

THE BOTTOM IS WHERE BLACK WOMEN ARE

poem composed entirely of questions from Octavia E. Butler's archive, with question marks removed

why am i so dulled is it that i have nothing
down | a need to say | do i need

to get past this time | another world | is it enough
if god is change what then |

then who loves us who is to blame
who will decide what is question | is this

to be now | how has it felt to begin with someone or
to give up several someone's

how can this be awakening | what i'd ever do to
a good thing | where you to[o] deserve a noose

is the bottom why should it stop me

what | if anything is to stop us | now