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## Creation of Nations

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## 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

a woman warrior to fight  
to protect the secret of my womb  
the creation of nations  
my country

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

## 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 sometmes 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

Shoulders heavy  
Under the burden,  
Watchin' as our children  
Are hearded from cell to  
Motuery, unaware  
Of their royal heritage,  
Their crown and glory

But you stepped up, comforted me  
Took your place by me  
As took my place by your side

The sacred family – they try to tear us  
asunder  
But we are united in family  
Resisitng those in