

*Sugar Shack* by Earnie Barnes



We live as Crow nicks at our tapping feet.  
This sugar shack is home of true freedom.  
Let your raging fire burn to the sound of jazz.  
Ease your pain and sorrows with rhythm and blues.  
Plump lips, bodacious hips, untamed curves.  
This habitat welcomes all natural beauty.  
Skins slick with oils, sweet honey and rich bronze.  
Finger waves of silk, fros of wool, rows of corn.  
Forms tall and wide, short and narrow.  
Blow your saxophone like Motown's watching.  
Move your body like nobody's watching.  
Sing like your voice is broadcasting on WMPC.  
Dress to impress the folks and Vogue and Ebony.  
Stomp until the wooden floorboards cave.  
Flair your arms like a non crooked Nixon.  
Drink till you drop, even then don't stop.  
Be the you without a white anchor.  
Zone in this sea of swaying blues, reds, yellows.  
That nicking Crow is a pest for tomorrow.  
Let not your brown burden you here.  
The atmosphere is your birthright.