

## **Woman Walking**

You walk along the dusty roads, balancing bananas on your head and babies on your back.

Flip flops flap; your toes hold on.

Where do you go in your fancy dress?

Not to a cocktail party, I suppose. You are regal without effort, no queenly pose,

No Instagram filter. Your back is unbowed

By generations of servitude...no “attitudes” or “uppities” to be broken.

You are the question unspoken.

What if?

What if you and I switched destinies? Would you see me from the window of a car?

Would you form opinions from afar and try to save me with your good intentions?

You are OUR birth mother; there is none as powerful as you.

Your womb sheltered us—human kind; our tombs entwine in the Earth’s core.

You are more than Woman Walking, more than dust and colorful clothing,

More than plentiful, plantain fields—you wield the answer to the query:

What is LIFE?

It is you.

Mami, Africa, it is YOU.

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Kimberly Hillstock