

**OMUMU AT THE CROSSROADS**

by

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I was there, at the intersection of privileges,  
At the conference of earth, sky, and spirits.  
I am the offspring of Ani, Goddess of the Earth,  
Who from my belly feeds with justice 'nd fairness.

I see the pain-joy of *uwa-umu nwanyi*, that world of women built by one-eyed-monster,  
But embraced by those it aimed to silence as shelter for sensing, planning, and banter,  
In *uwa-aja* - that insensible system of control 'nd carouse sometimes called the world.  
Revise, reverse, and find me at the kitchen stool, where I share out shades of power,  
To heirs big and hairs small, all of me without benefit, feed of my bounty without bias.  
Tracking from Afrika to the Arctic, The City of Dreams, and Roundabout of Knowledge,  
They brawl on the rumbling insides of Earth, restraining these forceful hands of mine.