

SONIA
SANCHEZ'S
POETIC SPIRIT
THROUGH HAIKU



Edited by
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Chapter Four

Constant Sky

Sonia Sanchez's Haiku

Becky Thompson

When Sonia Sanchez fell in love with haiku she was living in New York City, happening upon a compact form with a deep message, carrying nature at its base, companion syllables held snugly together. Even as Sanchez danced a 1960s song, many of her poems careening onto the page in rhythm's rebellion, she also wrote haiku, her intercontinental enjambment, offering us the world.

While Sanchez sprinkled haiku into many of her books beginning with *Love Poems* (1973), it was not until she was in her seventies that *Morning Haiku* was released (2010), an entire book of haiku, the book I have carried to more continents than any other. In her introduction, "haikuography," Sanchez sees haiku as a way of being that puts you on pause and accepts death and re-birth.¹ With this description she allows us to reckon with paradox, meditation and song, abuse and serenity, even when the gun is pointed in your direction. Read across the decades, Sanchez's haiku offer models for what it means to write embodied poetry; how poetry can run ahead of its time, speaking to generations years after it is first written; and can offer us loving tributes to living people and our ancestors.

Much of Sanchez's wisdom reflects her hard-won life, having lost her mother when she was still new-eyed and her grandmother a few years later; breaking with the Nation of Islam; raising children on her own; and teaching in exclusive academic settings. Of early loss she writes, "My first real poem was about you Mama and death. My first real poem recited an alphabet of spit splattering a white bus driver's face after he tried to push cousin Lucille off a bus and she left Birmingham under the cover of darkness."²

About the constant upheavals that characterized her early life Sanchez writes in "memory haiku":

1. i was born

a three-legged
black child.

2.
carrying an
extra leg for quick
departures.³

In these haiku Sanchez refuses the human/nature split that is an insistent Western construction. Her body is not only part of nature, it is nature, her specific embodiment worthy of poetic attention, tracing her own and other's ways of surviving against the odds. Early grief and constant moving left Sanchez a reserved child, with a stutter that both quieted her further and kept her safe, those around her leaving her to herself, the girl tucked in the corner, silently sounding out staccato words. Her love for haiku's succinct form perhaps reflects a stutterer's need to choose words carefully, to economize exposure and risk, to be ready for quick escapes. Like many poets, Sanchez's early life left her yearning for safety and fairness, the haiku form—with balance embedded into its structure—reflecting this need.

For Sanchez, the characteristic haiku's tribute to nature includes a Taoist precept and a womanist revelation that the human body is a microcosm of the universe.⁴ This respect for somatic wisdom lets us know that Sanchez is inside her poetry, willing to make vulnerable her very flesh. This embodied presence promises a witness as Sanchez fathoms men's cruelest acts, including that done by a family friend at her sister's great expense. "sister haiku" reads:

How many
secrets you carried
in your panties⁵

As Sanchez asks:

how to moisten
the silence of an
afternoon molestation?⁶

In six short lines Sanchez teaches about the devastation of abuse, imprinted on girls' clothes and soft body parts, carved into silence on family members' tongues. Nature, wrapped in the body, includes the clothes we wear, those that carry historical memory of traumas bound by "many secrets," left on our skin, too tender to touch. "Moisten" in the second haiku resonating with the

unnamed word “Master,” conjuring up patriarchy and slavery, with evil done in their name often as quickly (like a permanent magic marker) as a three-line haiku.

By the time Sanchez found her way to Hunter College, studied with her mentor, Louise Bogan, at New York University, discovered the work of a wealth of Black writers and poets at the Schomburg Center, and cofounded Broadside Press, she was already offering a clarion call for justice among her generation, her poetry distinct, brave, lyrical, full of song. Her marriage to the poet Etheridge Knight and involvement with the Nation of Islam eventually led to her break with both as she clarifies in *Under a Soprano Sky* with “I’ve been two men’s fool, a coupla black organizations’ fool. if ima gonna be anyone else’s fool let me be my own fool for awhile.”⁷

With her prolific writing and activism came her work as a professor at San Francisco State, Temple University and Amherst College. Although a gifted teacher she had to struggle, a Black womanist poet and professor in overwhelmingly white settings. Sanchez writes, “Amherst was a terrifying time for me . . . the death songs tattooed on mens tongues rising as gold dust in new england classrooms. and their women. bodies out of control ready to explode and burst into any hell.”⁸ Bucking the tide of rote memorization and white canon formations, Sanchez bristled against academic socialization where people are “taught to move in like tornados.”⁹ For Sanchez, writing and teaching requires learning to be quiet together, to make the heart peaceful, to make the heart breathe.

Sanchez’s pedagogy mirrors her writing, especially her haiku, quiet, focused, devoted to beauty. From her book, *Like the Singing Coming off the Drums*, she writes,

love between us is
speech and breath. loving you is
a long river running.¹⁰

Again, nature and the human body are intertwined, the use of “love” as a noun becoming an action verb, a river embodying the vibrancy of life.

Even as Sanchez brought innovation to her poetry and creative writing classes at Amherst and Temple University, she was a single mom, raising two fine Black sons, amidst “Another yard. Children dying / wholesale in the streets.”¹¹ Sanchez writes this haiku to her sons Morani and Mungu:

we make our own
way to birth asking which is
the long way to death¹²

In this haiku, Sanchez references the tragedy that Black boys and youth cannot take for granted that they will reach adulthood, as the pipeline from decrepit schools to prisons and police violence squander black brilliance and breath. A quarter century later Sanchez remains willing to chronicle twenty-first-century grief of Black mothers still required to live in the shadows of slavery:

all morning
our mother's voice
beyond the hills.¹³

and with reference to Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, Sanchez writes,

we have not always been
prepared for landings that held
us suspended above our bones;¹⁴

In these haiku we see examples of nature as the body and the body as nature alongside a second emblematic characteristic of her haiku: her ability to write haiku that speaks to her generation as well to as the next, so often ahead of her time. Her expansive vision enables her to keep rolling with the decades, anticipating and supporting several social movements during her life—the Civil Rights and Black Power, multiracial feminist, international peace, and environmental struggles. For example, Sanchez's willingness to write through her outrage about violence against Black boys and men presages the Black Lives Matter movement by twenty-five years. For all of us who have lost children or have not been able to protect them for long periods of time, the experience of being "suspended above our bones" resonates: no wind, no air, tight breath. Her haiku conjures up centuries of historical memory: jumping off of a ship's edge to escape the transnational slave trade, a dangling man who has been lynched, a spirit hovering above a black teenager left on the pavement, another mother's son.¹⁵ No matter the repetition of this violence, we still get caught off guard, impossibly prepared.

Many of the practices that characterize the Black Lives Matter movement are ones Sanchez has been practicing for decades. For example, Sanchez's insistence on working with young rappers and activists, including her work for her CD "*Full Moon of Sonia*," is mirrored in the intergenerational community building taking place in Black Lives Matter organizing with deep connections between older and younger generations.¹⁶ Sanchez's decades-long ability to both write socially engaged, justice-seeking poetry and deliver this poetry to rapt audiences mirrors the centrality of performance poetry and slam culture in Black Lives Matter organizing, illuminated, for example, in the biannual Split This Rock Poetry festivals in Washington, DC. Sanchez's willingness to

write out of her multiple identities—as an African American mother, woman, sister, and activist—mirrors Black Lives Matter origins as a movement begun by queer women of color who refuse to park any of their identities at the door to appease someone's narrow notion of who should be recognized as leaders. Women have been at the center of the leadership in the Black Lives Matter Movement just as Sanchez has always considered women central in struggles for liberation.

Through the Black Lives Matter movement we are witnessing a politic and process that has finally caught up with the expansive consciousness Sanchez has had for decades. While the political legacy of Black Lives Matter includes the Black Panthers' standing up against police brutality, and grassroots organizing, its masculinist and heterosexual approach has been transformed into egalitarian and queer friendly spaces. (I am reminded, for example, of Sanchez's realization in "A Litany for Survival," the film about Audre Lorde's life, that once Sanchez saw how homophobia had been used to malign and marginalize Black lesbian poets she said she would never let anyone stand in the way of her work with Audre Lorde or any other black poet.)¹⁷

Part of what may have given Sanchez's poetry its legs across the decades comes from how Sanchez has always woven self-care into her way of living and loving. Her macrobiotic diet, long-standing practice of meditation, commitment to slow travel (on trains rather than flying whenever possible), dancing, civil disobedience, and other spiritual practices mirror the way that Black Lives Matter has incorporated self-care into its rhetoric. While aspects of the Black Power movement made pushing one's self past exhaustion, smoking, drinking, and overextension sexy, the Black Lives Matter movement has made self-care a practice to emulate. It is not considered cool to stay up all night, burn oneself out, or put yourself in danger. Rage is channeled into art, into treating one's body as a temple. For Sanchez, writing haiku is part of her spiritual practice in the morning, each new day she meets with writing at least one haiku. Joy dances through the haiku as well as her other poems, plays, and essays, refusing to let the world's dangers trump the stars.

While her writing as an African American mother and activist might take us a way in understanding why poems written decades ago could now be speaking so eloquently to Black Lives Matter activists, perhaps more surprising is how relevant her poetry is for current humanitarian efforts to stop the refugee crisis in the Middle East. This, I think, is another enduring characteristic of Sanchez's haiku, how her three fragile haiku lines can bravely sit on the pulse of the world's pain. I am thinking of how, for example, many of her haiku resonate with the pain and endurance we have been witnessing as tens of thousands of people have been risking their lives to flee war in Syria, Afghanistan, Palestine, and other countries.

Having recently returned from Lesbos, Greece—a lush, little island that has become a vortex for the biggest refugee crisis since World War II, welcoming rafts of people traveling, their eyes hungry for a safe sky—I turned to Sanchez’s poetry again for solace. From Sanchez’s “21 Haiku” for the great folk singer Odetta I read:

The sound of
your voice thundering out
of the earth¹⁸

and I see refugees, jubilation as they reach the Lesbos shore, their moment of birth and death. As fathers lift their babies to Allah’s sky, and mothers find dry shoes for their infants’ frozen feet I read from Sanchez:

a drum
beat summoning us
to prayer¹⁹

As our meeting on the shore opens a moment of intimacy, the Turkish coast vanishes and the shore tide softens rocks so the rafts can land. Sanchez’s poetry asks us how we are to make it through these perilous times, to “behold / the smell of / your breathing.”²⁰ Can we somehow breathe together even as Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq, and Palestine continue to empty out? Sanchez’s poems offer us a landed presence, the third line of each haiku grounding us somewhere that is still alive, in this instance, a drum beat leading to prayer.

Part of why many of Sanchez’s haiku resonate with the refugee crossings may be the haunting presence of the Middle Passage in her and other Black writers’ work. In his gorgeous essay “In Praise of Silence,” John Edgar Wideman writes, “Imagine yourself disembarked on an alien shore after a long painful voyage so harrowing you’re not certain you survived it. You’re sick, weak, profoundly disoriented. You fear you haven’t actually arrived anywhere but are just slipping into another fold of a nightmare.”²¹ For Wideman, writing requires listening to the silence within himself and the silences of his ancestors, making himself quiet enough to channel their knowledge. That is one of the beauties of haiku as a form, how it makes space for silence. This praise of silence may be especially important when dealing with traumatic memory which is different from “regular” memory. It is fragmented, like spliced film with many pieces on the floor. Silence signals respect for what is unfathomable. To fill in all of the details is to compartmentalize, neaten up, sanitize what is really messy or has come undone.

Silence too allows the reader to step in. Celebrated poet Robert Hayden describes haiku as a “small arc for which the reader supplies the rest of the

circle.”²² It offers space for imagination that makes room for the reader’s feelings, a silent knowing. Haiku is a form that refuses prescription. In that way, it makes room for writing as a form of meditation. As Alan Watts explains, “true *dhyana* is to realize that one’s own nature is like space, and that thoughts and sensations come and go in this ‘original mind’ like birds through the sky, leaving no trace.”²³

Because haiku opens up space on the page, allows people to light on an image and then rest on the third line, there is room for silence, as Sanchez says in her haikuography: “So this haiku slows us down, makes us stay alive and breathe with that one breath that it takes to recite a haiku.”²⁴ This one breath may be all people can do while on rafts, while careening into the water to get to the shore. I am reminded of the Palestinian poet Jehan Bseiso’s “No Search, No Rescue,” dedicated “to the families and lovers at the bottom of the sea”:

Baba, mama, baby all washed up on the shore. This is 28 shoeless survivors and thousands of bodies.
Bodies Syrian, Bodies Somali, Bodies Afghan, Bodies Ethiopian, Bodies Eritrean.
Bodies Palestinian.
Your Sea, Mare, Bahr. Our war, our Harb.²⁵

This passage deeply resonates with Sanchez’s “Ancestor’s voice, (male)” in *Does Your House Have Lions*:

it is necessary to remember the sea
never forget how it leaps out of nowhere
it is necessary to remember the sea
holding your ancestors in a nightmare
of waves smooth breasts of warfare
is there no anguish no balm of Gilead for the dead?
is there no amulet for this coming dread?²⁶

Here Sanchez works with rhyme royal, a fourteenth-century Chaucerian form, to make it her own in a way that reminds me of how she works with haiku, respecting its parameters while bringing its rhythms and meanings up to date. The rhyme royal in Sanchez’s *Does Your House Have Lions* reminds me of stacked haiku with its sparse quality, its simplicity that leaves much space on the page. This may be what allows us to feel the Middle Passage resonating in a stanza of her sequence haiku to Emmitt Louis Till:

your limbs
fly off the ground
little birds . . . ²⁷

And in her sequence haiku for Toni Morrison:

We know so little
about migrations of souls crossing
oceans. seas of longing;²⁸

As I re-read her haiku I see many resonant references to water, wind, earth, and sky that I hadn't before, her words a lighthouse for whole countries of people on the run, now, across a braided sea, two-year-olds, three-year-olds wearing life jackets designed for kiddy pool parties. Sanchez's haiku to environmentalist Brother Damu reads:

we see your hands
bandaging disciples
of peace²⁹

a haiku that doubles as a reference to families of refugees who are the peace-keepers from so many countries, risking their lives to escape military's violence. In the evening, after watching a father pull an overloaded raft to shore to avoid death's rocks and witnessing mothers breast-feeding their babies, head scarves sheltering safety, I read Sanchez's poem to her close friend, the sculptor Elizabeth Catlett:

your hands
humming hurricanes
of beauty.³⁰

Many of Sanchez's haiku do heavy lifting with bare hands, cradling her devotion to liberatory struggles and her humility manifested, in part, in *Morning Haiku* where more than half of the poems are tribute haiku. For drummer and composer Max Roach, Sanchez writes,

i kiss the
surprise always in
your eyes.³¹

She writes for her friends who are still with us—Toni Morrison, Oprah Winfrey, Eugene Redmond, and her sons, but also for those who have traveled to another realm—Maya Angelou, Emmett Till, Odetta, and Sarah Vaughan. Her reliance upon haiku as the form for her loving tributes asks us to ponder why haiku in particular? Why haiku to draw upon the voices of the living and the dead? Is it the shape of the poem, a simple tombstone? Is it how life lived requires us to pare down to our essence? Is it how haiku returns us to earth, where

bodies rest as well? Sanchez speaks about haiku as a form that has no greed, all the extra weight is gone. With haiku, greed drops away. Weight drops away. Haiku, in her vision, become a way of life, a form that lets loss rush in, as well as unstoppable love. For jazz singer Sarah Vaughan, Sanchez writes,

without your
residential breath
*i lose my timing.*³²

Vaughan's unmistakably warm, resonate voice has been midnight company for generations of listeners, her impeccable diction and timing calming the senses, the intimacy of her sound drawing us into the notes.

For the writer and poet Maya Angelou, she writes,

You have
taught us how
to pray³³

As a professor who has marveled as several generations of female students have reached for Angelou's "Phenomenal Woman" to recite out loud in classes, performances, and demonstrations, I have witnessed Angelou's words as prayer for spaces where girls and women are free, where birds can sing without cages.

For saxophonist and composer Charlie Parker, Sanchez writes,

this yard bird
wears ostrich feathers
no boundaries.³⁴

Sanchez's haiku, original in their references, fresh in their imagery, make love into an agape feast, each celebrating big sound.

Following these and other three-line haiku and five-line tanka, Sanchez ends *Morning Haiku* with a series of two-line question poems, a quintessential Sanchez haiku, welcoming a beginner's mind form of poetry. In a question poem one year after the 9/11 attacks, Sanchez asks,

How did you disappear, peace, without
my shawl to accompany you?³⁵

This poem, a companion that harkens back to her brave diagnosis of the United States:

a country
still playing on
adolescent knees³⁶

Sanchez's poems witness her dedicated life as a race woman and a peace activist. At "Continuous Fire," the 2011 Furious Flower Poetry Conference dedicated to the work of Sonia Sanchez, the poet and founder of Third World Press, Haki Madhubuti asked the adoring audience why it is that Sanchez had not won a Guggenheim fellowship, Kennedy Award, or a MacArthur prize. Certainly, her productivity, longevity, and originality more than qualify her. Madhubuti's rhetorical question speaks to the politics of these accolades, how Sanchez's lifelong willingness to risk arrest and protest imperialism's daily hungers has x'ed her out of some fame and fortune, even as she continues undaunted. I have sometimes wondered about the extent to which Sanchez's untethered early years when she was shuffled from the south to the north after her mother's and grandmother's death contributed to her willingness to question authority—how early trauma can germinate a lifelong activist sensibility. And I have wondered whether her need to look beyond family for grounding is what invited her deep connection to the earth and nature? This, in fact, may be what is most enduring about her tribute haiku, what literary critic Joyce Ann Joyce refers to as Sanchez's Swahili praise poems,³⁷ how they are both grounded in individual people's talents, but also open to the sky. With the tribute haiku in *Morning Haiku*, there is wisdom perhaps only age can offer—three-line poems that extend way beyond those lives she celebrates.

While this expansiveness manifests in her willingness to weave critiques of oppression into her writing, ultimately what sustains her big view, and most characterizes it, is her spirituality. At a poetry seminar at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown in 2005 Sanchez explains, "When I teach, I try to make it a holy place. Not holy in the religious sense. Make every space holy."³⁸ In this and many other ways, Sanchez was ahead of her time, recognizing teaching as a form of "spiritual activism," a concept given name to and elaborated upon by womanist/feminist educators including Layli Mararyan (2012), AnaLouise Keating (2013), Gloria Anzaldúa (2015), and Leela Fernandez (2003) decades after Sanchez was practicing that pedagogy herself. For Sanchez, teaching is an embodied practice that makes room for memory in places that have been tucked away. She sees learning as enhanced when there is room for emotions and all of the senses. She thrives on telling the truth, honors body language and listening deeply, and reminds us that we belong to each other and the planet.

For those of us who have been Sanchez's students, and there are many generations of us, one of the many gifts has been in witnessing her work as an open channel, offering safety and risk taking so that we can find surprise, depth, and innovation in our writing. In the multilingual, intergenerational classes Sanchez teaches, she creates a synergism among the students as we dare each other to find our own gifts, our own access to the divine. Haiku, sonku, ballads, the blues, and question poems become forms that help people structure

their pain, the overwhelming sensations that often accompany trauma, that often will poems to arrive. As an open channel Sanchez inspires deep work, seeing writing as a collective journey, the classroom, a sacred space.

In her teaching, Sanchez makes room for what she described as the “lives in between our own lives,”³⁹ the lives of the ancestors as well as non-sentient beings. In her workshops, Sanchez has been known to ask students to write from the point of view of a bookshelf or a doorknob or a heartbeat, a technique that can incite innovation and new memory. She also works with the senses, asking us to shut our eyes as she travels from person to person around the table, allowing us to smell an unidentified scent (tiger balm, licorice, gardenias). Then we write from that scent, smell one of the most fundamental of senses, a possible plumb line to the ancestors, to memories that have previously been cordoned off.

Ironically, it may be Sanchez’s willingness to write through the unspeakable that also allows her great joy, reckoning with polarities—this energy also the basis of a contemplative life. Her joy when someone breaks through to a new voice, her joy in the poems she offers as models for learning, her joy when she dances late into the night with her students, willing to throw sleep’s caution to the wind. This is a joy we also witness in her poetry, including the immediacy and necessity of love—romantic, agape, children’s, old women’s, a tree’s love. A sonku (a haiku form Sanchez created):

what is love
you asked
i took you
inside be
hind my eyes
and saw me.⁴⁰

In this sonku we get to see embodied love, how she weaves questions into her expression, how words can work as a mirror, witnessing each other. And another:

when i die
i shall take
your smell
inside me.⁴¹

Here, birth and death, ancestors, memory, and sensuality come to us in a four-line packet, smell’s nature, the spirit in between the lines as death loosens/tightens time. And her spirituality is playful as seen in her sonku:

what i want
from you can

you give? what
 i give to
 you do you
 want? hey? hey?⁴²

There is much space between those two “hey? hey?” A lot of room for imagination. Early in her writing we get glimpses of her expansive joy in one of her sexy-ist tanka:

these bluegreen waves are
 licking me clean like you do
 when you kneel kiss my
 opening lips and i feel
 the murmur of your sea . . . entering⁴³

And of course her quintessential blues riff “Set No. 2” that can still make her audience giggle thirty years later:

i’ve been keeping company, with the layaway man.
 i say i’ve been keeping company, with the layaway man.
 each time he come by, we do it on the installment plan.⁴⁴

Sanchez’s poetry offers us a life-giving spirituality that continues to expand through her ninth decade on this planet. As refugees continue to leave their homelands, surviving military’s hurricanes while passing on beauty with their eyes, I read Sanchez’s

do you hear me
 singing in the mountains
 under a constant sky?⁴⁵

The expanse of Sanchez’s haiku holds meaning that extends beyond the movements she wrote for, carrying a universal energy. As the daunting sea doubles as freedom and a mausoleum, the sky remains constant, willing to accept offerings, babies lifted, rafts steered by the sky’s thin-lipped moon. Sky becomes safety as whole nations have been turning inside out, a galaxy of people walking, trekking into the night, sleeping in forests, rising to walk some more. Amidst this terror, dates still come out, their flavor carrying their country’s earth. I have learned the value of carrying yogurt and tuna fish, baby bottles and tampons, Band-aids and, when possible, soccer balls. If I could, I would carry *Morning Haiku* in as many translations as possible—Arabic, Farsi, Pashto, Greek, and Chinese. Recently, I carried *Morning Haiku* to China, where I was teaching workshops on yoga, poetry, and social justice. I opened the workshops with Sanchez’s haiku:

Let me wear the day
 Well so when it reaches you
 You will enjoy it.⁴⁶

I explained that Sanchez wrote that haiku when she was in China for her sons in New York who would greet the sun several time zones later. A translator offered an artful version of the haiku, as Sanchez's words inspired the participants' own creative poems. Sanchez's world-class poetry with a three-line step. Step step, release. Step step loss. Step, step rise up. Step, step, sky.

NOTES

1. Sonia Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, xiv.
2. Sonia Sanchez, *Under a Soprano Sky*, 55.
3. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, 87.
4. For development of how Sanchez's work resonates with yoga philosophy see Becky Thompson, "Sonia Sanchez: Inviting Ancestors to Chandelier Sound," *Valley Voices: A Literary Review* 15, no. 1 (2015): 65–70.
5. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, 45.
6. *Ibid.*, 47.
7. Sanchez, *Under a Soprano Sky*, 99.
8. *Ibid.*, 98.
9. "Continuous Fire."
10. Sanchez, *Like the Singing Coming off the Drums*, 11.
11. Sanchez, *Under a Soprano Sky*, 90.
12. *Ibid.*, 32.
13. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, 49.
14. *Ibid.*, 51.
15. When my adopted, huge-hearted son of Trinidadian descent unexpectedly walked into danger when he was thirteen, facing almost no protection against peril, Sanchez held my cheeks, saying "he'll be back," as only a mother could, her patience my talisman (Thompson and DeLandro).
16. Keeanga-Yamahtta Taylor, *From #BlackLivesMatter to Black Liberation*, 161–63.
17. Ada Gay Griffin and Michelle Parkerson, dirs. *A Litany for Survival: The Life and Work of Audre Lorde*.
18. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, 21.
19. *Ibid.*
20. *Ibid.*
21. John Edgar Wideman, "In Praise of Silence," 114.
22. Quoted in John Zheng's Introduction to *African American Haiku*, xvii.
23. Quoted in *African American Haiku*, ed. John Zheng, 8-9.
24. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, xiv.

25. Jehan Bseiso's "No Search, No Rescue." <<https://electronicintifada.net/content/poem-no-search-no-rescue/14461>>. Reprinted with permission.
26. Sanchez, *Does Your House Have Lions*, 51.
27. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, 11.
28. *Ibid.*, 51.
29. *Ibid.*, 57.
30. *Ibid.*, 60.
31. *Ibid.*, 44.
32. *Ibid.*, 68.
33. *Ibid.*, 83.
34. *Ibid.*, 37.
35. *Ibid.*, 94.
36. *Ibid.*, 25.
37. Joyce Ann Joyce, *Ijala: Sonia Sanchez and the African Poetic Tradition*. xiii.
38. From Becky Thompson's personal note of Sanchez's talk at a poetry seminar at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown in 2005.
39. Annie Finch, "Form and Spirit: A Conversation with Sonia Sanchez," 43.
40. Sanchez, *Like the Singing Coming off the Drums*, 67.
41. *Ibid.*, 79.
42. *Ibid.*, 86.
43. Sanchez, *Under a Soprano Sky*, 63.
44. Sanchez, *Wounded in the House of a Friend*, 11.
45. Sanchez, *Morning Haiku*, 91.
46. *Ibid.*, dedication page.

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