

Return

One.

I am a woman making peace
with the legacy that lives large and undeniably
in my skin
which is white
white as the absence of light
white as the lie
which is whiteness.

Two.

The only way to make peace
with a lie
is to wage war
for truth
with the same fire that made
John Brown
a race traitor
a hell raiser
a trail blazer
a forefather
one of so few
I can name.

Where are my white ancestors' names
in the tapestry I trace to take me home
and

Three.

Can I go home
as who I am?

My momma and daddy did not
give birth to me
to carry on the struggle
But they do seek some
naked-because-it-is-nameless-hope
for a world where
my father can walk
and my mother can survive,
breaking the monotonous power of those many, many, many men
who told her she never would.

My home is who I am:

A woman making peace with the flesh
that is my home
and waging war on the history
(the now)
that would deny me the desire
to live inside myself
and would wash me the color of shame.

I say no.
and exist and resist
knowing

I am a white woman
struggling
to be home.

