

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