

UNDER THE LAW

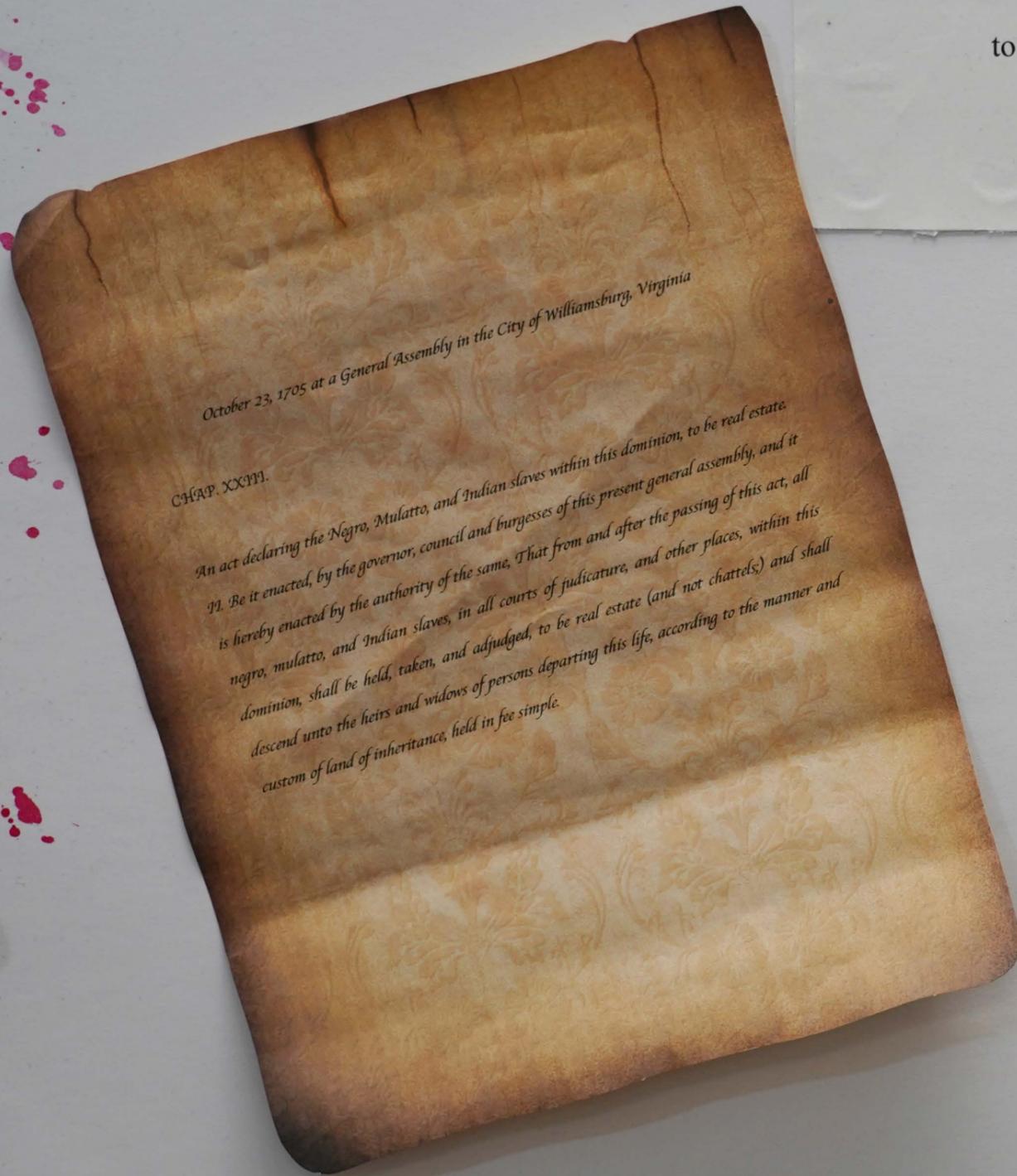
The Invention of Race

A N D

Contemporary Lived Experiences

“Often I have looked back into the past with a new insight only to find that some old, hardly recollected feeling fits into a larger pattern of meaning.”

Susan Griffin



Is this all that you are?

by Laura Collins

Are you dark brown curls, heavy with beeswax and sorrow and whispers, leaving a shimmer as a trail back to your soul?

Sha doll, she knows not how to burden her inheritance. Will you show her the way?

With her smooth cinnamon embouchure, dimpled by black stain, wrapped around like fleshly blanket, set and hands curved to the form of bored through grenadilla, bejeweled with nickel keys

She sways to the ancient melody within

to know of self.

by Laura Collins

do you even know who you are? this ferocity in your heart that speaks, through this worn and used reflection; it seeks to beckon forth, an answer to your question:

this savage beating in your chest, and glaze upon your temple, a marathon, for life, in race, on hidden roads marked freedom;

this ragged gaze strung on black pools, dim mirrors of these ghosts, that haunt and lurk, through anguished moans, in honeyed hues of flesh; no parting ways between these thighs or coils that spin to root, nor feet that tread a path less lit, or hands that conjure life from soot;

this hymn that sings some so sublime, in rows of fields or benches, and sets the hips a sway, in time, will come, they mark, a map to riches

this wicked, artful tongue, that swaggers in thy head does hide a wealth of minds intent, and croons into thine prying ear, chile, they aint never knowed soul like this

oh, earthen body, these limbs have sprout and root, these holes, through years dug deep; now look! these somber happenings, yet, flourish still does grow and glit; and light is all it took