

Untitled

Meshell Ndegeocello

"Her blackness is fine, the blackness of her skin the blackness of her mind"
Her beauty cannot be measured with standards of a colonized mind
Darker than blue darker than her blackness
Unblemished her features broad and striking
She cradles his body with her large hands
Her fingers stretch endlessly into his world of pain
Her caresses warm and penetrating she loves the black boy
His existence predestined to be one of no remorse compassion
Or the delusion of equality
But the love he gives (a doxology for her)
He praises and cares for what he can never be
There's such purity in a love that is essential to the loving of one's self

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