

Liberation Women

By Melise Huggins¹

I was looking for a poem in honor and comradeship
To send to a Sister, a warrior, a new breed in an old ship
Enacting her passion and insight for our renewed commitment
To fight these myriad wars for our identities, survivals and enabling psychic realities
Where life is preferred and lived than death -
And our children are nourished in spirit and truth, parented by example and deed
Not fed on, cannibalized, and decried, blowing un-owned like reeds
Where they grow on to be soldiers and sojourners of our legacies and life songs
Not burned out empty headed cogs
In this ongoing system of Western and White Supremacy
Where we fit the same fight every 25 years or beyond
For you see it is only the few that recognize
That victory is yet to be earned, burned and convicted in our hearts and minds
In words and law, only, it has never been a change of humanity
Therefore, there is the changing same, these things move like the wind
Or when ever the latest incarnation of evil surfaces

This is not the point

I was looking for words of redemption, accolades and spiritual exhortation
Couldn't find a one, so I had to write my soul story to give as gift
In shared comradeship and applause
To a Sister traveling the same travail
This unending path to Black people's liberation and fight to gain
In one moment of conscious awakesness
I heard her tell us it is time to be proactive
Strategize and build a plan
Before the next storm, rain, hurricane, washout, genocide or holocaust

This Sister, to whom and her efforts, I pledge my combined allegiance
What we might do together for our collective
Is unseen and cannot be minimized
For that, the promises and potentials are endless

So let me here, send you this letter and creed of friendship
To fight with pooled resources and in togetherness

¹ Melise D. Huggins is an international public scholar holding degrees in Animal Science, Agricultural Economics and Applied Economics & Resource Development from American universities. She is a multidisciplinary development economist, writer, poet, artist, and photographer, originally from the Caribbean but a world traveler both for business and pleasure. Much of her prose/poetry focuses on women, and our struggles to be; to be free, live and remain self-determined in the midst of myriad demands. She hopes to make writing her living.

One Liberation Woman in honor of another
Soon, if we keep compiling,
The army of us, like a nation's women
We recreate our images
By then, we will have stopped the fight to survive
To begin to thrive
In the legacy and tradition of
A Liberation People by the hand and womb of its Women