

Harriet in Mid-Air



Tubman, the Lady

Lately, I sees dark stains before my eyes, an' I'm ready to go.

Lately, I hears chants in the eaves of my dreams an' I'm ready, I'm ready to go.

Lately, I needs to pronounce my name in a hundred ways, in faces, not marster's fields, in cities an' towns an' places that bear my footprint, not my tired an' achin body.

an' I'm ready to go!

An' deep river, my home is over Jordon in the last land of the Almighty where life be my witness at the fallin' day

an' I'm ready to go once,
twice, three times *sold!* three times seven
seven times one thousand *gone!* out into
my first baptism

where the lions go

where the last night flickers
where I put my breath to the lantern
an' make it burn.

*So, John, goodbye an' how y'do,
your Harriet will be waitin' for you,
if you come,
if you come.*

*Stand by the willow tree,
where first you honeyed me,
an' I'll come for you,
I'll come for you.*

*I know you be frightened,
an' I be, too,
but I'll come for you,
just for you.*

*Can't make it together,
no way, no how,
John Tubman, my husband,*

*you be late with courage,
you be unable to move,
you be my love an bendin' life.*

*Let me know when you're ready,
an' I'll come for you
as you came for me,
under the fragile willow tree.*

Sing, oh sing, Harriet!
You be between here and now
the last hours of the Lord's eye
watchin' you now as you go.

*The labor be truly conceived,
mine at last!*