

## Beautifully made.

Black skin, Nappy hair, Big ole' mast lips, Yeah, they're still there.

wide nose and these charcoal brown eyes. Plump voluptuous hips and deliciously, thick thighs;

Powerful Bussom be it large or small, still majestically made. Sizzling heat of womanly desire; and the cool contentment of feminine shade.

High cheekbones stretching towards the star lit skies, dotting the blackened canvas of the universe; kisses so soft and sweet, capable of quenching infinite thirst.

Majestic in stature with a spirit of determination; a soul created to survive. Cunning enough to stand on the battlefields of life, defeat my foes, still excel, and still I'll thrive.

Honest enough to be faithful to the convictions of my heart, willing to lend ear to the woes of mankind, and still from my foundation of integrity, never depart.

Bold enough to stare anger and hatred dead in the eye, regal enough to show empathy to those who call my blackness enemy, and give aid to their cries.

There's no questioning the authenticity of my black, or the supernatural duty of my race. There is no disillusion of this audacity, no denial of this heritage, no shame written in the creases or lines of this Black face.

There's no misunderstanding my part-hale; no questioning the completeness that falls beneath this shade. All these attributes, gracefully wrapped, are on full display proclaiming with dignified confidence that I, myself am divinely inspired and Beautifully made.

- Mpingo