

*Little Brown Girl*  
*To*  
*Grown Black Woman*

An HBCU Student's Poetry Cycle

*By: Elina Cummings*

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## The Elephant in the Room

Man, I love good food.  
Not any kind of food... good food.  
The kind of good food that you can smell  
in the hallway before you open up the front door.  
The kind of good food that makes the saliva glands in your mouth get excited  
And the kind that awakes your hunger monster up early from his nap

8:46 pm and the table is looking it's Sunday best  
Dressed up in a fancy table cloth to cover the years of scars  
and bruises it suffered from the five lively children it catered to  
Table mats to differentiate who sits where and the fine china is out  
Like it's Christmas night or Easter Sunday evening

Each child comes out of the kitchen holding a dish to present to the table  
Like a parade of all the finest, most delectable, mouth quenching entrees  
Macaroni Pie, pelau, coleslaw, chow chow, mixed roasted vegetables  
Oh we had the gourmet of Trinidadian food and my  
hunger monster was more than ready to dig in

Before we can say grace... KNOCK, tap, KNOCK  
In comes a random, unknown, unidentifiable woman  
Mama says it's a work friend... all I can focus on is the elephant in the room  
Some foul-smelling concoction of I think she called it "Pot Roast"  
My brothers, sister, and I instantly know that's not making it on our plates

The food is blessed and we begin to start the rotation of plates counterclockwise  
Scooping, piling, and trying to pick the best biggest piece of macaroni pie  
Mama made us all put the elephant in the room on our perfect plates of food  
I thought *What in d hell I'm gonna do with this???*  
My hunger monster and I are allergic to "Pot Roast"

As the small talk with the adults, adulting goes on  
Us children start our scheming on how to get rid of the elephant in the room  
Or so she says "Pot Roast"  
The oldest, Micheal, decides he needs to use the restroom  
The adults pay no mind to him and his greasy, stank filled pockets  
Full of "Pot Roast"... damn he got away easy  
I know that flush was the sound of his elephant

going for a long swim of no return

The second youngest, Kaden, decides to use the most dangerous trick of them all. The hide in plain sight trick. As this woman talks about her lesson plan for Monday, And my mama nods like she is hearing the best lesson plan in the whole wide world Kaden, who is sitting right next to the woman, the elephant chef, Scoops up one big scoop of “Pot Roast” and gently but swiftly Places it right next to her macaroni pie, which none of us kids can even believe is still on her plate. Must be a caucasian taste buds kinda thing.

Kaden was almost in the clear, scooping his last scoop onto her plate until our loving Granny says *HEY Kaden* and he froze with fear, spoon in mid-air Colin, the second oldest, who thinks quickest on his feet, knocks over his cup And we kids begin to laugh. The kind of laugh that is loud and boisterous and Can fill up an entire room. The laughs bounce off the paintings on the walls And bellow through the windows for nearby dog walkers to hear Kaden quickly drops the food on the elephant chefs plate and is in the clear

Now me, the middle child, of course, I take a risky route Colin gave me the idea really, but I’d never tell him that I take my cup, finish my bubbly apple cider, and quietly Scoop my elephant up and put it in my mouth... unfortunately I immediately take my cup and transfer the nasty “Pot Roast” into the cup Whew... the perfect hiding spot. Next stop... bathroom, where I brush and rinse my mouth with Listerine and apologize to my poor tongue for the 5 seconds of hell

Colin does the old napkin trick, an easy way out Take the fork and the little bit of leftover rice from the pelau And spreads it out, then takes his elephant and mashes its yucky Slimy insides up and spreads it around, then yawns and takes a Napkin wipes his mouth and hands and puts it strategically On top of his food so that any lazy eyes that look over at his plate cannot argue that he didn't finish his food

Now the poor baby of the family, Caryn, tsk tsk She is too young to come up with masterminds of tricks like her big sister and brothers Poor Caryn, who was placed right next to Mama, is forced to eat her elephant As mama scoops up her food and feeds it to her, the look on our faces is priceless I am in disbelief, Colin and Kaden are stifling their laughs, and Micheal is just

Dumbfounded, out of pity I pour extra bubbly apple cider in her cup so she can wash  
Down the “Pot Roast” with a shred of dignity.

Later that night we tell Mama about our elephants in the room  
she laughs and says, She will never eat “Pot Roast” again

*January 29, 2022 6:15 p.m*

## **Love as i Created**

### Stillness

Moving slowly through the pink cotton candy clouds the warmth of the sun on our bodies as we  
breeze through the golden days. The days that get devoured in the smiles that take their time to  
crack wide open and shine, Laughs that sound foreign to our decaying brains Prisoners of our  
sadness and insecurities. Joy opens our souls, reaches in and clasps the defeated bleeding bloody  
heart and pumps our new life to start.

Fresh, New, allowing our souls to swallow each other whole creating dancers moving  
slow and intricate Maneuvering gently, yet phenomenally like when my rich brown chocolate  
skin touches your rich brown honeysuckle skin... Your hand brushes slightly on mine Leaving  
shivers down my spine all I can think about is the soft touch of your lips, mmm cocoa butter  
Hearts beating fast... To wake up from a dream To live a dream, free from suffocating in our  
own misery deep in the depths of our suicide water, We are Free Free Rescued in a form of  
emotion larger than Any ocean.

Breath in breath  
Hand in hand  
We move to live a love  
No one else can.

*February 27, 2022 9:46 p.m*

## **Eulogy to Your Initials**

Shame bespoke me  
Thus creating  
Tension

Blame straddled me  
Thus exposing  
Guilt.

Change sliced me  
Thus spilling  
Distance.

Infatuation  
                  Clouded my love glands  
Inspiration  
                  Judged from afar  
Insinuation  
                  Stole our forever after  
                                  And more.

In this life  
We parted  
Before death  
Did we start.

*April 11, 2022 5:07 p.m*

## **Blackened Silence**

Dark cloudless sky erupts  
Streaks across my face splash  
Demons lurking, starving

Stepping Silently Singing  
God is with me, God is with  
me.

Sacred grass a flashback to  
Past thoughts or goodbyes.

I'm still here  
But I'm not  
Living



*April 13, 2022 1:15pm*

Elina Cer