For Women

Ursula Rucker

My skin is brown My hair is platinum blonde, today Burgundy tomorrow My nails is long I know no sorrow, cause Ain't nothing I care to know, but... where my check so I can get my tix for the Jay-Z show And I do aspire to be a video-ho do and I know Pop-eye got shot last night But that's how it go, in da ghetto in da ghetto What do they call me? Read the tattoo on the left breast My name is...Lexxus yeah girl my name is...Lexxus

My skin was young, so young
It burned and tore
My hair was pressed and curled
and tied with ribbons that Sunday morn
September 15, 1963

get it right

I screamed

In the basement of the church, I screamed
The last day I would ever see
Ma and Pa would never know the woman I would grow up to be
I was an involuntary offering for humanity
Why did they hate me?
Why dey hate me, so, so, sooo
What did they call me?

Four Little Girls Four Little Girls

My skin is tough
This woman

This

Lunch and home, mistake and love maker double shift worker

sometimes warrior, sometimes weak

This wife

This single soldier

God-given, God fearing, God doubting

This, bearer of wisdom and fruit and pain

This

once girl...sometimes still

saint, sinner, teacher, multi-tasker, friend, this everyday wonder

This...woman

This...nation-builder

This...raiser of leaders, of losers, of babies, of boys who will become men

Girls who will become women

This...woman

Some call me mama

Hey mama

Hey mama

Hey mama

My eyes are a rainbow

I reflect the spectrum

I have seen much

My heart weighs heavy

Even with joy I feel so much

My hair is electric

I am ablaze, I am the source

I can feed you or starve you

Breath life into you or bleed you

I can fuck you or love you

I don't care how they call me

I know who I is

Call me...

crazy, divine, Ma'at, true honeybun, Supreme Pontifica, electric lady, holy prostitute

I don't care what you call me

I know who I is

I is...

Mammy, mulatto, welfare mom

Matriarch, mid-wife

I is

Lyrics submitted by Eugene.

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