

‘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