

1996

Eleanora

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Recommended Citation

Willams, Karen (1996) "Eleanora," *SEEDS: The Literary Journal of the Sisters of Color*. Vol. 4, Article 20.
Available at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/seeds/vol4/iss1/20>

ELEANORA

She sang about feet,
ass whoopings
charred flesh in moonlight, she was a

different child preferring her bee-stung lips,
chronicled worlds of violent passions,
Harlem's hasty pudding,
a slick-lifed song flavored by salt and summer breezes
yes, she was

different, Eleanora.
Brazen , bewitching , raw.
Born too late for some and too soon for others.
This high yella gal who nightly wore no panties
wanting only caressing horns and winds
to touch her velvet folds.

To be assured like that...
To feel the ardent whispers of a revolving entourage,
the invigorating cool of a long black prick
floated her nightly upwards toward a fiery heaven,
yes Eleanora, she *was*

different.
Hale, fresh, but still in many ways
a virginal plum plucked and fucked too early.

Karen Williams

Eleanora: [Eleanora Fagan; Lady Day; Billie Holiday]
b. April 7, 1915 d. July 17, 1959