**Going Back**

Yeah, these blues ain’t going nowhere…

Moving back in my mind to retouch memories with thoughts of love

Surely there was love

even in the most devastating places

if I was there

there had to be

Retouching memories

With wide wondering eyes

remember?

before they told me

my skin was the wrong color

moving back

Kissing my little girl forehead

touching the wrinkles

wounds and creases

in the lines of my family

the laughter and the food

retouching those memories

with love

the way we gathered

when Martin Luther King was killed

when my father died

the way we cried together

every time a loved one

left this earthly space

there was love

in the rituals

in the tears

in the singing

in the writing

even now

I can feel the presence of my father

guiding my work

applauding my dreams

extending a hand

love doesn’t die

was the greatest lesson

he taught me

remembering the lesson

those Mississippi Blues

retouching memories

That got me through

urban decay

hot summer days

global protests and

milestone birthdays

how will I emerge

from this transformative experience?drinking life from this plentiful fountain

of my father’s love?

reenergized and recharged by this

profound and phenomenal ability to love

remember

retouch

kiss

cry and

redress

this love of

voice

words

writing and

rebirth

this poetry

just breathing

just breathing

this lesson that is home

just breathing

just breathing

just knowing

I will emerge as my elders have

It will be so

I will emerge as love

Those Mississippi blues

just breathing

just breathing

Someone has to love us and

it must be us

just breathing

Someone has to love us and

it must be us

Remember

Those Mississippi blues

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