

A Song for Anna Mae

an erasure for Tina and those of us who chose to leave

a little pony

I put praise on shapely and beautiful
when I

broke out.

Innocent

Star

Full of a dream

endless.

A long dress

carried me

I grew out of that

I fell

in love

Everything in the right place.

I ran into music, bigger than life

A Pink Cadillac,

a star.

Dreams told me a

Temper was

A story

broken, mean.

I wanted Little Ann

to be seen.

I did not walk. Later hell

And worship.

Tried to hide before people
Knew.

I never felt I deserved it.

I left.

Landed,
Blessed and enough.

A black woman.

A holiday
A chant.

A door.

Something good.
Something bigger.

I've never seen myself as a star
For the people.

Possibility, despair.

The shape of Love,
This world.

When I look in the mirror.¹

¹ This poem was written with [Tina's responses](#) in her interview with Oprah, appearing in the May 2005 issue of *O, The Oprah Magazine*.