

Joseph Woods, Park Forest

*To My Mother Doris,
Who Knitted My Pattern Of Thought,
With Grandma's Hands,
Black Goes With Everything*

Tommy Hilfiger,
Didn't make his clothes,
For the Black figure,
Yet you eye it,
Buy it,
Incomplete without it,
Does it make you feel,
Bigger, badder, better,
Or does it attract,
An hourglass figure,

Go figure,

Fubu,
The designer guru,
Who got the best of you,
For it and its kind knew,
What was most important to you,
An appearance,
That won't get you clearance,
To the celestial club,
The one the prophets spoke of,

You see,
Nike seeped into your psyche,
Thus psyched thee,
Into opening your mentality,
And with audacity,
Made its own key,
But I ain't mad at you,
Mikey,

Forgive me,
But I never gave,
Amazed praise,
To the days glazed,
With worship ways,
To Izod,
Instead of, My God,

Fila's fiat fantasies,
Failed to fulfill me,
Do you feel me?
Do you feel me?

Descending tommy hills,
Hence ascending,
To a greater part of me,
The part of me,
You don't see,
My link to immortality,

Declaring,
Not wardrobe,
But peacedrobe,
The clothes to my soul...

I got,
Langston Hughes shoes,
With a Nat King Cole sole,
And Stevie Wonder wingtips,
Redd Foxx socks,
And Paul Robeson pants,
Pressed with a Malcolm crease,
And Sidney Poitier pleats,
All held up with a Muhammad Ali championship belt,

I got,
A Frederick Douglass dress shirt,
With Martin Luther King cufflinks,
And Belafonte buttons,
A Jackie Robinson jacket,
With Satchel Paige pockets,
A Bojangles bow tie,
And Coltrane coattails,

And when I feel,
Like there ain't nothing I can't do,
I wear my Shaka Zulu zoot suit,
And as I take,
That slow soul stroll,
Down Countee Cullom's Heritage Avenue,
Spicy Grove,
Cinnamon Tree,
With a solstice soul kiss,
My soul mate greets me...

Draped in a Dorothy Dandridge dress,
Made of Sarah Vaughn silk,
And Nancy Wilson satin,
Styling a Mahalia manicure,
Precious Lord Take My Hand,
And a Billie Holiday hairdo,

She's got,
A Minnie Ripperton minnie skirt,
Stitched with Harriet Tubman thread,
And woven with Phillis Wheatly wool,
A Rosa Parks pair of Sojourner Truth boots,
Tammy Terrell tights,
A Tina Turner tank top,

She wears a Pamela Greer shear brassiere,
And a Dianne Carroll corset,
That shines with the eloquence,
Of that Diana Ross gloss,

And when she takes me,
To the higher place,
Love,
To the superlative case,
She wears Cleopatra panties,
Trimmed with Lena Horne lace,

Oh Those Old Souls That Sewed My Soul,

With needlework wisdom,
They embroidered examples,
Knitted knowledge,
Macramed minds,
Quilted quotes,
And hemmed hopes,

tommy molehill,
About nothing,
You are much ado,
Donning your red,
White,
And blue,
It was never really about you,

Go Figure