

# My Blackness



Katina Horton

I give all honor, praise, and glory to God for another opportunity to work for him.

This book is dedicated to my grandmother, Madea, who passed away in 2013, my mother, my children, and the rest of my family. I also dedicate this book to all the former residents of Madden Park Homes community, and all those people who celebrate their blackness, and have a Madea in their life

# **My Blackness**

**Is it the sassy in my voice?  
Is it the hips I'm given by choice?  
Is it the knots that's in my hair?  
That makes the crowds shake heads and stare.  
Is it my eyes that's filled with grief?  
Above the teeth that's clenched by thief.**

**Is it the music that makes me sway?  
That helps me heal from day to day.  
Is it the movies that recall drama?  
Of taken lives and baby mommas?  
It's part of blackness.  
Oh, can't you see?  
My Godly image, identity.**

## **Soul Food Manners**

**How does the black person eat soul food?**

**With their fingers of course.**

**With a twist and turn of the fingers.**

**Some people think it's rude.**

**Smash a little bit of sweets.**

**Then a little bit of macaroni.**

**Pinch a little bit of bread.**

**Don't forget the rigatoni.**

**Top it off with collard greens.**

**And then grab a little chicken.**

**It's all in the hands.**

**It's all in the licking.**

**With a downright appreciation**

**For the love that will linger.**

**When a black person eats soul food,**

**They transition over to singer.**

## **They Say**

**They say that light is right.  
They say that dark is wrong.  
They say that light is good.  
They say that dark is bad.  
And when we're killing each other.  
We're all confused and mad.**

