After Rashid Johnson

Come now, we done did all we could for the ashy,
the pale, the pasty, the Tommettes and Toms,
ebbed our long-legged limbs to nubs, battered
our bodies black and blue to erect their
buildings, their skyline etch-a-
sketching across a dying
night sky.
No más.

Gather
your afros, ash-savers,
pool halls, dranks, drunks, dramas,
teas, banjos, Lordes, Chapmans, Xs, Kings,
tantrums, tears, gospel, golden shovels, momma's good growing dirt,
ghosts, Truths, bow ties, funkity funk funk, Coltranes, Allahu Akbars, all the thangs
and meet at Litty Lit Park (formerly Central, originally Seneca, always Lenape).
Don't forget your old and your young, your mommas and your daddies,
your kids, all the chillun (like auntie says),
also your aunties, tatis, uncles, pops,
papas, totos, g-mas, and your own
flaming souls—brothers and sisters
we goin back to promised
land.

Unfurl your wing frames,
enough for everyone,
wax-certifiable.
We skyfolk.
We skyfolk.
We skyfolk.
We were meant to be close to the sun.
Flap, flap, brothers and sisters,
flap, flap. As the good big sis
Morrison prophesied: we
were meant to ride it.
Stay Black
& Fly

Sakinah Hofler