

# Brown Girl

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Karl Carter

*In Tribute to Cynthia*

I have seen you sometimes in the market place  
Where the warm earth has draped your feet  
Where the sun has danced upon your hair tied with string  
                    carrying your wares  
I have seen you sometimes in the evening on the savanna  
Walking through the elephant grass  
Singing the old songs of our people  
Dancing in the compound at harvest time  
I have seen you sometimes walking in the afternoon  
Past my hut, laughing with the women of the village  
                    When you had left the fields  
Standing in the shadows listening  
To song of the night birds on the savanna  
I have seen you sometimes when you have shed your  
                    robes to lie beside me  
When you stood in my hut wrapping yourself in Kente cloth  
And when you bathed in the river in the evenings  
I have seen you sometimes Africanwoman, Blackwoman, Priestess  
Walking in your robes in the morning sun  
Summoning our ancestors to protect us  
I have seen you sometimes and known love.