One Good Kidney, One Great Heart
for Sekou Sundiata

On a river of words
a prince became a poet.
His voice a soft sweet song
in the silk of his soul,
the dark night come to life
pregnant with meaning and sunlight.

He overturned things
with what he knew.
He wasn’t just somebody
or any body-body-body.
He became me, you, all of us
turning words around at the bridge.
Crossing. Crossing over,
again and again.

A prince became a poet
a river turned into ocean
a great sea,
a seer,
a beacon.
We listened
because we love birdsongs that fly free.

He took us on the journey
thru his dream-state,
the fifty-first nation of the birth of consciousness.
Lifted us higher than we had ever dared to venture.
Painted word-murals in each of his metered sighs.

This prince born in the thick of Black history,
Southern pride, apartheid,
lynchings of Nubian innocence,
Brooklyn and Boogie-Down,
had stories to tell
about who done did what to who
and you, and me, and you, and you, and you…

See,
he knew who he was born to be,
a prince turned into poet
who could decipher
how the day lived in the night
and lived in each other in turns
overturning, returning,
burning with passion.

Turned words into reparations
for all we had lost,
named names, walked the path
like a price who chose carefully
and diligently,
respecting the balance of gender,
bringing love back to the table.

This prince, he overturned things.
So many
that we are left in great emptiness
now that he is gone.
Reminding us, remembering,
Sekou Sundiata. Poet.

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