

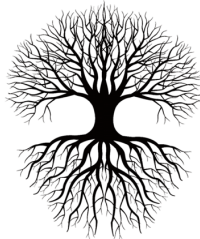
sierra jones-frishman

sierra jones-frishman is currently a student at the University of North Florida studying Public Relations, Urban & Metropolitan Studies and African/African American Diaspora Studies.

They are a Black poet and parent with a heart set on the revolution. Their written work often revolves around what our collective will look like once the revolution is won, on Black love, on depression and healing, and on the beauty in survival.

They want to share their work with their people, and to convene and hold space with writers and community actors. They hope to honor their ancestors and Spirit for the blessings and lessons they have led them to.

Power to the People



sasquatch morning 2 & hirworld

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This poem is about the necessity of empowering, mutual, uplifting, nurturing human relationships. This poem is about the dualities of energy in us all. This poem is about living out legacy, as we will be ancestors one day. This poem is about the resilience of a new day. This poem is for my revolutionaries and community actors.

sasquatch morning 2

the sun and the moon
converge in Washington
on our flock of winged beauties.

my curls hang with dew.
my eyelids blink slowly as the light rises and rises.

where we tread
here, again, some body will
say, 'I wish I lived in an earlier time',
referring to us.

the sun's glow, i'll argue, is never old, nor late.

some days are really two or three or many.
these two heavenly bodies, rising,
together in time , murmur that fact.

together 'we will never stop, we have only time'.

energies of the earth
crawl up the tiny toes we rely on
while we are in awe and unaware.

so it is that these lives intertwine.
so it is that this life i have is mine.

grays are beautiful shades
and with grace i'll aim to enjoy them all.
my eyes are closed with the
garnet of early morning instead

of a dark dusk's reminisce.

the only binaries are in relationships.

these two spirits, converging
to create the infinities we wish were half known.
we'll create the infinity you'll die knowing.

This poem is about my visions of the world for Black people after the revolution is won.

hirworld

Please -
take me in silver silks
held by wispy breezes
bound by rings of solid earth.

lead me into a water-nymph's mysticism.

out there the swamp aisles are roads.
the pre-automaton 2000's queens are in perfect rota-
tion
and a soft sagg rolls hir hips.

Please -
take me in jovial jumps
among swirled gasps of ghosts
where all ones are for one living.

lead me to ours, collected in a c.r.e.a.m. oration
where "c" is for community, for collective, coopera-
tive, for complete.

out there the doors are open on empty houses.
the marked militants all smile under our music's mo-
tion
and a soft sagg rolls hir hips.

Please -
take me in a crown of weeping willow's fingers
where the fruit is wrapped in air swept leaves
where our corn-colored coils cover our heads

lead me to the susurrations's finesse.

out there, the seashells are on mountains.