

Grace (for Be'la Dona)

DaMaris Hill

we all drunk in rhythms,
swaying sinners' praises.
our riffs ripe with fury,
we winding junk for yards,
lucid and lingering
we united
church'in it.

god's morning star
knows no minstrels.
these belles be
brown'sugar babes
and got the devil in 'em.

god bless the talker
that know how to jelly roll,
can call them to shower
in her sweet sweat.
go-go cover our soul
leave us funkified
and without regrets.

go-go, you-you,
dc's afro-beat, blues boo.
go-go, grab Gabriel
hit'em over the head with his harp.
go-go, chuck Joshua.
the best horns are all vanity 'til
go-go, beat 'em back.
drum voiced and voodooed
go-go, gather my prayers,
lift our legs in pure elegance.

the pocket. aint got.
no stairs from hell
to heaven.
we backyard and basement.
we experience the unlimited.
we rare in our essence.
we go-go, grinding
gospel in our organs.