

I Came Up From Underground **By Phibby Venable**

I came up from underground.
A house key broke in my hands;
the one I had died with, the one
where I tried to lock in joy
in one jubilant corner of the world.
Child, my mama said, you are that kind of girl,
you are gonna be killed, cause you can't still
that crazy intensity, like your daddy had,
like your daddy never shed, no matter
how much I gave.
But everyone digs their own grave,
so I gave her the kisses, she always gave to me,
but I had to stay, just exactly the way,
that I was made.
I came up from underground, and no one lived
in my house but me, so I felt I should try,
to at least be good company.
I loved to wake up the world when I was young.
Many people liked the way that I clung, to optimism.
I leapt up like a flower child inhaling my heart;
Rhododendrums, Laurels, Indian Blankets, the Rose,
I squeezed my world full of color, bright petals were gifts,
against my brown skin, because I wouldn't come in,
and I wouldn't wear clothes, and I seemed to know,
this wild trail, through the yellow bells, and horsemint,
through the scent of this wide world, where I could not hold,
my passion, my intensity, to any degree of decorum.
It was too hard to be still. This world is filled,
with all those people, exhausted with trying.
I came up from underground, where everyone was dying!
You can come too.