

You are the hills, the shape and color of mesa,  
You are the tent, the lodge of skins, the hogan,  
The buffalo robes, the quilt, the knitted Afghan.  
You are the cauldron and evening star.  
You rise over the sea.  
You ride the dark.

I move within you  
Light the evening fire.  
I dip my hand in you  
And eat your flesh.  
You are my mirror image and my sister.  
You disappear like smoke on misty hills.  
You lead me through dream forest on horseback.  
Large gypsy mother,  
I lean my head on your back.  
Large gypsy mother,  
I lean my head on your back.

I am you.  
And I must become you.  
I have been you  
And I must become you.  
I am always you.  
I must become you.

Aya,  
Aya ah,  
Aya, aya ah ah,  
Maya ma  
Om star mother ma om  
Maya ma ah  
Aya,  
Aya ah,  
Aya, aya ah ah  
Maya ma, maya ma  
Om star mother ma om  
Maya ma ah  
Maya ma ah!

### **Night!**

Look! Look! Look!  
To the sky  
Night is coming!

Still, still is the breath of night  
It's coming soon  
It's here, it's here  
The night is here!

### **“Malcolm Little’s Aria”**

Act I, Scene 1, X: *The Life and Times of Malcolm X*

Momma, help me.  
Momma, help me.  
I was good in school,  
The best in the class.  
They tell me to get some tools,  
I'll have to work with my hands.  
Momma, help me.  
Momma, help me.  
What do I do?  
The teachers tell me  
That what's wrong with you  
Will never be right.  
Momma, help me.  
Momma, help me.  
Momma.

[set in columns]

### **“Lost Moon Sisters”**

from *Ave* by Diane DiPrima

Oh, Lost moon sisters,  
Crescent in hair,  
Sea underfoot do you wander.  
In blue veil  
In green leaf  
In tattered shawl do you wander.

Oh, Lost moon sisters,  
Crescent in hair,  
Sea underfoot do you wander.  
In blue veil  
In green leaf  
In tattered shawls do you wander  
With gold leaf skin  
With flaming hair do you wander.

On Avenue A,  
On Bleecker Street,  
Do you wander on Rampart Street?  
On Avenue A,  
On Fillmore Street,  
Do you wander with flower wreath?  
With jeweled breath do you wander?

Footprints  
Shining mother of pearl behind you.  
Moonstone eyes  
In which the crescent moon  
With gloves, with hat,  
In rags, in beads  
Under the waning moon.  
Hair, streaming in black rain,  
Wailing with stray dogs,  
Hissing in doorways,  
Shadows you are  
That fall on the crossroads, highways.

Oh, Lost moon sisters,  
Crescent in hair,  
Sea underfoot do you wander?  
In blue veil  
In green leaf  
In tattered shawl do you wander?

Jaywalking,  
Do you wander?  
Spitting,  
Do you wander,  
Mumbling and crying?  
Do you wander  
Aged and talking to yourselves?  
With roving eyes do you wander?  
Hot for quick love  
Do you wander,  
Weeping your dead?

Naked, you walk,  
Swathed in long robes you walk,  
Swaddled in death shroud you walk,  
Backwards you walk  
Hungry, Hungry, Hungry!

Shrieking, I hear you!  
Singing, I hear you,  
Cursing I hear you!  
Shrieking, I hear you!  
Singing, I hear you,  
Cursing I hear you!  
Praying, I hear you.

You lie with the unicorn.  
You lie with the cobra.  
You lie in the dry grass.  
You lie with the yeti.  
You flick long cocks  
Of satyrs with your tongue.

You are armed,  
You drive chariots,  
You tower above me.  
You are small,  
You cower on hillsides  
Out of the winds.  
Pregnant, you wander,  
Battered by drunk men, you wander.  
You kill on steel tables.  
You birth in black beds.  
Fetus you tore out  
Stiffens in snow.  
It rises like new moon.  
You moan in your sleep.

Digging for yams, you wander,  
Looking for dope, you wander,  
Playing with birds, you wander,  
Chipping at stone you wander.

I walk the long night seeking you.  
I climb the sea crest, seeking you.  
I lie on the prairie,  
Batter at stone gates,  
Calling your names.

You are coral.  
You are lapis and turquoise.  
Your brain curls like shell.  
You dance on hills.

Hard substance woman you whirl.  
You dance on subways,  
Children lick at your tits.  
You stroll in tenements.  
Pregnant, you wander.  
Barefoot, you wander,  
Mumbling and crying.  
Mumbling and crying,  
Weeping your dead.  
Naked you walk,  
Backwards you walk  
Hungry.