

**Figure 5.2** Excerpt From *Origin Hungry* by Maya Green

"Freedom Times"

*Granmama, tell me the happiest you remember feeling.*

I'll say I was a child, ten, twelve.

All the cousins, I'll say five or six, and

my brothers and sisters, we'd run.

Uncle George had a big hill. We used to race up,

race down, our bodies almost remembering

what it was to fly—feet sliding before

ankles, arms spread like wings—

but they forgot last second, and we rolled

down, cloth and skin smeared with earth

and green. And berry juice, dripping down

our chins, blush-red like blood and

it didn't matter. What I looked like,

what I had on. I was a young child.

I was just free . . .

Source: Green, 2020, p. 31.