

PIETA IN BLACK
The Dream and the Fire

Mammy

YES SON

Mammy sometime I feel like...

I want to fly.

YES SON

BUT YOU CAN'T GO TO FOREIGN

'TIL YOU' FATHER...

No Mammy

I mean I want to

fly

YOU MEAN LIKE A DOVE?

No Mammy

Not like a dove

I don't want to fly

away...to rest.

If I goin' be a dove

I might as well stay a' chicken.

No Mammy

I want to fly... to rule

Like the eagle

I want when I feel the win'

Strong 'gains' mi skin

I jus' press down

An' feel misself leave groun'

Rise high...

YOU CAN TURN A PILOT SON

No Mammy

It not what I mean

A pilot jus' sit up front

An' another man wing

Another man skill

Behin' 'im pushin' 'im on

No Mammy

I don' want that

I want to feel the strengt'

Rise up in my own limbs

(cont'd)

*Pump the force in my own heart
Not by the pis' of another man's piston
I want to heavin' misself up...up...up.*

YOU 'AVE A DREAM SON

No Mammy

It not a dream

It a sickness in mi bones

LIKE A FIRE SON?

Yes Mammy

But a slow-movin' fire

Like a coal-hot fire that won' burn down

IT THE SAME T'ING SON.

The dream and the fire?

YES SON

When I can fly Mammy?

SOON SON

When is soon Mam'?

WHEN YOU FATHER COME...

DENISE A. STAIR © 1988

