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 befróst 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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