

Wakanda Dreams

In our most dangerous dreams,
the people could fly.
We wore fur and feathers
and spoke the languages
of the airborne birds
and beasts of the field.
Mother Nature was a Godparent.
Rivers, rolling hills, and
rocky cliffs
were minor deities,
cousins to the soul of the land.

We were kings and princes then,
in flowing raiment
and glowing jewels,
golden chains of our own choosing,
and the masks of brother spirits.
We couldn't be bought.
We couldn't be sold.
We couldn't be hidden away,
or stolen to distant shores...
though the oceans knew
our captains and our kin,
though the seas knew
our soldiers and our sails,
though the nations
knew our black skin and our bold schemes.

In our most fragrant dreams

we were women of the hearth and the heavens.
We were dancers, and seers, and seed growers.
The might of Amazon mysts and Spartan trysts
welled up in our loins,
before Artemis hunted,
before Helen enthralled,
before Nefertiti reigned.
We battled with sword and spear,
and killed our prey without mercy or fear.
We loved like the lioness of the pride.
We kept the spirit of family inside.
No demon in hell could ever divide
us...from the hearth or the heavens.

We are still the sweat that beads
on the brow of the white devils.
As they bring hate, and death, and sin,
to the heart of our Mother's gardens.
They know us in our smoking eyes.
They fear us in our muscled black thighs.
They envy our beauty...
They covet our prize.
They could not conquer Shaka,
or Sundiata, or Mansa Musa...
and the Maasai do
yet run with the gazelle,
and the zebra, and the
thundering herds of wildebeests.

The fables of Wakanda,
were not so far away

from the truth of things...
from the dangerous fragrance
of our dreams.
And panthers do yet prowl,
in the fearsome corners
of the African night.