

*Free*

*It looks like . . .*

*Freeing saggy titties from patriarchal shackles.*

*It looks like . . .*

*Rolls that roll from the front of your stomach to your back*

*And you wear a crop top with it.*

*It looks like . . .*

*Eye crust but you still close your eyes n let your crush stroke your face.*

*Free,*

*To choose what to lose and still live happily.*

*Knowing I make my own realities not centered on*

*Eurocentric normativities.*

*I.*

*Crush the herbs.*

*Talk,*

*To the leaves.*

*I'm,*

*Making dolls,*

*If you don't leave.*

*I*

*Trust the Earth.*

*I*

*Know her well*

*I*

*Know the power*

*Of a*

*Black girl's spell*

*Don't die of a broken heart my love.*

*Oh, you cry and you wanna stop his beating heart.*

*But he don't love you, just like how you don't love yourself*

*People going to space to defy gravity,*

*Your hair do it all the time*

*Don't chu know you're magical!*