

Brownland Browsing

When you sit down you make a lap a place for something to happen
cradle your plate at the potluck where they didn't think enough, or have
enough, to set up tables rock a baby to sleep bounce a toddler on your
knee pat out the rhythm for juba-this-and-juba-that

When you stand up your lap disappears but the notion is always there

Brownland is a place only happens when black folk gather, sit down and
make a collective lap a cultural meadow, designed for browsing a
hereditary mecca conjured up by and cropping up among kin folk and friend
folk a stirring up of memories the past and the past of the past

Grown folk argue about who's telling the truth *That was Wathcha-ma-*
callum's daughter, lived over in the Pear Orchard Naw, naw, you got it
all wrong now That was so-an-so's sisters' baby girl, she went off to New
York

And the children bask in the memories they can only know through stories
rub them on
like a balm

Baptized in the blessings
of this
Brownland browsing