BLACK WOMAN &
A FEW
THINGS.
MORE
THINGS TO COME.
CHERDERICKA NICHOLS JUNE 2020
Black women mother children they do not bare, love men who often leave them behind, and fight for people who often forget them. Despite the disparity of compassion and regard, she progresses on.

Black Woman and a few things.
BLACK WOMEN & THE WHITE WOMAN

What work are you willing to do so that I am protected? Everything that I fight for is fruit for you, but your harvest produces low hanging fruit.
This can not nourish me.
What work are you willing to do to ensure that the power your concerns hold translates as power for me?

What are you willing to sacrifice? We have lost lives to your silence and ignorance.
Are you willing to unlearn all the things you thought you knew about a world that has never existed?

What are you willing to do for sisterhood?

BLACK WOMAN

You are a chameleon and a lonely mammal. It is not to applaud you on your willingness to survive with limited resources, but it is to say in wonder; how?

How do you seek humanity in those who often forget yours?
How do you love when, what’s poured into you is not enough?
How do you keep yourself in tact?
How do you not scream at your own neglect?
How do you welcome change you rally for but does not reflect you?
Black woman, how are you still here?

How are you able to build with a sheet and a clip?
How are you able to beautify dirt?
How are you able to switch between worlds and remain whole?
How are you able to show up for others when you are forgotten?
How are you able to nourish with so very little?
How are you not conflicted with yourself?
How are you not lost?
How are you so many things and none at all?

How are you able to still smile black woman?
BLACK WOMEN & CHILDREN

We carry seeds that come with mapped out expiration dates, if we are not thoughtful in creating their path.
We carry seeds that we think we must violently police so that the police will not do so in our absence.
We carry seeds that are not allowed to be children as they enter a world that does not see them as such.
We carry seeds who process trauma before joy.
We carry seeds that innately carry all the violence that’s been inflicted on their mothers. Physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually.
We carry seeds that we create two worlds for; their utopia and their reality.
We carry seeds that bare love inside and armors resilience outside.
We carry seeds that knows their existence is revolutionary in itself.
We carry seeds with unknown power that unlocks at their will.
We carry seeds of unknown tongues who find the language they need to survive.
We carry very special seeds.

BLACK WOMAN & THE PRO BLACK MAN

We allow these man to share beds with us, allow them into our hearts, we will lay lifeless at the expense of keeping air in their lungs, we will be more forgiving than saints on a Sunday because we have humanized them in a world that has dehumanized us both.

Where does his conflict meet him when he abandons the women he shares a bed with, has been ruled by her now broken heart, has seen another day because she saw him worthy of the ultimate sacrifice, and when he’s been spared the rage of a neglected thorn rose?

Where does his conflict meet him?
Has he not seen his mother in the variety of women who have loved him like a son?
Has he not seen a cast of women playing each and every role he nourishes from?

Why does this pro black man meet conflict at the black woman?
Why are you abandoning your shelter, nourishment, and lifeline?
When you think that she’ll be a saint to you forever, when you’ve plucked her petals and left her with nothing but thorns?

Why do you meet her in conflict? Or are you meeting a lost part of yourself?
Are you conflicted by an energy that transgresses beyond rejection and always finds its space?
Are you conflicted at how love and rage can carry on in the same body?

What conflicts you?
What leaves you conflicted when she carries your DNA and guards it like her own?
What conflicts you when she’s able to navigate through time and undo things for your unborn?

Are you afraid of magic?