

A Pantoum Love Poem For Nikki Giovanni



**Poet Pierre-Damien
Mvuyekure**

Dr. Pierre-Damien Mvuyekure teaches English, American, Multicultural, Post-Colonial, and African American literatures in the Department of Languages and Literatures. He is the author of *Lamentations on the Rwandan Genocide 2nd Edition*, *The "Dark Heathenism" of the American Novelist Ishmael Reed: African Voodoo as American Literary Hoodoo*, *Lamentations on the Rwandan Genocide*, *World Eras Volume 10: West African Kingdoms, 500-1590*, *A Casebook Study of Ishmael Reed's Yellow Back*, *Radio Broke-Down* and several articles. pierre.mvuyekure@uni.edu

An ignoramus Glocked him twice in his chest. Like many, Nikki Giovanni shed so many tears.

Virgo Virgil walked with Pac, grabbed a (n-word with an 'A') by hand, and guided him to Heaven to rest.

Nikki Giovanni cried and grieved until she got Thug Life tatted on her left forearm as prayers.

Pac could not find "a place to rest" until he "got that Thug life tatted on his chest."

Virgo Virgil walked with Pac, grabbed a (n-word with an 'A') by hand, and guided him to Heaven to rest. by hand, and guided him to Heaven to rest.

Nikki Giovanni called him Pac, a Civil Rights Legend honoring a Black Mother Panther's son.

Pac could not find "a place to rest" until he "got that Thug life tatted on his chest."

The Hate You Give Little Infant F*cks Everybody. Nikki Giovanni recognized Pac as an icon.

Nikki Giovanni called him Pac, a Civil Rights Legend honoring a Black Mother Panther's son.

I cannot have "all the while I was quite happy" tatted. I am penning this Pantoum in memoriam.

The Hate You Give Little Infant F*cks Everybody. Nikki Giovanni recognized Pac as an icon.

I have cause to write about her. I know this, "Black

love is Black wealth" is her poetic imperium.

I cannot have "all the while I was quite happy" tatted. I am penning this Pantoum in memoriam.

Uninterested in her "hard childhood," I will talk about what undergirded her longevity.

I have cause to write about her. I know this, "Black love is Black wealth" is her poetic imperium.

A glass of champagne every night before bedtime enveloped her secret for a long life. No brevity

Uninterested in her "hard childhood," I will talk about what undergirded her longevity.

"I was born in the Congo," she declaimed. "My heartbeat is in the Congo. So, we are twins."

A glass of champagne every night before bedtime enveloped her secret for a long life. No brevity

"Ego-Triping" is what I call Ph.D. From the Fertile Crescent Knoxville, Nikki built the Sphinx.

"I was born in the Congo," she declaimed. "My heartbeat is in the Congo. So, we are twins."

"I know i'm bold/coming on like this, but the

good things in life/are too good to be missed."

"Ego-Triping" is what I call Ph.D. From the Fertile Crescent Knoxville, Nikki built the Sphinx.

About her house: She only wants to be there to kiss her lover as the lover wanted "to be kissed."

"I know i'm bold/coming on like this, but the good things in life/are too good to be missed."

I refuse to accept Nikki Giovanni is "gone/like last week's paycheck/for this week's bills."

Nikki's house: Nikki only wants to be there to kiss her lover as the lover wanted "to be kissed."

Nikki Giovanni is gone as if she never existed, but she still exists in Love Poems. Elysian Hills.

I refuse to accept Nikki Giovanni is "gone/like last week's paycheck/for this week's bills."

An ignoramus Glocked him twice in his chest. Like many, Nikki Giovanni shed so many tears.

Nikki Giovanni is gone as if she never existed, but she still exists in Love Poems. Elysian Hills.

Nikki Giovanni cried and grieved until she got Thug Life tatted on her left forearm as prayers. ☺

Dedicated to Nikki Giovanni, Jun 7, 1943-Dec 9, 2024

- After Nikki Giovanni's

"All Eyes on U" in Love Poems 1997