

**One Good Kidney, One Great Heart**  
*for Sekou Sundiata*

On a river of words  
a prince became a poet.  
His voice a soft sweet song  
in the silk of his soul,  
the dark night come to life  
pregnant with meaning and sunlight.

He overturned things  
with what he knew.  
He wasn't just somebody  
or any body-body-body.  
He became me, you, all of us  
turning words around at the bridge.  
Crossing. Crossing over,  
again and again.

A prince became a poet  
a river turned into ocean  
a great sea,  
a seer,  
a beacon.  
We listened  
because we love birdsongs that fly free.

He took us on the journey  
thru his dream-state,  
the fifty-first nation of the birth of consciousness.  
Lifted us higher than we had ever dared to venture.  
Painted word-murals in each of his metered sighs.

This prince born in the thick of Black history,  
Southern pride, apartheid,  
lynchings of Nubian innocence,  
Brooklyn and Boogie-Down,  
had stories to tell  
about who done did what to who  
and you, and me, and you, and you, and you...

See,  
he knew who he was born to be,  
a prince turned into poet  
who could decipher  
how the day lived in the night

and lived in each other in turns  
overturning, returning,  
burning with passion.

Turned words into reparations  
for all we had lost,  
named names, walked the path  
like a price who chose carefully  
and diligently,  
respecting the balance of gender,  
bringing love back to the table.

This prince, he overturned things.  
So many  
that we are left in great emptiness  
now that he is gone.  
Reminding us, remembering,  
Sekou Sundiata. Poet.

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