The Sistah Circle Has Curves

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Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2004/iss1/28
The Sistah Circle
Has Curves

Rocky hips wider than any gulf of the ocean
Jazzy smooth silk with motion
Ebining questions of who slept with Mac
Flowing answers with secrets of who slept with Pat

Maybe it’s the bounce of our breasts
Conversations from A to Z
A cup of coffee or a mug of tea
One lump or two?
Just how much sugah can you stand?
Gurl lemme tell you what’s up wit yo man!

Red lips drip vows loaded calories
One diet plan could break the circle sighs, of ooh baby please
Curly, nappy, hair braided, weaved or straight
And we wonder why we can’t lose the weight

Bulging vulgarities, belly rolls and ripples
Gin and Vodka drunk from moist nipples
Backsides adorned with skirts too tight
As divas with stories we have earned the right

The curves of other mothers, sisters and aunts
A circle that binds us with all of its haunts
Sizes 8 to 22 small medium and large
The circle docks on Saturday with the help of a barge

We groove to music that can lull and lead
Our heads held high with our eyes on the tease
We don’t hold back, we won’t be put down
The sistah circle has spread from down to uptown

Prim, and proper even straight laced
Light skinned tone with egg on our face
Hershey hues that melt in the sun
Curves like a roller coaster that can make a man run

Pamela Elaine Blair