

Marcus; Or the Secret of Sweet

Shaunta Iyun Side

Shaunta Iyun Forgive her Marcus. She buried her man today.

Marcus I'm used to it.

Shaunta Iyun Too used to it.

Marcus She been saying since....

Shaunta Iyun Is it true?

Marcus I'm like my daddy?

Shaunta Iyun Was he sweet?

Marcus What!

Shaunta Iyun Are you sweet Marcus Eshu?

Marcus I don't? How you gone... I mean my daddy's dead.

Shaunta Iyun But you're here. You alive.

Are you sweet?

Marcus

Shaunta Iyun Marcus?

Marcus I heard you Shaunta Iyun!

Shaunta Iyun Think about it Marcus... Where else it come from?

We just naturally mad at gay folk? Come on!

Imagine it, How they got 'Down' back then?

Round here Niggas think they got It Hard on the 'down low'.

Marcus Don't say that word...

Shaunta Iyun What about back then?

Two slaves one dark, and one light, one house

And the other field. They see each other one day.

That sparkle in they eye, they begin to gather

Together when they can, hide their love from the light.

Dark kisses in the midnight hour, with shackles for love

Bracelets, chains for promise rings. One night

Master come up on them in their secret spot 'cause

Some Handkerchief head other slave, jealous or holy, went

Off and told, 'I seen't so and so House and so and so field

Slave down together in the quarter.'

Marcus You think slaves was snitchin'?

Shaunta Iyun Nosiness is primordial, snitching inevitable.