

M.K. Asante, Jr.

Ghetto Booty: The Hottentot Remix

For Saartjie Baartman

The spectacle wasn't you.
Look at them:

Men, without women, lining
the streets of cities to attend.

Same ones at the fray of Goree,
standing in shadows of the no-
return doorways.

That was then,

when you endured their "scientific" staccato,
trapped in the plaster of a fleshtone coffin
customized for cattle.

That was then,

When they sold ounces of your womanhood,
leaving you a weightless museum piece,
simply because they could.

*That was then,
Look at them.*

*That was them
Look at them.*

That was then, and

Beautiful. And Ugly Too

I'm ashamed, only because, if *that was then*,
– where was I, and the rest of our men?

Must have been studying *them*, for how to
treat daughters, scattered to Atlantic winds.

We've become masters.

Spreading heteropsychotic donkey-rhythms
to those who were mastered.

And the masses think that the base-glossed vulture,
stalking the beauty of inverted brown wombs
for sales-jumps on posters,
is our culture.

So do we.

The spectacle is not them.
Look at us.