

**No doubt** by Willeena Booker

The doubters the naysayers,  
All their chatter brings dismay.  
Talking about the witty words written  
in my book could  
not possibly come from a slave.

The most respectable  
men in Boston attested  
to the fact that my words were  
in fact, my own.

Sixteen men to be exact,  
listed their names along the  
fore pages of my text  
between the peace of heaven and earth  
Let the majuscules placed center page,  
Now speak my name

Let the written words of my heart do the same,  
P H I L L I S W H E A T L E Y  
Let the angels sing of my born day.  
Birthed a slave, brought over waves  
Oh, Africa sweet land to thee  
I was stolen away my liberty

Snatched away from my Mother's side  
crushed the Apple of my Father's eye  
a captive aboard the ship at sea  
believed a Barbarian is what  
they proclaimed me to be

PHILLIS became the name suited for me  
Let my words now speak to eternity  
Let my words speak eloquently  
Let my words speak of witness and wonder  
Let my muliebrity silently  
attest that I AM  
PHILISS WHEATLEY  
Let my marriage speak of wife I came to be  
PHILISS WHEATLEY PETERS

The woman known today as a

trailblazer who led the way  
 The woman who dared to write of the atrocity  
 of slavery so discreetly, so figuratively  
 Speaking back to men of hypocrisy  
 Declaring from the pen and page,  
 Freedom belongs to all men equally.

