

Numinous materfamilias

She has the silent strength of hope, like in a hurricane

The quiet voice that guides your fears from reality

The kind of strength that stretches bends and twists like two pieces of hair that never break

Bonds that never sever but connect muscle tissue and brown skin

Brown skin that bears the weight of Queendom

She loves beyond the scopes of her own creations

Yearns to be entangled with the unconditional

So she offers all crown and glory, gut and testimony

For her kingdom

All air for her heirs

Even if It means she suffocates in silence

Her words of advice may have fell on deaf ears

But she will not release the weight of responsibility no matter the heaving.

Heavy is the light of her glow

Praise, is the prism of her reflection

She is the original image of what it means

And what it takes to be an artist

A queen, befitting her throne

A symbol of what empowerment looks like

She is the perfect cast to mold

The perfect role to model

What I mean to say is...

If I could use one word to describe her — magnificent

One word that tried to destroy her — cancer

One word that ensued — battle

Your battle gives hope!

There are battles scars

Where scar tissues are reminiscent of a heavy heart

Like your treasure chest has been through a few things.

A few things to note — hope at a bar in an 8 second conversation

The facts of life...is unexpected

About the facts of life — you lost your hair...

But not your crown, warrior still proud, my divine lady.

Everyone will know not the battle that waged

Under your skin but remember

The poet!!! Your personality!!! The character!!! Of a queen

Who sits on her throne making those who pass by aware of the happiness life has to offer

So never give up! We depend on you! This cancer you speak of?

It only affects your mortal frame, showing us how human you are.

Reminding us that Life is short, that the battles are long and to win will come at a great cost

But you have learned its secrets... Family -- stands by your love — surrounds you, and its value — is immeasurable

2day I have learned one thing — it wasn't that you had cancer; it was the strength you possess,

The kind of woman you are — QUEEN and no single cell or entity can rip that from your breast

So If I could use one word that describes your outcome with cancer — Conqueror

For you will always be more than a survivor ... but a Conqueror

I dedicate this poem to my poetry sister Marie Michaelle Saintil. Since the first time I met her at her book signing, we supported each other with love, poetry and dedication to the arts. It was always a blessing for me when we got together and I will continue to carry her legacy in the arts forward. I want to thank her for living her truth, sharing her life's work and changing so many lives along the way — including mine. I've had the honor of sharing this poem with her live and I hope it encourages all those who face similar circumstances.

"For you will always be more than a survivor, but a conqueror"