The Mothering Blackness

By Maya Angelou

She came home running
   back to the mothering blackness
   deep in the smothering blackness
white tears icicle gold plains of her face
   She came home running

She came down creeping
   here to the black arms waiting
   now to the warm heart waiting
rime of alien dreams befrosts her rich brown face
   She came down creeping

She came home blameless
   black yet as Hagar's daughter
   tall as was Sheba's daughter
threats of northern winds die on the desert's face
   She came home blameless

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