

Black Girl Magic: Origin Story

In the beginning, I loved with my eyes closed.
Hands folded in prayer, I asked the foremothers
for strength. *Open my chest*, I said; *give me a girl*
whose body bleeds with the power
of every woman who ruled before her and knew
the capability of an exposed heartbeat.

And they did. I placed my own heart
into the crib, kissed you, kept the nursery door closed.
My body made babies because my mother
and the ones before her all said, *We bring girls*
to life not to sustain this world, but to enrich it. What power
in your generation, child, to know

the gifts you possess. Here's what I know:
one day, you will consider if breaking your heart
for a child surpasses bringing your legacy to a close.
Not every woman wants to be a mother—
not every goddess crafts excellence into a girl.
And yet, your soul has an ancient power

instilled in you at birth. I felt your power
in my blood the moment I knew
you would come. I danced to your heartbeat,
poured out wine in your honor, prayed closely
around your promised body. As your mother,
I braided the universe in your hair, baby girl.

You're the reason I believe in invincible Black girls,
why not even bullets can extinguish your power,
why your voice weakens hurricanes. They should know
better than to question the footsteps of your heart.
You are not free until we're all free. And we're close.
I can see it. Can you, my miracle? The original mothers

called for you purposefully. If you become a mother,
pray to them and light candles and sing for a little girl
who dances wildly, who conjures empowering
revolutions with her hips, her outspread fingers. Know
this, child: brilliance is your birthright. Your heart
cries *Queen*, for you are magic, dressed in royal clothes.

This mother delivered a powerful Black girl—you.
I closed my eyes, stopped my heart, and knew:
My baby will change the world.