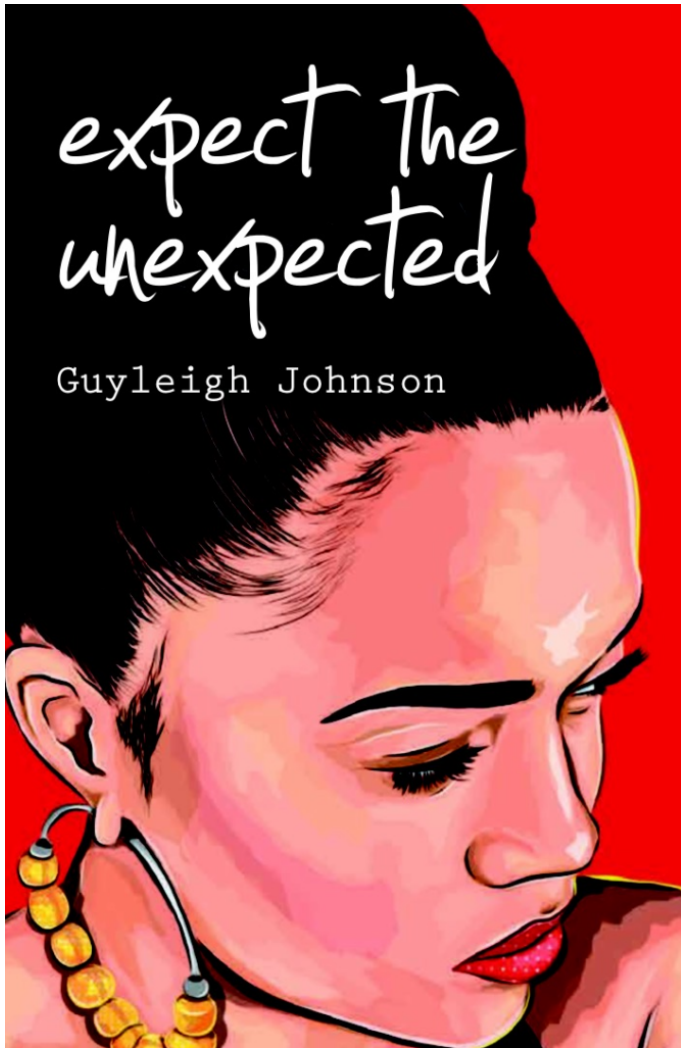




Power

Power
thought they took it away
when they exchanged our crowns for chains
Pain
Embedded
not knowing where I was headed
Lost
I tried to remember the footprints
In the sand
I followed the man
to a ship
enslaved
On it engraved
"Blacks only"
Only blacks
They tried to attack
So I ran
Back through the sand
Feeling the pressure
Of my grandmother on my heels
she revealed
Power
Pointing to my heart
She said this is where you start
And ever since
It all made sense
they couldn't take

what I was told to embrace
away from me
my grandmother paved for me
A road I was allowed to walk on
She was silenced
I was allowed to speak
So when I scream I try to teach
why the black woman is said to be angry
We were possessions never the prize
His story told so many lies
that's when I knew
I had to become the voice for you
through darkness the only way to get through the night
Is to follow the sounds that lead you to light
blinded but able to hear
I can feel her close she's very near
whispering the legacy
on the road she paved for me
I wait for other women
so they can too find peace



Cover art by Yewande Taiwo

#

Related reading: ["Women in Prison" by El Jones](#)