

Natasha V. Broodie



[Link to the Artist's Spoken Word](#)

Called to Silence

My pores hear
My muscles remember
My fingers saw
My feet screamed
My hair twisted
My bones shifted

My heart stops, it stops again

My lungs devoured
My eyes felt
My stomach locked
My mind fell
My breast cried
My vagina died

My heart stops, it stops again

But my skin has recalled
And my tongue could feel
My throat expanded
My soul began to smell
My spirit bubbled
My teeth tickled
My head collapse
And my heart began to breathe

My tendons pulsated
My veins spoke wisdom
My wrinkles felt grace
My knees fortified
My hands rejoiced

My lips did not surrender
My toes are alighted
My thighs are beating
My heels kiss the earth
My nose breathes in truth and beauty

Often are we colored girls called to silence.
So often are we colored girls called to silence.
Too often are we colored girls called to silence...

Muzzle the mouth, no more.