

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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