

‘cause i am

Jacquese Armstrong

i am the warrior princess
translucent black crystal time evolution
of djembe heart beat kings and queens
who set the day in rhythmic regality

winds hurl sticks against me

cut the face that will not

be broken

my ideas wrap around me

warm like

any mink coat

i

am the brainchild of thrift

and duality

(there is a use for everything)

confetti rains from above – i am

schools

only suffocate me with

what i already know

the Universe within

i have only to ask

and then bask in Sun

knock

the latched door opens

i run with gazelles' swift Grace

won't stop for rest

explosive spirit

my make-up is not

hideous when i sweat

my rose bushes blossom

rich/positively red

i am the brash brilliant colors of invention

the notes of remorse

the brushstroke reality

the brick-laying of fantasy

the bronze clay moldings of genius

my tears nourish the inheritance garden

roll out the mud cloth rugs for me to walk on

barefoot

‘cause i am