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Ancestral Song

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Ancestral Song

i have searched for profound words to speak of your plight
to discuss why you wear your hood so tight
to justify reasons why your mother cut off your hair
leaving your BLACK buoyant soul
empty and bare

look what your mother has done to you
when she cut off your hair
she severed roots too

you no longer play with the other kids
afraid of being teased
you no longer play with the other kids
afraid they'll laugh at your peas

you no longer identify with your own
yearning for golden locks
you no longer identify with your own
turning from matted blocks

you no longer see the beauty of your BLACKNESS
denying your heritage for what's about your head
you no longer see the beauty of your BLACKNESS
hating the nature of your dreds

so i keep searching for profound words to speak of your plight
to discuss why you wear your hood so tight
to justify reasons why your mother cut off your hair
leaving your BLACK buoyant soul
empty and bare

how i wish-your mother could see
how her scissors clouded your reality
how her scissors forced you into a haughtiness womb
making your ashamed/ness your new BLACK/less tomb

but she can't see-she can't understand
the nature of her dreds have driven her mad

when called on her actions
she said
she said

10 little fuck ups
that's what i got
but i'm not gonna continue
to live fucked up
food, clothes and shelter
is all i'm responsible for
i'm not gonna hand out-no more

no more

I won't give any love
cuz i can't get none back
i can't give no time
less time for crack

and me

can't hand out no respect
they ain't got none for me
can't give up no care
no one cares for me

no one cares for me

so yeah
i cut her fuckin' hair
so what
i ain't combing that nappy shit in the morning
cuz i can't get up

early

why does ever'body want somethin' from me
why don't someone call one of their father/s

to take responsibility

so not I-search for profound words to speak of our plight
to discuss why WE wear our hoods so tight
to justify reasons why WE cut off each other's hair
leaving OUR today and tomorrows bitterly bare

Cherry B. McCutchen