

New World Coro

by Ntozake Shange

our language is tactile
colored & wet
our tongues speak
these words
we dance
these words
sing em like we mean it/
do it to em stuff drag punch & cruise it
to em/ live it/ the poem/
our visions are our own
our truth no less violent than necessary
to make
our daughters' dreams
as real as mensis
&
the earth hums some song of her own...
cuz we have a daughter/ mozambique
we have a son/ angola
our twins
salvador & johannesburg/ cannot speak
the same language
but we fight the same old men/ in the new world
we are so hungry for the morning
we're trying to feed our children the sun
but a long time ago/ we boarded ships/ locked in
depths of seas our spirits/ kisst the earth
on the atlantic side of nicaragua costa rica
our lips traced the edges of cuba puerto rico
charleston & savannah/ in haiti
we embraced &
made children of the new world
but old men spit on us/ shackled our limbs
old men spit on us/ shackled our limbs
for but a minute...
you'll see us in luanda or the rest of us in chicago.

—from Shange, Ntozake. *A Daughter's Geography*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1983

