

Inez Walls

Prevail

All things are working.  
All things are growing.  
All things are progressing.  
All things are hoping,  
Never failing,  
Never ceasing,  
Never dying,  
Because He never fails.  
His grace never ceases.  
His love never dies.  
So what is my ailment?  
What is my issue or weakness?  
What is my trial  
To a God who knows all,  
Keeps all,  
Prevails over all?  
Nothing.

Peace and joy come in knowing  
It's working for my good.  
I'm growing, I'm progressing,  
In all things  
Trusting and hoping.  
I am victorious.  
He never fails  
And I won't fail Him.

## Our Daughter

She was conceived in mama's womb  
And planted in the earth.  
A round face, brown eyes filled with grace  
With her soles in the dirt  
And her soul flaming.

Hope and balance, she was, with every stride.  
Trailing her was strength.  
Oblivious  
She left it behind.

She was conceived in mama's womb  
And birthed into the earth.  
Full lips, a steady beat in her hips,  
With her sun lit skin,  
And light filled melanin,  
Her soul flaming.

Purity and royalty, she was  
With milky dark coating.  
Exuding her was excellence  
Without the elation of her knowing.

Because her nation, our nation,  
Stripped her of her pride,  
And of the torch of hope she carried in this race for her race  
And people.

For this perfidious land mocks her,  
Her curls, her kinks,  
Her tribe mocks her sanctity, her balance, her skin,  
And the honor that rests within,  
Her flaming soul.

She was unrecognized promise and systematic revenge on a people.  
She was fortitude and helplessness;

She was righteousness and degradation  
Since the accouchement of her generation  
Since the day of her conception in mama's womb.

But in her curly perfection, in her dark royalty,  
And in her sun kissed paradox,  
There rested upon her hear a crown that no being could disturb.

## I Am

We confuse who we are with where we are.  
Being down does not make me a failure.  
Having no money in my pocket does not make me poor.  
Being angry does not make me bitter  
And success does not make you better.  
We are all flawed.  
Flawed beautifully.  
But we all must be strong,  
Mentally.  
I may have played the fool but I'm no idiot.  
The secret is understanding who you are no matter the situation,  
Believing in your growth no matter the allegation.  
People cannot hurt you,  
They can only attempt.  
You decide.  
And today I decided that I am prosperous,  
Even though this economy isn't built for us.  
I am rich,  
In grace, in laughter,  
In knowledge and faith ever after.  
I am woman. I am strong. I am black.  
I am the manifestation of every dream you let die.  
Every dream you gave up on that shriveled and never grew wings to grace the sky.  
I am power. I am light.  
I am the sweet, still song of the universe at night.  
I am.  
Because He is.  
And He is not the author of confusion.  
So I'm convinced your idea of me is just an allusion.  
I am.  
Because He is.  
And that is eternal.