

VOICE OF THE FUTURE

striving brothers
students in the community colleges
of the world:

Get wise to yourselfs,
decide.
Do you want a woman
with knowledge
or a lump of clay?
Do you want a real woman
or a sack of bullshit?
Or would you like to turn gay?
Get wise to yourselfs,
realize.
Ain't no wise woman
gonna uh huh you
all the time.
Ain't no real woman
gonna swallow that
raggedy line
about how her place
is domesticating
but it's beautiful when
you both out there gigging
at the same time
sinking all the bread
into what you
and you alone want to do.
About how you
the natural leader
and she the natural follower
while you don't even look
like you fixing to go nowhere.
Get wise to yourselfs
and choose.
If you want a fool
go get yourself a stupid woman
and be glad there's
still some left
cause there won't be for long
with brothers like you.
Get wise to yourself.

Untitled

My quiver give flesh,
he rides,
my trembling astounds me.
God cries out from my insides:
take my hand
lead me up
river
don't ever
let me go.

He's turning to liquid.
He's melting over me.

Watchout:
that's my love overflowing
that's my love
dripping off the sides
of the bed
that's my love
you just turned over on.

1971

*Answers*

Just as you
blackman
are bored with
my struggles
over children
and church
and red dress
i'm bored
with your struggles of
sacred white womanhood
not to even mention
your delicate manhood
not to even mention it.

1970

— Michele Wallace