

“I Am”
by Deirdre Harris

The dust of haloed afros
wrapped in Kaballic
tartan kilts

Shona sculpted
wide hips greeting
Cherokee braids

Two-spirited dances
between white sheets
snapping and spreading
across crow feathered
oceans

Talmudic melodies
jigging the jugular
of shoe shining
grandfather

Mapled thighs
slapping skins
while whispering
in love tongues

Broom swept heart
from the Most High
living in *ananda shakti*

The beginning
of the ending
of black bodies
swinging
in jail cells
and from
tree limbs