

numb legs & bow bent under beautiful  
stood there on pain-scarred feet overworked  
numb legs  
& bow bent under beautiful  
under the memory of your grandfather swaying high  
up there in a burning southern breeze

now sweet music love sings soft tender beauty  
deep in your washed aging windows—  
& you give me strength  
during the mad, bizarre days—

& we have learned to love your life  
& will vindicate the pain & silence of your life  
the memory of your grandfather with the foreign name  
& who sways high up there in history over your legs  
blue black & bow bent under beautiful  
the weight of over 300 years carried  
of blood & bones & death in mud  
of breath & sweat chained to death  
numb legs & bow bent under beautiful  
under the memory of your grandfather  
swaying high up there in the burning breeze

didn't matter whether the weather was flame-tongue-licked  
or as cold as a well-digger's asshole in late december  
because you stood there anyway  
in full bloom of your strength & rare beauty  
& made us strong

*blue black & bow bent under, beautiful*  
*blue black & bow bent under, beautiful*  
*blue black & bow bent under, beautiful*