

Landmark

To be somebody is a big deal. To name ourselves
Bitch. Conical teeth. Cage-fight cuban-linked girls

Pretty bitches with a fresh set done first Friday girl
That girl; which means we ain't *the* girl, *this* girl,

girl in 325, girl with buck teeth, corner-store girl
& *that's* power. To dead all the things you ain't girl

mama gworl cause we everyone's somebody, girl.
They call us mama-of-mamas/call us venus-girl

When i say girl i always mean *babygirl* or *thee girl*
This begs the question: are you also a stallion girl?

humming: of you atop the horses, kissing girls.
In fevered dark, you truly something divine, girl.

Someway connected to Solange, B & Meg, girl.
We are all someday seven steps to heaven, us girls.

think ourselves in opposition to what murders us:
We carry ourselves above ground, float every night.

all strut, sex shadow we are, shifting at night.
makes the walk home look glorious. Every night

gives a show, bares fierce, eyes the silk-water night.
who dares put hands on us; wicked-light-of-night?

Only you can dream a pair of sweet hands at night,
when we like pressure 'round our neck. At night,

even *it*-girls like it rough. Like it like we like night—
All sweat back with no face. Sometimes, the night's

feel like noface: all vanishing act, boundless night.
Gentle spirit, hands always out for me. Tiny night,

what offers me all the gold I'm worth. In the night,
I return home, *that girl*, still whole, black as night.

a contrapuntal ghazal