

## A Black Girl's Country

What do you know of a Black girl's country?  
Where the faucets bleed oceans  
so we bathe in God and pray to our own reflections.

A Black girl's country:  
where the sky is an indigo quilt  
hemmed and sewn by our grandmother's tired hands.  
And we talk with language in our hands,  
and trumpets in our throats,  
shamelessly loud  
shouting our names into an eternal echo.  
And we smile.  
We smile and the sun bows to us.  
And with moonlit teeth and dimples deeper than Egyptian blood, we laugh.  
And every Black girl's laugh is an anthem,  
a Nina, a Billie, a blues; a soft hum hissing,  
honey kissing baby hairs.  
Every promise is a silk scarf tying itself into a crown.  
And even our anger is so beautiful.

In a Black girl's country,  
an angry Black girl sounds like a thousand waterfalls  
rushing towards us  
to silence our storms,  
to wash our feet when we are tired from dancing.

In a Black girl's country,  
breasts and bellies and hips are  
kingdoms and temples and thrones.  
And fatherhood is fresh fruit at sunrise.  
Never fermented or beat; abused.  
Mothers are becoming and born from soil,  
holding us up and down,  
opening our souls without fear.  
Finally, we are here.  
We are home.