

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Brenda Joyce Patterson: Four Poems

Brenda Joyce Patterson · Thursday, September 16th, 2021

### Summer

everything  
looks like something else:  
a caladium's broad leaf  
glazed with late afternoon rain  
is a slice of watermelon ruddy  
and black-seeded ripe

\*

### Courtship

it was the first thing I noticed  
your hand a sun at the hollow  
of my back and its weight  
I wanted to lie down for you  
skin my own dark sun gleaming  
wanted to lie down across you  
the air around us a spark  
before kindling instead I led you  
a merry chase made you work  
the furnace of desire led myself  
into a circling of want working  
the foundry of our bodies  
incandescent I wanted  
to lie down under you  
until we both went molten

\*

### Tell Me About the Body

*after "Truce" by Kevin Young*

I can scarcely look at mine. It wallows  
in itself full of heat and liquid and hunger

all fingers and mouth grabbing tasting  
eager for the next whatever it loves  
mirrors and all the preening to be done  
sees its skin as miraculous a burnishment  
of light sees itself a complexity  
of cones and parabolas one curve  
leading to another declares itself holy

\*

## Helix

black girl now woman  
I am first  
building block  
born from the sun  
skin a melanin  
masterpiece  
I am first  
and last delta  
its curve following  
shoulder to hip  
the loam of Eden  
from my hair coils  
the engine driving  
atom to protein  
to our base acid  
I am first  
answer to the making  
of humankind

*Photo credit: Mish (Eileen Murphy)*

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