

**Raised by Women** by **Kelly Norman Ellis**

I was raised by  
Chitterling eating  
Vegetarian cooking  
Cornbread so good you want to lay  
down and die baking  
"Go on baby, get yo'self a plate"  
Kind of Women.

Some thick haired  
Angela Davis afro styling  
"Girl, lay back  
and let me scratch yo head"  
Sorta Women.

Some big legged  
High yellow, mocha brown  
Hip shaking  
Miniskirt wearing  
Hip huggers hugging  
Daring debutantes  
Groovin  
"I know I look good"  
Type of Women.

Some tea sipping  
White glove wearing  
Got married too soon  
Divorced  
in just the nick of time  
"Better say yes ma'am to me"  
Type of sisters.

Some fingerpopping  
Boogaloo dancing  
Say it loud  
I'm black and I'm proud  
James Brown listening  
"Go on girl shake that thing"  
Kind of Sisters.

Some face slapping  
Hands on hips  
"Don't mess with me,  
Pack your bags and  
get the hell out of my house"  
Sorta women

Some PhD toten  
Poetry writing  
Portrait painting  
"I'll see you in court"  
World traveling  
Stand back, I'm creating  
Type of queens

I was raised by women

Source:  
Coal Black Voices: The Poets.  
<http://coalblackvoices.com/poets/kelly/index.html>

## LOOK

*By Nate Marshall*

### LOOK

I got all these other poets  
SHOOK  
lift my hood they better jet  
or get wet with my new book  
villainous villanelles  
I write jail mail for the crooks

...true story  
your new stories  
do bore me  
pour out for the homies  
ambrosia flavored savory new 40s  
Yep!  
my grizzle I'm on it  
y'all don't really want it  
'cause I concuss ya wit just ya mama jokes  
written as new sonnets  
pen damager iambic pentameter  
spin freakish flows as prose  
I been slamming nerds

I'm a word wizard  
I merk this sure  
there's been a rumor around the slam like  
"He works berserk"  
"Yo, I heard that  
Nate been writing  
80 poems a day,  
since age one eight  
he made 8 great  
anthologies and locked 'em all away"

...Damn straight  
I'm Sirius like satellite radio frequencies  
I'm speaking scenes  
Superhead of any open mic  
you see, I freak MCs  
I'm a geek you see,  
Allen Ginsberg when I spin words  
a beat poet

...no really, I beat poets

See, so come against me  
it's essential that you'll lose  
because I'll leave your dreams  
my ego is Langston HUGE  
I bang bruise the pad with pens  
and leave 'em black and blue  
stay strapped with stanzas shots  
and cat I'll pull the gat on you  
I had to do it  
you knew what I was concealing  
cause I'm a big bad gangsta cool kid who writes about his  
feelings  
a mama's boy  
a bastard child  
a geek who has a rapper's style  
a sensitive thug  
a kid who's all grown up now doesn't have to smile

look  
these other poets got me shook  
their stories move me  
and I don't deserve my name up in that book  
I've been here long enough to know  
where slam is strong enough to go  
just understand there's more than that  
and focus long enough to blow  
cause I remember being 13  
feeling not so satisfied  
in the next 5 years I got jumped seen friends  
and both my grandmas die  
but a mic, a stage, a pen, a page  
helped end my rage and mend my days  
so I'll admit I been afraid of leaving this  
'cause when I stayed  
I found my voice but now my time is up  
I gotta get away  
so excuse the couplet cockiness  
I ever showed when rockin' this  
just trying to show my everything  
for everything I got from this  
Kevin Coval told me I could write  
my slam coach told me not to hype  
I've loved and lost on finals stages  
the fates told me it's not the night

but still I thank this forum for help making me so strong  
for letting me talk about  
sex, drugs, basketball, and moms  
fond farewell to this chapter and to all the joy and laughter  
this for every kid, whose voice has been  
louder than a bomb

### Source:

Documentary: Louder Than a Bomb

Lyrics -Oprah Winfrey Network

<http://www.oprah.com/own-docclub/blogs/Louder-Than-A-Bomb---The-Poet-and-His-Poems---Nate-Marshall>