CREATION OF NATIONS
By JAMILA JONES

I hold within my womb the Creation of all nations
Heavenly body flows freely from me
Behold the one and only
The alpha and the omega
My country
the great matriarch
standing tall
amazon
hips swaying in the breeze
my country drums
beating in the night
daughter of the moon
blossoming in the sun
holding down the line
waiting for the one
daughter of the great matriarch
daughter of my country
marching through trails,
 thru time
 thru life
knowing the creation of nations

the sun beat down on me
on we
as we
march
through our histories
the womb of our mother
nourishing me
as I pay homage and respect
she teaches me
passes the wisdom
long forgotten
through me
only in my country

as I lay embraced
safe n the firm grip of my country
loved in her tender cool fingers
wet and satisfied
she gives me strength

a woman warrior to fight
to protect the secret of my womb
the creation of nations
my country
UNTITLED
By JAMILA JONES

Head held up high
Like a nubian queen
So hold your head up
As you are my royal king
Able to hold your own
Wanting to know who I am
Almost like second sight
Gazing into my eyes
You realized
You know how I evolved
How I came from the light

Walking side by side
To lead the struggle and fight
To work the struggle in our life
Barefeet sometimes draggin in the dust
grasping for recognition
with clenched fists for our kingdoms of past
having to bleed for what you believe
is sometimes a must!

I am that I am
Do you know who I am?
Like the pheonix who rises from the dust
Its been a long time commin’

Sad and sullen
As you stepped up to me
To comfort me
As you watched the tears flowin’

Walking along the path
My voice rising with all the mothers
Sistas and daughters

As we watch our fathers, an brothers
And or sons fall
For an honor that was already theirs

Tired feet treaden the ashes
Of former life