

## All Limbs Are

Esperanza Spalding

Do your shoulders long  
To fold into the arms of your papa  
Close, strong  
The missing figure is somewhere within they say  
But how do we get there?  
And who's gonna raise us till we find it?  
If our hearts beat cold, will they skip there?

I'll draw the family tree  
Right side up so ancestors rise with me  
Holding, this new growth lineage carrying  
The scars of our fathers  
By branching upon them growth beyond them  
In the masculine sacred unfurling