

Untitled

by
D. Callender Aggor

I love you
Black man,
African man,
Essence of earth,
of ancient fires embered still
enshrined behind twin
black channels.

Your mouth is set
a raisin jewel,
plump and lined
with sun pressing
quondam speech
"nutifafa na amesiamé".*

Skin of soil and sweat,
chalked cocoa terrain
past robed in sweet
dry grasses and
chamois.

Now attired
denim and tee,
your mouth is lined and tight,
you say
"Where is my inheritance?"

But
Fires are still burning orbs.
Hold high your crown,
Black man,
African man,

We love you.

*Ewe, meaning "Peace for the people"