"Garden" is a poem centered on the concept of the black body as a source of sustenance for others, where the fruits of the body's labors are given to those who benefit from its work. This poem compares the extraction of labor from these bodies to the reaping of flowers and food from stolen earth. Nations were created by these individuals whose stories have become packaged as one narrative. Without access to these stories, they are being lost to the winds of time. This poem speaks of the feelings of those who were or are oppressed, feelings that many young people may experience, yet be unable to express.

blackberry juice sprang from my blackberry eyes
etched tears into my rust colored skin
dirt brown skin
flowers grow from these waters
that sent people to grow gardens
in lands that were not theirs
blackberry juice sweetens blackberry wine
with a kick

throw refuse at me, i get stronger
throw rocks at me, i get tougher
spend years breaking my back
for a house that is not mine
rest upon a bed of linen and water
scented with the perfume
of fruit on the edge of rot
rub my feet, dirt covered feet
hard worked feet
with the fruits of my labor
pick flowers for your table
from my skin
eat your food off my back
for your meal
for all of it i have suffered
my pain which you have reaped
it is not mine anymore
this blessed garden of my defeat

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