

Remembering Our Libraries

by

Kim McMillon

Amiri, Malcolm, Maya, Audre, Wanda
Tom Dent, Hoyt Fuller, Larry Neal, Jayne Cortez
All my Black Folks
My literary Cosmic Library
I have read you with my soul
And when you passed
I held your libraries in awkward hands
How do you hold a giant?
How do you celebrate, art?
In its rich, Blackness
Being and Feeling
Blackness-----real
Blackness-----you feel
Opening doors, not seen before
Not in high school history books
Oh, I know, I have looked
Trying to find my real
My family, my folks
Weighed down by sorrow songs
Speaking in tongues – words
Demanding self-determination
A Black Aesthetics
My brothers and sisters
Telling me, telling me
the beauty in my Blackness
Singing hallelujah
Over my body
Touched by spirit
Feeling and understanding
My body surrenders
Sublime

Gliding, Gliding
Falling into my being
Joy-soul-matter
My beauty, my Blackness
And I am writing, writing, writing,
Until, my pen is still
I travel as spirit
Pen gone, body gone,
But I am still, still...still
Signing my song of blackness
Singing my soul of joy
Because I am standing
Standing in my truth,
Calling my brothers and sisters
Amiri, Maya, Larry
Our voices merge
Healing the Black Body
Our words
Our magic
Our song
Is heard
And it is a Black Prayer to the Planet.