

Limmie's Sings
By Nia Akilah Robinson

I'd like Limmie to know that his singing still echo's
Throughout the walls of my mind
I'd like whoever first said, "you can sing Limmie"
Gets a million head kisses
I'd like whoever Limmie last faced before he decided to stop singing
To understand the impact of their tongue
I'd love to know if Limmie sung on his breaks as a security guard
In the bathroom where he worked as a debt collector
In those twelve years away from the opera house
Limmie, I'd like to know how close you felt to yourself
Does a good life mean you're doing the thing your best at?
Or does it mean you do the thing you're best at doing?
Should your everyday be fun?
Limmie came back.
Limmie returned.
But only when Limmie wanted to.
Another million head kisses to the person twelve years later
Who said to Limmie I want you on my stage.
I hope Limmie's fingerprints aren't properly cleaned off a wall yet
Mr. Pulliam, you give me hope that I'll have the strength
To return
And I'll still be right on time.