

Black Girl Magic: Origin Story

Once, I loved with my eyes closed.
I reached out and asked the goddesses
and my foremothers for strength.
I said, *Open my chest that my heart
may beat in plain air.* And they did.

My body birthed three children
for a man who made a good father
but a poor husband. But my mother,
her mother, and her mothers said
*We bring life not to sustain it, but
to enrich it.* Every generation creates
a healer. My womb made you such.

So frequently do I light candles for you,
sing in the circle of crystals and salt,
pour out wine in your honor. You, my baby girl,
emit blessings from your fingertips. You
are who we have been waiting for all this time.
Your voice calms tsunamis. Your touch
cures illness. Your heartbeat inspires
a dance across oceans and deserts.
Can't you see, baby girl, the universe
braided in your hair? Foreheads stained
with earth in reverence for you? This
moment, open all the worlds between
your blood cells. Call forth the ancient power
instilled in you at birth. Come into your own.
You are a child of God. Of Mother Earth.
Of galaxies beyond your imagination.
You reign as a savior of despair.
Between your heart and your hips sits a soul
drenched in something new. It radiates
when you walk. I made you intentionally.
I craved you, celebrated you from the second
you entered my blood. You are the next coming.
The blessed healer. You are excellence.
Bold, beautiful magic.

I did not need to see you to know this.