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Queens Of Lost Nation

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QUEENS OF LOST NATION

Robert X

I watched a cay of nude girls
on a purple black night.

Their fresh fiery virtue
so taut, bouyant, and ripe.

I saw a rare torrid beauty
with bright poetic eyes,
passionate laughter,
under plum-colored skies.

Their sun-painted feet
danced away time.

Their moon struck grace
showed plenteous behinds.

Queens of lost nation.
Goddesses of touch.
Girls of all wonder.
Women of dust.

I noticed a cay of feline damsels
exposed in my head

A blessed symphony of skin
jet black, to amber red.

I peeped bronzy gold thighs
so silky and bare
with poesy black shadows,
and wild woolly hair.

There's a germinating seed
naked in my mind.

Daymarish bodies
black grapes on a vine.

Full-flavored mouths,
brown sugar on a cane,
good desirous women,
undressed in my brain.

Queens of lost nation.
Goddesses of touch.
Girls of all wonder.
Women of dust.

I saw a cay of stark ladies
disrobing untouched dreams,
baring ebony souls
sharing most sacred things.

They poured notions of justice
over a nation of men.
They rightfully quenched
the thirstiest tree.

They showered a people
again and again.

Origins of motherhood
scented in the breeze.

Her blood is a flare.
Her voice is a flute.
Her womb fead upon,
rhythm and blues.

I saw a cay of peculiar people
praising sort of odd.

Feeding black boys
and nurturing gods.

Queens of lost nation.
Goddesses of touch.
Girls of all wonder.
Women of dust.

There's a revolutionary crop
reaped in my cells.

Cold shocking sanity
red mud, rain, and hell.

Unsuppressed truth,
for the most hated dream,
for the most chosen people,
for the Black man's esteem.

Queens of lost nation.
Goddesses of touch.
Girls of all wonder.
Women of dust.

(From the **Black Truth Collection** of Robert Matukura Shabazz)