

Mama's Mantra

Jada White

Who cyaah hear, must feel.
Two ears. One mouth.

If you must confess make it worth the voices who's wisdoms were set to rest.
Despite the heirlooms handed down from grandma, and grandma's mother's mom.
Restrained smiles never got to flash in rebellion to those who muzzled their cheeks.
Now you flash your grandfather's great-grandfathers smile.
Just to appease those who pick at your teeth, salivating at the sight of blood.

Who cyaah hear, must feel.
Take a breath. Return to center.

Listen for the message from misleading admires.
How can their ears be quicker than your lips are?
Like anticipating adultery in a virgin.
Don't let what you hear deceive you.
Only you and I can speak mother's tongue.
Martyr or monster?
Appreciate or Appropriate?
The wolf doesn't seek comfort in the sheep,
Until the sheep is forced to rest.
Now the wolf has food to eat.

Who cyaah hear, must feel.
You're being tested, remember.

Do not exchange heritage for kindness.
Speech crafted from years of opposition.
Attempting to make a puzzle with most pieces missing.
Being sold back what was stolen in exchange for we've been left with.
They made the bed pretty, perfect pose in the casket.

Who cyan hear, must feel.
The music that rolls off our tongues is jazz, with a Scratch Lee sound.

Each word is a signature of vibrations that travel through our family.
Something that cannot be bought and sold.

The manifestations of ancestral resilience,

so say it until it feels real

Who cyaah hear, must feel.