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## Classical Black Woman

Trenise Robinson

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## Classical Black Woman

You see: black and white notes on a staff with  
Changing time and keys, fancied by unfamiliar Latin words.

I see: A challenge that you should dare to play.  
You wish you had my trills and 32nd note slurs that can  
Only be fingered by the calloused hands of a black violinist.

You hear: an abstraction of boggling rhythm  
With high screeching pitches that has lost its direction.

I hear: an innate groove of sound that is  
Written in code to fool you, leading to freedom.  
Don't you wish your hips switched to 3rd position like mine?  
Or your fortissimo transcended to improbable highs?  
I am the musical masterpiece that tortured Mozart in his dreams.

You feel: the weight of my pages and pages of music,  
And intimidated, fastidiously scan its measures  
Your eyes unfocused, allowing it to conform into Blackness.

I feel: an emotional pilgrimage through Congo Square,  
Syncopated railroad paths, and fields saturated with spiritual harmony.  
You can't help but to covet my tone and grandiose finale,  
I am Beauty, the concerto ringing in your ear that  
Has you tapping your foot and swinging your head

To underestimate my complexity would be foolish.  
Read my notes and learn my unpredictable style, for  
It is inevitable; I shall be the contemporary genre of the world.  
But now, these dusted clumps on the edges just add  
To my character and conceal the Movement that I withhold.

*Trenise Robinson*

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*Though do not ask me what they say*