



Nakila's Praise Piece for Milwaukee

Praise the 16th Street Bridge.
Praise how it connects the south to the east,
The fuck you know about bridgin' streets. (Can become what you know about bridging streets)
Praise the women that know how to find their own bridge.
That lake won't drown the throats of women with stapled lips.
They rather make bricks out of their lungs and hips.
Praise the schools that never knew how to love the kids.
God forbid they know what help is or was.
MPS left them destitute because...
Praise the zoo created within Burleigh's finest,
Gave them reason to be animal and savage.
Praise the corn beef that goes underneath cabbage.
At Omega's, 3am eatin' sandwiches and fresh bread.
The only place that don't kick out black kids.
Praise the sons and daughters proud to be North side kids,
And South Side kids.
Who stop knowing or caring what sides is.
This is how the revolution comes.
This is how color becomes deeper than skin.
How culture becomes a crock pot of beans and serrano peppers to feed kids on each side
of National Avenue.
A city ridged with invisible lines that are consistently crossed by all kids alike.
The fuck you know, about barriers. (Can become What you know, about barriers)
We're born from a city that tries to box us directionally,
But they've only taught us how to turn a box into a dance floor or communion of bodies.
Taught us how to make flames in a room of wood .
Taught us how to make bodies one voice.
One sound.
One signature that writes its name at the end of an acceptance letter to greatness.
To glory. To victory. To God,
So she can tell us how we're made...
In a beautiful image.

