I.

"Pussy for Sale!
Black, pussy for sale!"

Is it just me,
Or did ya'll hear somebody talking about pussy?
Black, pussy for sale?
Hell, did I get the memo?
Am I missing something that everybody in here knows?

"Black, pussy for sale?"

Who is that screaming?
I search for source but it eludes me for some reason.
Wait, I think I hear him breathing,
Hear him,

"Black pussy for sale!"

Yes, it's coming for these speakers.
In between every line about new cars and fresh sneakers
There's
"Black pussy for sale!"

II.

Maybe I should not dance to rap music.
Maybe it is bad for my self-esteem.
I love the way my booty bounces to the beat,
but I know I look like a freak.
And no man ignores my body language
when every inch of it speaks, if not
"Black pussy for sale!"
then, Black pussy for free.

I was taught the way to be wanted is too please
So I place myself on bend & knee,
I seduce men.
Even if I don't let them hit,
I'll let them round the bases.
I'm encouraging debasement
because I've made more niggers come
than European slave ships.

III.

Last night my Great Great Grandmother appeared in my dream:

"Granddaughter you disappoint me.
Acting as though Black women
haven't been treated as inventory.
We have been commodified.
Our legs, arms, backs, commodified.
Sold, bought, traded, legs, arms, backs, degraded

"Beneath the broad burdens it was born to bear
My back is strong. Hips, wide, eyes high
as master strips me. I drape myself in dignity
as men the color of snakes bellies assess me
Some, having the nerve to detest me
They test me. Test my legs, arms, back
& Master say, what is it ya'll call it these days?"

'Black pussy for sale!'

"I know not to ask questions
So my hands are never raised
Even when I am raped,
no matter the age,
I am not of race to consent.
So when a neighbor sneaks over & says kneel,
I bend.
All he would get was fine for trespassing
So I'm forced to forget
those who trespassed against me.
This is what they made of our bodies."

IV.

`(in progress)