

Five original Poems written by Dhakeria Little

1.

I A daughter of the revolution
I AM solution
A procreation of elation
Proper predication for the blackness of my nation
I AM placement and preparation
I AM opportunity
The cleanse for oppression
I AM unity
I AM my ancestors' dream come true
I AM a voice for you and you
So allow me to speak your truth
If it's harder for you to do
Let me do what I was born to
I save me when I encourage you
In the distance I am you
Look in the mirror to be true
See that I see the inside of you
I will/ press play to see you true
I will/ press slay to see you through
And inspire you to be happy being you
If you came up out the shadows, strip the mask from off of you
And crawl up out your outer skin and
Let the inner win
Let the winner in
If you left that too small shell that you've been livin' in
To stand out and not blend in
You'd notice you've outgrown your wine skin
Come on and be you my friend
And live and live and live and let live and let love
Cz that love comes from above
Leave the trepidation alone
dilapidation of home
Variation is in your DN(Aye)chieve the belief within your heart
And do you part
To conceive the dream that's in your head
Just be led
It's born from your spirit/ do you hear it?
Like Sunday morning
Singing praise to the raise in your feet
This is your time/ Don't accept defeat
Arch your back and tilt your head up to the sky
Tell the clouds that you are fly
And meet the sun up in the high
Cz when your thoughts are so reckless
Your actions on the fact checklist

Your motives are unelectable
Your heart is undetectable
Your skin is easily penetrable
Easy to eat like a dinner roll
Weaknesses easy to spot like a garden troll
Trolling through your wilderness life
Shaking loose your edified life
Snaking through your Eden of life
Stealing away the treasures of life
Melting your crown, this is life
But it's a dimly lit picture of your after life
But it don't have to be your life
This don't have to be your strife
It's as simple as kissing under the moonlight
It's as simple as flying a kite
Let the wind get up under your wing
This is about faith
This is a thing
Jumping off this cliff, knowing there's wind beneath your wing
It will guide you
Remember those nights you cried through
The enemy tried you
The hell of his breath nearly fried you
But God already spied you
Hanging from the tree with an apple in your mouth
He wasn't going to let you fall south
He pointed you to the north, upwards of here
The dream born in you is still near
Jump from this place
Look God in his face
And tell him you're there
He knows exactly where
In exaltation
He with all patience
Will alter your station
Just be on stationed
Awaiting his provocation
To be elevation
His personal creation
Crafted to perfection
Be still Queen, come quietly now,
Sit tall King, come quietly now,
Into this firm embrace
To be born of this place
Be still, now.

4.

She reached for the rose only to be pricked by its thorn
What with the imagination from which she had been torn/
The light that had radiated through its iris
Shuttered out
Her canon of vision tested and worn out/
The girth of forlorn conceit
Bears greatly on her shoulders, defeat/
Placating her existence with a drought nonetheless
Mindfulness revoked-thus giving her no rest/
With rivers dried up and scorched earth beneath her feet
With no short term love to meet/
There's no soil rich enough to hold her seeds
And do them good
For if there were would it do that good?
Barren and bereft of fortitude/
Of dignified redemption/
She holds her chin toward the sky
Her eyes wide shut
Her heart too proud to cry/
A final call to God /
To have His mercy too
Since life is this hard to do
And real love is this hard to prove/
She prays
For favor to fall around her waist and profit a moment of peace
For the sky to open up and deliver the rain for her pain to ease/
She waits for love to find her again/ unsure of its settlement with her kind
Unsure if its direction and exemptions this time/
To believe that a love will come to be equally hers
This is certainly wear her vision blurs/
A love, one as hers, free and unfettered
As free as a songbird
That's cleared every storm its weathered/
As high and as wide as heaven
As whole and complete as seven/
For would a love like that breach her broken heart and hold intentions for repair/
To clear away despair/ and to share
To live longer than allotments are fair
To unclothe itself and be bare
And never to be caught in any lustful snare?
For this would be her forever prayer
Is there a love from heavens care?
A love heaven can spare,
For her and her alone?
Her heart would be his home
And she'd never leave him alone/
But, for if a love would come
And show a side that is to be adored
Would it thus, cut just as a sword/

and turn to reveal unsavoriness
with its double edge and unkindness?
Would he so soon come to wander
To steal her time and tear it asunder?
To make daylight run to give her love to another?
To make nighttime sit in the presence of his other?
Would he walk by her side
And hide his hand?
Would to her be he half?
Could he kill her heart with deceit
And defeat love of hers to cajole the feat?
But in the reach of her hand is her hope
That with the heat of the sun and the sky's moisture
Would give away to every thorn so that the bloom will be without danger
Her heart without anger/
So she moves to be kissed by the sun but not cast shade upon the ground
Destined to grow the very thing that could sustain her romance even with herself/
For if her own self-love would dance in her courts she would surely be saved
Long before a love would land at her heart's gates/
This would be smart
This level of love would be art/
Masterfully woven
Beautifully spoken
To let this miracle soak in
She would accept its love token
She would accept whole and relinquish broken

5.

How could the hands that passionately grip my bottom
Devotedly hold my hand in prayer
Awkwardly change our children's diapers
Be the same hands that are fearfully held up in defense of his life
because...Black
Because...Man
When Black pierces my heart with the deepest love one couldn't imagine
When Man lends me his rib and covers me in divine conquest of greater
His hands need only lift
in praise to Almighty God
Who painted him Black
Who designed him Man
Who created him Strong
him Excellent
him Human
So him Safe
Him Free
Him Alive
Him Be
Lord, let my Black Man come home to me