

## **Because I Am A Black Woman**

*Eva Lynch-Comer*

They tell me to clench my soul in place.  
Instead, I twirl in subways  
arms outstretched and let my hips sway.

They wield the wind like a whip  
and teach me how to starve my breath.  
Instead, I lie in grass while the breeze  
braids dandelion fuzz into my hair.

They show me how to gouge the vines of my veins  
from the Black trunks of my wrists.  
Instead, I scoop my spiraling soul  
into the hearts of my palms and lean forward  
so my tears can rinse my hands.