Honour the earth in which you lay
The sand beneath your feet
This is my grounding
My location is the hills of a country
Descendant of warrior women
Redemption songs
And reggae beats
This is my grounding
Stories told of fight and flight
Shame of skin but pride
Shades so deep, dark and voluminous
Beauty of Maroon
These are my people
This is my grounding
I connect
Beginning
Middle
The sun unending
This is my grounding
A language that floats outside yet dances within
Where coc’nut falls
And mangoes speak
The lushness of land
Lay buried deep
This is my grounding
Where water speaks so clear
So true
For lost souls
Whose spirits whisper freedom from shores
With blood shed

Reclaimed
And shackled no more
This is my grounding
Cane so sweet
Yet bitter fruit
Lost on tongues that no longer speak
This is my grounding
Loss internal
With gains eternal
Listen
As children cry for mothers
Whose souls bleed across oceans
Where shadows speak
Out of many one people
This is my grounding
My land
My love
My roots
This
Is
My
Grounding

Jacqui Spencer is an advocate for the betterment of the lives of the marginalized. A mother, and Social Justice Education doctoral student at OISE/University of Toronto, her focus is empowering Black women through her work and lived experiences.