

They took away our homes in chains through blood, stripped our humanity, maintained with guns.

Locked in the darkness you begin to spite, as they devour your hope connected to light.

My body holds not one owner, as my legs are not only mine to explore.

Generations sold into agony, and children born into such blasphemy, yet all I do is reap and plough, despite such overwhelming tragedies.

Don't mistake me have given up, as there is a future in my eyes, and I know my people will be able to rejoice and thrive.

I work as much as a man when I could get and bear the lashes as well.

And ain't I a woman? (Truth)

You look at me in disgust in your eyes, but you can't handle these breasts of the divine.

We are the mules of the world, yet the very mantle we walk on rejects us as if our voices repulse it. But our seat is claimed even if they wish to stake a claim upon it.

Hariot led the way

Rosa Sat

Angela Protested

Wheatley wrote

With all against us, we have enlightened ourselves

I am a woman

A black woman

We are not mammy, and we are not cunts, we are not whores, for the beautiful features you adore. Cover our hair, cover our ears, and cover the things that exist most natural to us. For if we are to breathe, express, and live, there will be no cover for the blade that cuts through our soul.

My arms they bear

My legs wish to tear

I stand in this world that I was birthed and hold dear

My feet planted in the soil, where my ancestors blood drips, and their corpses are hidden to spoil. These stones will forever live on, as long as I carry truth about the fruits grown in this red stained land.

Erase me you can

Sentence me to death where I stand

Beat me into submission with your hands

I am a woman

A black woman

My child stripped from my arms, hoping and begging to see them grow with no harm, but the world is filled with endless hate, won't someone come to defy this fate.

“The solemn prayer to heaven; The tears and sobs – The fearful anguish or broken hearts” (Gross & Berry 68).

Never to be amended but forever apart, won't someone come heal the madness in our hearts.

Tyranny upon tyranny
Pale faces with grins
Women stand united, because this is a fight we must win

We are not your experiments that you can pull apart, sewing me back together like a piece of disfigured art.

I'm not a circus act, dressing me up for a show. My talents laughed at, my body studied, all a part of a memo, whose audience is as white as snow. My words so powerful, my hands so expressive, what part of me can't you see that radiates my outraging distress. If I give a man my hand only to be used and forgotten, don't forget about me, because I am one, one woman, a black woman.

Your feminism is not mine, you preach of fair play and your equal rights, but where is the sound of a black woman's voice, in your fight? I shout to become a voice; you preach for love. I shout to be seen, even if it may become hoarse. You and I share a divine body, that much is true, but the similarities end there, and they have become far too few.

What gives you the right to tell me who I am? I am a woman, says Frances Thompson. I am a woman, shouts Martha Johnson. I'm a woman too, I bleed like you, I am like you, I feel everything you do, yet I'm not recognized for my attributes.

Erase me you can
Sentence me to death where I stand
Beat me into submission with your hands
I am a woman
A black woman
Let me be free

Don't hang your heads down my sister, don't be ashamed
Cling on to that mustard seed of hope, and claim, claim, claim.

I am a black woman, and I am proud
I am a black woman, and I am not too loud
I boast
I praise
I laugh
I am not afraid
My hair shakes, our hidden beauty
My curls twirl, our best trophy

The more they impose heavy burdens upon us, the more we have increased and prospered, the greater the efforts to prevent the diffusion of knowledge, the more gratifying has been our intelligent growth

Tear down the large paintings in which only white faces are represented, and beautify your walls with scenes and landscapes connected with our history, which shall win our praise and inspire out admiration

We are black women
Our skin sparkles in the sun
The gods above shower our heads with gold crowns.

Erase me you can
Sentence me to death where I stand
Beat me into submission with your hands
I am a woman
A black woman

Obliged to you for listening to me, and now Jordan got nothing more to say. Peace!

By: Jordan Dawson