

A Libation for Good Trouble
A Poem by
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In Celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King Annual Observance
Resistance, Activism, and Getting Into Good Trouble.

Bharem wɔ mmɛ nɛ.
(My ancestors, here I am!)

I pour libation on this threshold of a new dawn.
I, woman getting into good trouble. Insisting
I am not just a woman, I am human too!
I invoke your presence; you, forced through the doors of no-return
From Bimbia, Gorée, and Elmina.
Return now in my being, return in my seeing.
Connect my words with the harmony within and without.

In this virtual space we celebrate a harvest of dreams.
A rainbow nation marching from Minneapolis to Portland,
From New York City to Washington DC
Beaming revealing lights from history to our story:
Boots never broke the joints of justice!
Batons never petered out passion for peace!
Guns never bled us empty of our quest for freedom!

So, we converge again at this crossroads of memory
Reminding us that words matter; words can shatter
But fragments of truth filter in broken spaces
We can reconstruct justice from the carnage of falsehoods
What we speak can maim the world.
What we speak can change the world;
Choice is wisdom wrapped in humane values.

Here are more drops, for the nation, wetting our resolve.
The nation tested like steel tempered,
Weathered the heat and blows of human hammers.
250, 000 flags dance in the wind for a new day.
No one can steal the sun for only their backyard
No one can milk the moon and deny others her nurture
The sky is wide enough for all birds to plow.

Here are more drops, for this season of healing
“To heal we must remember,” he said.
But beyond the dead of the vile virus;
‘Strange fruits’ still litter our roadsides and our homes.
The names scald our tongues -Ahmaud, Breanna, George and many more
Each name is a colored bead in a necklace too tight. We can’t breathe!
But Martin’s dream continues to counter the nightmare.
The capacious cabinet has room for this diverse nation
We record “firsts” vowing they can’t be “lasts”
Our bloom is our strength to keep striving,
To never return in fear to our darkest divide
Inclusion is equity for diversity.

Bhareṃ wə mmɛ nɛ.

(My ancestors, here I am!)

Here are the last drops.

Hope is a verb -the nation's doing word.

The horn is empty!

The drops soak the earth

Without surrendering, we climb

Standing on MLK's Mountain top, united in action

Getting into Lewis' good trouble

Knowing, "if one finger brought oil it soiled the rest"

In our midst the voices continue to echo

We are black and Americans too

We are immigrants and Americans too

We are Muslims and Americans too

We are Jewish and Americans too

We are Latina/Latino and Americans too

We shouldn't be in the margins; We're Americans too

E pluribus Unum- bedrock of a dream foretold

We thrive as one, INVINCIBLE

Bhareṃ wə mmɛ nɛ; wə mmɛ nɛ. (My ancestors, here I am; here I am)