

## HYDRATION – Tawana “Honeycomb” Petty

**Song intro:** I hale from a city where the water is off. Forty-five from Flintstones, where they picking us off. They thought they had us cornered, but they pissed us off. Now we done come together, who would have thought? (Repeat)

### Poem part:

I witnessed her soul,  
slither violently  
away from her body.

Denial pursed tightly upon her lips,  
she fixed her face to tell me  
she wasn't thirsty.

That her babies  
weren't 30 days away  
from being ripped from her custody.

I could sense deception in her teardrops,  
she was lying to me, about water,  
fibbing to keep her babies near.

She almost let me leave them  
waterless.

And I wanted to hug her,  
but I knew that her pride  
was the only ounce of protection  
she had left to muster.

Barely hanging on,  
as if the reaper  
had granted her another chance,  
if she could just pull herself together.

Why do folks gotta beg for water?

Hiding behind scarlet letters,  
spray painted  
to mark their negligence.

I wondered what she thought of me,  
standing there,  
with the fate of her family

stuffed inside my trunk.

I left three gallons of water,  
and walked away.

There'd be ten more mothers,  
for me to hydrate that day.

**Song outro (slowed down):** I hale from a city where the water is off. Forty-five  
from Flintstones where they picking us off. They thought they had us cornered,  
but they pissed us off. Now we done come together, who would have thought?