

# The Broncos' Song

## WHY WOULD I WANT YOU

By Latrice Henderson

Nights of creepy passion  
Forced interludes of sick ecstasy?  
You came from God knows where  
To climb your pearly flesh on top of me

The scornful night heat induces more pain  
While I clench my lips and close my eyes  
I picture myself in Africa wild and free  
Awakening to the blood stained quilt where your  
White demons lie

Throughout the years you have longed  
For the touch of my bronze hand  
To stroke your silky hair and kiss your white face  
To feel my voluptuous breast and hind gland

Your Southern bell untouchable, dainty, pure  
I have always been your sex cat, ripe, dilighted  
Now that my big black buck has turned  
His head from me, from our heritage where he was  
rooted

He likes her long silky hair cascading down her back  
Ocean blue eyes you fall into, like waves of the sea  
She is no prize to have, no better than I  
She is nothing I haven't been, or can't be

Now you want to love me openly  
Why would I want you  
For years I had no choice but to say yes  
But now I choose me, Past days are through

If my black buck finds me  
Hard to understand and unable to tame  
What makes you think this caged cat  
When set free won't embarrass and put you to shame

I don't want you, right now, maybe later  
After I get my mercedes and cadillac  
When I make you my unknown midnight freak  
Until you move me to a condo from a shack

I am a sex cat, passionate, loving, sincere  
Back-rubbing, stable, caring, desirable  
Understanding in a time of need  
Chin held high, wide eyed, admirable

All men dream of me  
Asian, Puerto Rican, Canadian, Jew  
Tall, short, ugly, fat, bald, even the blind  
So why, tell me why would I want you!

## Still Growth

By Andera Powers-Pinnock

Somewhere between that blade of grass and  
that broken branch  
in a neglected field  
My heart grows still  
In silent contemplation of a thousand years of pain  
the clipping, whipping,  
weeding in and weeding out,  
the wasting, killing,  
cutting, and castrating.

Isn't it amazing that through  
all the raping and reaping,  
that blade of grass is able to heal itself:  
a continual rejuvenation of the spirit  
that grows from one's roots.

Somewhere between that blade of grass and  
the next,  
My heart grows with the secret it's always known.  
I am a blade of grass in an unnurtured  
field, And I  
grow  
still.

## The Other Woman

By Yolanda A. Barnes (a.k.a.yogii)

The other woman  
Someone I didn't  
want to be  
but now that I am  
hum...let me see  
how much hell  
can I raise  
how much havick  
can I cause  
and all because  
He didn't have the  
big enuff balls to  
tell the truth  
instead  
of a lie  
and so now  
I'm the other woman  
and that's why  
I guess you see I  
want him so bad  
because it's like a game  
a new kind of fad  
get with a man who's  
already taken  
give him lovein and  
try to break him  
get him to spend up all his money  
and to win this game  
get him to leave his HONEY  
and if you do it  
your a bad woman  
And if you did it your the  
other woman.

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