

Rose in Harlem

Out of the stick, the grit, the grime

A sublime notion of good intentions

Caressed in milk chocolate lacquer

Head of wool bobbing in languid cement to avoid drowning in harsh statistics

The logistical rope of oppression searing a ring into my neck as a mark

The mark of my ancestors buried in the ground too soon

I crawled out because the sun beckoned to me through the cracks

God outstretched his hand to me and slowly pulled me out of the tightness, the darkness, my cocoon,
my tomb...

He pulled me out to be a display

To relay His message of what favor is

A rose for all seasons

The nurturer of reasons why beautiful things can spur from the roughest patches

I match the world in my own shape

A virtuoso reprobate

Mischievous hero of the misunderstood, underappreciated black woman

They look away when they see me coming

"The light in her is too bright" they whisper

I break the crowd and they beat my path with I miss hers and other empty ass words

Because no one bent down to save me

No one plucked me from seemingly pre-destined obscurity

I grew out of the muck and into grace to proclaim my corner of the world and be revered as a Queen

Obscene beauty and ever-evolving intelligence tied together with barbed wire

With ambition to grow higher than ever before...