

It is because the lightning flashes through  
the black skin of the night,  
lighting the way before us,  
it is because the rocks that have grown  
between us  
have suddenly turned to stars, and have sunk into  
our bodies  
sending a heat welding our joy together  
like two roots joining the earth.  
There is nothing to keep us apart,  
not tonight;  
we will ride this tractor  
home.

### Homage to My Hips / Lucille Clifton

THESE HIPS ARE BIG HIPS.  
THEY NEED SPACE  
TO MOVE AROUND IN.  
THEY DON'T FIT INTO LITTLE  
PETTY PLACES. THESE HIPS  
ARE FREE HIPS.  
THEY DON'T LIKE TO BE HELD BACK.  
THESE HIPS HAVE NEVER BEEN A SLAVE,  
THEY GO WHERE THEY WANT TO GO  
THEY DO WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.  
THESE HIPS ARE MIGHTY HIPS.  
THESE HIPS ARE MAGIC HIPS.  
I HAVE KNOWN THEM  
TO PUT A SPELL ON A MAN  
AND SPIN HIM LIKE A TOP.

### Another Note for a Future Memory / Alvin Aubert

summer in new orleans  
dodging the heat  
but needing the warmth & light

we slip thru pirates alley  
past the old cathedral  
to see kid thomas mute his horn  
with a brown paper bag.

## Providence, Rhode Island / Al Young

It's spring again  
the early part when  
the wettest wind  
gives you a licking  
youll never forget

You stand quivering  
down by the Biltmore  
whistling for taxis  
as maxi-skirted women  
flee the scene  
youve just stepped into

The grayness of this  
white water city feels  
good to blood that wants  
to explode on century's notice  
shattering calendar meat  
& appointments well kept

Colonial afternoons  
had to be colder than  
the hearts of witches  
laid to rest beneath  
these charming citypaved hills

Rushing for cover  
you now understand the  
cooled out literalness  
of these old wooden homes

A skinny black man  
(a brother you guess)