

Photosynthe-SIS
A Green Love Letter to Black Women

Imagine if every tree was a Black woman. To see her glory from root to crown. Just imagine...

Hey Sis. I see you over there. I see you waving to me.
I receive your wave as we share this gentle breeze.

Hey Sis. I see your reach. I see you standing tall.
I lift my head to see your crown. In this space we shall never fall.

Hey Sis. I love your shade and the various colors you present.
I connect with your body and recognize those wrinkles as OUR testament.

Hey Sis. I love how we are rooted in a soil that matches our tribe.
It is nutrient rich, brown and black, and has its own unique vibe.

Hey Sis. I love your subtle movements; smooth like a couple's dance.
Your very presence gives me the permission to move and take a chance.

Hey Sis. Thank you for the branches that invite me to join.
It is because of your existence that this new phrase is coined...

Tall we are.
Standing side by side
Towards the sun we grow.
With a shine we won't hide.

A healing presence
For all to see
Some given to you
Some kept for me.

I love you, Sis. May your crown continue to be kissed by the sun.
~Chris Omni, MPH~