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Autumn

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Kitchen Song

by Vondalee Knoll

there is homemade bread
in this rising
there are dishes
in this stacking
kitchen memories
in this collection
where tortillas used to hold
black beans and warm cheese
was your thick milk
between my legs
there where you still linger
in memories
with your dark skin
your intense black eyes
more to me
than your love throbbing
honesty your sensitive mouth
whispering love
your arms my kitchen
(you left me
my soldier boy
off to war zones
of your own)

and i filled my kitchen
with loaves of bread rising
i married a fat white man
and his belly rises above me
his words the dishes
in this stacking
it is he who i need most now
and you who i wanted
i still want
but i will not leave
this bread rising
or return to your arms
my brown armed kitchen
you return to me from small wars
and love-tryst battles
but i make no tortillas
as we greet days gone by
and i live with my white man
my white bread rising



Untitled linoleum cut, by Valerie Jenkins

Spiritual

by Vondalee Knoll

Power to de strong
Grief to de weak
De Lawd say the earth gonna go to de meek
Sometime it looka like de Lawd be wrong.

Lover's Haste

by Patricia Baker

Coffee granules spilled
A chipped mug left half empty
On a lone white stove.

Autumn

Autumn wind totters
A candle's flame, dances, dies
Deep darkness settles.