

# 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

Maya Angelou, "The Mothering Blackness" from *Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water Fore I Die*.  
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