

Jimmie Ware

Covered Expressions

Storms behind her eyes/She fights to be heard/Struggles to be liberated
Oppression must be abolished/newly written scripts must rectify injustice
Brave are the tongues that shatter silence
Fear no longer resides in the lost corridors of hopelessness
She continues to gather and educate the women/Unity/ the most sacred order of the day
Garments flutter as she scurries through broken stones/Dust on the hem of her native attire, no matter
She is pregnant with purpose/Never abandoning her quest for wisdom
Beside her sits a woman with child/Dismal expressions momentarily erased
Glimmers of optimism prevail/Sipping water/thirsting for freedom
She/Glorious giver of life /Fighting daily for her own/Contemplating the destiny of her unborn
Thunder beneath her skin/She turns another page/lowering her head only to gain knowledge
As bombs burst
In fresh air

As I am Eve

She is within me
Glorious in my evolving state
Moan for Lisa
Not for me
I am no lazy Susan
Never confused I am
She who defies convention
She who refuses to ride side saddle
Unmoved by your ever increasing momentum
Time is unfriendly and unforgiving
Yet I welcome his challenge
Fore warned by Mother Nature
I shall endure
My inner smile overshadows
Your disbelief
My thighs bear witness to your weakness
Unable to make the great escape from ecstasy
I am indigenous for there are raging storms
Beneath my skin
My hips hold treasures
I am explicit yet demure
Untamed and gentle
My lines curve with the ebb and flow
Of ethereal mysteries
I am not your sacrificial lamb
My natural ability commands respect
I am woman, human, whoa – man!
Deliver me from those who marinade in ordinary madness
I am not your every day melancholy maiden
I am brighter than the northern lights
You cannot turn away – my essence captivates you
My purpose stems from deep within
I challenge you
Behold the Nubian Queen!
Unique and unafraid
To color outside the lines
She speaks to you in Picasso-like hues
She comprehends Lady Day's blues
You will engage Freudian thoughts to compensate

She is poised
Honor her in your fleeting moment of clarity
Being shamefully awake and blissfully ignorant of her power
Your mind holds her image tightly –she cradles your emotions
She is closer than she appears and you are unable to
Deny the realism of feminism
You are spell bound until
Mercifully she sets you free

Behind her Smile

Mi Madre moved in mysterious ways
She bore a cross most of her days
She loved the earth and *learned* her worth
It was I to whom she first gave birth
I miss the *mommy* she was in my youth
In later years we called a truce

Sometimes life seems so unfair
In comes sadness followed by despair
I combed her hair and rubbed her feet
I cooked for her when I sensed defeat
The eldest child with welcoming grin
Not many knew my hurt within
Life is a picnic with splinters in the wood
Still we smile and say it's *all good*
I know now she did the best she could

Many can't imagine what depression does to you
Her emotions were often blue
There were times when our roles reversed
How do blessings become a curse?

Too much dialogue went unspoken
As years went by, my eyes were opened
She gave me more than I realized
Strength to be wise, family ties

She and daddy were never meant to be
Only to have me
She was hot salsa and painful blues
We both loved Aretha and Celia Cruz
I carry her smile, her bohemian style
It comes together after a while
She taught me to cook from the heart
Appreciate art, feel from my soul
Truth must be told
Most of all she taught me to survive
As long as I breathe
She is still
Alive~

Black

You dutifully tell me it's not beautiful /as if
You consistently inform me it's not/a gift
My skin is sun-kissed
Resume dismissed
My amazing experience/Not a good fit?
I am eloquent and driven
Still I struggle for a livin'
I'm not Maya but I know that caged up feelin'
Perhaps you too need a good healin'
I'm that warrior child nearly gone wild
Bohemian style/ **you can't take my/** smile
I love my kinky red hair/don't stop/ don't stare
Don't YOU dare!
I pay for my own healthcare
Not on welfare – life, not so fair
Still I care for those lost out there
I remember when hip hop was good
Now it's too hood and I wish I could
Turn back time when unity was so fine
We stood shoulder to shoulder
Like that Greek guy with the boulder
Because **Black** was the thing to be
Now our young ones must know our story
Sacrifices made for her-story

Mercy, mercy me
Ah, the art of survival
Follow the tribe or the Bible
How did Queens, regal works of art
Become no more than body parts?
Nightmares pipedreams
Addiction closer than it seems
One paycheck away from
No place to stay
Stressed to the max
Monkeys on our backs
How can we relax?
Merely stating facts
Raising daughters

Troubled waters
Targets on our sons
Smoking guns
No more James Brown/ So long Motown
Just the tears of a clown/no sound
How can we turn this thing around?
We can't seem to get on track
Is it pride we lack?
Let's get back to the magnificence of being
Black