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...for the black woman

...for the black woman
as my heart trustingly overflows
for her pleasure and esteem as black
as she is calmly uneasily broken
in strength and colour unequalled
as passionate resilience she holds
with smiles ever undeleted by pains
with gap tooth nature brightens
in in-illusive pageantry memory.

Her breast shines polished gold
and hips with viewers chat
as she walks as dance gild
with her smooth beard legs
in semblance of suaving gazelle's
with hips hanging on it rocking
like giant screen hangs at needle-tip
as men stride off road deranged
as black women in thaw adored

Her vagine is as black-gold
in curved-sizes adorably desired
ovalved in-between the sylph thighs
creamyly deep as sweet imagined
as pubic lie as reed wind beaten

texturing angelic velvet prettily woven
with labia minora like deep pink hibiscus
and mild-musky scent that glue men to it,
awaiting spouse as nectar awaits bees.