to know
i neeeEDS to know

who will let them stretch underground
until the blk/soil says
rise up Rise up Riseeeeeeeeomuppppp
again. blk/people
and this time. NO JIVEN!

Yea. No jiven is right. We don't need no more jive people dealing with us. Telling us about jive things. We don't need no more hustlers telling us what we should be into and they themselves ain't into. Because it be about us dealing with ourselves, moving with ourselves, being ourselves.

Band Seven
We don't need the hustlers who tells us
all kinds of weird things and how we should move. As I
said to you before, a lot of us have moved away from the
hustlers, the ones we've identified the ones we know who
be leading us backways and backward ways. And a lot of
us have moved, or we've seen people move to an organizing or a nation.

Ima Talken Bout The Nation of Islam

ima talken bout THE NATION OF ISLAM
this poem is about a Messenger
about his blk/truth
thumpen like drums
against the skins of blk/people
still they stand shred their sculptured despair

this poem is about love
poureon from his Body like honey
sweeten our peppermint lives

about black stars

propel them selves into the abandonment
of a radarless universe

ima talken bout his touch
it be soft as the laughter of rain
about his voice
it be like the wind
pushen us to be what we was
Original man. pushen us into the
suddeness of our ancient beginnings.

ima talken about mountains of blk/velvet
cushionen us as we circle
the skulls of devils
about food growen
about cattle mooven in the dust of change
and always His voice

make a harmony with our twilight thoughts
to do for self, do for self,
do for self BLACK MAN

ima talken about Muslim men and women on the move
like a fire travellin' down a fuse
bout Minister Robert's pittsburgh mosque
bout broder Leon and sister Gladys returnen to us our herbal past
the pioneer sounds of Minister Donald's mosque

about sister captain Clotelle directen
the hunger of black women
till they become macho women
with the secret of Lighten ten inside them.

ima talken about Minister Farrakhan
singen his song of black unity
about a blk/nation already here
ripenen our minds
still our bodies glow like a thousand red rubies
and our bodies be full of Elijah
and our bodies be full of Elijah
and our bodies be full of Elijah

ima talken about a nation
ima talken about a black muslim
insurrection, (don't you hearrrrrrr it?)
ima talken about a nation
ima talken about a jihad like
the world ain't never seen.

(can you seeeeEEE it?)

the poem is talken about a Black man.
an Apostle who came. One like.
thru the bowels of our blues
and turned the faces of
nodden, drinken, killed men
from weekend arenas of death.
EAST WARD

ima talken about the Nation of Islam
the Honorable Elijah Muhammad
about his season of truth
standen like a city of red hills
in whose name
i bring you this poem
in whose name
i give you this prayer

al-Hamdulillah

Yea. That's about part of our nation. That's about
our nation that's about a black man who forty yrs.
ago taught us that we were black, and we said, oh
no. I'm not black I'm a negro, and it be about
that. And nowadays we call ourselves Black and if
someone call you a nigger you're ready to start
a fight, right. I'm talken about a man who has
consistently told us about ourselves, told us
how we should discipline ourselves.

Band Eight (A)
And I like to come again fall circle to me, talking
as a black woman who probably or perhaps or soon or sooner than soon or who has partially dealt with herself. She’s dealt with the part of the love for herself and the moving away, as you know yourself what that be about. I’m talking about loving yourself, understanding yourself. I’m talking about being black in this country. I’m talking about being a black woman in this country. I’m talking about dealing with yourself. You have dealt with yourself, if you don’t deal with yourself you can’t deal with the world. If you don’t discipline yourself, if you don’t eat correctly, if you don’t drink correctly, if you don’t discipline your mind with knowledge — I mean like I know it’s much more fun to dance—all that activity in your toes, but I’m talking about putting activity in your brains. And we need to take ourselves seriously. Like:

a/neded/poem for my salvation

am gonna take me seriously. now, have
taken parents / schoool / children / friends /
poets / seriously.

SERIOUSLY DANGEROUS)

have taken day / time /
nite / time / rhetoric
seriously and been wounded
by / lovers of slick / blk / rapping
(in biker words:
pimps & jivers)
am gonna looook in a
mirror each time i pass one. smile at my image
& say. yeh sistuh. it ain’t easy.

am gonna looook in a
mirror each time i pass one. smile at my image
& say. yeh sistuh. it ain’t easy.

beautifulllee on passset it.
keep on holden yo / head higher
cuz yo / beassss is yet to
cooosssme.
am gonna take me seriously.
tooday.
& study myself.
& dare any motha / fucka
to be an authority on
me. (cuz i’ll be wounded with sons / learnen /
beauty/love and will be dangerous)

yeh. all

things considered.
gonna be serious bout
meemeeme and livvyyvve.

Band Eight (C)

And so as I say again, and I probably can’t say too often that we do be about that. Because in the past we’ve been other things. In the past black women, black children, black people in general have not as I say to you again loved themselves. Black women especially have been many things in this country and quite often when I talk to people I always tell young sisters you have to be more than your mamma was. You have to be more than people think you be; you have to be. Because in the past we have been this:

a black/woman/speaks

we are songs yet unsung
we are music yet unplayed
we be black/women yeh. yeh. yeh. yeh.
(singen in the nite)
we be lovers yet unloved
we be wivens yet unborn
we be black/women.
yeh. yehhhhH. yehh.
(singen in the nite)
we be books yet unread
we be words yet unsaid
we be blk/women.
yeh. yeh. yehhhhh.
(singen in the nite)
we be flowers yet ungrown
we be perfume yet unsmelled
we be black woomen yeh. yeh. yehhhhh.
(singen in the nite)

But if we began to deal with ourselves,

we be yesterday’s
red sighs
we be tomorrow’s
green/morning
we be blk/woomen.

Yehhhhhhhhhh!

Yehhhhhhhhhleh.
sun. sun.
sun. sun.
sun. sun.
sun. sun.

sun - n - n - n - n

Yehhh!