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 dreamsbefrosts 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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