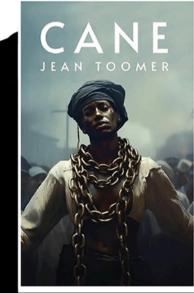


GISELLE'S BECKY

WITH THE GOOD HAIR HAD TWO NEGRO SONS

-After Beyoncé, Jean Toomer, Billie Holiday. 2Pac





Becky was the white woman with two Negro sons. She's dead; they've gone away. The pines whisper ro Jesus.

Jean Toomer, "Becky," Cane

Middle fingers up... He better call Becky with/the good hair Beyoncé, "Sorry"

Giselle Knowledge sings the Becky blues. Jean Toomer is the village griot who knows all:

Becky was a Pinktoe, the white woman who had two too-Negro sons. The blacker the berry.

The two too-Negro sons have gone away. Becky is dead now. She left her Bible in the hall.

Who gave you dark Negro sons? "Low-down '(n-words)'" with no self-respect. Not nobiliary.

Becky was a Pinktoe, the white woman who had two too-Negro sons. The blacker the berry. Once you go black, you don't go back. Becky

was a Pinctoe. She had two dark Negro sons.

Who gave you dark Negro sons? "Low-down '(n-words)' with no self-respect. Not nobiliary.

White folks were furious. Them filthy (n-words)! We shall strange-fruit them under Georgia suns.

Once you go black, you don't go back. Becky was a Pinctoe. She had two dark Negro sons.

They "left a note in the hallway." By the time people read it, they were far away in Houston.

White folks were furious. Them filthy, (n-words)! We shall strange-fruit them under Georaia suns.

"Picture us rolling, 'Middle fingers up, modern KKK boys, bye ofays," they wrote in conclusion.



Poet Pierre-Damien Mvuyekure

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November cotton flower inside Georgia dusk. Blood-burning moon doing a pinktoe on Beehive.

"Picture us rolling, 'Middle fingers up, modern KKK boys, bye ofays," they wrote in conclusion.

A harvest song for unharvested honey dripping down the lonely-star river towards the Beehive.

November cotton flower inside Georgia dusk. Blood-burning moon doing a pinktoe on Beehive. Horses saddled in Astrodome, the two Negro

sons now horsemen yeehawed to the good life. A harvest song for unharvested honey dripping down the lonely-star river towards the Beehive.

"We gon' live a good life," the two horsemen mumbled in unison. Not thinking about afterlife.

Horses saddled in Astrodome, the two Negro sons now horsemen yeehawed to the good life.

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