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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.
Godesses 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.

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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 fed upon, rhythm and blues.

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

Feeding black boys and nurturing gods.

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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.

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(From the Black Truth Collection of Robert Matukura Shabazz)